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Goldie's Big Splash

BY JUDY BACHRACH

A BLOOD BROTHER
Education of
y Adams
aureen Orth

SACE'S EAST SIDE STORY
Marie Brenner
d Bruce Weber

UDITH EYNER'S FINAL

THE CODE OF
THE ROTHSCHILDS
Suicide Rocks a Dynasty
by Sally Bedell Smith

Plus:

CHARLES FLEMING on
Adrian Lyne's *Lolita* Problem
and MARJORIE WILLIAMS on
Washington's 'It Girl'

LAURA JACOBS and HILARY KNIGHT
on the New York Collections

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VANITY FAIR

N° 437 January 19

BELFAST BLUES, PAGE 64.

Features

GOOD AS GOLDIE
After several lean, mean years and her 51st birthday, Goldie Hawn is back on top with a smash hit, *The First Wives Club,* and a featured role in Woody Allen's first musical, *Everyone Says I Love You.* But, as Judy Bachrach discovers, the bubbly, adorable star is still facing some tough questions about life, love, and the curse of cute. Photographs by Peggy Sirota 5

THE JUGGLER
Branded as a terrorist, he's rubbed elbows with the Kennedys, shaken hands with President Clinton, and maybe even chatted with your grandmother, if she's Irish. Maureen Orth profiles Gerry Adams, president of the political arm of the Irish Republican Army and perhaps Northern Ireland's best hope for peace. Photographs by Jonathan Becker 6

INTIMATIONS OF CHIC
Laura Jacobs does poetic justice to the New York spring collections, while Hilary Knight illustrates life under the Bryant Park big top 7

CABLE GUYS
It appears that New York isn't big enough for both News Corporation's Rupert Murdoch and Time Warner's Ted Turner. As one of the most dramatic business rivalries in the world explodes into open warfare, Bryan Burrough and Kim Masters investigate its ground zero 7

VERSACE 10021
For the public, Gianni Versace unveils his new Fifth Avenue store; in private, the designer puts the finishing touches on his fourth residence, a huge Upper East Side mansion once owned by diva Bernice Parks Richard, "the Fashion Plate of Song." Marie Brenner pays a house call. Photographs by Bruce Weber 8

NABOKOV COCKTAIL
Sight unseen, the new film of *Lolita* may already be surrounded by more controversy than director Adrian Lyne, and his star, 15-year-old Dominique Swain, can handle. On the set, Charles Fleming finds Dmitri Nabokov casting a shocked eye on the latest incarnation of his father's famous novel of pedophilia. Photograph by Eika Aoshima 92

(Continued on page 10

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VANITY FAIR

January 1997

(Continued from page 6

ROTHSCHILDS' PLAY, PAGE 96.

EMPIRE OF THE SONS
The plans of Europe's fabled banking dynasty were shattered by the suicide in a Paris hotel last July of 41-year-old Amschel Rothschild, the hope of a new generation. Sally Bedell Smith assesses the family's remaining power players, from Jacob, London's Renaissance-man-about-town, to Evelyn, his icily imposing cousin 96

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Famous as the go-between for her lover J.F.K. and Mafia boss Sam Giancana, Judith Campbell Exner has a few shocking secrets left. Facing her death, she whispers them to longtime confidante Liz Smith 30

LAURA, GET YOUR GUN
At 33, Laura Ingraham is the new princess of the sound bite, popping up everywhere from CBS to MSNBC to the Imus show. What becomes a pundit most, wonders Marjorie Williams, her bold blond beauty, her ardent networking, or her violently right-wing theatrics? 44

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FOR AMANDA PEET'S SAKE
Everything's coming up *Rosewood* for Don Cheadle; Barry Blitt spends Christmas with the Clintons. 51

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SOCIAL STUDY: Walter Cronkite tells it the way it is on the Proust Questionnaire 140

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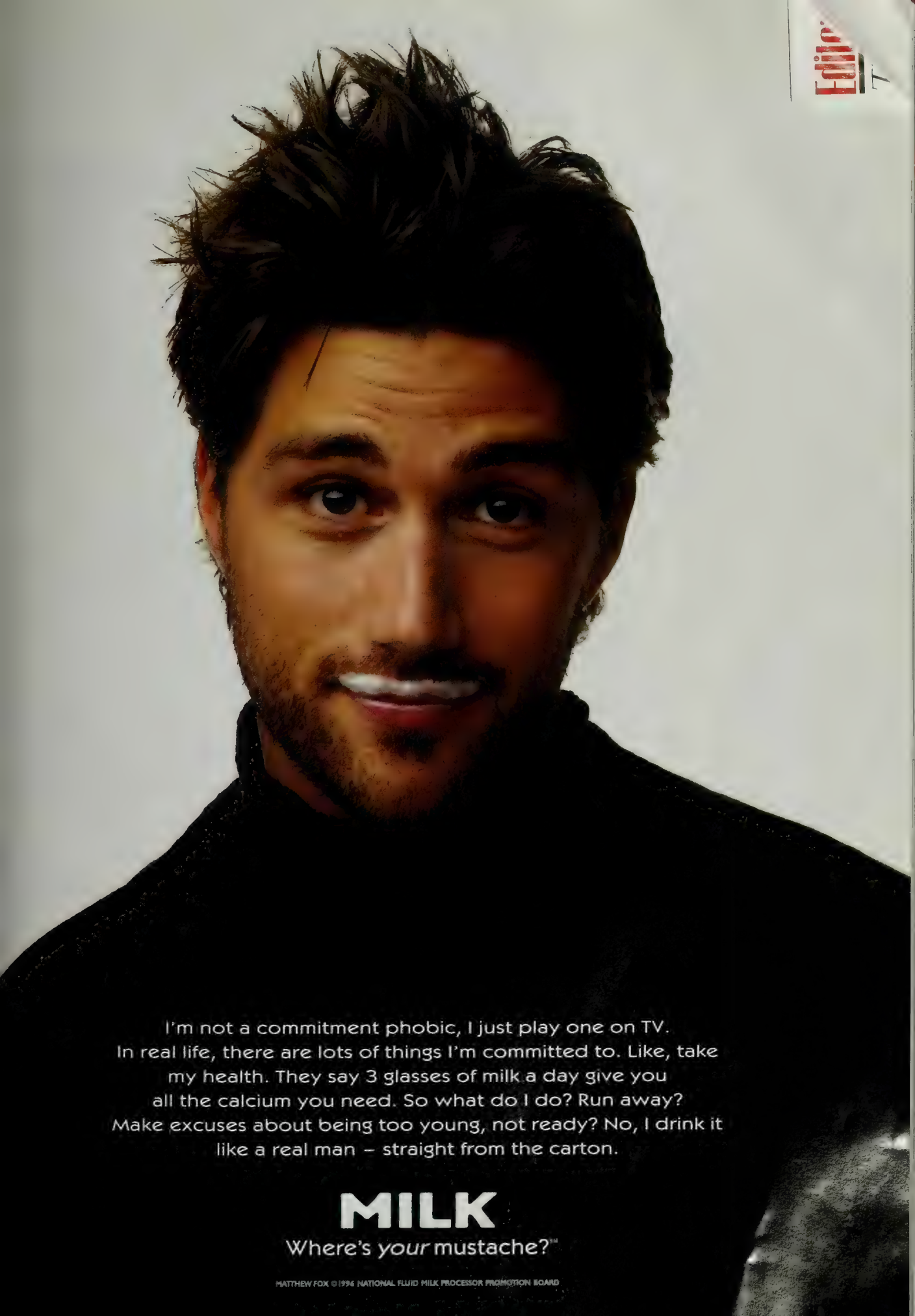
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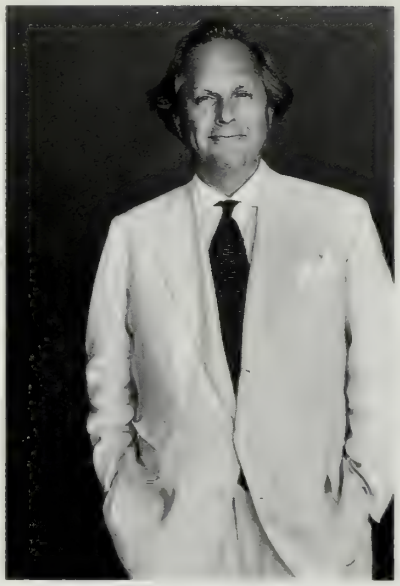

When *Vanity Fair* special correspondent Maureen Orth first encountered Gerry Adams, at a White House party in 1995, she says, she had no interest in meeting him: "I thought he stood for the I.R.A., and the I.R.A. stood for terrorism." The English—who have suffered from years of murderous Irish Republican Army bombings—remain rightly skeptical of Adams's claim that his party, Northern Ireland's Sinn Fein, is genuinely committed to making peace. Sinn Fein is closely linked to the I.R.A., and Adams's visits with President Clinton notwithstanding, the U.S. government officially considers him a terrorist.

Following Adams from Belfast to London and going back over the history of Northern Ireland's quarter-century of "Troubles," Orth came to appreciate the complexity of his present situation. Though her profile of Adams ("The Juggler," on page 64) contains evidence that he has been a high-ranking member of the I.R.A., he now is trying, Orth believes, "to take people who rely on guns and make them give that up. He has moved on intellectually, but he doesn't want to repudiate them. He has to try to bring them along with him—to make them understa that there's something in it for ther As she points out, the task of British pri minister John Major is equally diffic of course: the Protestant Unionists do want to make concessions, either.

Recent history is full of the sort high-wire act Adams is performi Yasser Arafat, no stranger to the t rorist activities of the P.L.O., has n ertheless helped bring the Palestini closer to peace with the Israelis th many ever thought possible. And Nelson Mandela forg a democratic end to apartheid in South Africa despite violent tactics of his African National Congress (whi like the I.R.A. and the P.L.O., was labeled a terrorist ganization by the U.S. government).

The key to any successful negotiation, aside from a w ingness to forgive, is obviously trust. And trust, as O found, is something that is still sorely lacking on bo sides of Northern Ireland's bitter civil war.

Graydon Carter

Cover

Goldie Rush

Goldie Hawn gets in the swim of things, *above*, for Peggy Sirota and her crew in Los Feliz, California, wearing an outfit by Trina Turk.

ON THE COVER
Hawn wears a dress by Trina Turk. Hair by Enzo Angileri. Makeup by Honey Twigg. Manicure by Joyce Green. Hair products from Redken. Makeup from Lancôme. Props styled by Rick Elden. Styled by Jonathan Skow. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Peggy Sirota.

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Contributors

Contributing editor Laura Jacobs is caught by Hilary Knight, a new V.F. contributing artist, as she tours the New York spring collections for her poem on page 70. In the November issue, Jacobs visited a more distant moment in fashion history, the 1947 unveiling of Dior's "New Look."

This month, contributing editor **Marjorie Williams** profiles conservative "It girl" Laura Ingraham. "She is one of those people who have a bigger vision of themselves than available models, and that's always fascinating to watch," says Williams, who wrote about another Washington oddity, Dick Morris, in November.

Charles Fleming hit the set of Adrian Lyne's racy adaptation of *Lolita* for this issue and found the scene surprisingly jolly: "Movie sets are mainly armies on the move. This one was like a garden party." Fleming is currently writing a biography of the late Don Simpson for Doubleday.

(Continued on page 24)

Contributing photographer Jonathan Becker, below, *with Northern Irish leader Gerry Adams, his subject this month.*

RICHARD McAULEY

Above, *special correspondent Maureen Orth talks with Gerry Adams for her story on page 64. "To his own people, he carries hope for a united Ireland; in Britain, he's the most hated man alive."*

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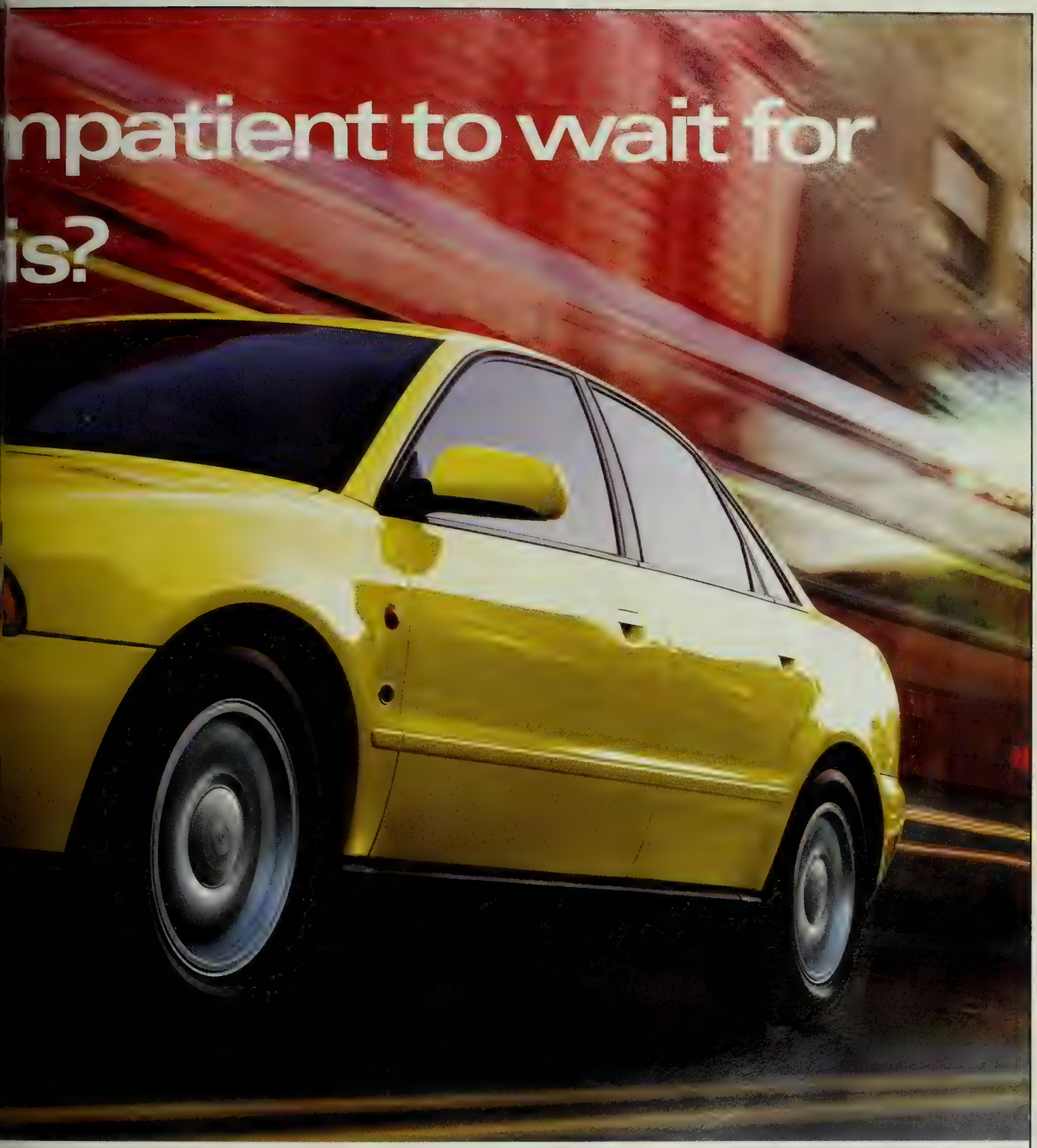

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Contributors

(Continued from page 20)

While capturing Gianni Versace's singular New York town house, photographer **Bruce Weber** met the best-dressed man he's ever seen in his life: Cormac Creed, Versace's construction supervisor. "To have such a brilliantly dressed construction supervisor, it was just *so* Gianni!" Weber says. His new book, *A House Is Not a Home* (Little, Brown), is a retrospective of residences he has shot over the years.

Writer-at-large Marie Brenner recently received a Newswomen's Club Front Page Award for her V.F. *investigation into the tobacco industry. On page 80, she writes abo Gianni Versace's new house, 5 East 64th Street, which used to belong to Berni Parks Richard, the mother of Brenner's childhood friend Joelle Shefts.* Above, *Joelle (left) on her sixth birthday with Marie.*

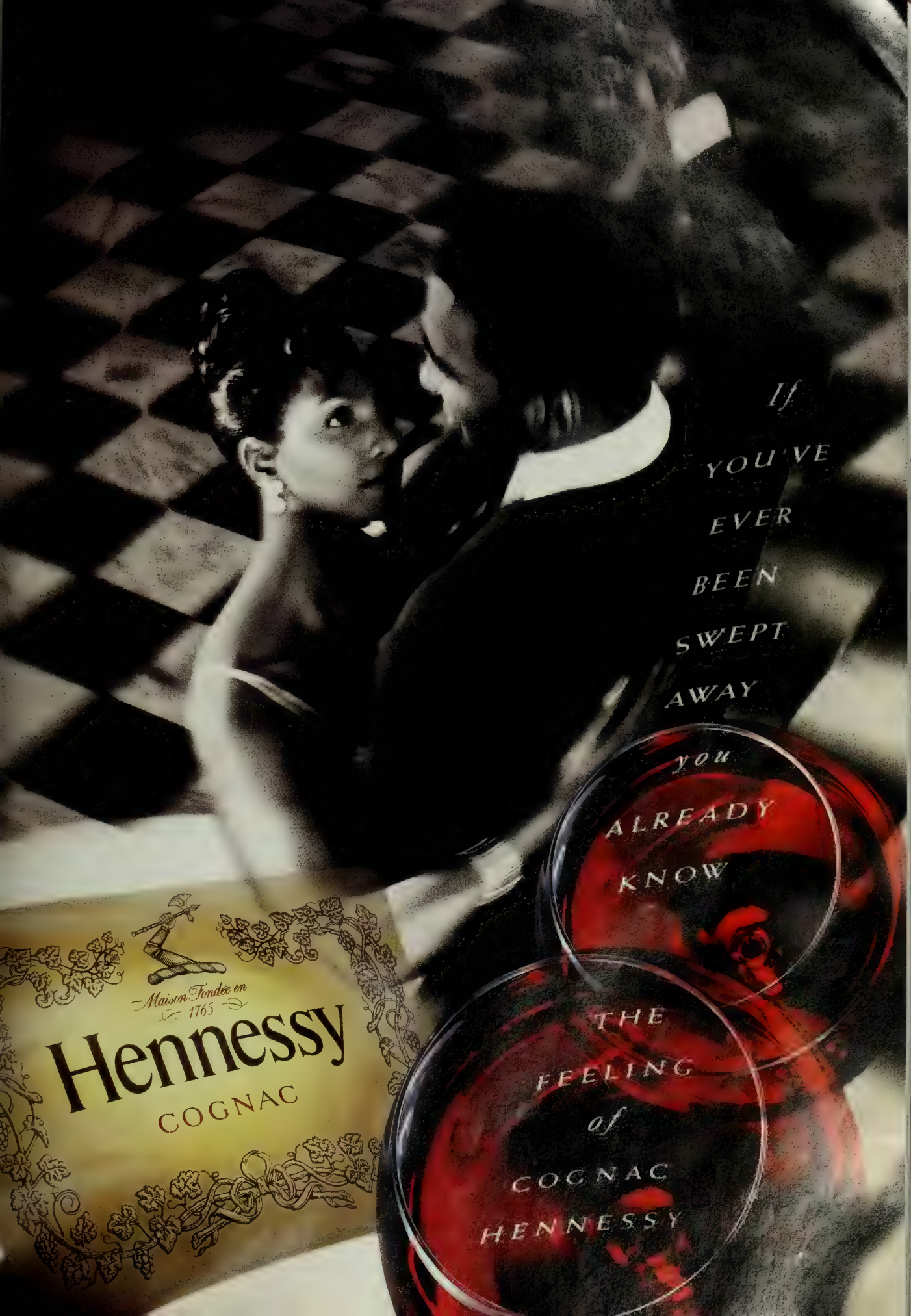
FRAN COLLIN

America's premier gossip columnist, Liz Smith, who is syndicated to 60 newspapers, has some shocking revelations from Judith Campbell Exner on page 30. Smith has just been named a "Living New York Landmark" and is working on her memoirs for Hyperion. To compensate, she has decided that on her next birthday, February 2, she will become 60 years old. Again.

Sally Bedell Smith has joined *Vanity Fair* as a contributing editor. Her new book, *Reflected Glory: The Life of Pamela Churchill Harriman,* was excerpted in the October issue.

"Goldie Hawn is one of the smartest people in Hollywood," says contributing editor **Judy Bachrach** of her subject this month. "She knows that this resurgence in her career is important—that it's now or never."

"I first saw Goldie Hawn on Laugh-In *and I so adored her," recalls Peggy Sirota (*above *with her dog, Scout), who photographed the star for the cover story, on page 58. "I was touched to learn that she is every bit that wonderful character. We just laughed the entire time."*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UNCOMMON MADONNA

Mario Testino's photographs of Madonna are exquisite. On the cover, especially, he captures two qualities in this incomparable superstar and exhibitionist extraordinaire *that she had yet to reveal: mystery and allure.*

CRAIG JOHNSON
Los Angeles, California

How interesting that a celebrity of Madonna's stature has insecurities, vulnerabilities, and desires that match those of the "common folk." In "Madonna's Private Diaries" [November], she was introspective, dangerously honest, and surprisingly well grounded. She focused on her genuine, down-to-earth interior instead of the stoic, bad-girl exterior.

BRITTANY GRIFFIN
Palo Alto, California

Once again Madonna amazes me! The woman is a chameleon. Everyone I know thought that the wonderful pictures Mario Testino took of her were actually Eva Perón. (And let's not forget the classy styling of Lori Goldstein.)

ANDREW ALEXANDER
Los Angeles, California

Since when has anything of Madonna's been private? My guess is that sometime in the very near future we'll be flooded with pictures of Madonna and her baby, Lourdes, carefully orchestrated and handpicked by the queen of publicity herself.

SUSAN LEWTER
Alameda, California

No low-fat food in Buenos Aires? So what! The diaries revealed a woman who is out of touch with reality, and too keen to play the suffering ham. Madge, loosen up a bit! The next time you're in London, instead of rearranging your furniture in Holland Park, hop on a bus and come over for a cup of tea. We can hoover up a lard sandwich or two.

CHARLOTTE COOPER
London, England

Girl, I've been with you since the Funhouse days. We've grown up together and you still haven't been to my house. (Smile.) You have the courage to live by your standards and you're a strong woman with a powerful presence, yet very sensitive and loving. For each person who doesn't understand you, there are two of us who do!

SAUNDRA LOUISE PENN
New York, New York

Jezebel had its Bette Davis, *Gone with the Wind* had its Vivien Leigh, and now *Evita* has its Madonna. She's the perfect choice.

ISADORE BALISTRERI
Encinitas, California

Evita may be a great part, but she was not a great woman. It would behoove Madonna to look through the glamorous, vapid image and see the woman for what she really was—a Fascist dictator who wreaked havoc upon her country through her greed, corruption, and megalomania.

Madonna most decidedly shares a trait with Eva Perón: her astonishing ability to use the media for shameless self-promotion and self-aggrandizement, as well as packaging and selling absolutely nothing to the adulating masses.

VALERIE E. WEICH
Pasadena, California

I have always seen Madonna as leading a larger-than-life existence. Releasing her diaries was just what she needed to bring herself back to our world.

LYDIA DAURIO-SAS
Stratford, Ontario

Beard's Close Shave

I found "African Dreamer," by Leslie Bennetts [November], to be very captivating. Peter Beard, although controversial in many ways, is an intriguing character. Since my family lived in Kenya for many years, I can understand his love, passion, and nostalgia for this romantic country and its dwindling wildlife. Ms. Bennetts managed to capture both the appeal and the recklessness of this enigmatic photographer.

PRIYA CHITNIS
Diamond Bar, California

Yes, Peter Beard is the ultimate Pan, what with the drugs and sex and bad-boy behavior. But there are a lot of layers beneath his self-generated negative press release. As one of Peter's non-loaded friends, I can say there's a kind of Robin Hood logic to his hospitality; his door is often open, and he'll foot the bill when he can, and hope others will when they can. What's important about Peter is his work—the existential chaos of his diaries, the montage structure of his installations, and his unsentimental attacks on environmental erosion.

MAUD LAVIN
Brooklyn, New York

Nyama! For Peter Beard to "rile" into charging for the sake of a good "shot" the very animals he professes to grieve

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for illustrates only that he is also an elemental part of what is destroying Africa's wilderness. Even Tarzan knew that in order to live with the animals he would have to respect them.

ANDRÉ JEAN FRANÇOIS DE KOSKO
Miami, Florida

You gotta love a man who wears the same pair of sandals in 1996 that he was photographed sporting in the early 1970s.

KARYN SINUNU
San Jose, California

Spin Like Flynt

While I feel Larry Flynt ["Hustler with a Cause," by Christopher Hitchens, November] was the victim of a hypocritical, narrow-minded society, I do not think someone who openly admits that he "only gives the customers what they want" should be championed as a savior of our First Amendment; what he is promoting is merely commerce. He would shut down a magazine instantly if it did not turn a profit. The First Amendment deserves more respect than to be held up by the bantering of tawdry publications such as *Juggs* and *Hustler*.

WYMAN L. MEERS JR.
New York, New York

Larry Flynt's only "cause" is self-promotion. Miloš Forman's movie and the flurry of media attention provide Flynt with a legitimacy that he doesn't deserve. I have no sympathy for someone who sees women as mere body parts to be used for sex, and promotes this image to millions of other men. Flynt is using the First Amendment to sell magazines, and is getting scholars, directors, and civil libertarians to defend his position for him.

The choice between the Moral Majority and the pornography industry is a false one. We can leave both of these paternalistic and sexist ways of thinking behind in favor of a feminism that recognizes the dignity and rights of all human beings.

RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL
New York, New York

Bloom's Day

Blessings on Claire Bloom for her courage ["The Gripes of Roth," November]. I am chilled by her descriptions Philip Roth's displaced rage and jum depressions. I am annoyed by how sl perhaps inadvertently, excuses him deferring to his intelligence and statu as a writer.

BETH WINDS
Amagansett, New Y

Halfway through reading "The Grip of Roth," I realized the "crazy one" w Bloom, not Philip Roth. Since her dau ter, Anna, at the ripe old age of 18, w not part of Roth's future living arran ments, Bloom decided that staying w an overbearing, selfish control fre was better than maintaining her re tionship with her only daughter. A out Anna went.

In this day and age, when many p ents work hard to keep their families gether, it is a capital crime to shed a s gle tear for Bloom. Reading the rest the story only angered me more; it w as if Anna were just another footnote her pathetic saga.

Bloom got what she deserved—nothi

JOHN F. SULLIV
New Hyde Park, New Y

The last paragraphs of "The Gripes Roth" record the saddest and m profoundly degrading part of Cla Bloom's hellish odyssey with Phi Roth. Did Bloom in her naïveté actu ly think for one moment that R wouldn't throw the boomerang of p versity at her just once more for times' sake?

JEANNE CU
Newport, Rhode Isl

I hope the next woman in Mr. Rot life keeps a stealth diary!

PAULA HAZZOU
San Francisco, Califo

CORRECTIONS: Props for the Decem cover and feature story about George Cloo were styled by Darren Ransdell for Cloutier.

In the November issue, a caption "Invitation to the Ball," by Jody Shie reversed the identities of Jenica Rosekrans Kathleen Alexander. Rosekrans is on the le

In October's "Night-Table Reading" translator of The Inferno of Dante *was spelled. It is Robert Pinsky.*

Letters to the editor should be sent with writer's name, address, and daytime ph number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 M ison Avenue, New York, New York 10 Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.c The letters chosen for publication may edited for length and clarity.

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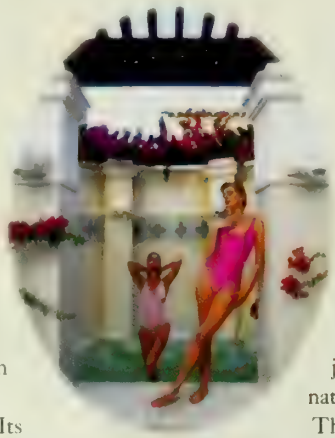

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THE EXNER FILES

Judith Exner may go down in history as the Scarlet Woman of Camelot—the girl who tied J.F.K. to the Mob—but, with death staring her in the face, she sets the record straight and reveals the shocking end to her affair with President Kennedy

BY LIZ SMITH

"Judy Campbell of Palm Springs and Bevhills is Topic No. 1 in Romantic Political Circles," wrote Walter Winchell in his column May 9, 1962.

Of such mysterious little gossip items is history made. I've written thousands of them myself as a columnist over the years. As a child in Fort Worth, Texas, I used to lie on the floor of my parents' modest house studying Walter Winchell's column as if it were the Bible. I wanted more than anything to understand life at the top, to enter Winchell's fascinating world of the Depression 30s and

Walter Winchell
OF NEW YORK AND HOLLYWOOD

ɔpised by Lovers Eve.
ɔtar-teacher June Tayl
Marilyn (once the Awaaay-We-Go! 8.
the J. Gleason show) became the bride
George Horwich of Chicago Sunday . . .
Judy Campbell of Palm Springs and
Bevhills is Topic No. 1 in Romantic Politi-
cal Circles . . . Quip sweeping the nation:
"Know what the doctor advised Liz! 'Take
two aspirin and stay out of bed for th
vs!'"

Judith Campbell in 1960, the year Frank Sinatra invited her to Las Vegas, where she met her future lover Senator John F. Kennedy. *Right,* Campbell's enigmatic entrance into tabloid journalism, in Walter Winchell's May 9, 1962, column.

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the war-torn 40s. I could just imagine the polished parquet at El Morocco, though I didn't know what parquet was. I did know, however, that not just anybody could pass the golden chain at the Stork Club, but that if owner Sherman Billingsley liked you, you not only got in, but might get a free bottle of Sortilège perfume as well.

Although I became an amateur expert on such things as Edward VIII's romance with Wallis Simpson, and J. Edgar Hoover's strange passion for Shirley Temple, I never imagined that I would find myself in New York in the 50s writing press-agent gossip items for Winchell. Eventually I graduated to working on Hearst's long-running society column, "Cholly Knickerbocker." I even found myself in the soon-to-expire Stork Club, being treated well by the rather creepy Mr. Billingsley, and at El Morocco, where Winchell himself would sometimes pass by and say, "Hi, kid, your copy is great!" Praise from Caesar.

And so, back in 1962, a year before John F. Kennedy was assassinated, I naturally noticed the Winchell item quoted above, but it was what we in the business called "blind as a bat." Who was Judy Campbell, and what did that cryptic little 15-word message mean? It was just a fragment, a note in a bottle thrown into the sea of scandal. Or was it more—a code, a signal, a red alert, possibly even a threat?

Little did I dream then that Judy Campbell would play a large part in my coming years, when I was writing under my own byline for the New York *Daily News, Newsday,* and the *New York Post,* where I am now a syndicated columnist for 60 newspapers. Only recently, when I was in Newport Beach, California, with the aforesaid woman, who is now better known as Judith Campbell Exner, did she finally explain what the 1962 Winchell item meant, and how it had come about. She said she herself had read it that May day in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

Her lover of two years, President John F. Kennedy, had called her one afternoon in March to tell her that he had just lunched with J. Edgar Hoover. The F.B.I. director had warned Kennedy that the agency was onto his romantic liaison with Judith Campbell, and had told him that the agency felt he needed to know that she was a friend to Mafia boss Sam Giancana of Chicago and Giancana's associate Johnny Roselli of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Hoover himself had strong ties to the Mob, and his position as head of the F.B.I. had become uncomfortable ever since Robert Kennedy had been made attorney general, with power over him. Hoover despised the Kennedys and all they stood for, and he was obviously throwing down a gauntlet to the president, of the I-know-everything-so-you-can't-fire-me variety.

Records show that after Hoover left the White House on the afternoon of March 22 he made a call to Richard Berlin, a top executive at the Hearst newspaper chain. When the blind item ran May 9, it was easy enough to put two and two together. Berlin had obviously passed the information to Walter Winchell, and there had probably been a lot of backstage maneuvering and rewriting at Winchell's paper between March 22 and May 9.

Clearly, Hoover had fired a shot across Kennedy's bow, and the gun he had used was Winchell's widely syndicated column. But in those days even the dreaded, all-powerful Winchell couldn't come right out and say that "Topic No. 1" involved the U.S. president. The scandalous doings of V.I.P.'s were still treated very delicately in the press. Today sensationalism is epidemic, and we are all infected, but in 1962 columnists had to be more discreet.

"I was 26 and in love. Was I supposed to have more judgment than the president of the United States?"

Young people today are amazed to learn that during the time Kennedy was in office there was only "private talk" about his sexual carryings-on, only gossip and speculation—which seldom made it into print—that he might have used the Mob to win elections. Or that he might have been involved in a C.I.A. plot to have the Mafia assassinate Fidel Castro.

Back then there was a gentlemen's agreement that politicians, especially presidents, shouldn't be exposed for the philanderers and liars they often were. Only with Chappaquiddick in 1969, when a lot of reporters who had been sitting on drinking-and-carousing stories about Teddy Kennedy came to their senses, did the press begin to tell all. Then came Watergate in 1972. After that all bets were off.

Only now, with most of the protagonists dead—many of them murdered—and Judith Campbell Exner among the few witnesses left alive, can we really understand the 1962 Winchell item. If you were an insider and "got it" back then, well and good. If you were John Q. Public and his mizzus (Winchell lingo), it didn't matter that you didn't understand it. The people who really knew and were delighted were Winchell and Hoover, two power freaks and scandalmongers who imagined that they were more important than any mere president. They thought that in many ways they were running the country. And in many ways maybe they were.

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction could hardly be better applied than to the life of Judith Campbell Exner. Is she a bad woman who made up an incredible story? Or is she the most misunderstood and maligned witness in all of this nation's recent history? Through the 70s, 80s, and 90s, she has been routinely and variously derided by publications as responsible as *Newsweek* and *Time* and by columnists as respected as William Safire of *The New York Times.* She was rumored to have been sleeping with John F. Kennedy, Sam Giancana, and Johnny Roselli at the same time. She has been called a hustler, a call girl, the bad girl of Camelot, Mafia mistress, Mata Hari, a bimbo, a Hollywood party girl, and a prevaricator. Of these appellations, only the last seems actually to apply.

And Exner had good reasons to lie. In 1975 the gossip columnist Earl Wilson wrote: "Sources informed on Mob practices seriously claim that Judith Campbell Exner's revelations—and subsequent developments—could lead to several murders—including hers."

For 30 years Exner has seen people from the Kennedy era wiped out—Jack Kennedy himself in Dallas, Bobby Kennedy in Los Angeles, Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas while he was under police protection. Oswald's assailant, Mob-related Jack Ruby, died swearing

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Top, **Judith Immoor and Billy Campbell before their marriage in 1952.** ***Above,*** **Senator Kennedy and Frank Sinatra at a fund-raising dinner before the Democratic convention, 1960.**

he had been injected with cancer. Sam Giancana was shot in his kitchen in Chicago in 1975 while under F.B.I. surveillance, before he could testify for the congressional Church committee, named for Senator Frank Church, who headed it. Johnny Roselli was found dead in an oil drum in a bay near Miami in 1976 in what resembled a Mafia hit, after he *had* testified. Marilyn Monroe died in 1962 in an unsolved mystery, after having been visited that night by Bobby Kennedy.

Ripe for inclusion in this list might also be Winchell's rival in gossip and power, the *Journal-American*'s syndicated columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, who reportedly overdosed while pursuing an inside story on J.F.K.'s assassination. The story was so secret, according to her intimate friend the singer Johnnie Ray, that she had to read the file by flashlight standing under a viaduct.

And then there was Judith Exner's rival for Jack Kennedy's affection, Washington socialite Mary Meyer, who was murdered on a towpath beside a canal near the Potomac River in 1964. Her brother-in-law, Ben Bradlee of *The Washington Post,* and a C.I.A. friend, James Jesus Angleton, took possession of her diary, which the Bradlees burned.

For 35 years the Kennedys have been staples in the gossip columns as more and more about them has surfaced. Just think of Jackie's funeral in 1994 and the sale of her personal possessions at Sotheby's last year. *That's* staying power! I think the Kennedys are the best example yet to support Oscar Wilde's famous contention that "history is merely gossip." Winchell said, "Today's gossip is tomorrow's headline." And I have my own version: "Gossip is news running ahead of itself in a red satin dress."

"I just touched his shoulder and said 'Jack,' and he turned back, and that was that. I couldn't resist him."

After reading Judith Campbell's name in the 1962 Winchell column, I never thought of her again until she appeared before the Church committee in 1975. Two years later she published a book, *Judith Exner: My Story,* in which she admitted that she had been intimate with John F. Kennedy, Frank Sinatra, and Sam Giancana. I remember wondering if she was just bragging. It was like baseball's famous play: Tinker to Evers to Chance.

In June 1977, I received a call from Washington. Dan Exner, a golf pro, wanted to talk to me about his wife's book. He said Judith had never spoken of her relationship with J.F.K. until she had been forced to do so by the Church committee. She had been promised confidentiality, which had been broken, and now she had written the book in fear for her life. She says today that her purpose was to obscure the real nature of her relationship with Sam Giancana.

I was impressed by Exner's call. He and Judith were in the Watergate Hotel giving an interview to Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post.* Once Dan had me on the phone, Judith interrupted her chat with Quinn to talk to me. I had great admiration for the killer qualities of Sally Quinn, who was an ace reporter, so I thought this was pretty brave of Judith Exner. Or entirely naïve. (Quinn later published a questioning but fair interview.)

I ran my own first full column about Exner on June 27, 1977. She truly aroused my interest when she broke down weeping during a long-distance call and told me, "I was wrong to have an affair with a married man. I take responsibility for all of that. Being brought up Catholic, my middle name was guilt. It's there forever. I tried to rationalize it, because I fell in love with Jack. Absolutely. He swept me off my feet."

Later she would add, "I hated being followed by the F.B.I. and sneaking around. But none of it bothered Jack. He always wanted me to do more dangerous, daring things, like ride on Air Force One. He was so arrogant. He felt there was one law for him and another for others. As far as carrying the money and messages for him to Sam Giancana . . . I was 26 and in love. Was I supposed to have better sense and more judgment than the president of the United States?"

She also told me that she felt she got along in Sinatra's crowd because she was famous for never asking for anything. "Men with incredible power don't know what it is to have a young, attractive woman around them who doesn't want something from them. I came from a good family. I liked them to think I was a lady. Frank once

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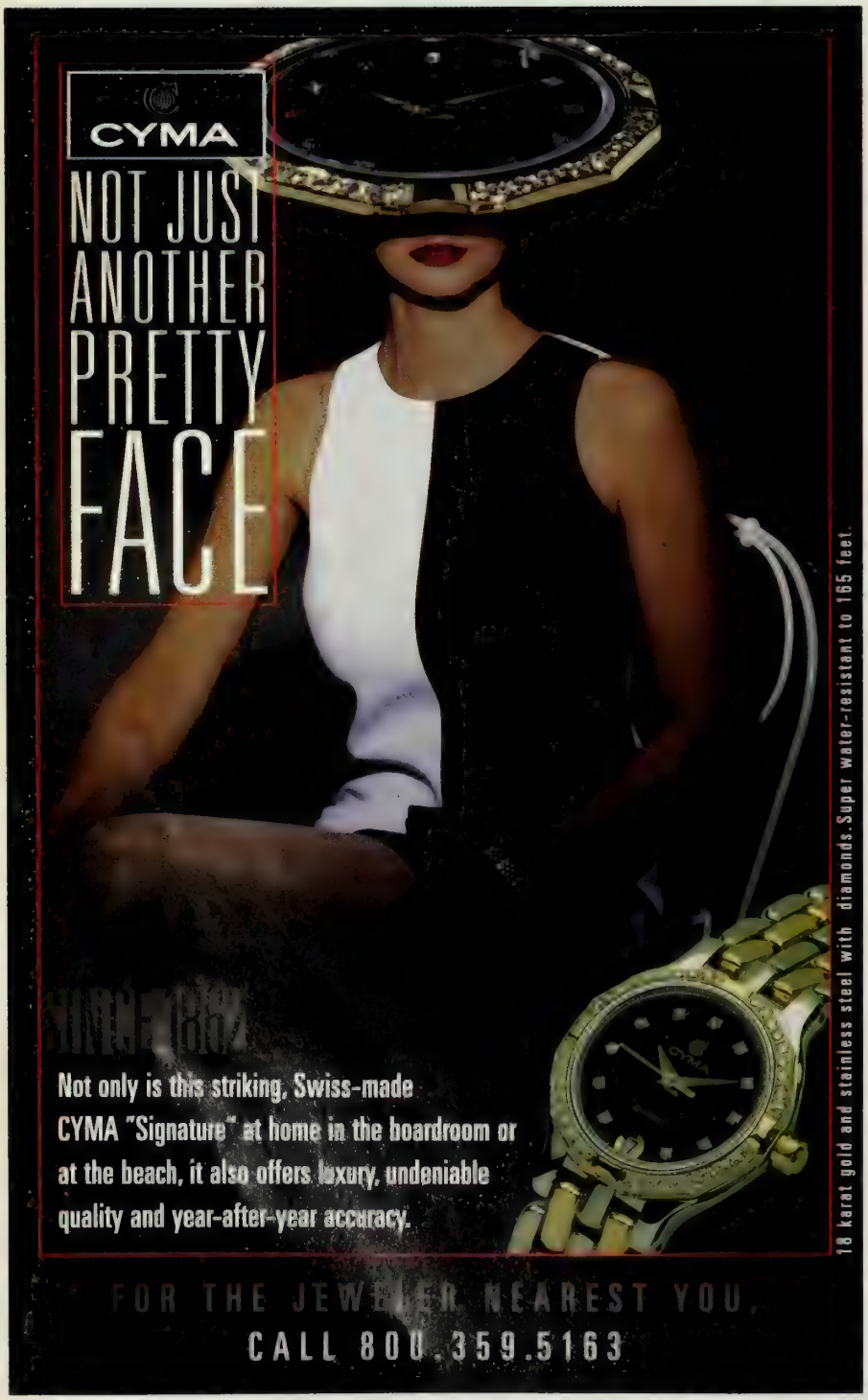

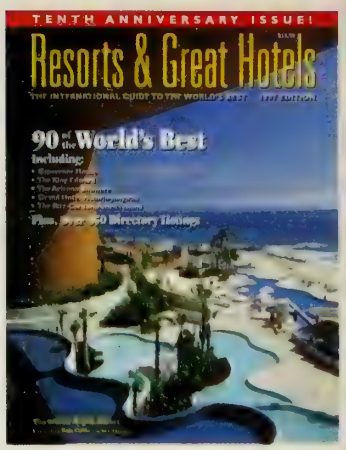

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said to me, 'You know, you are really stupid. You never walk through any doors that are open to you. Look at all the opportunities you have.'"

Since 1977 I have printed many more items, even some full columns, on the travails of Judith Exner. Two years ago I received a phone call from the rambunctious, Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter Seymour Hersh, former giant-killer of *The New York Times:* "Liz, you and I are about the only journalists who believe Judith Exner. I want to get her to speak with me. I am doing a book on the Kennedys that is going to be a bombshell. And believe me, it isn't going to be about their sex lives. That will be a mere footnote."

I asked Exner to talk to Hersh, but I never tried to find out what she told him. Then, only months ago, she called and said she needed to see me. "I have something sensitive to talk to you about. It's a hard story for me to tell, but I've told it to Hersh. But I think you deserve to be the one to break the story. You are the one I trust.

"Liz, Hersh is incredible. He has proof of every word I ever said during the Kennedy years. He also has incredible material on Marilyn Monroe. I know he is going to reveal the large part Bobby Kennedy played in the C.I.A.-Mafia-Castro business.

"You know, I used to be at the White House having lunch or dinner with Jack, and Bobby would often come by. He'd squeeze my shoulder solicitously and ask, 'Judy, are you O.K. carrying these messages for us to Chicago? Do you still feel comfortable doing it?'

"I always said I'd let him know if I didn't. But that isn't my final story for you. You already know I was the courier, handpicked by Jack to go to Giancana. What I want to tell you is my very last secret—an extremely personal one. And I don't want to do it on the phone. Anyway, I think it's time we met."

I leveled with her: "Now, look, you haven't always told the truth. So what can you say to your enemies about that? Who will believe you?" She sighed and answered, "Yes, I know. This will always haunt me, like my stupid book haunts me. But all those years, I was so scared of being killed. I still sleep with a gun under my pillow after all this time. But Sam Giancana's conversations may be released under the John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Collection Act. They may actually confirm what I'm going to tell you! I hope they will. The government wants me to talk again. So everything will be released. I must now give up my very last secret. So much is going to come out anyway. Liz, they have so much in Jack's own handwriting. You just wouldn't believe it."

I booked a flight to L.A. and reached for the Exner file, which has never left my desk. I wanted to review the history of this incredible woman. After so many confusing stories, denials, obfuscations, and accusations by the press and the public, I tried to get her life story in order for my own peace of mind. Here's what I set down:

Born Jan. 11, 1934. Middle-class Catholic. Wed and divorced actor Billy Campbell. Ran with show-biz crowd. Brief affair with Sinatra.

Feb. 7, 1960: Invited by Sinatra to Vegas. Met Senator John F. Kennedy and Teddy Kennedy. J.F.K. lunches with her alone. Grilled her about life, Catholicism, family, and show-biz gossip. Campaigning for the Demo nomination, he began calling, sending red roses. Often tracked her down via her mother.

March 7, 1960: J.F.K. and Judith begin 2½ year affair Plaza Hotel, N.Y.C.

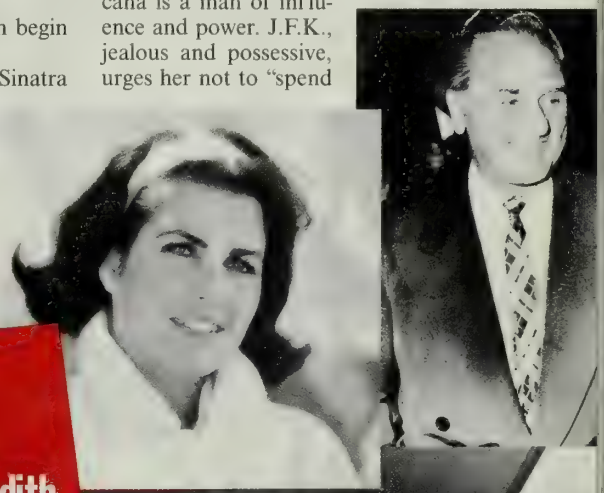
March 26 or 27, 1960: Judith at Sinatra party in Miami meets "Sam Flood." He holds her hand, says: "A beautiful girl like you should be wearing real jewels." Judith: "A girl like me sometimes does." Sam tries to pay her hotel bill. She refuses.

April 6, 1960: J.F.K. asks Judith to dine, Georgetown house with railroad lobbyist Bill Thompson. They discuss campaign. Judith isn't politically motivated. J.F.K. asks her to carry a bag of money to Chicago's Sam Giancana. Judith discovers Giancana is "Sam Flood." She buys her train ticket and takes money to Chicago. Still has no idea who Sam is.

Nov. 1960: J.F.K. is elected. Invites Judith to inauguration. She refuses. He asks her to arrange a Miami meeting with Sam. Then another at her Navarro Hotel apartment in New York, where J.F.K. personally brings Sam money. Later she arranges a meeting at the Ambassador East Hotel, Chicago. Sits on the edge of the bathtub while the two men talk in bedroom.

President Kennedy continues affair with Judith, says he loves her, and asks her to take messages to Sam about eliminating Castro. Judith agrees, begins to enjoy Giancana, who treats her royally. He seems content not to make a pass. Now she is madly in love with Jack, tormented by "impossibility" of situation. (There is one letter to Judith by a J.F.K. aide claiming that presidential pal Kenny O'Donnell "told me, more than once . . . you were really the only one who the president ever loved.")

She begins to understand that Giancana is a man of influence and power. J.F.K., jealous and possessive, urges her not to "spend



"President Kennedy continues affair with Judith, says he loves her, and asks her to take messages to Giancana about eliminating Castro."

Judith Campbell, *top,* carried messages from President Kennedy to mobster Sam Giancana, *right,* about to appear before a grand jury in Chicago, 1965. *Top right,* Giancana's Las Vegas associate Johnny Roselli.

too much time with Giancana, or Sinatra." He calls constantly, pumps her about whom she has seen. Both J.F.K. and Sam offer gifts. She accepts diamond brooch from J.F.K. and charm bracelet from Sam, but nixes offers of houses, Washington apartments, and money.

President insists she move to Washington. "I can protect you here!" Exner says F.B.I. has begun ringing her doorbell, entering her apartment without a warrant, stopping her in parking lots, harassing her.

Giancana rails against J.F.K. and says, "If it weren't for me, your boyfriend wouldn't have been elected." Says "Kennedys are no good and will ruin your life." Never mentions his own connection to the C.I.A. or what he and J.F.K. are up to regarding Castro.

Aug. 4, 1962: Marilyn Monroe dies. Two days later, Judith's telephone records disappear, just like Marilyn's. F.B.I. watches break-in at her house and does nothing to stop it.

Dec. 1962 or Jan. 1963: She ends unhappy idyll with J.F.K. Arguments over her moving to D.C. He wants her at White House V.I.P. parties and state dinners. She is tormented by thoughts of Jackie. Finds her life as "the other woman" too lonely. "I couldn't handle it anymore!"

Nov. 23, 1963: Judith learns in L.A. that J.F.K. has been assassinated.

Sept. 20, 1975: Promised privacy, testifies before congressional Church committee.

Dec. 17, 1975: Judith holds San Diego press conference to try to clear name. Press goes crazy. *Time* dubs her "Mobsters' Moll." Judith's theory: "This revelation about Jack, me, and the Mob was the first black mark against his legend. Jack was dead, and Jack and Jackie were already myths, so someone *had* to be the villain, and they chose me."

1977: Judith Exner: My Story *published:* Judith freaks out. Despises her own book. She and Dan flee to California. Drop out. She claims F.B.I. continues to harass her.

That's as far as my "history" went. There was a lot more to come, but I couldn't have imagined it then.

Is there anything to substantiate Judith Campbell Exner's story? Private research files on Kennedy, Exner, Giancana, and Roselli exist in Washington. I have looked over many of the so-called Exner files, in large photo-album books of material weighing at least 20 pounds each. These are just the bare bones of her case. Although the records don't prove everything Exner says is true, they *do* prove that she was always where she says she was on certain dates. The clips also prove that J.F.K. and Giancana were in the places she says they were. She has canceled personal checks for her hotel bills, plane tickets, train tickets. She has newspaper items, datebooks, and photographs.

When *The Washington Post's* Ben Bradlee checked up on Exner, he found that she had all the correct J.F.K. private phone numbers.

While telephone logs of the 1,000 days of the Kennedy administration show Exner calling J.F.K.'s secretary Evelyn Lincoln more than 80 times, there are also calls from Lincoln to Exner. And the president often called her on a private phone. At the time of the 1975 Church hearing, Lincoln described Exner to reporters as a Kennedy campaign volunteer. Later she seemed to deny even knowing her. But before Evelyn Lincoln died last year, she is said to have told all to Seymour Hersh.

As I looked through this incredible mass of records, turning the glassine pages, examining appointments kept by Exner from the year 1960 on, I realized that this woman was a real pack rat; she kept everything, even her cleaning bills. When Ben Bradlee later checked up on Exner, he found that she had all the correct J.F.K. private phone numbers. Even William Safire, one of her harshest critics, has written, "There is a core of checkable truth to [the Exner] story."

Then there are the copies of F.B.I. letters and memos available under the Freedom of Information Act. Whole sections are heavily blacked out, but there is certainly enough left to attest to Exner's mysterious relationship with Kennedy and Giancana.

Recently, a record turned up of Exner's telephoning Evelyn Lincoln the day after J.F.K. was killed. Exner had stopped seeing the president a year before, and was living in Beverly Hills. She cannot remember calling Lincoln, but says, "It sounds like something I would have done. I was devastated that Jack was dead, and in spite of everything it took me years to get over him."

When I asked who blew the whistle on Exner originally, I was given the statement of U.S. District Court judge Edward Schwartz, who presided over Exner's lawsuit against the F.B.I. Schwartz said, "I think that the Court should take into consideration the fact that, for whatever reasons or motives, Mrs. Exner kept the information that is now the hub of this controversy to herself for a period of perhaps 15 or 16 years, that she didn't write any books, she didn't publish any of this information, and then she was subpoenaed before a Senate committee and required to testify . . . and then she found that the proceedings, at least insofar as they pertained to her, had been leaked obviously—and I can't imagine any other way than through some government source." Exner prevailed in her suit, forcing the release of many of her files under the Freedom of Information Act. (Several hundred pages are still being withheld from her.)

Subsequent news stories in *The Washington Post* and the Scripps Howard newspapers turned Exner into the Mary Magdalene of the Kennedy years. Today, holding the musty and ragged but authoritative-looking "Interim Report" of the U.S. Senate published in November 1975, one can hardly believe that this lit-

tle "nothing" of a half-assed investigation ruined the life of Judith Campbell Exner.

The report was written by Senate aides and underlings. No U.S. senator ever actually asked Exner a single question. Between 1976 and 1978, the House Select Committee on Assassinations wanted to go to California and talk to Exner secretly. She refused. She asked for an open hearing so that her testimony couldn't be distorted or leaked in selective parts. The government refused.

Back in 1975, Senate aides asked Exner rather pointless questions. First they established that she'd made phone calls to the president, and they spoke of "the presidential log." Exner said she knew nothing about such telephone records. She said she didn't even realize the committee had files on her. She was asked if she knew Johnny Roselli's girlfriend, singer Betsy Duncan. Exner said yes, slightly. Did she have a business relationship with Roselli? Exner said no. How did she meet Sam Giancana? At a Frank Sinatra party in Miami, said Exner. She told them she had a friendship with Giancana. Had she taken money from either Roselli or Giancana? She said no. They wanted to know if either man had asked her to communicate messages to or set up meetings with the president. She said no. But nobody on the committee or in the press ever asked if the *president* might have initiated meetings or asked her to make contact. So Exner did not elaborate. She didn't want to end up like Giancana, dead in his kitchen, his mouth stitched with bullets—the Mafia mark for a squealer. "I thought if people saw my nice California-girl face and I spoke simply, they would leave me alone," she said. "They" didn't.

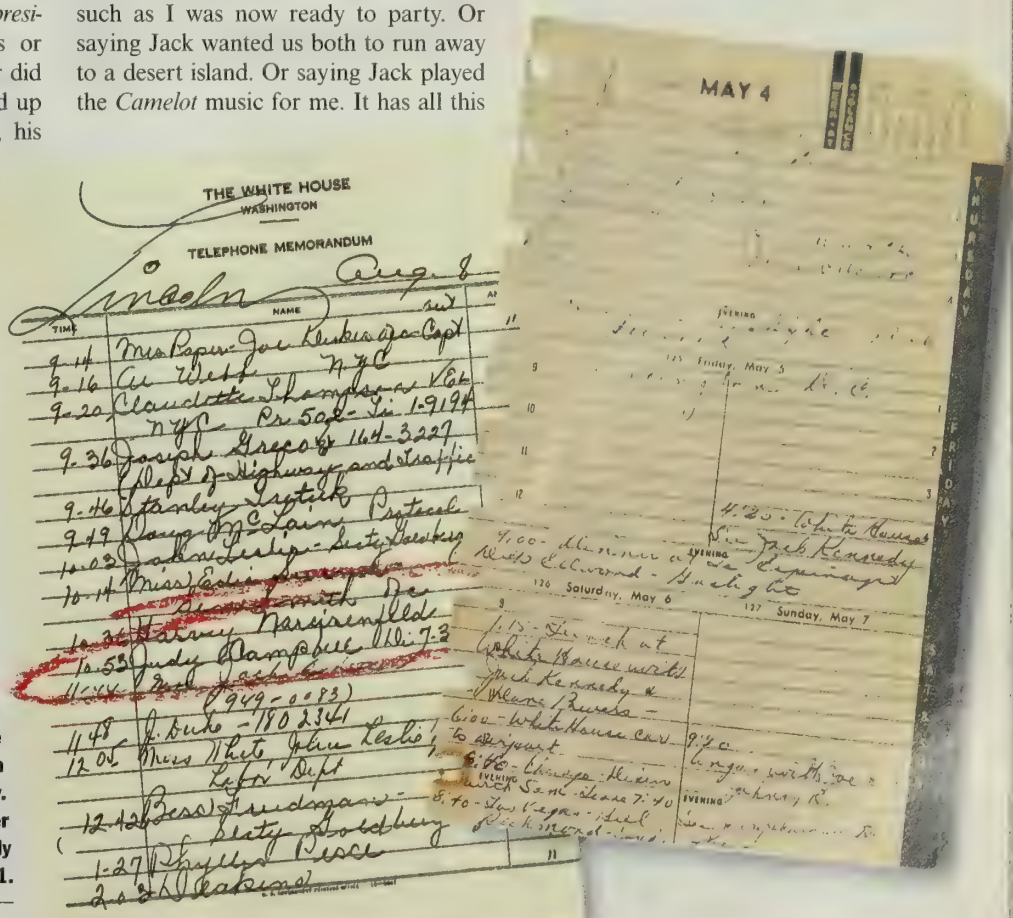
William Safire questioned on December 16, 1975, whether the Mafia had "encouraged" her. Exner says he had it exactly backward. It was Kennedy, not Exner, who brought the Mob into the White House. Later, Exner made a fatal decision to fight back against the government that had forced her to reveal herself. But the decision to write a book with Ovid Demaris was a bad one, and the untruthful, silly, girlish "fiction" that appeared in 1977 has haunted her ever since.

She claims that harassment by the F.B.I. during this period kept her from cooperating effectively with Demaris, and that large amounts of false information made their way into *Judith Exner: My Life.* The money she earned from Grove Press was all taken by the I.R.S., which had a case against Dan Exner. When she was given the Demaris manuscript to look over, she quit reading after the opening section. She says she threw up her hands and virtually retired to California. She became a recluse. But the book, which sold 45,000 hardcover copies and 100,000 more in paperback, still torments Exner. On the flyleaf of my copy she has written: "My dear Liz—If reading this makes you ill, don't worry, it does the same thing to me. Sorry the first page is missing. It was the best part. It was blank—My Love, Judith."

Judith Exner has explained to me, "I was a basket case of nerves then, racked with fear and guilt. The book made me into a vapid kind of party girl, and that just added to the newspaper attacks and myths. It has me saying things such as I was now ready to party. Or saying Jack wanted us both to run away to a desert island. Or saying Jack played the *Camelot* music for me. It has all this stuff about Jack eventually demanding to be 'serviced,' on his back in bed.

"Actually, I tried to tell Demaris that, as our affair went on, Jack became more demanding and possessive of me. Never less ardent. People have used this book for years as an incorrect source for incorrect reasons. Much of the information in it never happened, including my much-vaunted 'affair' with Sam Giancana. But I liked Sam. He was wonderful to me. I liked Johnny Roselli, though I was never intimate with him. Sam was a reassuring friend to me. He honestly liked me. Jack told me he was 'working with us' against Castro, so I never considered Sam to be an ogre! There was no depth to any of the book, but it was my own fault. I copped out during the writing for fear of my life. I have only myself to blame." (Demaris could not be reached for comment.)

After trying to sink from sight in California, Exner became ill. She had a radical mastectomy, then lost a lung to cancer, followed by radiation, chemotherapy, and depression. After living through her husband's brain tumor, she ended her marriage and lost track of Dan Exner completely. Today she requires $700 a week for her medical prescriptions. Her doctor Kim Margolin states, "She is a City of Hope patient with advanced metastatic



The White House telephone log for August 8, 1961, and her calendar for May 6, 1961, substantiate Judith Campbell Exner's claims to a relationship with John F. Kennedy. *Opposite,* F.B.I. chief J. Edgar Hoover with Bobby and Jack Kennedy in the White House, February 1961.

breast cancer, which is incurable and terminal. Despite lung resection . . . chemotherapy and hormone therapy, her disease is growing in the lung and in the bones, causing severe pain and progressive respiratory distress."

In the years of the Exners' self-exile, they became phone pals with my New York office. We got health bulletins, word of libel suits' being filed, stories of F.B.I. harassment and hardship. As the 70s rolled into the 80s and 90s, I began to feel, along with my aides St. Clair Pugh and Denis Ferrara, that Judith had been consigned to our care.

One day, the Washington writer Kitty Kelley called to say that she had heard that Exner's house had been firebombed. Exner had disappeared. We were very worried. Saint picked up the often inaccurate Exner book and reread it, looking for clues. Seeing that she had a brother, he called every Immoor (her maiden name) in the U.S. until he located him, and the brother had her call us. She was O.K., she said.

In 1988, Exner came to another watershed of fear, worry, and need. She'd heard that J.F.K. had taped conversations in the Oval Office and that the F.B.I. might release wiretaps on Giancana. She knew that they had tapped her phones for years, "but then, I never had anything interesting to say after Jack died—not even before."

Exner believed that she should write the story of being a courier from Jack Kennedy to the Mafia—at his insistence—before someone else did. "Couldn't *you* do it, Liz?" she asked me. "Everyone else has cashed in on my life. But I have always supported myself with family money. I have never taken money from anyone. I waived alimony from my first husband, and then Dan disappeared, leaving me his I.R.S. bill. I want a reputable journalistic presentation. I know I could probably get big money from the *Star*, the *National Enquirer*, and tabloid TV, but I have always refused."

I talked to news editor Hal Wingo at *People* magazine. I felt that Exner needed a more sensational byline than mine to call attention to the story—someone like Kitty Kelley. Exner reluctantly agreed. She and Kelley split $100,000, and *People* had a big scoop about how J.F.K. had handpicked an innocent young woman to carry both money and messages to the Mob.

Kitty Kelley's story for *People* was beset with problems. The magazine's editors say they had to restructure and rewrite. Exner says today, "Kitty was not interested in the historical reality that two powerful forces, the presidency and the Mafia, had used a girl to carry election bribe money and then information about murdering Fidel Castro. Instead, Kitty wanted me to describe Sinatra's bedroom . . . exactly where was the bed? She drove me crazy. Later, on *A Current Affair*, she blatantly lied, saying I had slept with Jack Kennedy and Sam Giancana simultaneously. She knew this was not true! . . . She wanted to imply that my son, David Bohrer, who was born 18 months after Jack died, might be the president's child." Exner gave the baby up for adoption in 1965, feeling that her situation with the F.B.I. would make his life impossible. Years later, the boy, who is a *Los Angeles Times* photographer, searched for his birth mother, and today they are close. This is one of the few happy endings in the Judith Exner story. (Kitty Kelley responds: "Both Kennedy and Giancana are gone, and unfortunately Exner's stories, as related and/or reported over the years, have changed several times. . . . Contrary to her assertion now, I pushed her hard in 1988 to tell the truth about everything, including her child. . . . I urged her to set the record straight. She refused to do so.")

Exner gathered Barbara Walters and Phil Donahue into the growing coterie who believe in her. Add Larry King to the list.

In spite of the struggle, the *People* story, published February 29, 1988, provided a smashing coda to the pathetic 1975 Church hearings, which had first flung Exner into the limelight. Exner had added another dimension to her incredible tale. And I had my regrets that I hadn't written the story.

Later that year, I persuaded Exner to talk to Barbara Walters in order to call attention to the story. She spent a day in the ABC journalist's Bel Air house, and the two women liked each other. Walters was to get back to Exner about an airdate, but she delayed. Exner went on the Phil Donahue show instead, but she gathered both Barbara Walters and Phil Donahue into the growing coterie of reporters who believe in her. We can also add Larry King to the list. And Exner claims that Anthony Summers, the author of biographies of Marilyn Monroe and J. Edgar Hoover, has offered to supply a foreword should she write another book, subject to seeing the content.

Like any real star, Judith Exner arrived 45 minutes late for our first face-to-face in the Four Seasons Hotel in Newport Beach last summer. I had ordered a lavish lunch for her and her neighbor and friend of 19 years, Felicia Folino.

They came in like two visions out of a 40s movie, where the beautiful leading lady (let's say Judy Garland or June Allyson) has a wisecracking girlfriend of the Nancy Walker stripe. It seemed fitting. Exner had lost her good name along the way to fame and infamy, but she was still "the pretty one," the star, and she could call the shots. Folino, supportive and good-natured, had heard it all before.

Judith Exner and I embraced like old friends, which we'd become on the telephone over the years, and she launched into an opening anecdote. "We had an omen coming here. There was a car we were following—a Stealth. Good name, huh? And there it was; it had a vanity license that read CHICAGO SAM. Liz, this has to be a portent of our meeting."

Exner will be 63 this month. This so-called Scarlet Woman of the Kennedy Era, mature but still pretty, was wearing a navy-blue pantsuit, a white silk blouse, and tasteful pearls. She still keeps her dark dyed hair as she wore it for Jack, almost shoulder-length. Her bright-blue eyes are serene and quite lovely. She rivets you with her soft-spoken manner and refinement. Her slightly retro look reminds me of a southern belle, albeit a Southern California belle.

She told me she doesn't go out much anymore, and never at night. It takes her several hours, she says, to see anyone, because first she must prepare. She takes a long hot bath, gives herself a manicure, and applies a careful makeup. She feels she has to look just so and conceal her illness or she can't function. There is about her still the slightly spoiled and pampered air of an upper-middle-class post-deb who was expected to marry well. She brings to mind the brunette Brenda Frazier types that Peter Arno used to glamorize in *New*

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Democratic senator Frank Church, *left,* headed the congressional committee that questioned Judith Exner in 1975. *Below,* Exner with her husband Dan, left, and attorney Brian Monaghan at a press conference, 1975. *Opposite,* Exner in 1988, wearing a brooch Jack Kennedy gave her.

Yorker cartoons—a type sitting nude before a vanity mirror, powder puff in hand, exclaiming, "Oh, my God, I forgot the men's favors!"

Although Felicia Folino fell happily onto the feast I'd ordered, Exner did not eat a bite. I could just imagine her on a date in the 60s, the kind of feminine preliberation girl they don't make anymore, who ordered an old-fashioned or a cuba libre or a daiquiri and was a good listener—like Jacqueline Bouvier, whom she resembled. She is careful to emphasize that she enjoys the company of men more than the company of women; other women were often bitchy and envious of her. In her youth she was always compared to Elizabeth Taylor. Men were her life, and men did her in. She says her favorite thing I ever said to her was "Judith, you have lousy taste in men!"

She was in high spirits the day of our meeting. First she examined the suite, pronouncing it beyond our needs. I made a rather tasteless joke, saying, "Well, it's nothing like the little single bedroom at the Plaza where you first gave in to Jack Kennedy." Her smile faded, and I felt I had gone too far. But then she smiled and said, "No, and you know, instead of asking for a better room that night, after I saw what they had given me, I just decided it was fate. I knew I shouldn't be meeting a married man running for president anyway. As I sat there waiting for Jack, at our first real rendezvous, that single bed just got bigger and bigger by the minute—and more and more ominous. When he arrived, I was so guilt-ridden that at first I said no, I couldn't go through with it. He was very nice, but disappointed, and turned to go. I just touched his shoulder and said 'Jack,' and he turned back, and that was that. I couldn't resist him. You can't believe his charm when he wanted to turn it on."

I said I could indeed—that I had known a number of women who had gone to bed with the 35th president. Exner looked thoughtful. "If I had known that there were other women . . . like Mary Meyer, seeing him at the same time at the White House . . . if I had known, I'd have ended it. Imagine how naïve I was. Anyway, I was having quite enough trouble with the fact of his wife."

"So we're going to talk frankly," I said. "What do you have to say? What are the final words of Judith Exner? Or, paraphrasing Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar,* 'Mother of mercy! Is this the end of Judith Exner?' "

She laughed. "Well, you can believe me. I sat on this secret because I guess I was too ashamed. I never, never intended to tell this story, but because of the release of new documents I need to tell it. I was a child of my time, a typical California girl. It was too sordid for a nice Catholic girl like me. But now, before I die, I think the Camelot myth should also be demystified, and the Kennedy legend examined for its reality. I don't have a single, solitary thing to hide. There isn't anything that could ever be proved about me that would be harmful. Women aren't the only poor sinners in the world. Far from compromising the Kennedy presidency, I would not have gotten involved with Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli had Jack Kennedy not asked me to do so."

"Before you go on," I said, interrupting her, "tell me all this coincidence was *just* a coincidence that worked. Why did J.F.K. pick *you* for his runner after such a brief acquaintance?"

Exner frowned. "I was young, naïve, and innocent. I don't think it was planned far ahead. It just fell into place for him. He didn't trust the C.I.A. to eliminate Castro, and he decided to deal with the Mob himself. Jack had good instincts about people. He knew the ones he could trust. That's why there are so many Kennedy loyalists to this day. He was attracted to me and felt he could easily manipulate me, and he could, and he did. I don't know if Sinatra's introducing Giancana to me as Sam Flood in Miami only a short time later was a part of it or not. Or if Sam was just using me, too. Actually, I think Sam really liked me. I don't believe Sinatra ever even knew I was seeing Jack. Jack needed me. I gave him the deniability factor."

"O.K., so what's the big secret?" I asked.

She began by saying, "You know, I never told you how I ended it with Jack. We weren't getting along. Our breakup was gradual. We had lots of arguments on the phone about my moving to Washington, and I refused. He wanted me at V.I.P. parties with Jackie. I couldn't. The F.B.I. was driving me wild. The romance became more trouble than it was worth. Jack begged me to come back and talk, to try again. 'We can work this out,' he said. I went to see him one last time—late December 1962. I said I wouldn't see him anymore; it was too painful. But we were intimate that one last time, in the White House. I still loved him with all my heart. I don't know if God was punishing me. But I went to New York and then on to Chicago. I'm in my hotel. I realize I am pregnant. I hadn't been with anyone but Jack—*not ever during the whole time.* I was stunned. I had some female problems, so I thought I couldn't get pregnant. I had been in the hospital in October with chronic kidney problems. I'd had endometriosis and been operated on in 1960, so I wasn't always 'regular.'

"I telephoned and said, 'Jack, just about the worst thing I can tell you happened. I'm pregnant.' There was this quiet sound, almost a thud. His first remark was—and he knew instantly he said the wrong thing—'What are you going to do?' Then he corrected himself and said, 'I'm sorry. What are *we* going to do?' He added, 'Do you want to keep the baby?' I was crying. I said, 'Jack, you know I can't keep this child. The

F.B.I. is all over us, and has been since they first knocked on my door in 1960.' He was very sweet. He said, 'Well, I want you to know it's an option if you want to keep the baby. We can arrange it.' I answered, 'That's an absolute impossibility because of who you are. We'd never get away with it!'

"We talked a few moments, and Jack said, 'Let me call you back.' He did, and we talked again, in fact several times. I realized I had to act. By my calculations I was almost two months gone. Abortion was then illegal. So Jack said, 'Do you think Sam would help us? Would you ask Sam? Would you mind asking?' I was surprised, but said I'd ask.

"So I called Sam, and we had dinner. I told him what I needed. He blew sky-high. 'Damn him! Damn that Kennedy.' He loved to be theatrical, and he always enjoyed picking on Jack. Now Sam had Jack where he wanted him."

I said, "Maybe Sam was also showing you his feelings for you." She smiled. "Well, he did show me his feelings. He said at first, 'I want to ask you something. Of course I can arrange whatever you ask for, and I promise you'll be safe. But if you want to keep this baby, you can also do that.' I said, 'I can't.' Sam leaned forward and took my hands in his. 'Then let me ask you this: Will you marry me?'

"I was so taken aback I burst into tears. I experienced a flood of emotion that should have been directed at Jack, but I was so touched by Sam. It broke me down. I was emotional and needy. I never dreamed he'd say anything like that; I knew he was really in love with Phyllis McGuire. I said, 'Sam, you don't want to marry me.' I was just overwhelmed. And then Sam topped himself and said, 'Yes, maybe, but you deserve to be asked.'

"There are a lot of things that they can say about Sam. But no one can ever take that away from me. That moment when he tried to make it right. And so we were intimate that night, although I certainly wasn't in love with him. I truly believe that not all intimacy is born of lust. A wide range of feelings was involved. It was the only time. It's all a lie in my book that we had a brief affair. It was only once. So much for being a Mafia mistress."

"And the abortion?" I asked her.

"Yes, I went into Chicago's Grant Hospital," she said. "Here are the hospital receipts and the doctor's name. Everything went fine. . . . They didn't dare not do a good job. I remember the doctors. They treated me as if I didn't exist. I was a body. And I left the hospital on January 28. Sam came and picked me up. I was in the hospital two days. I was out completely for the operation. I used to wonder if the doctor's hands were shaking when he thought of the consequences if things didn't go right.

"After the abortion, Jack was on the phone to me right away, begging me to come back to Washington. I was so afraid of the F.B.I., of the C.I.A., of Sam, of the Mafia, of everyone. Jack kept calling me in California, and I told him I just couldn't go through it anymore. I saw him once after—it's in the records. Funny, it's there, but I have a mental block. I really don't remember it."

The only time Judith Exner ever saw Sam Giancana again was in the post-J.F.K. days, when he left a restaurant in Palm Springs with Frank Sinatra. Sinatra didn't see her, but Giancana looked directly at her without giving any sign of recognition. She felt that he was somehow still trying to protect her.

"Far from compromising the Kennedy presidency, I would not have gotten involved with Giancana and Roselli had Jack Kennedy not asked me."

And so Exner became a footnote to some of the most important history of the decade. Her name became two dirty words to the U.S. press in one of American journalism's most scurrilous and ill-considered episodes, where even much of the Establishment press remains blind to its own closed-mindedness. The desire to make the woman the villain of the piece operated while the Kennedy men, the F.B.I., the Senate, and the Mob, all of whom had used her, went to their places in American legend.

No Kennedy-family member has ever commented on her. J.F.K. aide Dave Powers, the former head of the Kennedy Library, who she says escorted her into the White House to his boss many times, claims never to have heard of any Campbell "except the soup."

Although she still fights back, talks to reputable journalists, and exists as best she can, nothing can give Judith Exner back her good name or the 20 years she lost through loving Jack Kennedy for two and a half. She became the unwitting instrument of an arrogant president to contact the Mob. He told her over and over, while the F.B.I. dogged her footsteps asking about Sam Giancana, that she shouldn't worry. "You haven't done anything wrong," he'd assure her. It has always been easier to term Judith Exner a Mafia mistress than to examine what she has really said, and to see what really happened when J.F.K., the C.I.A., and the Mob decided they needed one another.

Herodotus felt history "is what people have said to me, and what I've heard, that I must write down." Herodotus did not say that one thing is true and another is false. Expounding on whether the elevation of Darius to king of the Persians had been preceded by a debate among Persian nobles, Herodotus noted that "the Greeks do not believe this debate took place; but I *know* it did."

I'm with Herodotus. In trying to sort out the all-too-incredible saga of the most romantic and dashing—as well as the most decadent and indecent—presidency in all of U.S. history, I can say I know what probably happened, because I've been talking directly to Judith Exner for more than 25 years.

Let someone—just one someone—disprove any part of her amazing story. □

TALKING HEADS Laura Ingraham gives her spin on the presidential election for MSNBC, November 5.

LAURA, GET YOUR GUN

An attractive, rabidly conservative 33-year-old blonde has become the darling of two networks and the talk of Washington, D.C. Meet Laura Ingraham, the brand-new pundit with a provocative arsenal of miniskirts, party invitations, and . . . a handgun?

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS

On this, her friends and her enemies agree: it all began with the leopard-print skirt.

Sunday, February 12, 1995, *The New York Times Magazine* published an article about what it called a new "opinion elite," a group of young, self-consciously hip conservatives versed in the postmodern arts of irony and image, and bent on challenging their eternal stereotype as maladjusted guys with bad haircuts. The cover featured five of the men and women discussed in the article, but the eye was ineluctably drawn to the one who had been given pride of place in the foreground—a dishy blonde wearing a figure-hugging black velour shirt, a very tight, very short leopard-print skirt, and a facial expression that dared you to give her any lip about it.

Laura Ingraham was at that time only in her second year at the Washington office of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, a former law clerk to Supreme Court justice Clarence Thomas who had spent her early 20s as one of the hundreds of true believers staffing the middle levels of the Reagan administration.

NICOLE KIDMAN

JOHN MALKOVICH

BARBARA HERSHEY

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A FILM BY JANE CAMPION

POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A PROPAGANDA FILMS [illegible] A JANE CAMPION NICOLE KIDMAN JOHN MALKOVICH BARBARA HERSHEY "THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY" MARY-LOUISE PARKER MARTIN DONOVAN SHELLEY WINTERS RICHARD E. GRANT SHELLEY DUVALL CHRISTIAN BALE VIGGO MORTENSEN VALENTINA CERVI AND JOHN GIELGUD AS MR. [illegible] HENRY JAMES [illegible] WOJCIECH KILAR [illegible] VERONIKA JENET [illegible] JANET PATTERSON [illegible] STUART URYBURGH [illegible] ANN WINGATE [illegible] LAURA JONES

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13 PROPAGANDA [illegible] MONTY MONTGOMERY [illegible] STEVE COLIN [illegible] JANE CAMPION [illegible] PolyGram [illegible]

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Her greatest claim to a leadership role in forming conservative opinion was the occasional op-ed piece she turned out in between her briefs and motions.

But the *Times Magazine* cover gave her an instant cachet, a platform from which to launch a new career as the conservative "It girl." Not only did it bring her to the attention of a press corps suddenly hungry for a way of explaining the conservative tide that had swept into Congress three months earlier, it also made her understand, for the first time, just how far she could go on her high-concept package of looks, brains, and right-wing politics.

By spring of the following year she had left the law firm for the full-time pursuit of life as a media phenom. And by the end of last summer she had snared some of the most highly sought commentary berths in broadcasting: the political-analyst slot on the *CBS Weekend News* from which Joe Klein had been ejected after he was unmasked as the author of *Primary Colors;* a regular gig as "contributor" to MSNBC, the collaborative cable-Internet venture between NBC and Microsoft; recurring appearances as a guest on the *Charlie Rose* show and Don Imus's morning radio program; and a role as substitute for the regulars on *The McLaughlin Group.*

Not least, she had created the kind of buzz in the executive suites of two networks that veteran broadcasters would kill for. "We *love* Laura Ingraham," says Jonathan Klein, executive vice president of CBS News, who calls her potential "limitless." At NBC, anchor Tom Brokaw and news chief Andrew Lack have both taken an unusual interest in the career of a woman who is only a bit player at the network's fledgling cable outlet. Brokaw told me that he and Lack were chagrined, when CBS signed Ingraham in early August, that they hadn't thought in time of carving out a role for her at NBC itself. It is an oversight they hope one day to remedy, Brokaw says: "We would like very much for her to be part of the NBC News family. There's no secret about that."

How did a 33-year-old of limited experience become, overnight, such a valued source of wisdom? In the annals of single-minded self-invention, Ingraham's ascent rivals that of her pal Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. Even a good friend of hers comments, "It is amazing how she has managed to propel herself into the spotlight, by force of will, so quickly."

Conservative writer David Brock, a close friend of Ingraham's who also appeared on the *Times* cover, and who first brought her to the attention of the *Times* reporter, salutes her rise in simpler terms. "*I* should have worn the skirt," he says with a laugh.

Phil Griffin, executive producer of MSNBC's evening talk show *InterNight,* describes Ingraham's appeal this way: "The main thing is, she cuts against the cliché. She's young, smart, hip, and conservative. . . . She's sort of the perfect image of somebody different." Ingraham's fellow conservative Lisa Schiffren summarizes this syndrome, from personal experience, as "the Talking Dog thing—it's really hard to get articulate, Ivy League–educated, smart women who are really conservative."

"You're talking about somebody who is the world-champion networker," says a noted conservative.

And Ingraham is *really* conservative—anti-affirmative-action, anti-abortion-rights, anti-gun-control, anti-big-government. Her signature is a kind of muscular anti-feminism, which grants (and profits from) the many achievements of the women's movement but blasts today's feminists as weaklings whining for special favors. "More and more women look upon feminism," she wrote in 1995, "as a fad of yesteryear—something to be left behind, like the mood ring and Flower Power stickers."

Above all, Ingraham has shown a genius for politics as performance art. For years, she drove a light-blue Porsche whose vanity plate read, FAR RITE. At the end of 1995, to counter the Renaissance Weekend popularized by Clinton and his circle, Ingraham and another conservative attorney organized the first annual Dark Ages Weekend in Miami, drawing luminaries such as Robert Bork, Ralph Reed, and Gordon Liddy with promises of hard liquor, cigars, and, Ingraham told a reporter, "wenches running around with sides of beef." And when David Shribman of *The Boston Globe* interviewed her for yet another article about influential young conservatives, Ingraham came to lunch in a full-length fur—made, she assured him, from "baby squealing foxes."

(Ingraham's outspokenness did not extend to granting *Vanity Fair* an interview for this article. She declined immediately, and asked her friends to do the same.)

Like all really good images, Ingraham's is one she has been polishing for a long time. The fourth child and only daughter of very conservative parents, Ingraham grew up middle-class in Glastonbury, Connecticut, a small city in the orbit of Hartford. As a freshman at Dartmouth in the early 80s she found soul mates at *The Dartmouth Review,* whose staff later gained national notoriety for such antics as tearing down shanties that had been built on the college green to protest apartheid. As the paper's first female editor, Ingraham sent a reporter with a concealed tape recorder into a support-group meeting of the Gay Students' Association; she published the transcript with an editor's letter calling the G.S.A. "cheer-

leaders for latent campus sodomites."

At Dartmouth she dated Dinesh D'Souza, who later came to fame as the author of *Illiberal Education,* the first big book about political correctness on campus. (Dedicated to Ingraham in its 1991 hardcover edition, it was later undedicated, if there is such a thing, in its paperback form, after the couple had broken up.)

After college, Ingraham got a job working for Undersecretary of Education Gary Bauer, whom she later followed to his job as White House policy adviser. Bauer, who was one of the most far-right planets in the Reagan policy universe, is now president of the Family Research Council, a leading voice of the Christian right.

When the Reagan era ended, Ingraham went to the University of Virginia law school, making law review, and in 1992 and '93 she clerked in Thomas's chambers—where, according to someone who knew her, she often boasted that she was the most conservative of the 36 law clerks at the court. Even in her 20s, says a right-wing journalist, Ingraham "had a very highly developed sense of her own place in the Washington food chain." And her clerkship enabled her to meet almost anyone she wanted. "You're talking about somebody who is the world-champion networker," says a noted conservative.

She is also, apparently, an accomplished name-dropper. In law school, she was apt to tell people that she was a good friend of William Bennett, who had been secretary of education when she worked at the department, and that she played racquetball with Justice Antonin Scalia, whose son she knew socially. "She does drop names, there's no question about that," says one friend. "It's kind of cute, actually."

After she joined Skadden, Arps, Ingraham became a member of the Independent Women's Forum, a group that advertises itself as "taking on the old establishment of feminist organizations." She was eagerly adopted as a winning spokesperson, tapped, for example, when the Forum was invited to testify before Congress against affirmative action. Led by successful careerists like herself—many of them the wives of prominent male conservatives—the I.W.F. has been best described by social critic Wendy Kaminer as "the women's auxiliary to the conservative elite." It seems to embrace all the most advantageous gains of the women's movement and then anathematize the more controversial or inconvenient bits, exuding an I-got-mine contempt for anyone still mired in problems old-fashioned enough to call for some form of social redress.

ILLIBERAL MEDIA
ft, Ingraham in her Washington ctober 1995. *Left,* humorist P. J. ourke, Ingraham, and *Weekly Standard* writer Brooks celebrating the first 100 days he Gingrich revolution. *Right,* n poses in the now famous skirt, ith David Brock, author of *Anita Hill;* Lisa Schiffren, former chwriter for Dan Quayle; Adam publisher of *The Bell Curve;* and

If liberated anti-feminism seems an inherently self-canceling state, that is only one of the broad contradictions posed by Ingraham's stance as the Happening Conservative. It is hard, for example, to conceive of any meaningful construction of the term "culture war"—a phrase Ingraham has been known to bandy—that could place a conservative on the same side of the battle line as Don Imus, with his sodomy jokes and leering comparisons of Ingraham to Sharon Stone.

Another puzzle is Ingraham's apparent history of anti-gay rhetoric, going beyond even the overtly homophobic attitudes she promoted at *The Dartmouth Review. New York Times* reporter Michael Specter, for example, recalls meeting Ingraham about seven years ago, when he was covering the AIDS crisis for *The Washington Post.* "Oh, yeah," he recalls her saying, "you're the guy who defends homosexuals for a living in *The Washington Post.*" Yet the brother to whom Ingraham is closest is gay, as is David Brock, one of her best friends, who dismisses any notion that she is intolerant. "This is somebody," he says, "who can go to a gay bar with me and have a completely good time."

One way of resolving these contradictions is to assume that Ingraham's conservatism contains a large element of theater. She has often bragged to liberals about owning a handgun, and keeping it (depending on whom she was talking to) in her purse, beneath her bed, or under her pillow. It is striking that her conservative friends tend not to remember hearing about her gun. "I'm a lifetime member of the N.R.A., and she never told me," says entrepreneur Michael Crane. "There probably is no gun, and she does it to annoy liberals." (Indeed, Brock says she has not owned a handgun since she began living in the District of Columbia, where it is illegal.)

The gun—whether or not it ever existed—has clearly been most useful as a way of drawing attention. A man who met Ingraham in law school remembers her mentioning her gun in one of their first encounters, which took place near a window. Outside, groundhogs could be seen on one of the University of Virginia lawns. "She said she wished she had her handgun handy so she could 'take one of them out,'" says this classmate. "I always thought she was a poser."

But there is nothing posed about Ingraham's emotional intensity: the word "intense," or one of its variations, comes up almost as frequently in interviews about her as the leopard-print skirt. She has, says one acquaintance, "an intensity that is frightening." A colleague from the Reagan era recalls that even in a Department of Education softball game she projected "this kind of manic, 'I'm going to rip your face off' attitude."

Another woman who knows her from conservative circles notes that "the [TV] producers like her because of the fact that she's very aggressive and doesn't

back off. But she translates that also into personal relationships."

A case in point, widely whispered about in Washington, was her breakup with Richard Sauber, a lawyer with whom she had a relationship in the early 90s. The two met when she worked as a summer associate at his firm during law school, and they ultimately began living together. When, after a few years, Sauber decided to end the relationship, Ingraham apparently wouldn't take no for an answer.

"I don't want to be interviewed," Sauber said when I asked him to discuss the story. But he has told it in the past to friends, who describe Ingraham as having reacted with something like the outrage of an angry, thwarted child.

For five or six weeks, according to these sources, she would appear unannounced at Sauber's door, and would call him constantly, insisting that they talk things over again. She telephoned his friends, asking them to intercede with him. Two or three times she let herself into his house, at one point restoring some framed pictures of herself to the spots from which he had removed them. One day he came home to discover that the floor of his foyer was wet, the garden hose nearby; he assumed, he told friends, that Ingraham had aimed the hose through the mail slot to spite him.

Finally, he told her that he would call the police if she entered the house again. "A lot of people were concerned about her," says one of her friends.

The Sauber episode echoes the bursts of intense anger that have punctuated her political life. While she was an assistant in the Education Department, for example, Ingraham and other conservative Dartmouth alumni tried to elect a slate of their own candidates to the college's board of trustees. When she learned that a Washington attorney had formed a group to oppose the conservative candidates, she fired off a letter to the managing partners of the lawyer's firm threatening an investigation of his activities and signed it with her official title and address. Her boss made a formal apology to the lawyer.

Her career, too, rings with violent rhetoric, as when she told a gathering at the right-wing Heritage Foundation that "conservatism errs in failing to go in for the kill." Even today, her copy tends to strike a bloodthirsty note. The Republican Party, she wrote a few weeks before the November election, must banish those who ran the Dole campaign: "Odds are that in two years they'll be back knocking at the door of the next front-runner, offering advice. But that door should be slammed, nailed, bolted, even welded shut."

It is this note of attack, this quality of raising her voice just one or two decibels higher than necessary, that makes her an interesting high-wire act on TV. During the G.O.P. convention, when Ingraham appeared on Comedy Central's free-for-all *Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher,* ragging on Attorney General Janet Reno, the comedian Chris Rock remarked on the air that, "with all due respect, ma'am, you are the meanest bitch I've ever seen."

On Imus's show the week before the election, Ingraham launched into an extended riff about how foolish it was of Dole to pander to the so-called soccer mom, a phenomenon she depicted as the invention, like all other bad things, of mewling feminists. So what if mothers feel stressed out and overworked, she asked—who doesn't? In the old days, Ingraham opined, women had to worry about their children going off to war, or succumbing to typhoid. Now, she continued, their big worry is "whether to take the Lexus or the Range Rover to pick up the kids." With problems like those, she concluded, "*I* want to be a soccer mom."

"You will never be a soccer mom," deadpanned Imus, "because you scare men."

All through 1995, while turning out opinion pieces for *The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Post, The New York Times,* and others, Ingraham pondered how she could follow up the coup of the leopard-print skirt. Finally, in early 1996, she decided simply to quit the law and become a full-time media personality.

Senior partner Robert Bennett praises her work on white-collar crime cases at Skadden, Arps, but makes it clear he did not beg her to stay. "I never viewed her as somebody who really I could see spending the rest of their life practicing law, and I told her that," he recalls. "She has the talents that could make her a first-rate trial lawyer, if she got the experience and put the time in. But I remember saying, 'I don't know, can you wait that long?'"

At the very least, her departure is a testament to her nerve: As of last June, she had nailed down only her MSNBC job, which reportedly pays under $50,000 a year. She had just bought a town house worth almost $400,000 in northwest D.C., financed with a 90 percent mortgage. But she set about building her new life with characteristic intensity.

Marvels one TV executive, "She just has a way of putting on her radar screen who's important, who can help her, and going for it."

Her big break came when an acquaintance at CBS—Washington-based producer Bill Owens, who had once interviewed her for a story—invited her as his guest to the Radio and TV Correspondents' Association Dinner, a major annual social event that lures network brass down to Washington. CBS executives, who had watched Ingraham on a recent *60 Minutes* segment about the Independent Women's Forum (and who, of course, had seen the *Times Magazine* cover), lined up to meet her. According to someone with whom she has discussed her career, Ingraham greeted executive vice president Klein and news-division president Andrew Heyward with her signature provocation. "She told them, in no uncertain terms, what she thought

I AM WENCH, HEAR ME ROAR
Launching a conservative alternative to Renaissance Weekend, Ingraham (*left,* at the 1995 Dark Ages Weekend with co-founder Jay Lefkowitz and Robert and Mary Ellen Bork) promised "wenches running around with sides of beef." Ingraham with, *right,* writer Peggy Noonan on *Politically Incorrect* during the Republican convention, and, *far right,* Ricky Silberman, a fellow member of the Independent Women's Forum, on *60 Minutes* in August.

of the network and how they needed to do better and what they could do to get there"—letting them know "that they could do better with a fresh face."

In no time, she was being called up to New York and introduced to various producers; ultimately, she was hired as an analyst, at a salary that a CBS source pegs at "a little past the six-figure mark." Aware of all the networks' reputations for hiring new talent and then ignoring it, Ingraham held out, according to a CBS source, for a contractual guarantee that she would be assigned a high-level mentor. "It suddenly dawned on me," says the source, "that this was a person who knew her way around." Ingraham is now officially under the wing of Lane Venardos, vice president for hard news.

"Producers like her because she's very aggressive and doesn't back off. But she translates that also into personal relationships."

A similar boldness snagged her an occasional seat on *The McLaughlin Group*. Ingraham was introduced to John McLaughlin at a party held by *George* magazine in San Diego during the Republican convention, and told him that he needed to get some younger people on the show. He, too, was charmed by this approach. "What I admired about her is she's absolutely fearless," he says. "She doesn't trim at all."

Talk to enough people about Ingraham and a theme announces itself: the chance meeting at a party, the challenging attitude, the new conquest. It points up an intriguing part of Ingraham's appeal, which is her ability, even as she ingratiates herself in traditionally female ways, to be one of the boys. Intensely athletic—she recently ran in the New York City Marathon—she has been known to hail an important executive at a party with a playful cuff to the solar plexus.

Ingraham's berth at MSNBC, in the meantime, has been worth more than money. It is the appetite of new outlets such as this one that has made opinion-mongering a full-time job: MSNBC, based in Fort Lee, New Jersey, actually schedules its contributors to stand by in the studio in three-hour shifts throughout the day, like doctors, to perform emergency punditry on whatever news events might roll in.

Though the new network has, at this point, a tiny audience, it has given Ingraham exposure in all the right places. Because it has a camera in Imus's Queens studio to broadcast him on cable, she gained entrée to his radio show, which is widely listened to in media circles. More important, MSNBC gave Ingraham contact with powerful new patrons at the parent network.

I called Tom Brokaw after hearing that he'd been seen having a late-night drink with Ingraham in the bar of the Royalton Hotel, following one of the presidential debates. He said he met Ingraham at—yes—a party, thrown by NBC on the last night of the Democratic convention in Chicago. She was there with rising NBC star Brian Williams, who doubles as MSNBC's anchor. Brokaw was making his last "fast lap around the room," he recalled, when "she just walked over and introduced herself," then offered "a couple of snappy one-liners" about the president's acceptance speech. "I had seen her on MSNBC, and she really stood out," Brokaw said. "I was amused by her, and I thought she kind of held her own and was quite fearless."

Needless to say, Ingraham's quick conquest of television has created plenty of grumbling inside the walls she has breached. "If Laura Ingraham were a guy with glasses, would we have hired him? I don't think so," complains one broadcast veteran. Such sniping contains a good deal of professional jealousy and outrage that she has skipped the meat and spinach of apprenticeship in either journalism or political campaigning and gone straight to the dessert course of highly paid punditry. In some, she inspires an annoyed sense that journalism is becoming nothing more than a catchall form of celebrity, a way of staying perpetually in the public eye.

But Laura Ingraham's critics might comfort themselves that her rise thus far offers two delicious ironies. The first is that her success is, in the final analysis, a simple case of affirmative action at work. She is the Conservative Woman. The vogue word in TV news these days is "voice," as in "Laura Ingraham is a fresh voice." But this is only the latest euphemism for the quota system that has crept into all mainstream journalism. Ingraham, says CBS's Klein, is part of a "campaign to add distinctive voices. . . . We're talking to a black conservative writer. And we're talking to a black liberal writer. And we're talking to a variety of others."

Whether this self-conscious balancing act is a good thing or a bad thing is hotly debated in newsrooms and studios across the country; what it definitely is not is the ideal that Ingraham and her fellow conservatives purport to believe in—a hierarchy of merit and experience alone. In taking her well-burnished persona to the heights of broadcast journalism, Ingraham is, above all, proving herself adept at the diversity politics she claims to loathe.

And the final irony is still revealing itself every time Ingraham appears on CBS above a caption that says, simply, "Analyst." If Ingraham continues to rise, television—which has already softened her hair, her clothes, and her makeup—will sand away ever more of the sharp edge for which it sought her out in the first place.

It is bound to be fun to watch. "Who knows where she's going to go after the election? Because there's not going to be quite the same interest in that kind of voice," said MSNBC producer Phil [illegible] fin a week or so before Election Day. "But we'll see.

"Listen," he concludes, "the world of the pundit is forever, you know."

VERSACE

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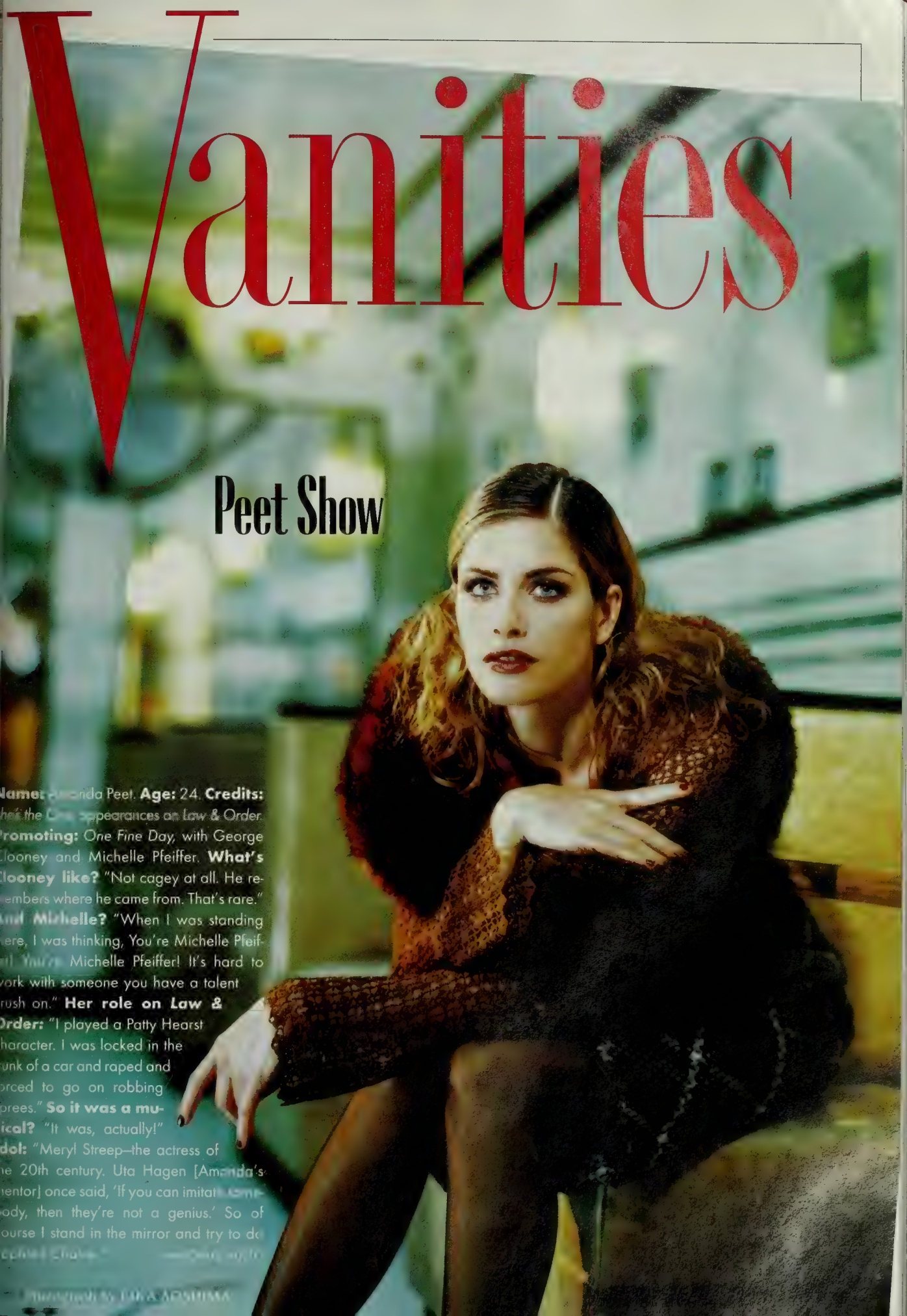
THE NEW ADDRESS OF FASHION

Vanities

Peet Show



Name: Amanda Peet. **Age:** 24. **Credits:** She's the One appearances on *Law & Order*. **Promoting:** *One Fine Day*, with George Clooney and Michelle Pfeiffer. **What's Clooney like?** "Not cagey at all. He remembers where he came from. That's rare." **And Michelle?** "When I was standing there, I was thinking, You're Michelle Pfeiffer! You're Michelle Pfeiffer! It's hard to work with someone you have a talent crush on." **Her role on *Law & Order*:** "I played a Patty Hearst character. I was locked in the trunk of a car and raped and forced to go on robbing sprees." **So it was a musical?** "It was, actually!" **Idol:** "Meryl Streep—the actress of the 20th century. Uta Hagen [Amanda's mentor] once said, 'If you can imitate someone, then they're not a genius.' So of course I stand in the mirror and try to do Sophia Loren."

—Dana Wyatt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICA MOSHIMA

Vanities

Left: Dynamite!, *by Ike and Tina Turner, on Sue Records, released in 1963;* below: Here's Little Richard, *by Little Richard, on Specialty Records, 1957, with a cover designed by Thadd Roark.*

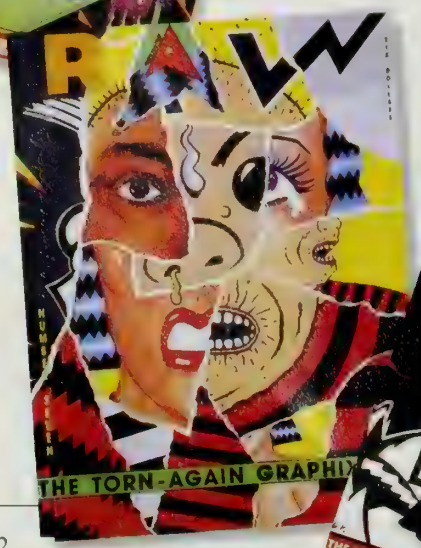
Gorged and debauched by Dickensian holiday excess? Dare to sear the fat from your brain with provocateur **FRANCINE PROSE'S** *Guided Tours of Hell* (Metropolitan Books), dual novellas that crackle and hiss with dark wit, skewering the treasured, romantic ideal of Americans *finding* themselves abroad.

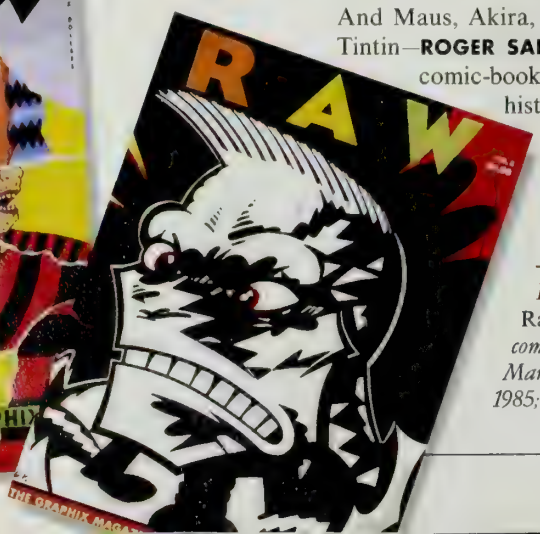
More sallies through landscapes both emotional and fictional: **MALCOLM BRADBURY'S** *The Atlas of Literature* (De Agostini) maps out the territories explored in Balzac's Paris, Kafka's Prague, Joyce's Dublin, and dozens of other literary provinces. Steeped in grief and tragedy, **JOEL STERNFELD'S** photos in *On This Site: Landscape in Memoriam* (Chronicle) soberly recall places in America's recent violent history, such as the barren stretch of highway where Karen Silkwood ran off the road. The stories in *On the Couch* (Atlantic Monthly Press) aren't about channel surfing, but the other great American pastime, therapy, by such insightful minds as **JOHN UPDIKE, LORRIE MOORE,** and **DONALD BARTHELME.** In **PETER CAMERON'S** ominous novel, *Andorra* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a man flees his tragic homeland to start over in the extraordinarily minuscule make-believe country of the same name. Time spools away and memory slips in **MICHAEL DORRIS'S** luminous novel *Cloud Chamber* (Scribner), which reminds us that as long as we recall them the dead never really leave us. In **DAVID MALOUF'S** novel *The Conversations at Curlow Creek* (Pantheon) two men sit up all night sharing their pasts. One is a convict awaiting hanging at dawn, the other is the officer in charge of his execution. **THOMAS MALLON'S** novel *Dewey Defeats Truman* (Pantheon) is a literary bridge to the past and a certain winner with book clubs in Russell, Kansas.

Hot Type

Also this month, a slew of cautionary tales for a new year: **KEVIN GOLDMAN'S** *Conflicting Accounts* (Simon & Schuster) charts the spectacular crash-and-burn of 80s advertising dynamo Saatchi & Saatchi. Visionary **JOHN RALSTON SAUL** in *The Unconscious Civilization* (Free Press) argues that "corporatist" structure is turning us against one another and sucking our culture dry. **FRED GOODMAN'S** *The Mansion on the Hill* (Times Books) is a lesson in what happens when rock 'n' roll rebels butt heads with corporate-greed dogs. German sociologist **WOLFGANG SOFSKY'S** *The Order of Terror* (Princeton University Press) infiltrates the society of the concentration camp to describe how the system was built on a foundation of relentless torture, soul-extinguishing atrocities, and arbitrary violence. Finally: From Little Richard to Patti Smith, the *Mona Lisa*s of rock 'n' roll album jackets are collected in **MICHAEL OCHS'S** *1,000 Rock Covers* (Taschen). And Maus, Akira, Sid the Sexist, Superman, Tank Girl, Tintin—**ROGER SABIN** choreographs a virtual kick line of comic-book heroes who populate the transgressive history of comic art in *Comics, Comix & Graphic Novels* (Phaidon).

So, pet, resolved to read everything above? Good. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL





Issues of the oversize New York anthology Raw, *which showcased avant-garde comic work. Cover illustrations by* (from top) *Mark Beyer, 1984; co-founder Art Spiegelman, 1985; and Gary Panter, 1981.*

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Vanities

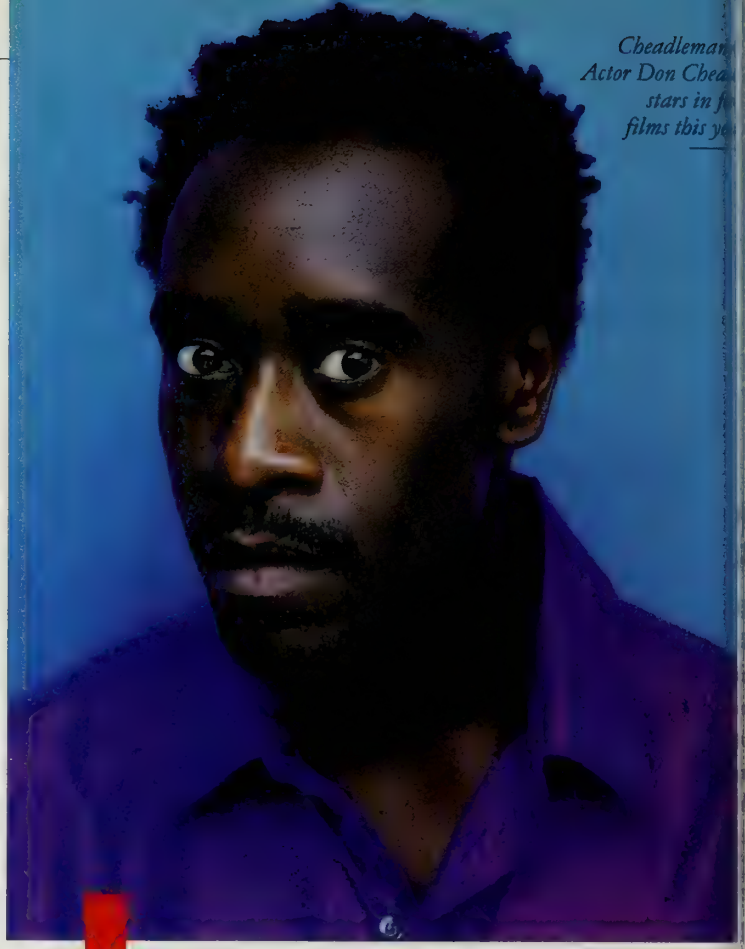
Night-Table Reading

Anjelica Huston, *actress, director:* Angela's Ashes, *by Frank McCourt (Scribner). "It is a very beautiful Irish memoir."*

Mark Birley, *restaurateur, entrepreneur:* Byzantium, *by John Julius Norwich (Knopf). "In case of wakefulness, I always turn to this three-volume history. I find the index particularly helpful."*

Jakob Dylan, *lead singer of the Wallflowers:* The Enchanter, *by Vladimir Nabokov (Vintage). "I enjoy reading Nabokov, for both his lyrical writing and perverse sense of humor."*

Robert DiRomualdo, *chairman of Borders Books:* When Work Disappears, *by William Julius Wilson (Knopf). "It's a very complex, comprehensive treatment of one of the most difficult problems of our day—the continued decline of inner cities."*



Cheadleman Actor Don Chea stars in f films this ye

The Last Don

It's sometimes unwise to upstage a star, but don't tell that to Don Cheadle. In 1995's *Devil in a Blue Dress,* Cheadle—who played a jumpy hooligan named Mouse—stole a few scenes away from leading man Denzel Washington. Then, last spring, he landed the L.A. Film Critics' Association best-supporting-actor award for his performance in the film. That was just the happy beginning. Now the 32-year-old stars in John Singleton's *Rosewood,* based on actual events in a black Florida town torched by white neighbors who never got over the fact that the Confederates lost, and he has three more films due out this year: *Volcano,* with Tommy Lee Jones, *Boogie Nights,* with Julianne Moore, and Warren Beatty's *Bulworth.* Still, the increasingly renowned scene-stealer is talking a modest game: "You think, I've grabbed the brass ring," he says, "and it turns out not to be it, because the part could be great, and everything else—or you—could turn out not to be."

Yet things have a way of turning out pretty well for this onetime jazz vocalist, who turned down singing scholarships to pursue acting at CalArts. Cheadle has directed six theater productions, including a play he wrote (he was also on CBS for three seasons in the Emmy-winning *Picket Fences*), but unlike many other acting-school alumni, he is in no rush to become a hyphenate actor-director. The challenge for him is on-screen.

"Becoming an actor wasn't really because I had this desire to elevate the art," he says. "But now, if I'm going to do this, that's what it needs to be about."

—RIZA CRUZ

Because of them the world has come to see all women differently.

ANE ALEXANDER

he Arts Chair of the ational Endowment r the Arts, she is eloquent advocate r artists and for the portance of art in our lives.

ant Recipient: Sisters powered to Promote Interest d Opportunities in the Arts E.P.I.A.)

CORETTA SCOTT KING

The Humanities The founder of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Center for Nonviolent Social Change, she has passed on her husband's dream to a new generation.

Grant Recipient: The Coretta Scott King Endowed Scholarship at Antioch College

GERALDINE LAYBOURNE

usiness Her talent nd love of children d to the innovative rogramming of *ickelodeon.* Now e reaches an even roader audience President of isney/ABC Cable etworks.

ant Recipient: e CityKids Foundation

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT

Government Herself a refugee from Communism, she works tirelessly in support of human issues worldwide as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Grant Recipient: UNICEF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARY ELLEN MARK

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY FRONTRUNNER AWARDS

TENTH ANNIVERSARY
FRONTRUNNER
AWARDS 1996

How dramatically they have changed the world! And because of them, how far we have all come. On the 10th Anniversary of the Frontrunner Awards, Sara Lee is proud to donate $25,000 to a not-for-profit women's organization of each Frontrunner's choice, and to look forward to the next ten years of achievement by women everywhere.

SARA LEE CORPORATION

DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS, PRESIDENT CLINTON RAISES A GLASS (WITH GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS AND ROBERT REICH AS HIS ELVES).

JANET RENO PUCKERS UP UNDER A HANDY BIT OF MISTLETOE.

AL GORE GETS BIG LAUGHS BY CONTINUALLY HUGGING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WITH ELEANOR ROOSEVELT UNAVAILABLE, HILLARY CLINTON SETTLES FOR ELEANOR CLIFT.

A WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMAS

I FEEL YOUR PINE.

GURU TONY ROBBINS LEADS A MOTIVATIONAL BAREFOOT WALK OVER HOT ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

NEWT GINGRICH BROODS OPENLY ABOUT THE SEATING ARRANGEMENTS.

Cartoon by BARRY BLITT

A bigger backseat because of all those trophies. And more headroom. (Because of all those trophies.)

In designing our new coupe, we added something especially for folks who race their Saturns: more ego room. (Although our engineers call it more headroom.) We also added a lot of things for people who just like to drive their Saturns. Like a roomier, quieter interior and a sleek, new body design. In fact, the way we see things, if you liked our old coupe, chances are you'll probably like the improvements and changes on our '97 even more. Of course, we decided to keep the trophy-winning, 124-horsepower, dual-overhead-cam engine.

SATURN.

In Solo II competitions, folks like Pete Uller set up courses at local airports and race against the clock. (It's probably fairer than racing against the planes.) Pete and his SC2 have brought home their share of first-place trophies.

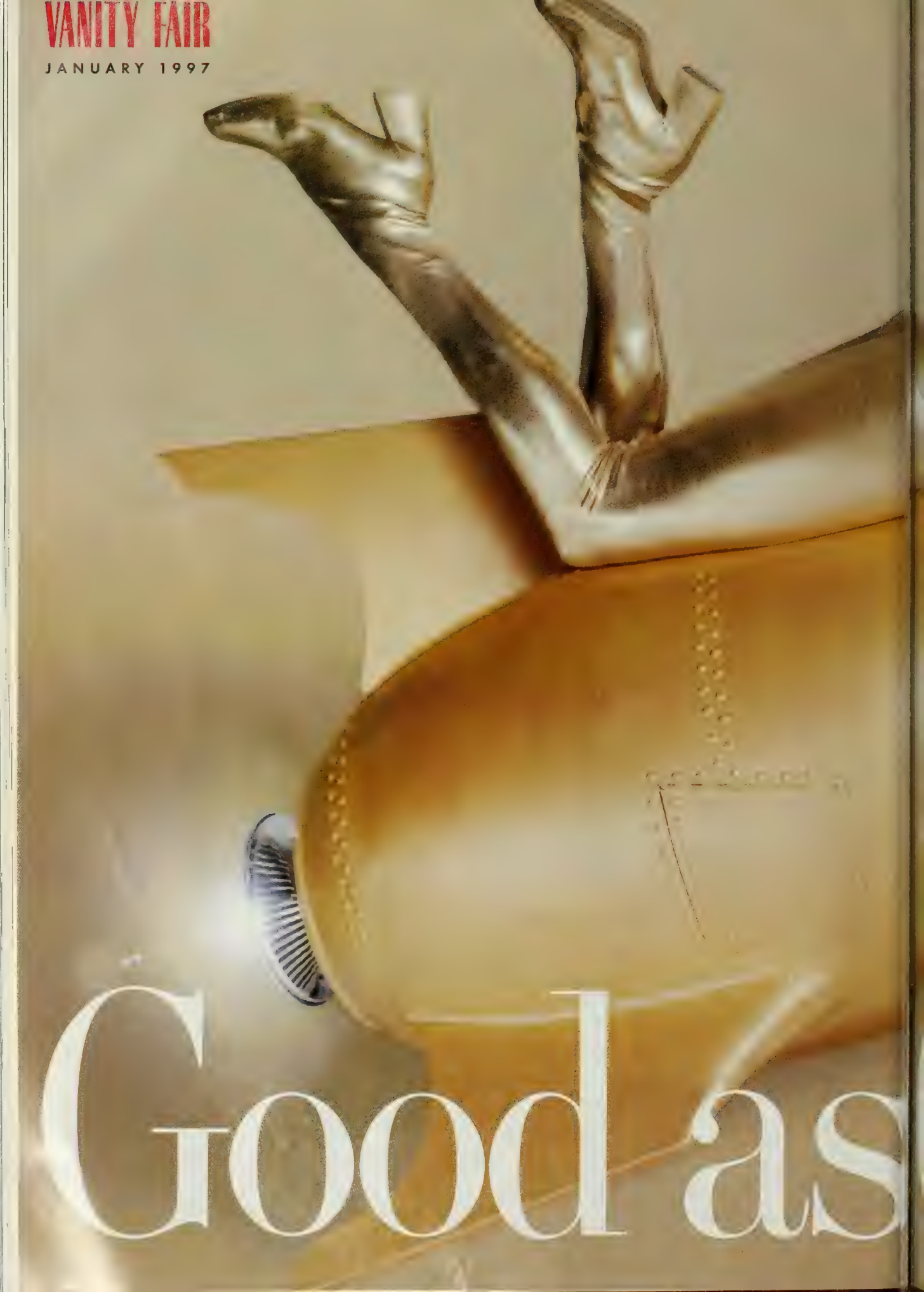
THE ICY RACING COUPE

The 1997 SC2, as outfitted by Saturn's ICY racing team. One of the premier teams in SCCA Pro Racing, they'll be speeding the new coupe across many finish lines this season. And you can get one a lot like it. (Pit crew not included.)

A DIFFERENT KIND *of* COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND *of* CAR.

This 1997 Saturn SC2 (with alloy wheels) has an M.S.R.P. of $14,415, including retailer prep and transportation. Of course, the total cost will vary seeing how options are [illegible] as are things like tax and license. We'd be happy to provide more detail at 1-800-522-5000 or look for us on the Internet at http://www.saturncars.com. ©1996 Saturn Corporation

VANITY FAIR
JANUARY 1997



Good as

In the smash hit *The First Wives Club*, Goldie Hawn's character wondered, "If I'm not young and I'm not beautiful, who am I?" At 51, with her bubblehead *Laugh-In* and *Cactus Flower* days far behind her, the ever adorable star is finding out. At the sprawling Pacific Palisades home Hawn shares with Kurt Russell and their kids, JUDY BACHRACH gets to the heart of Goldie

Goldie

Photographs by PEGGY SIROTA • Styled by JONATHAN SKOW

"Well, now, that's true—that thing about adorable. I mean, it's *really* interesting," Goldie Hawn, who is suffering from flu. Wearing a black Donna Karan b neck, but grabbing my coat for warm she settles down to talk, her slight f shivering, her face pale beneath her This is a face which has seen 51 wint Yet "adorable" miraculously remains obvious adjective. The heap of yellow is as wild and artful as ever, the wide blue eyes, althou ringed by fatigue, exude wonder and caution.

"How do I perceive myself?" she asks, unbidden. think—it sounds awful, but as I grew up I didn't think myself as very sexual. I used to wear falsies, is as if she has confided a hidden disgrace, but revelatory. You don't have to spend too much time Goldie to realize that her appearance matters to her seems to value being sexy more than being funny. Ma because that's what Hollywood wants. Maybe because always thought of herself as ill-formed and awkward.

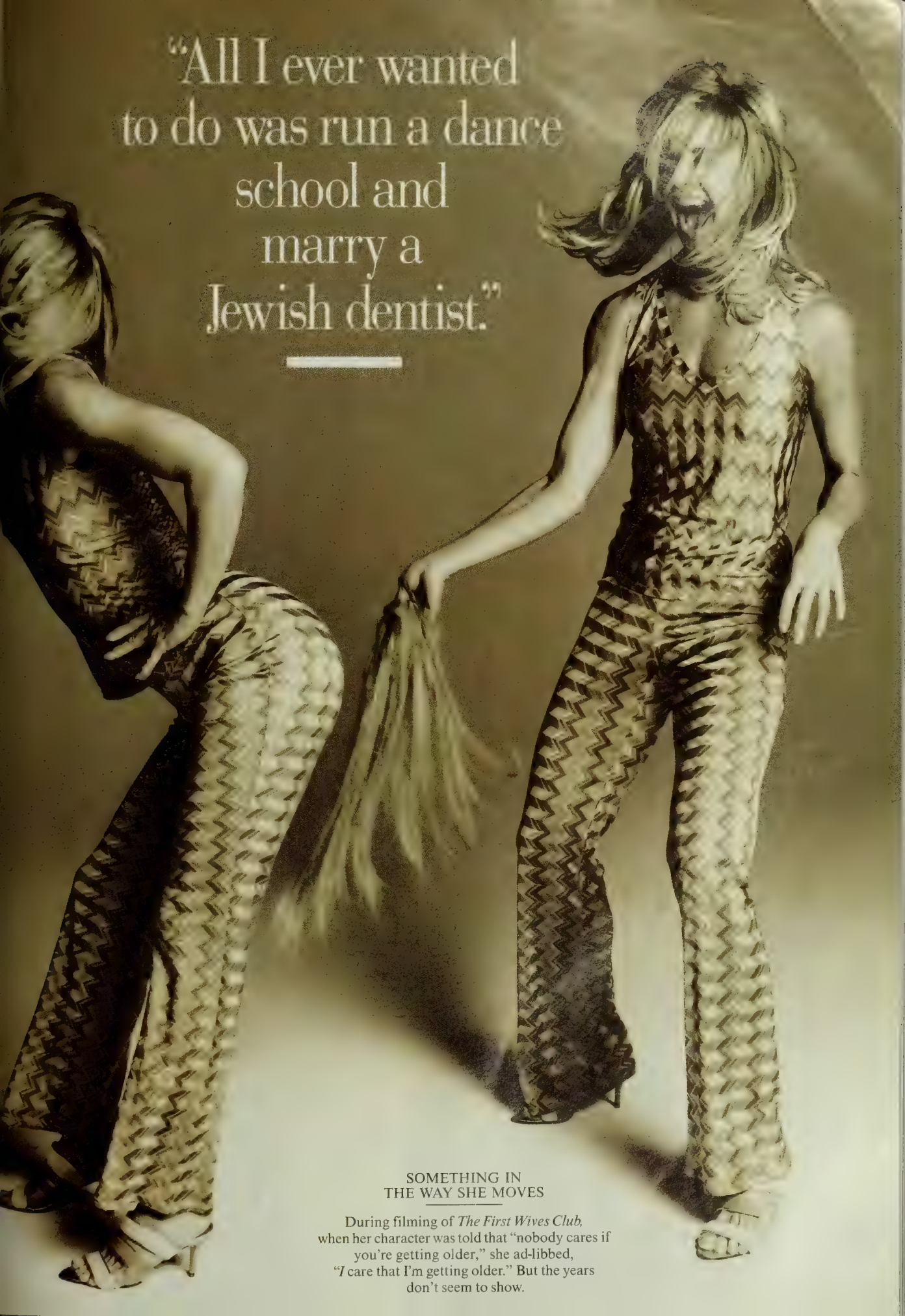
"I looked like a chicken," she says. "A chicken!" A of girlish laughter skips along the scales, ending on a note as distinctive as the final curve in a signature. "I really skinny," she continues. "I didn't like my body. I di like my nose. The adorable thing was what was develop It was the strong suit." A solemn nod follows, a gesture like a child's. All the Goldies she has been pass over face from time to time.

She once said that "all I ever wanted to do was run dance school and marry a Jewish dentist." But that not to be. In New York, in the earliest days of her car men couldn't leave her alone. She was the little girl wanted for their own. "I went to auditions where they wanted to fuck me," she says, "men in elevators, pe in subways feeling me up and hurting me." She pau "But I must tell you I don't harbor anger. So maybe th why I don't dislike them—men. I mean, I really lik them. I think."

It was her very contrived image as a pert, seductive genue which allowed her, at age 22, to grab the spotl on TV's *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*. For three years, was a giggling wriggle, a 60s-style Lorelei Lee, dancing bikinis and body graffiti. She became a star and got her taste of what comes with it: criticism, in her case from sisterhood. "Suddenly I'm getting this," she rememb "women are burning their bras! They wanna be recognized And she was Hollywood's newest "dumb blonde."

She shakes her head, fires up a cigarette as the slen lines of fine gold around her right wrist shimmer and Hawn's as smart as they come in Hollywood—which m there are limits to what she chooses to understand. "I ways thought she was an exalted blonde," says Hawn of familiar persona. "She was a deeply joyful blonde. I thought of her as dumb!"

Goldie Hawn's adorableness has proven surprisingly most embarrassingly, durable. Audiences kept chuckling yet persistent giggle when she was desperate for a new After the hugely successful *Private Benjamin*, which



SOMETHING IN
THE WAY SHE MOVES

During filming of *The First Wives Club,* when her character was told that "nobody cares if you're getting older," she ad-libbed, "*I* care that I'm getting older." But the years don't seem to show.

"I don't believe we own anybody. I don't think Kurt sexually only has eyes for me."

SECRETS AND THIGHS

Playing homage to Marilyn Monroe, Goldie Hawn shows why she remains the kind of blonde gentlemen prefer.

produced—opened the door to moguldom, Hawn tried move forward, alternating comic outings (*Wildcats, Ov board*) with more adventurous roles (*Deceived, Crisscros* The results were mixed, but one thing was clear: mov goers preferred the funny girl, and Goldie, the realist, stopp rocking the boat. She seems to have given up on beco ing a successful dramatic actress.

But in September, to the surprise of many, Gold soared in *The First Wives Club,* a comedy hit that h made more than $100 million. It wasn't Strindberg, b for Goldie it was finally the comeuppance of cute, a p ody of her own image. Her character—an overripe, se absorbed actress named Elise Elliot—harbors a dement passion for cosmetic surgery and is terrified of aging. T performance works because Hawn didn't just satirize Eli she shared her fears. There was a new honesty, a vulr ability. Finally—the second coming of Goldie.

In *Everyone Says I Love You,* Woody Allen's wobbly n musical, she stays honest, playing her age, suffering t slings and arrows of a former husband (Allen) who infor her, "Two more years I'm gonna look like your son."

Asked about how it feels to be in yet another movie wh the middle-aged guy chases babes, she shoots back. *doesn't* affect me. I mean, you're dealing with a male m tality that, well, it's kind of in an arrested development stag

So, given the limitations of men on-screen *and* o screen, can Goldie herself accept life as a post-ingenue? tor Kurt Russell, her longtime-companion-but-not-husba is five years her junior and the father of Wyatt, her young son. He doesn't seem to get what Goldie is confronti "Society values wisdom in men, youth and beauty in wo en," Russell says. "Why? Because that's human nature. love to go to movies to be infatuated by a young, nub beauty." He is delighted with the success of *The First Wi Club,* but leery of the idea of middle-aged women p meling their nymphet-loving men. "There's no victory her Russell says flatly. "This is the way it's supposed to be. like arguing about why men are paid more in our busine If you don't like it, this isn't the business for you."

Despite the victories that Hollywood women h achieved in the boardroom, the business for tresses remains a valley of the dolls. Hawn, w hasn't exactly been drowning in offers these l few years, is alternately politic and stunnin candid about it all. As part of the Streisa Fonda generation of rebel gals who pushed the dustry to accept women in power, she has tr eled many trajectories, mixing rebellion a compromise. Now she seems a little resigned, weary ev "It's the ebb and flow and tide and the way things g says the actress, curling up on a massive cream-colo couch a few days after our first meeting. When Wy rushes in, she brightens visibly, listening as the 10-year- breathlessly recites what he has learned about the alim tary pursuits of the vampire bat. "And it drinks blood, only an ounce. And they eat the soft insides of insects.

"Ah," his mother translates. "Filet mignon!"

The child is followed by two *(Continued on page 1*

CAT ON A
HOT BLOND POOF

Goldie often plays the bubbly—not dumb—blonde. "I always thought she was exalted," the actress says. "Deeply joyful."

THE JUGGLER

As leader of Sinn Fein, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, Gerry Adams is Northern Ireland's most controversial politician, a hero to some, a murderer to others. MAUREEN ORTH follows his dangerous, charismatic high-wire act from Belfast to London to Washington as Adams tries to turn his people from terror to peace

"Did youse see the wee fox?" Gerry Adams inquires gently of two little "boggers" who live at the top of Black Mountain, a rural area above the West Belfast neighborhood where he grew up. Shyly they ask when the next march is. "Our granny takes us to all the marches." He asks, "What is your granny's name?" and recognizes it instantly. A key to the adoration of Adams in his home territory is how close he keeps to his base, how—despite the fact that he strides the world's stage—he never forgets to high-five a kid such as eight-year-old Eamon in his dirty Lion King T-shirt, or to send regards to his granny. "Yeats said that too long a sacrifice makes a stone of the heart. I don't think it's necessarily true," Adams tells me. "If you become detached from the base, then I think you're in trouble. You always have to bear in mind what this is about. It's about people." After all, Adams knows that these kids either are potential recruits to keep the bloody conflict in Northern Ireland going for another generation or have a chance to live beyond sectarian hatred in peace. But after observing Adams closely in Belfast, Dublin, and London, where he is by turns re-

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER

Gerry Adams poses with children coming from a party daubed with paint of a favorite color—Republican green—in front of a burned-out, bricked-up building in a Catholic neighborhood off the Falls Road in Belfast, where he grew up.

viled as an apologist for terrorism and embraced as the great green hope, one begins to grasp the Sisyphean nature of his struggle and to see what a consummate juggler he is.

As president of the Sinn Fein party, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, Adams has assumed a terrible responsibility: weaning the insular, ruthless, and unstoppable I.R.A. away from more than two decades of violence. Without alienating the Republican "hard men," who see anything less than a united Ireland without Britain as unacceptable defeat, he must somehow help engineer a satisfactory political settlement with the British government and the recalcitrant majority population of Protestant Unionists in Northern Ireland. With the help of "Irish America" and direct White House intervention, Adams was instrumental in delivering the I.R.A. cease-fire which lasted from August 1994 to February 1996.

Then the cease-fire tragically broke down. After 17 months of what the I.R.A. considered British intransigence, it resumed bombing, and since February three bombs on British targets have killed three people. Within 19 days of the first of these bombings, the British suddenly called for talks, once again sending the message, Sinn Fein said, that they respond only to violence. Meanwhile the British said Sinn Fein would be excluded until the I.R.A. restored the cease-fire. Then last summer British security forces fired more than 5,000 plastic bullets at Catholics during and after a protest against a Unionist march through a Catholic neighborhood in Drumcree. In the aftermath, 2 died and 240 were wounded. The attack sent shock waves through Nationalist Ireland (read Catholics and/or those who want a united country), reviving fears that Catholics living in Northern Ireland could never trust local authorities to protect them. Meanwhile, the talks are sputtering on, chaired in Belfast by former U.S. senator George Mitchell. But without Gerry Adams at the table, or John Major and the various parties agreeing as to how another I.R.A. cease-fire can be obtained, the chance of their success is slim. Even if a new cease-fire were to come about, there is no guarantee that the Unionists would not walk out. Anyone who has seen the movie *Michael Collins,* about the intelligence chief of the I.R.A. who negotiated the partition of the six counties of Northern Ireland in 1921, only to be assassinated at age 31, realizes how seductive and elusive the dream of a united Ireland can be.

Moreover, in the House of Commons today, the conservative votes of its 12 unyielding Unionist members—virtual descendants of Protestant King William of Orange, victorious over Catholic King James II in 1690—hold the balance of power for John Major's precarious one-vote majority and also keep it "hanging by an orange thread." To complicate matters further, the Unionists are joined in their veto power by Tory backbenchers who believe that any give regarding Northern Ireland may lead to a domino effect that will make the natives in Scotland and Wales equally restless. Both these groups view Gerry Adams, if not as the Devil's adjutant, at least as his messenger boy. Unionist leaders such as the Reverend Ian Paisley, who sees the Pope as the Antichrist, have no interest in sharing power or moving Northern Ireland away from British rule. "John Major has said on a number of occasions that he will not be the British prime minister who will preside over the breakup of the United Kingdom," says Adams. "There's a certain mind in the British Tory party who think they still have an empire, and we're it."

Not only that: to the south many prominent Nationalists in the 26 counties of the Republic of Ireland—whose economy is currently enjoying record growth as part of the European Union—are less than enamored of receiving their bloodied northern brethren, particularly Gerry Adams, into the fold. "I think he's a pariah among that class," says Sally Mimnagh, a Dublin bookseller who stocks Adams's books. "But there is a huge amount of respect for Adams among working people."

Only three years ago Adams, who is 48, was considered so subversive that he was not even allowed to be seen on Irish television; in Britain until 1994, Adams could be seen on TV, but his voice was dubbed by actors. Subject to an "exclusion order," he was not allowed to travel to England even though he is a citizen of the United Kingdom and was an elected member of Parliament for 10 ye In 1994, under former prime mini Albert Reynolds, the Irish changed tl rules on broadcasting, and seven mor after Adams had received a tun tuous reception in New York in F ruary 1994, the British rescinded tl restrictions. Still, the first time Ada appeared on one of Ireland's m popular TV shows, *The Late L Show* with Gay Byrne, two years a Byrne was told that his show would canceled if he shook Adams's hand. I September, however, the line in Dul waiting for Adams to autograph autobiography, the No. 1 best-se *Before the Dawn,* stretched for bloc and he signed copies for seven ho

Perhaps Adams's star power, eled by his dangerous rep tion, is the most subvers thing about him. On Bl Mountain, however, Ada who is six feet one with p etrating dark eyes and un niable charisma, seems l the controversial pol-cu celebrity author and more the earn instructor who has written five bo of nonfiction and two volumes sentimental stories about life here. points out various sights of Belfast me: the shipyards where the *Tita* was built, the rusted-out factories wh few Catholics could ever obtain e the most menial of jobs. "Catholics li under the penal code." West Bel grew up where it did, Adams sa "because Catholics were forbidden live within the city walls."

High up on the hill opposite us Stormont Castle, the site of Protesta dominated Northern Irish governm from 1922 until 1972, when the c flict between Catholics and Protesta raged so far out of control that British came in and took over gove ing their "statelet" themselves. Their jor achievement, according to a previ government official, was to maint "an acceptable level of violence." "O the British took responsibility direc it was the worst of all possible sit tions, because they were military p ple," Adams says. "And military peo come up with military solutions."

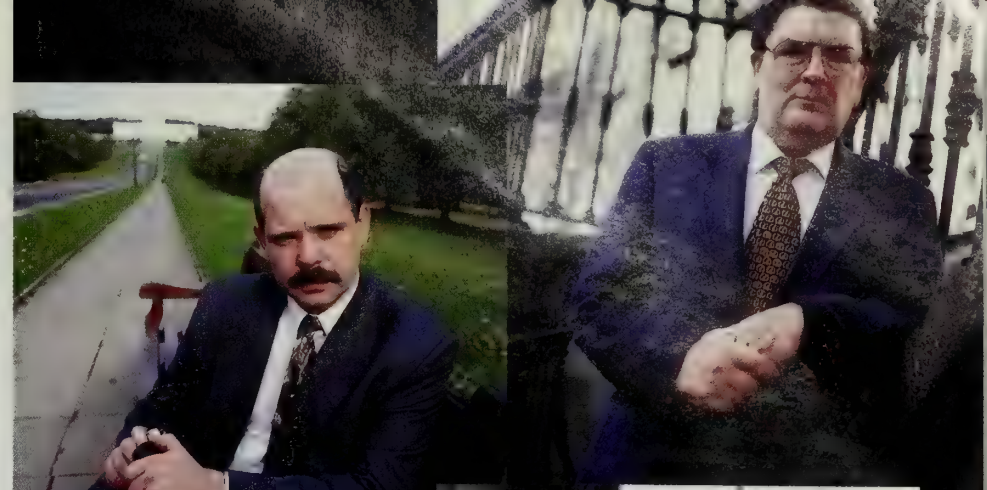
A local man strolls over and ha Adams a pair of binoculars to g him a closer view of the new Brit barracks being constructed nearby. C

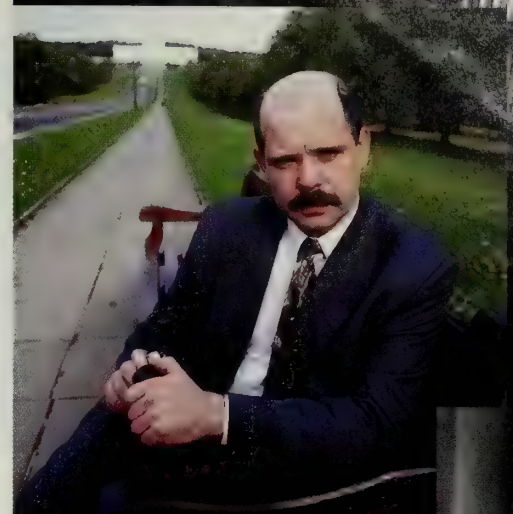
ntly there are 17,000 British troops tioned in Northern Ireland. "Look, rry, it's all ground-level, and they're nting grass. That means the bunkers underneath." I ask the man, "Have u been in prison?" "Aye," he says, ncing at Adams, who smiles ever slightly. It is probably a superflu- s question around here. "These peo- don't worry about a lot of things u and I worry about," Niall O'Dowd, blisher of the *Irish Voice* and *Irish nerica Magazine,* has told me. "Life lived at a much different pitch. ay-to-day decisions are all about tting your life in danger or not."

Below us, snaking through dilapidated est Belfast, are the oxymoronic "peace es," walls built to keep Catholic Re- blicans and Protestant Loyalists from ring at each other's throats. Along em are the guard towers of the itish special forces, which look like s from World War II movies. Only ey're real, and "the Troubles"—which gan in 1969, when Catholics, who had en gerrymandered out of fair repre- ntation and had organized civil-rights arches based on those led by Martin ther King Jr., were attacked by Protes- nt gangs—have now gone on for 27 ars. More than 3,000 Catholics and otestants have been killed, and many ousands more wounded.

"What we've had here for a long ne is an apartheid statehood," says dams. "You have Ireland, a small and, partitioned. You have the British aintaining control over this part of e island. And in order to maintain at control, they give a section of r people—the Unionists—a position privilege, or perhaps a perception of ivilege. Because at the working-class vel, they got whatever jobs there were, t in terms of living conditions they eren't much better off than their atholic neighbors."

Adams has spent a total of four and a half years in jail, has been beaten senseless and interrogated for days at a time, and in 1984 was wounded with four bullets by a would-be assassin. For more than 20 years he has not slept in the same place in Belfast two nights in row. For appointments and interviews, u do not go to him—you are taken him. His wife, Colette, and his 23-





Clockwise from above: David Ervine, a Protestant Loyalist and ex-paramilitary leader; John Hume, the "Martin Luther King Jr." of the Nationalists in Northern Ireland; and the very militant Reverend Ian Paisley, who sees the Pope as the Antichrist. *Below,* Irish Republican Army volunteers march at the funeral of one of theirs killed by the British army in 1991.

"When you talk of Hitler, Idi Amin, and Saddam Hussein, then mention in the same breath Gerry Adams."

year-old son, Gearoid, a Gaelic hurler, have had a grenade thrown into their house. He shows me the patch of grass on a narrow street in Ballymurphy, at the north end of the Catholic Falls Road, where his boyhood home, part of a housing project, once stood.

In a little house here at 11 Divismore Park, Adams lived with his parents and nine brothers and sisters until he came to be seen by the British military and the local police—the Royal Ulster Constabulary (R.U.C.)—as a native menace. "We had a community uprising, a very popular uprising, and the British army were obviously targeting those whom they wanted to take out of circulation, and I was one of those," Adams says. Before that, after dropping out of St. Mary's School, he had worked as a bartender and led demonstrations for better housing. "Almost the best part of the struggle was '68 to '72ish, because then the *armed* struggle was very much the lesser part of it. More people were involved."

In August 1971, when he was 22, the British began rounding up suspected I.R.A. members to be "interned," meaning held indefinitely without charge, trial, or due process. (Despite the fact that the Unionists had begun the killing, only a handful of Unionists were interned. The British were censured by both the European Court of Human Rights and Amnesty International for their brutal treatment of Republican prisoners.) Adams's father, "Big Gerry," had been jailed for I.R.A. activities from the time he was 16 until he was 21, though Adams says he was not particularly aware of growing up with "a Republican acoustic." Nevertheless, the Adams family, associated with Republican activism on both sides for generations, was singled out. Big Gerry was arrested the night before internment was instituted on August 9, 1971. That morning Gerry's mother fled with the younger children. Thus began 25 years of one or another of Gerry Adams's relatives—or himself—being imprisoned by the British.

By Adams's account, special-forces members threw canisters of tear gas in the windows of his family's house, repeatedly rammed the façade with an armored vehicle, and ended up smashing the sinks and defecating on the furniture. "My mother never came back," he says as we lean on the wire fence enclosing the lot and he points out the space where his father, a frequently unemployed construction laborer, built a shed in the backyard. Gesturing around the neighborhood, he says, "I can only describe this as a killing zone."

Adams shows me the cul-de-sac not far away where one day, while lying on the floor of one of the houses to hide from British soldiers, he proposed to his wife, Colette McArdle, another neighborhood activist. "If we get out of this, I'm going to marry you," he whispered to her.

The hunger strikes declared by Republican prisoners in Maze Prison in 1980 and 1981 provided Adams's most wrenching and dramatic involvement with life and death. Ten men ranging from 23 to 30 died after Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher ordered British authorities not to yield to their demands to be treated as political prisoners instead of as common criminals. *Some Mother's Son,* the current film starring Helen Mirren and Fionnula Flanagan, tells the story of the hunger-strikers and their leader, Bobby Sands, who was elected to Parliament not long before he died of starvation.

Adams, who got to know Sands in jail, acted as go-between for the prisoners, their families, and the British authorities. Ironically, the idea of putting Bobby Sands up as a candidate ultimately galvanized Sinn Fein into electoral politics—its unofficial motto became "The armalite [rifle] *and* the ballot box"—and began a process that eventually got Adams himself elected to Parliament twice, though he would not take his seat. "I won't take an oath of allegiance to an English queen." Previously the I.R.A. and Sinn Fein had followed an abstentionist policy, but the worldwide tidal wave of sympathy for Sands in the wake of his death, Adams writes in his autobiography, "had a greater international impact than any other event in Ireland in my lifetime."

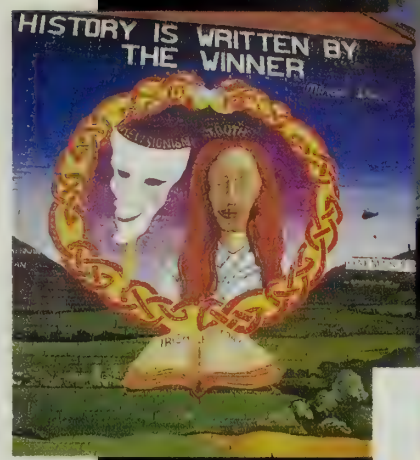
Despite such a catalyst for transformation, the Unionists and Nationalists continued their strife. In 1984, Adams was shot in the neck, shoulders, and chest while riding in a car with four others after leaving the Belfast courthouse. Within minutes of the incident, British s curity officers in an unmarked car wh had been following Adams apprehe ed two Loyalist paramilitary gunm who were sentenced to 18 years prison for the crime. According to *Boys' Rules,* by Mark Urban, form defense correspondent for *The In pendent* in London, army intelligence been tipped off about the murder but had waited until Adams was s before intervening. The British army sisted that its presence in the area a "complete coincidence." Sinn F spokesman Richard McAuley says people took Adams from the hosp as soon as they could. "We had keep an eye on the R.U.C. not to someone come in to finish him off.

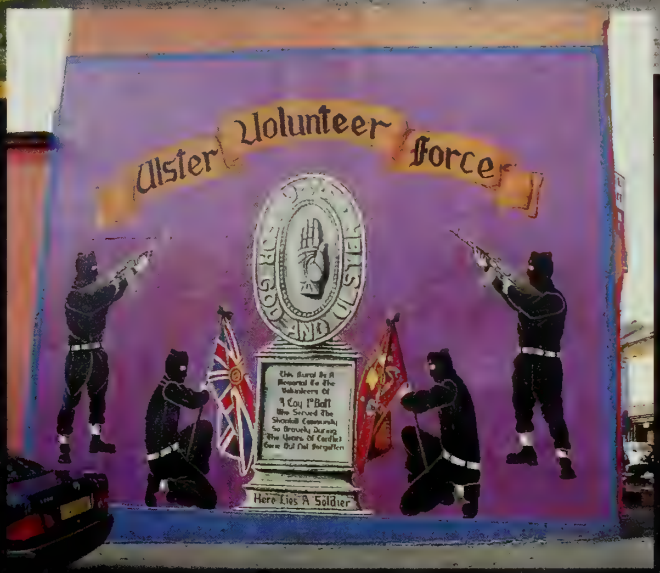
'We are born in separ hospitals, we attend s arate schools, we re ter at separate unempl ment exchanges, a to add insult to inju we are buried in se rate graveyards," the P estant ex-paramilit leader David Ervine, head of the sm Progressive Unionist Party, tells in his hole-in-the-wall office on Shan Road, the main Loyalist thoroughf in Belfast. Like many of his coun parts in Sinn Fein, he has spent seve years in jail—for possession of ex sives and arms—and he recently recei his 10th death threat. "I really d do anything anymore that could be miliar. I can't go watch my son p football or go shopping with my wi He has never met Gerry Adams, tho they passed each other once in a c ridor in Washington.

"We fight for two grand dream Ervine explains. "I'm a British tionalist, and he's an Irish National The backdrop of all those dreams that everything else is lost. A path education system, bad infrastruct within Loyalist and Republican w ing-class areas, lack of employm destruction of family life. They are on the back burner because of the herence to the grand ideals of dream Yet, he says, "the one thing that w allow us to have anything in comm is the tendency of both sides to h a sense of domination."

I asked Adams if he thought t living together meant the conq

one side by the other. "I ık we can come to an ac- ımodation," he said. "I'm interested in the conquest he Unionists. I don't think t what I would see as hav- happened to us should be eated upon the Unionists. every level it is wrong."



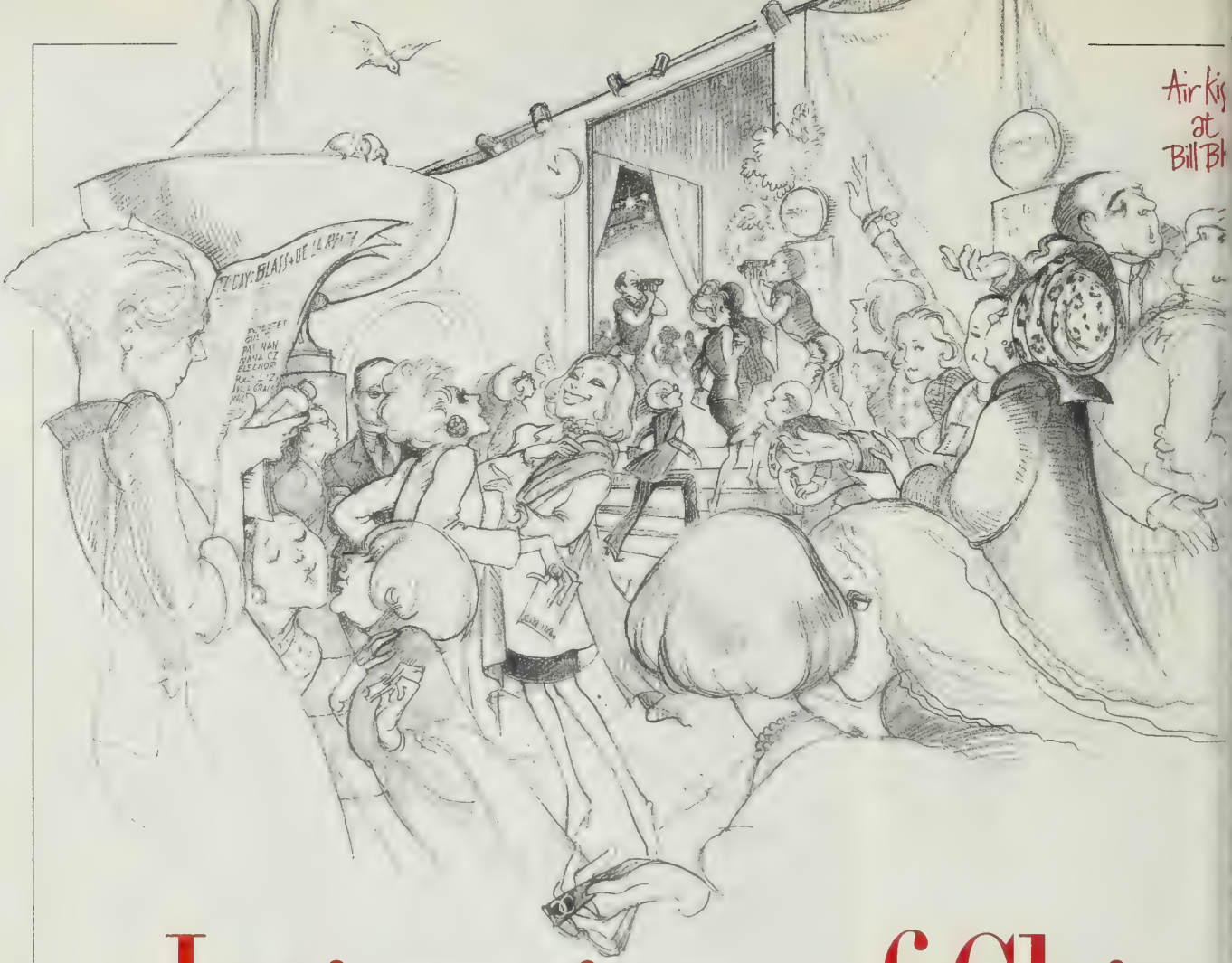


From top: a 1988 photo of Father Alec Reid giving last rites to a British soldier killed by the I.R.A.; a Republican mural in Belfast; a mural erected by the opposing Loyalists. *Below,* Gerry Adams, right, and his deputy Martin McGuinness carry the coffin of an I.R.A. volunteer killed by the British, 1987.

During my time in Belfast, the news broke that the British had foiled a potentially huge I.R.A. plot in London, discovering 10 tons of explosives and killing a suspect, 27-year-old Diarmuid O'Neill, in a shoot-out, while esting five others. (It later turned that O'Neill, who was shot 6 to times—reports varied—was un- ıed.) That morning, September 23, ams, at a neighborhood meeting to ry the inadequacies of local hous- , told the media that he "regret- " the death, and that circumstances h as these were the result of the ngerous vacuum" the British had ated by not allowing the peace cess with Sinn Fein to go forward. Once the reporters had their sound es, I was instructed by Big Ea- nn, Adams's brother-in-law and driv- not to ride to our next stop, at the fast BBC, in the same car with ams, but to get into a car driven another ex-prisoner, Cleeky Clarke. oon realized that it was for my ı protection. Clarke was chatting ut the liberation theology Adams d to drill into them in prison when ar carrying three men with walkie- kies came out of nowhere and led up alongside us. The three men my car suddenly began speaking idly in Irish.

"It's O.K., they're ours," Clarke said ılly, and the awful tension was de- ed. Later, after we had entered st Belfast, we saw a member of R.U.C. get out of a gray jeep and up a roadblock. Big Eamonn pulled r briefly, but the policeman waved ı on. "He already knew who we re, plus we own West Belfast," Big monn told me after we arrived at n Fein's cavernous headquarters in old linen mill. "They wouldn't stop to mess about in front of a jour- ist. At times *(Continued on page 131)*

All seven times Adams has come to the U.S., Clinton personally has had to approve a waiver allowing him entry.



Intimations of Chic

What would T. S. Eliot have thought of New York's Fashion Week? Or Wordsworth of the Bryant Park scenery? LAURA JACOBS finds the spring collections to be pure poetry

I've searched my college books for odes to spring.
Haut poet Wordsworth hails its "blended notes,"
Keats waxes lyric on spring's "honied cud," which
summer "ruminates"
(wow, that cow image is a dud!)—
But what of spring-summer dresses, suits, and coats?
Let's skip from pastured ruminants to hip illuminates:
The silvered eyes, the gold lamé,
The see-through styles that carried the day for 1997.
Let us go then, you and I
(it's *heaven*—the freer verse of Eliot, the frock of Pru),
When Fashion Week is spread out behind the library
At 42nd and Fifth Avenue.

DAY ONE is kind of fun.
There's Condé Nast's pale male James Truman
And *Bazaar's* Queen of Hearts, Liz Tilberis.
Here's *V.F.'s* jury, André Leon T. and Elizabeth S.
There's Suzy Menkes (Madame Pompadour)
And Demi, cue-ball head (less is Moore).
Kal Ruttenstein's breezy in his Gene Meyer ties,
While tweezered between her henchgirls and -guys
Sits *Vogue's* Anna Wintour, shielded from the masses.
In her changing-daily dark Chanel sunglasses
She could be handmaiden to Apollo (god of design)—
No, make that Galliano,
Poured into *Vogue* like too much wine,
The Wallbanger of the day, all wallflowers can stay away
One has to chant (or decant): Dior, Dior,
What's in store for the nimble thimbles behind your legendary door?
Hide the keys to Bar, dread the locks,

Illustrations by HILARY KNIGHT

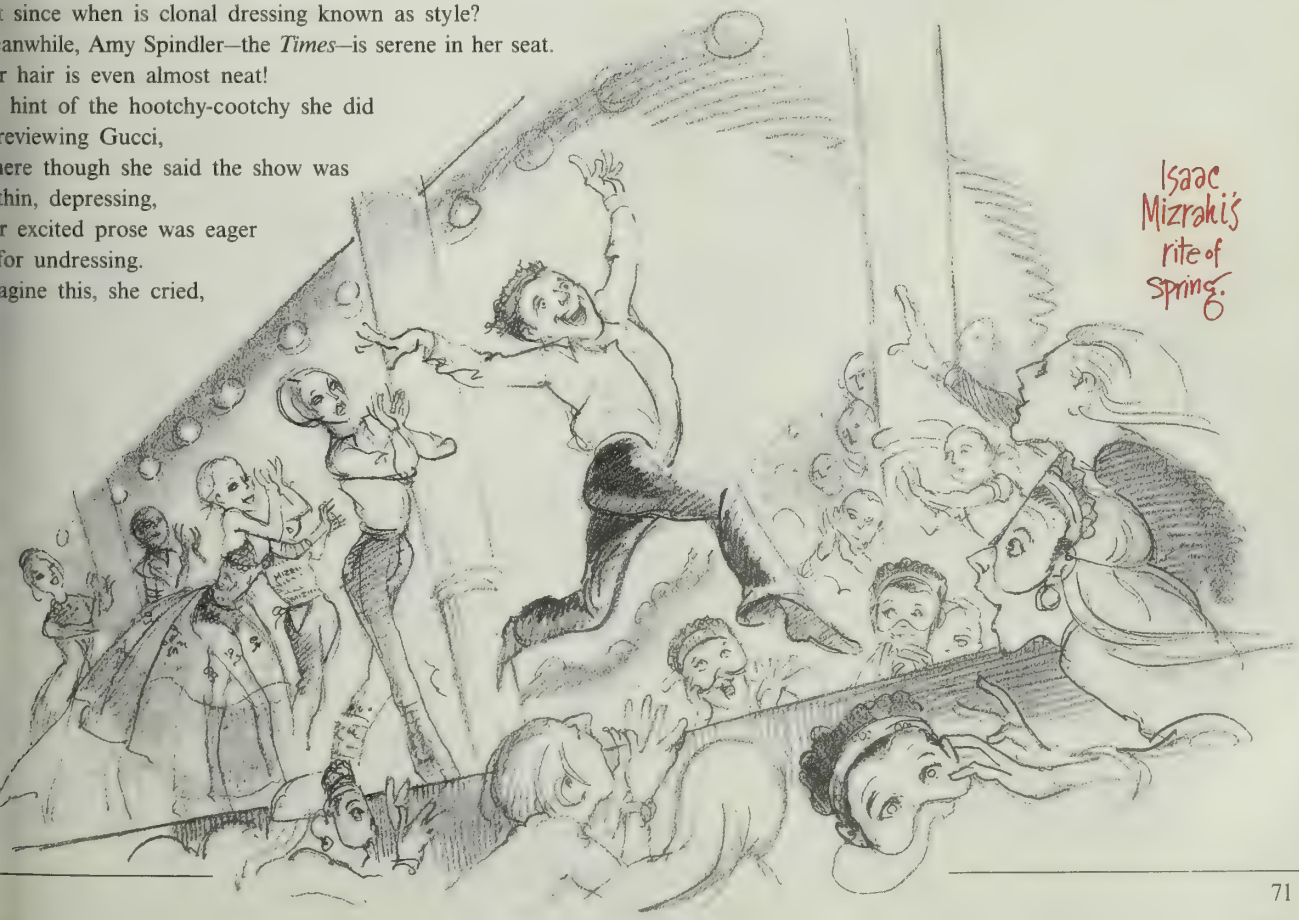
Ie's on his way, just left the Dover docks.
The pirate's parrot flew the coop, too;
he's left John for Chanel—*Amanda, how could you?!*)
I guess who's just arrived for the Versus line:
Liz Hurley and Hugh, the on-and-off two, looking, well,
ne.

n the room Ingrid Sischy comes and goes,
alking of Leonardo DiCaprio.

cribing clothes, dear reader, isn't easy,
stunning lack of words can make you scream—
m, shape, line, silhouette—
have to stretch like gabardine with spandex.
e Donna Karan's D line on DAY TWO,
lebut niche to make her extra rich. Don't get me wrong,
need these jersey tubes (we do?).
in that rubberized-kelp dress
'd better be reed-thin.
ot, bring on the sake, 'cause you'll look like tekka maki.
G, another first at the New York shows,
Eurotrash-meets-Prada-at-Watergate
hink I'll skip that date).
evening's close: C.J. Yoon Ono's roses
the Pure, the Demure, the Her in Couture.

Y THREE, I'm noticing the Herd.
se glossy fashion babes all dress the same,
e birds in migration:
e-cleaner pants, chartreuse charmeuse,
sace camel coats a little ratty.
cerely, I don't mean to be catty,
since when is clonal dressing known as style?
anwhile, Amy Spindler—the *Times*—is serene in her seat.
r hair is even almost neat!
hint of the hootchy-cootchy she did
reviewing Gucci,
ere though she said the show was
hin, depressing,
r excited prose was eager
or undressing.
agine this, she cried,

And then described the Gucci woman who
Has just "had sex in a bathroom stall" (the loo)
In a "steamy nightclub until her face is slick . . . "
Ick! The Gray Lady wearing purple—it curls one's toes.
It's the Striptease School of Reviewing Clothes.
Carolina Herrera is snazzy for spring,
With a loot of gold-leaf leathering (*ooo that two-piece suit*).
Han Fang? Haiku in organdy, georgette.
And at the Puck Building on Lafayette,
The pup who gave us Grunge

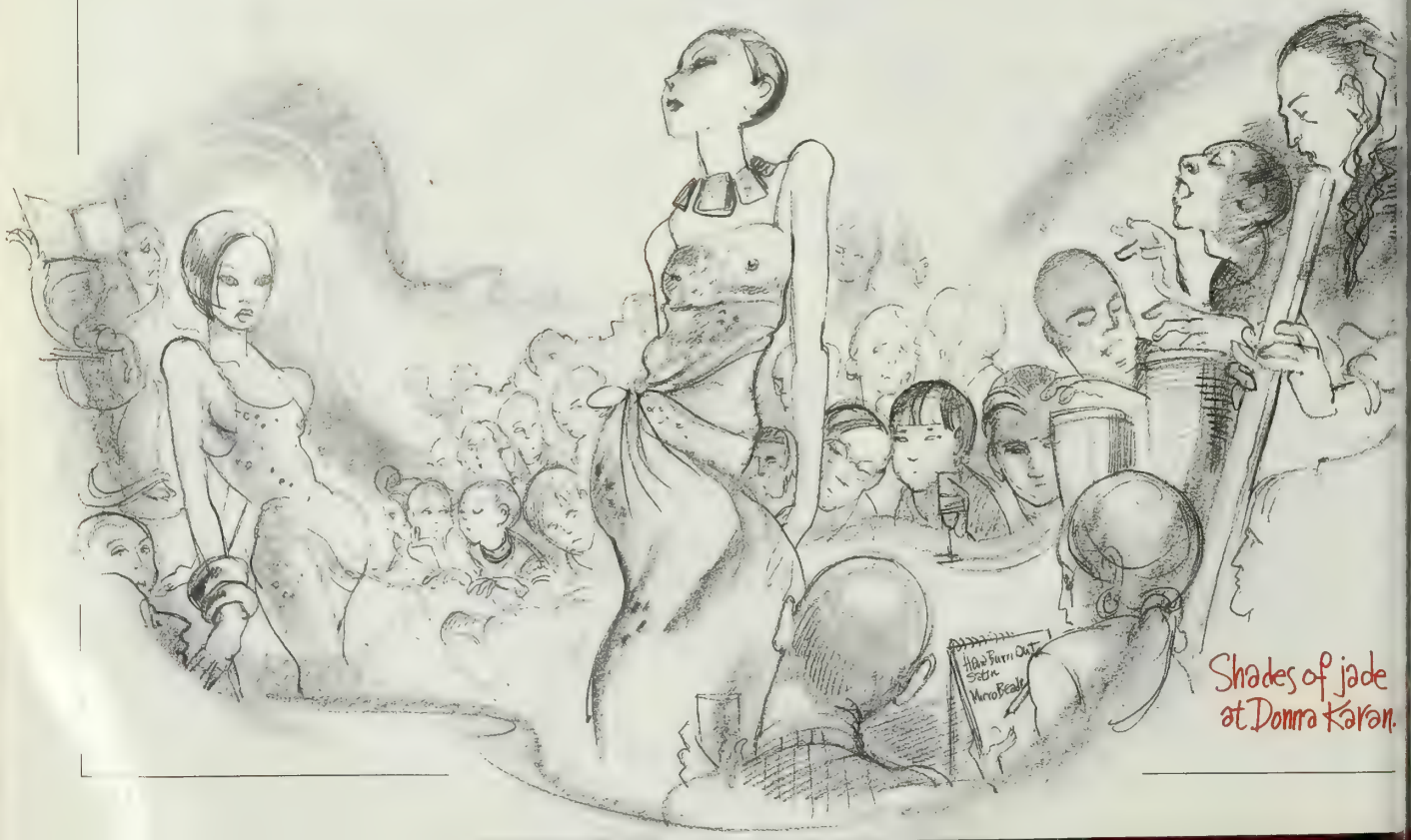


("what fools these mortals be"—tee-hee)
Is finally making up:
Marc Jacobs works small and clear,
His beaded paisleys like a Berg concerto—
Warm with emotion, yet in intent severe.

In the room Ingrid Sischy comes and goes,
Talking of Gianni and Giorgio.

DAY FOUR: *More?*
Richard Tyler, a curious collection—
Part deconstruction, part confection.
A host of ghostly fashions for wearing inside mansions,
Tailoring hanging on one single thread in seams like stay
Darts whispering of whaleboned days long past.
Todd Oldham, magpie-bright and rainbow-hued,
seems subdued,
Cuts keyholes, notches, as if peeping through
To see (but not quite reach) what might have been.

Still alive—DAY FIVE—the rain's a pain.
Ralph Lauren perks things up with coffee cups,
Strawberries big as coconuts, and palms.
A trip to Africa *sans* Blixen,
This collection is "about" (that's fashion diction)
The urban huntress who wants to look relaxed,
A lioness in the sun, a Nubian.
Michael Kors is focused, too, zooming
Into a concentrated few clean shapes—box kite, klieg ligh
And it's hippie-dippy day-trippy at Anna Sui,
Her bedroom bonbons laced with faerie dust.
I think she tries too hard—Breakthrough or Bust.
For those with supermodel lust, a question poses:
Are these girls getting rusty or what?
Strangely low-ebb, present without seeing,



Ralph Lauren's Polm court.

aphysics à la Kundera: the Bare Lightness of Being.
instance, take Naomi's little trial.
week she wrestles, conscience clenched,
ost giving, muscles tensed,
l every time she wins against
slight impulse to smile.
, every time you turn around
re's Polly Mellen—enchantment-bound!
silver hair, her laser stare,
little *o* mouth waiting to surround a
BEEEAAAUUTIFUL."

Miu begins DAY SIX.
t's Miuccia's pet line for skinny pick-up-sticks
o swear by the pitch of Prada's color palette,
es only dogs can hear: wet mud, oxblood.
l what's that Quaker shade she's mixed?
God—it's *honied cud.*
er that day: Le Cirque du Soleil—
Blass and Oscar de and the legion of ladies who lunch
frisée and foie gras,
social frisson and marital *fatwa,*
sitting in a bunch.
and Nan (eyes glinting with the hunt),
bara and Ivana (blonde and blunt),
ncess Firial, Carolyne Roehm (both sit in front),
l back three rows there's C.Z.
oking squeezy in her tweeds.

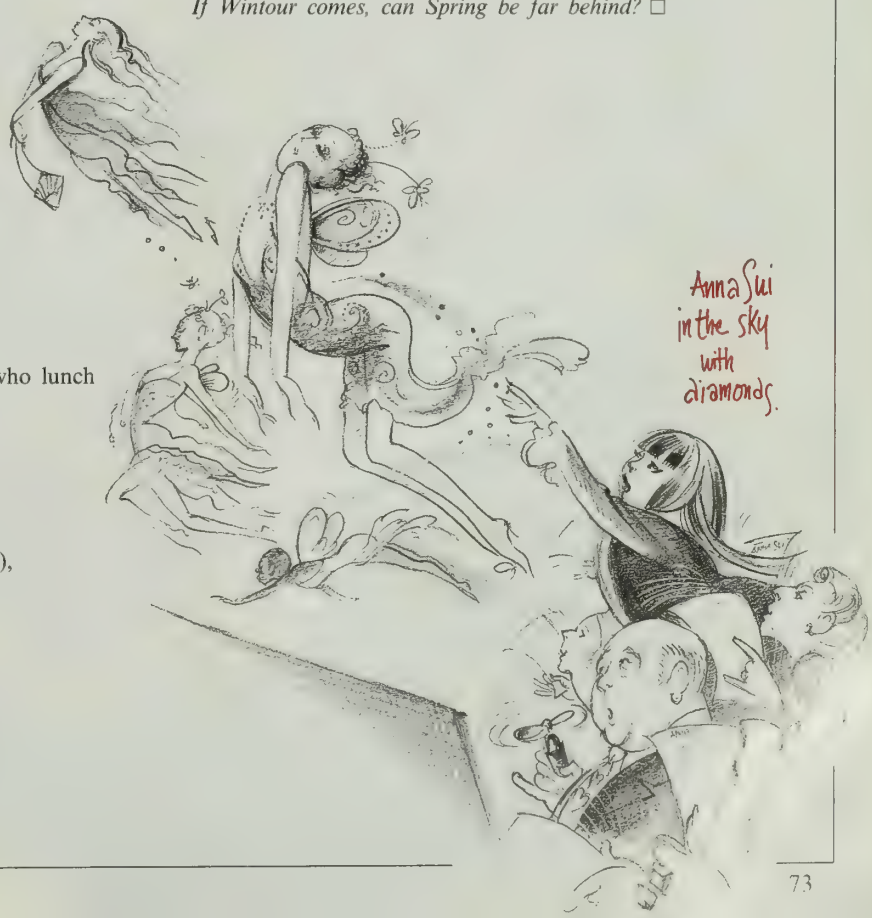
n the room Ingrid Sischy comes and goes
Talking of Yoko Ono (oh noooo!).

E SEVENTH DAY—but who needs rest?
tarts with the best.

God seen on 39th Street: Geoffrey Beene,
The might of Mies, the volume of Brancusi,
Get to know this work and you grow choosy.
If Tyler's seams show delicate duress,
Beene teaches his to somersault, caress, and dive—
Vanish in thin air, then turn up alive . . .
Over here!
He's fearless. In true modernist tradition
(the humble as sublime),
He makes a lowly pocket high design (and then it's picked
By those who shall go nameless but are famous in the slicks).
From Beene's horizon line, it's on to Calvin Klein
In the meatpacking district (now, there's a metaphor).
A po-mo daze, an art-loft haze, his poor lambs also wear
More jersey tubes, sheaths caught between a wrinkle
And a drape—with no Escape.
Baaah . . . Ommm.
Donna Karan's quest continues,
Her search for spiritual home (the Buddha's ozone, Shangri-la).
In jade and jasper stones and bronze organza,
She's landed east of Eden—hot desert winds—
Seams winding serpentine up female limbs.
A sumptuous vision.
And touched with vice (but also very nice),
Wrap dresses tight and cut like sacrifice.

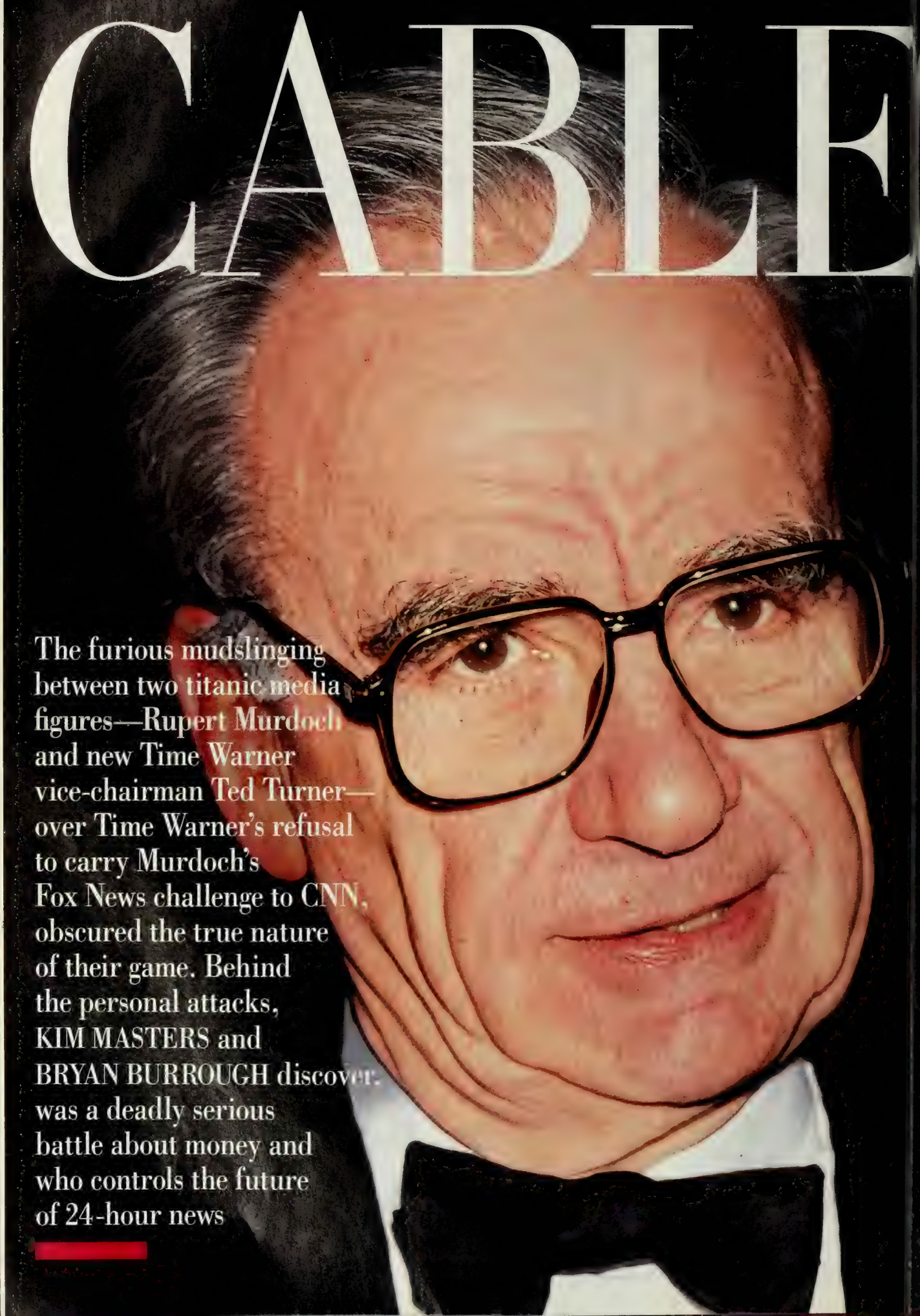
All finished, and it's cold. The street is dark.
No one's wearing trousers rolled, but hark!
I hear the flutter of Shelley's lace jabot
Sifting the west wind of fashion shows, which goes:

Sashes and sparkles, my styles among mankind!
If Wintour comes, can Spring be far behind? □



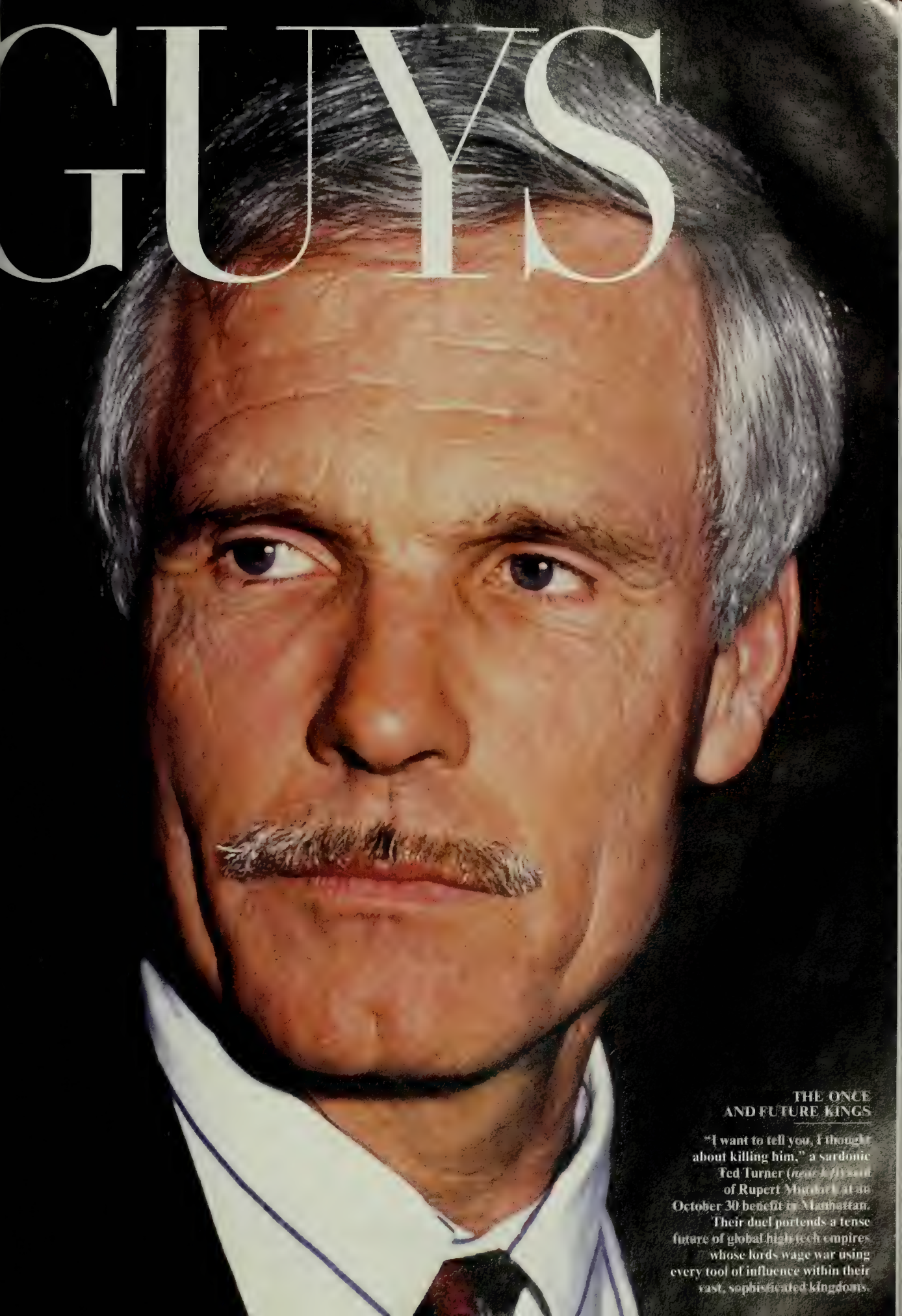
Anna Sui in the sky with diamonds.

CABLE



The furious mudslinging between two titanic media figures—Rupert Murdoch and new Time Warner vice-chairman Ted Turner—over Time Warner's refusal to carry Murdoch's Fox News challenge to CNN, obscured the true nature of their game. Behind the personal attacks, KIM MASTERS and BRYAN BURROUGH discover was a deadly serious battle about money and who controls the future of 24-hour news

GUYS



THE ONCE AND FUTURE KINGS

"I want to tell you, I thought about killing him," a sardonic Ted Turner (*near left*) said of Rupert Murdoch at an October 30 benefit in Manhattan. Their duel portends a tense future of global high-tech empires whose lords wage war using every tool of influence within their vast, sophisticated kingdoms.

When Rupert Murdoch and Ted Turner set to brawling last fall over their rival cable news channels, the two media titans ignited the kind of old-fashioned press war Manhattan hadn't seen since the days of William Randolph Hearst—or Charles Foster Kane. It was one great tabloid headline after another. There was the day when Turner called Murdoch a "scumbag." And the time when Murdoch's *New York Post* yanked Turner's CNN from its television listings. And then Turner compared Murdoch to "the late *Führer*." And one night during the World Series Murdoch had a plane flashing an electronic message taunting Turner fly over Yankee Stadium. Then there was the priceless moment when Turner's wife, Jane Fonda, accused Murdoch of bribing Mayor Rudolph Giuliani by having hired his wife, Donna Hanover, as a correspondent for Murdoch's New York television station. The *Post* even questioned Turner's sanity, speculating publicly about whether the mogul, who reportedly is manic-depressive, was neglecting to take his lithium.

"I want to tell you, I thought about killing him," a smiling Turner said of Murdoch at an October 30 dinner benefiting the American Museum of the Moving Image at the St. Regis hotel. "In his papers, he said . . . I'm insane. [So] if I did shoot him, I'd get off."

Turner's audience, sprinkled with Time Warner partisans, laughed loudly, but behind the scenes things were deadly serious. Almost lost in the rampant name-calling was the very real battle shaping up between Turner's crown jewel, the 16-year-old Cable News Network—now owned by Time Warner after its merger with Turner Broadcasting—and Murdoch's fledgling Fox News Channel, not to mention a third powerful competitor, a joint venture between Bill Gates's Microsoft and NBC, the awkwardly named MSNBC. The fireworks over Manhattan, sparked by a decision by Time Warner to broadcast MSNBC and not Fox on its Manhattan system, was merely the latest and loudest chapter of a yearlong struggle for supremacy in around-the-clock cable news. It is a struggle that has already claimed one victim, ABC News, which backed out last spring when its new owner, Disney, couldn't see financing a venture that forecast $400 million in losses in the first five years, and no profits for five years beyond that. "The demand does not exist for more cable-television news, no matter how good the brand," ABC president Robert Iger says. "Every time we talked, we were staring at red ink."

Personalities may make great copy—and there's clearly no love lost between Turner and Murdoch- but, above all, this fight is about money. The prospect of losses on the scale envisioned by ABC goes a long way toward explaining Murdoch's volcanic reaction when Time Warner's chief executive officer, Gerald Levin, walked across the Avenue of the Americas during a driving rainstorm on the evening of September 17 and told him that he had decided to broadcast MSNBC and not Fox News. Levin's New York City system, the world's largest cable franchise, with an estimated $500 million in annual revenues and 1.1 million subscribers stretching from Flushing to the Flatiron District, is a monopoly sitting astride the primary gateway to the Madison Avenue advertising agencies and the media chieftains who can make or break a new cable network. Without Time Warner, Fox News is all but invisible in New York City, its glass-walled, street-level studio—a nod to the *Today* show's open studio, a block away in Rockefeller Center—relegated to the status of a minor curiosity to passersby who may never see its occupants on their television screens. That prospect was too much for Murdoch, who has spent $100 million on Fox News in less than one year. One rival C.E.O. is already predicting that the new network will Murdoch's Waterloo.

But money isn't the whole story. M doch's subsequent violent attack Time Warner and Turner—within d he enlisted the vigorous support of C liani, New York governor George P ki, Senator Alfonse D'Amato, Dennis Vacco, the New York St attorney general—actually had m to do with his rock-solid belief t he had a deal with Levin. The story behind the Great Gotham Pr War of 1996, in fact, lies behind closed doors of Time Warner's Rc efeller Center headquarters, in strange, evolving relationship betw Levin and Turner and a corporate ture that still undercuts much of vaunted synergy Levin had hoped find after assembling the planet's lar media conglomerate. Despite vig ous denials from Time Warner, M doch blames Turner for torpedo his deal with Levin—and as it tu out, he's not far off the mark.

The key moment ca in late August as ecutives at Time W ner's cable division Stamford, Connecti were wrapping up gotiations with b Murdoch and NH Murdoch, who last spring flipped economics of cable television on head by offering to pay cash up fr to any operator that would carry News, had more than doubled earliest proposals and was offering pay Time Warner a breathtaking $ million, or $25 per initial subscri to broadcast his new network on October 7 debut. MSNBC's offer almost as compelling.

In a perfect world Levin mi have rejected both offers, thereby we ening CNN's two competitors. Time Warner was being forced take at least one of the new netwo the Federal Trade Commission made carrying a competing all-n channel a condition of approving Time Warner–Turner merger. But stead of choosing the highest of insiders say, Levin was backing surprising play of his cable chief, Collins, who wanted to broadcast new networks. Everyone, it seem would be happy. Murdoch would

In the interest of full disclosure it should be noted that Bryan Burrough is an author under contract to HarperCollins, the publishing company owned by Rupert Murdoch, and Kim Masters is a contributing editor at *Time* magazine, which is owned by Time Warner.

splashy Manhattan debut, MSNBC uld extend its national reach, and ne Warner would get a healthy in- tion of badly needed cash.

The only potential hang-up was Tur-, who aides say had been exclud- from the negotiations on the advice Time Warner's anti-trust attor- s, who were worried about alien- ng Federal Trade Commission ulators in Washington. A few days ore the Labor Day weekend, Levin led Turner in Atlanta. According an executive with direct knowl- ge of the conversation, Levin med excited. "Jerry was like 'Oh God, isn't this a great deal? We get all this money,'" says this cutive. But if Levin expected Tur- to share his excitement, he was appointed. Turner was dumb- nded. Not only were Fox and NBC taking dead aim at CNN, pointed out, they were handing over cious channels which Turner hoped fill with several of his own new works. "Ted was railing at him," executive recalls. "He's basically ing, 'It's crazy, you don't want to ry both. You're not taking the long- m view.' . . . He's not swearing, he can't help himself. [He tells vin], 'It's going to hurt the long- m value of CNN.' Plus it would ay the rollout of Turner Classic vies and delay the Cartoon Net- rk. All while you shoot CNN in figurative dick. Jerry says, 'Gee, d, I don't agree with you.' But y kept negotiating and eventually agreed Ted was right."

Levin was then faced with a tough oice: Fox or MSNBC—a choice t forced him to extricate himself m the dangerous corner he had nted himself into. Expecting to take h services, Levin had allowed both rdoch and MSNBC to believe y already had deals with Time War-. So, whatever Levin did, some- was going to be very, very angry: rner, Bill Gates and NBC owner neral Electric's chairman Jack lch, or Rupert Murdoch—or, worse, of the above. In the end, after a tured analysis, it was Murdoch ne who got the bad news, and on t rainy evening in mid-September, vin broke it to him in person.

The next morning Murdoch declared r.

No matter which kind of box delivers the information superhighway to homes in the next century—a television, a personal computer, a network computer, a cable box, some kind of set-top hybrid—a cornerstone of its foundation will be news. News you can use, news at your fingertips, news you can call up at midnight or noon. And in every corner of every major media conglomerate, telephone company, and computer outfit, every C.E.O. knows it. And wants to own it. Ted Turner. Rupert Murdoch. Michael Eisner. Bill Gates. Jack Welch. Sumner Redstone. John Malone. Jerry Levin. Mike Bloomberg. Each has thrown his chips behind an entrant in the race to field an all-news outlet that will blossom and endure into the 21st century.

Until the last few months, of course, the field was owned by CNN, the bland home of stern, robotic anchors whose chronically low ratings spike up only at times of international crisis. Even inside Turner Broadcasting, there have been rumblings about CNN's never fulfilling its promise. Long mocked as the "Chicken Noodle Network," it was the brainchild of a man who once enlivened news coverage by putting a dog with peanut butter in its mouth on-camera while the stories were read offscreen. The network, which was started in 1980, got its break when Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait in 1990. Ratings soared. But in the wake of the Gulf War, CNN "has never gone to the second stage of the rocket," admits one Turner insider. What talent it has discovered—Catherine Crier, Hannah Storm—it has largely failed to retain. Never was its vulnerability more apparent than last summer after the crash of TWA Flight 800 in the Atlantic Ocean off Long Island. MSNBC, barely two days old, beat CNN with the news by eight minutes and had a helicopter on the scene with the first live pictures of the wreckage. CNN's coverage was ultimately more comprehensive, but the point had been made.

The three major networks, faced with high news costs and flagging ratings on evening shows, have pondered ways to field a competitor to CNN for years. Roone Arledge got a joint ABC-Westinghouse news channel up and running in the early 1980s, but gave up in the face of steep losses and sold it to Turner in 1983. In the mid-1980s, NBC was on the verge of launching a cable news channel when Turner called in a favor from John Malone, the nation's most powerful cable magnate, who blocked NBC's plans by refusing to carry the new service. Other plans routinely died on the drawing board, unable to get by the daunting combination of massive start-up costs and meager ratings.

In 1995 the wolves again approached Turner's door. This time, ironically, it was not a newsman but a computer visionary who set the race in motion. Out in Redmond, Washington, Bill Gates realized the importance of news early on. In May 1995, Gates invited Turner to Seattle to discuss a [illegible] nership. What Gates wanted [illegible] a source for filmed news which he could place on the Microsoft Network or the Internet for subscribers to down-

"What the hell happened?" Jerry Levin asked. "Rupert called and he went crazy on me."

Air Supremacy

Everyone from Bill Gates to Donna Hanover has a stake in the Murdoch-Turner battle

TIME WARNER

TED TURNER and his wife, JANE FONDA, have joined C.E.O. GERALD LEVIN as mo sluggers in the T.W. arena since Turner Broadcasting's Cable News Netw became part of the world's largest media conglomerate—which also inclu the New York City Cable Group (1.1 million subscribers). The current b began when Levin informed Turner that the cable group planned to broad two CNN competitors: MSNBC and Fox News, Murdoch's $100 million ture. Ultimately, despite T.W. Cable chief JOE COLLINS'S desire to carry both n networks, Levin—counseled by T.W. vice president FRED DRESSLER—exiled Fox fr T.W. Cable. Turner was placated, but Murdoch, who had thought he had agreement, was not. As the conflict intensified, T.W. president RICHARD PARSO Rudolph Giuliani's former law partner, saw his loyalty to the mayor tested.

TED TURNER

GERALD LEVIN

RICHARD PARSONS

JANE FONDA

FRED DRESSLER

JOE COLLIN

ABC

In late May, ABC jettisoned the network's news channel (code-named "Fred"), which was being developed by ROONE ARLEDGE, news-division chief. This occurred *after* ABC president ROBERT IGER had—in an effort to beat MSNBC's debut—announced Fred's arrival (without securing distribution). Some chalked it all up to Disney pragmatism or, more specifically, MICHAEL EISNER'S fiscal caution. But Iger did not disagree. And ABC returned to its corner.

ROBERT IGER

MICHAEL EISNER

ROONE ARLEDGE

MSNBC

This cable news venture represents a partnership between Microsoft's BILL GATES America's richest entrepreneur, and the NBC network. (Both had tried to mak cable deals with Turner before he came to terms with T.W.) The new cable enterprise along with NBC C.E.O. ROBERT WRIGHT and network news president ANDREW LAC received some encouragement when ABC dropped its plans for a similar cabl operation. And despite the reservations of Time Warner's Fred Dressler, MSNB and its chief negotiator, DAVID ZASLAV, won the right to air on T.W. Cable.

ROBERT WRIGHT

BILL GATES

ANDREW LACK

DAVID ZASLAV

load at their leisure. Ostensibly, Turner sought Microsoft's expertise in crafting the first major interactive news network. In fact, what Turner really wanted was cash—enough to buy the television network he had been salivating over for years, CBS. During a lunch of cold salmon at Gates's mammoth dream house on the shores of Lake Washington, the two men banged out a deal in which Gates would pay $1 billion for stock in Turner Broadcasting, free access to CNN, and half of any revenues the two generated from interactive news.

The deal was dead by Labor Day after one of Turner's top executives told him, "You're about to sell the future of CNN—for $1 billion." Turner thought a moment and agreed. "You're right," he said. "That's a bad deal."

The Microsoft talks hadn't kept Turner from meeting with an array of other potential merger partners, including Jerry Levin of Time Warner and G.E.'s Jack Welch, who controls NBC. The talks with Welch nearly led to a merger, until Turner realized, after a January 1995 meeting at Atlanta's Ritz Carlton hotel, that Welch had no intention of allowing him any meaningful continuing involvement CNN. "It went really far," says executive involved in the talks. " Jack Welch doesn't like Ted and dis him. They flew to Atlanta [and] m a very insulting business propositi They were trying to extinguish h Ted looks at them, laughs, and s 'Sorry,' and walks out." (An NBC spo person declined comment.)

But in these myriad merger t lay the stirrings of the first real c lenges to CNN. When his talks w Turner fell through, Gates called We

NEWS CORPORATION

RUPERT MURDOCH, News Corporation's heavyweight, got word that Time Warner Cable would not be featuring his new and ultra-expensive Fox News network (headed by former political consultant ROGER AILES and his broadcasting chief, CHASE CAREY) when T.W.'s Jerry Levin walked across Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas in the rain to break the news. Murdoch "thought he had been lied to," says Ailes, who received one of the highly emotional calls made by Murdoch that very night and who replied, "If these guys want to go to war, let's go to war."

RUPERT MURDOCH

ROGER AILES

CHASE CAREY

NEW YORK

After Levin announced that T.W. Cable would not air Fox News in the vital New York City area, Murdoch called fellow Republicans for help. Senator ALFONSE D'AMATO, Governor GEORGE PATAKI, New York State attorney general DENNIS VACCO, and New York City mayor RUDOLPH GIULIANI (whom Fonda accused Murdoch of co-opting by hiring his wife, DONNA HANOVER) attended a lavish party for the fledgling network. But so far Deputy Mayor FRAN REITER has not swayed the court, which ruled in favor of T.W. in early November.

RUDOLPH GIULIANI

DONNA HANOVER

GEORGE PATAKI

ALFONSE D'AMATO

FRAN REITER

DENNIS VACCO

TCI

JOHN MALONE

JOHN MALONE'S company TCI is America's No. 1 cable system, with 14 million subscribers in 49 states. He is, without doubt, the world's most powerful cable magnate. Besides helping Fox News achieve viability (he furnished the network with a base of 10 million subscribers), he was Turner Broadcasting's largest shareholder and has become the second-largest holder of Time Warner stock.

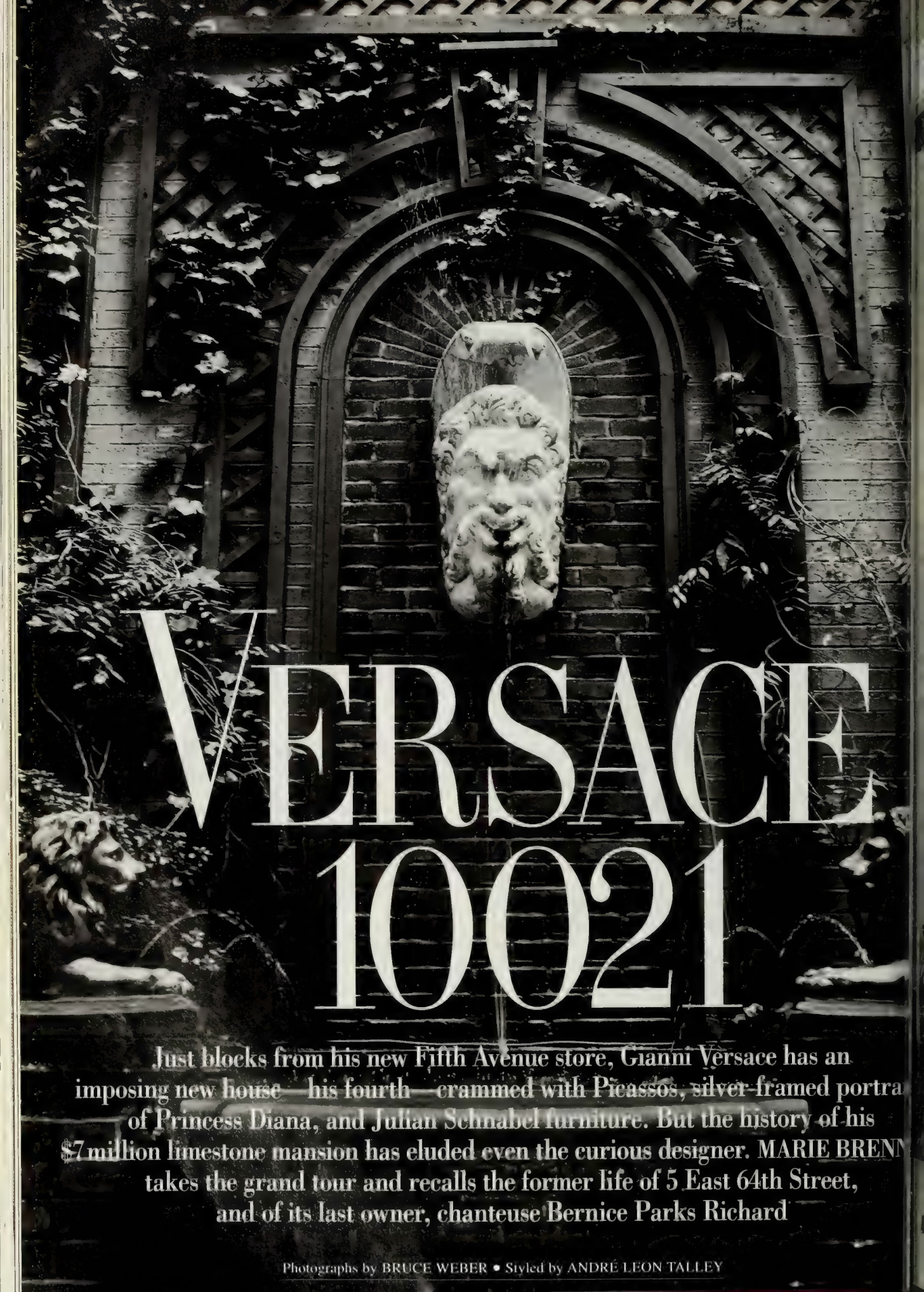
inquire about a partnership with C. In October, Tom Brokaw debed NBC's vision for a new cable work to Gates via speakerphone n Washington, and both sides reed that whatever network they cred could also be accessed via the ernet. MSNBC was born. The deal especially sweet for NBC. In rein for commitments from Brokaw other anchors to appear on the channel, Gates bankrolled nearly rything. Microsoft paid $220 miln, a sum that virtually covered C's entire $250 million investnt in MSNBC. Best of all, NBC already lined up cable operators broadcast its lackluster America's king cable network to more than million homes; a simple switchover MSNBC all but eliminated the major hurdle faced by every new cable network, prying its way onto systems with no room for new channels.

"Gates made this happen for us," says Andrew Lack, the president of NBC News. "Without him, I'd still be talking about a 24-hours news service [instead of broadcasting one]."

Just as NBC was set to announce its new network in December 1995, ABC's Bob Iger launched a pre-emptive strike. Hearing NBC's footsteps, Iger and news-division chief Roone Arledge had secured approval for ABC News's own cable network from Michael Eisner, the Disney chief, who had just taken control of ABC that summer.

On December 5, as rumors of MSNBC's debut swirled, Iger and Arledge struck first, announcing the formation of a network, tentatively called 24 Hours (but code-named "Fred" inside the network), at a Manhattan news conference. The ABC execs, notably short on details, brushed off reporters' questions about how they planned to persuade cable operators to carry the new network. "I thought we could just put this great brand name out there and people would come," Iger admits today. "Looking back, it was an incredibly arrogant position for me to take."

Over at NBC, Andy Lack seethed. "I could tell what they were doing," the affable NBC News chief says. "I felt like I was sitting in a fancy restaurant and someone just spilled the pea soup on me. It did strategically take some of the bloom off the rose that they knew was just about to flower. But I also knew, when I saw the press conference, *(Continued on page 126)*



VERSACE 10021

Just blocks from his new Fifth Avenue store, Gianni Versace has an imposing new house—his fourth—crammed with Picassos, silver-framed portra of Princess Diana, and Julian Schnabel furniture. But the history of his $7 million limestone mansion has eluded even the curious designer. MARIE BRENN takes the grand tour and recalls the former life of 5 East 64th Street, and of its last owner, chanteuse Bernice Parks Richard

Photographs by BRUCE WEBER • Styled by ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

HOUSE AND GARDEN

In the main entrance hall, Roy Lichtenstein's *Blue Nude,* flanked by Russian crystal sconces, hangs above a French console banked with glassworks from the factories of Seguso, Venini, and Barovier and Toso in Murano, Italy. *Opposite,* the north wall of the terrace garden with a trellis, designed by Versace.

FIT FOR DIVAS

Clockwise from above: Picasso drawings and watercolors adorn the wall over a neoclassical console; Picasso's *Claude* hangs in the Elton John guest suite; an 1834 silver centerpiece designed by Scheggi for the Vatican; Bernice Parks in the late 40s; Elton John's T. Anthony luggage and shoes arrive for his seven-day visit; the front entrance; Helen Menken in 1950.

NI COME LATELY

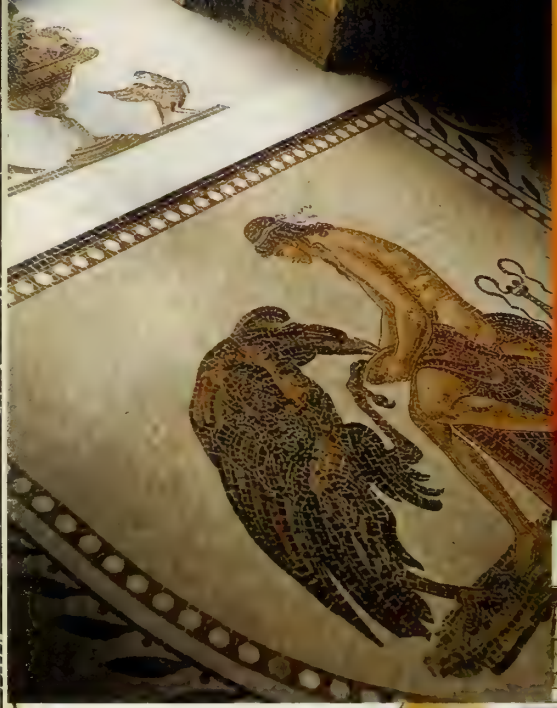
wise from right:
i and his nephew
l in Donatella's
in front of a Picasso
it of the painter's
ter Paloma;
portrait of Versace
ian Schnabel
second floor; Elton
packed up by
ella and, from left,
io D'Amico
signer of Versace
), filmmaker
Furnish, Paul Beck
tella's husband),
Versace, and Gianni;
so's *Maternité*
ange in the
tairs living room.

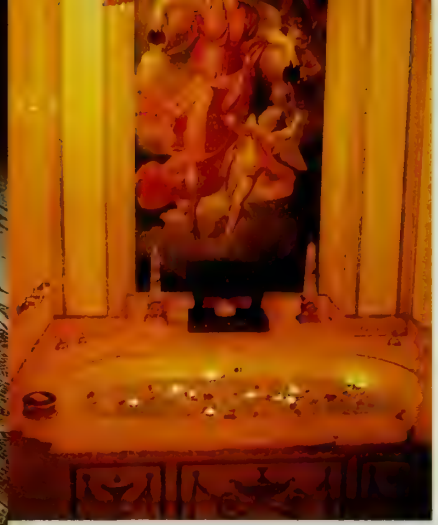
THROUGHOUT, HAIR BY CARLOS MERLO; MAKEUP BY FRANÇOIS NARS. LEFT: BOTTOM LEFT, BY FRAZIER JELKE. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

The gray limestone mansion at 5 East 64th Street has long been a house of secrets, a mystery to the neighborhood. Built in 1950, it is an 11,000-square-foot modern house intended to resemble a small fortress in a block of 19th-century brownstones. When the designer Gianni Versace began extensive renovations of his imposing new residence in New York, he discovered clues to its hidden history. The exterior walls were unusually thick—two and a half feet of reinforced concrete. Making structural changes became a New York nightmare for the architects; they had to have walls chiseled by hand, which wreaked havoc with their construction schedule. In fact, Versace had purchased a palimpsest of architectural obsessions and sensibilities: one eccentric redheaded diva had closely followed another as mistress of the house.

Designed originally for the redoubtable dramatic actress Helen Menken, a founder of the American Shakespeare Festival, 5 East 64th Street was built at the height of the Cold War to alleviate her fear of a Communist revolution. The original windows were small, heavily draped, rather like gun holes. Inside, the house was decorated exclusively in black and white—even the volumes in her Shakespeare collection carried out the chiaroscuro theme. The walls were repainted every two years, always in the same sterile white. Until her death in 1966, Helen Menken had a crippling fear of germs.

"I like to know the history of each house I buy," Gianni Versace tells me the day I go to see him, but he has been unable to learn much about the previous tenants. Moving in, he discovered odd bits of former possessions of Bernice Parks Richard, the successor of Helen Menken. Parks, a child ballerina, became a nightclub chanteuse who performed with Duke Ellington. She had an 18-inch waist, Titian hair, and huge brown eyes, and was known in the 1940s as "the Fashion Plate of Song." Intellectually cu-





INSTANTE KARMA

Clockwise from top left: **the mosaic floor Versace installed in the downstairs living room; *Allegory of the Rain* soars over Donatella's bathtub, in which votive candles float; Capodimonte cups depicting the Bonaparte family and a Sèvres dessert service; Donatella's daughter, Allegra, tries on her mother's clothes; the third-floor hall has a Jean-Michel Basquiat painting and an ebonized torchère.**

rious, she was also a perfectionist a a snob. Until her death in 1990, Park obsession was to create the ultima Italian palazzo in the Upper Ea Side Zip Code of 10021; she spent years surrounded by construction cre in an attempt to realize her vision. the end of her life, she consider taking out the electrical wiring and luminating the house with torch Gianni Versace discovered Berni Parks's Ferragamo shoes and rare 18 century French books in her libra but the story of the owners elud him, as if he had been gazing at Vermeer portrait and had to imagi the life of the subject from the da objects contained within.

This morning there is an mosphere of urgency at East 64th Street. The wor of Gianni Versace is o of pure money and fl abdomens, telephone ca with Princess Diana and well-oiled publicity m chine, but even his es mated fortune of $900 million cann shield him from the reality of what takes to complete a house in Ne York City. The private garage—one the first in Manhattan—which once sh tered Helen Menken's Bentley, and w soon house Versace's black Merced sedan, has been turned into a stat of-the-art electronic command cent with blinking computer screens to mo itor the progress in the house. A sw of Italian craftsmen congregate ne by. Scaffolding goes halfway up the fiv story façade. A gaggle of New Yo tourists gawk and then move on. As arrive, the photographer Richard A don is leaving, trying to avoid t piles of rubble on the sidewalk. "It getting better every day!" he says che ily as he disappears into his car, hea ing for Madison Avenue. Avedon a Versace are collaborating on a bo about Versace's 20 years in fashio Avedon has shot the buffed Versa models in their siren clothes since t beginning of the designer's career.

In the foyer, a Jean-Michel Basqu canvas titled *In the Cipher* is wrapp in plastic and propped by the fro door. Versace's sister, Donatella, w designs the Versus line, stands on t gray marble floor of the entran hall. "My God! My God! I spoke w

"First comes my black period, then my gray period, then my black—now it is the brown!"

CELESTIAL SPACE

The Elton John [illegible] wall [illegible] a gold-leafed and oil-painted [illegible], both by Julian Schnabel. The matched tables are Empire; the painted ceiling is from Italy.

STAG PARTY

Detail of a plate portrait by Julian Schnabel of Gianni Versace, which is in Gianni's dressing room off the penthouse bedroom. *Opposite*, the formal dining room is dominated by Frank Moore's *Wildlife Management Area*, which hangs over a Neapolitan giltwood sofa made about 1800.

"This is the house that represents my work, my heart," Versace says of his new residence.

COMIC RELIEF

Clockwise from above: Uncle Elton reads a comic to Gianni's nephews, Antonio and Daniel; running shoes line a 19th-century Russian canapé under Picasso's *Nus sur la Plage;* Donatella and Allegra dress up; detail of a painting by Philip Taaffe in the library.

donna last night, and she is not ing good! I am off to try to find a present." (Baby Lourdes would ve four days later.) Donatella wears leek black Versace shift, and her e arms move dramatically, as thin wands. She peers at me through penetrable black shades, then whips urquoise cashmere-and-marabou digan around her tiny shoulders. oph! I am so busy today." She ds for the door, then stops. Be- d her is a bold Roy Lichtenstein trait of a blonde, *Blue Nude.* As it pens, Donatella's pineapple-yellow r is the exact shade of that of the re in the painting. The effect is zying, as if real life and art had bled back on each other like a bius strip—very much what it must ike to live in the new Versace house.

Versace is dressed for the season. He wears a brown cashmere sweater, brown Versace trousers, and brown suede Versace loafers the shade of a Hershey Bar. "First comes my black period, then my gray period, then my ck—now it is the brown!" he says. ow many brown sweaters do you ?" I ask him. "Ten—all the same." d black? "Thirty." There is a pause. buy all Versace V-necks, exactly same."

Gianni Versace seems to have every- g in multiples: there are many Pi- sos, purchased "from the family, a gallery," de Chirico sculptures the niches, 165 boutiques, nine hing lines, 23 Instante stores. In bedroom, there are clusters of sil- frames on tables, including portraits Princess Diana with her boys. "I re her. We speak every week," he s. As a child, he used to spy on his ther's atelier of seamstresses in abria, and he designed his first dress, ne-shoulder black velvet gown for opera premiere, at age nine. When was a teenager, his mother had pick all of the fabrics and but- s for her clients' clothes, and that ikely beginning brought him ulti- tely to his $7 million house on st 64th Street. Versace has never ered to the theory of quiet money: screams. Versace owns salvers from Vatican and beds designed by Ju-

MASTER TOUCH

Picasso's oil painting *Fillette au Bateau* hangs in the main living room.

There are many Picassos, purchased "from the family, not a gallery."

It is Versace's intention to have an "American house," although his Americana is not a split-level trimmed in faded chintz.

ROYAL SUITE

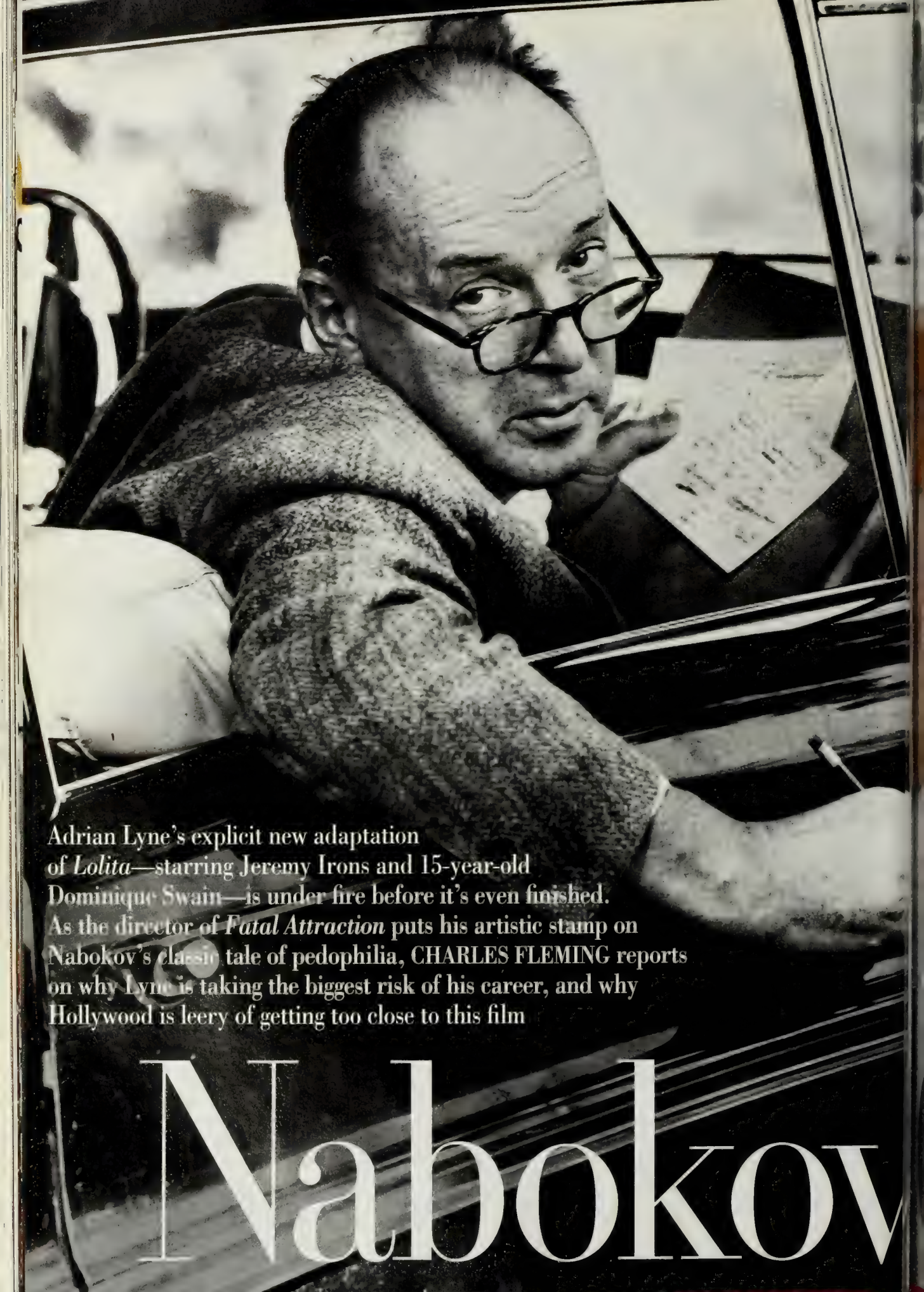
In the penthouse bedroom, Gianni Versace's steel bed, designed by Julian Schnabel, is brushed with gold. On the wall is *Amoco*, by Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat. The design of the inlaid marble floor was inspired by a print from Versace's 1996 winter collection.

lian Schnabel. For that matter, he tells me, he has put Schnabel to work designing a table and a bench as a present for his close friend Elton John.

It is Versace's intention to live in the 16-room, 9-bathroom house with his entire family—his friend, Antonio D'Amico; his sister, Donatella, her husband, Paul Beck, and their two children; and his brother, Santos, the C.E.O. of the company. As in all families, there are certain internal strains. Donatella needs more closet space. She wants to move from her third-floor mauve aerie with its lozenge sofas and 18th-century bed to Gianni's bedroom. Perhaps he will have to move to the fifth floor, which is still under construction; Versace is adding two floors and a roof garden with a gazebo to the three-story mansion. At the same time, he is getting ready to open his 25,000-square-foot store on Fifth Avenue in a landmark building that once belonged to the Vanderbilts. The houseman hovers, the assistant hovers, the P.R. woman hovers. At an antique desk near the rare-book collection, a harried secretary speaking Italian works the phones. Like anyone else who has ever attempted to renovate in New York, Versace has finally had to move in with the construction workers. "The house takes time, takes time! Nothing is right yet! It is all in progress! It is not like you are just shopping for furniture! You must discuss with artists, the art dealer! Sometimes an artist works so fast, and sometimes it takes two years!"

Gianni Versace is an amiable smoothy with a light touch and a corona of gray hair. "I am all yours," he says by way of a greeting. He is well practiced at interviews and frequently tells reporters that he is "half royalty and half rock 'n' roll." He is not averse to comparing himself to Louis XVI, but the last two years have not been his most serene. *The Independent on Sunday* in London published a story suggesting that his fortune was partly due to Mafia connections. Versace sued, and received a settlement of $150,000 and a public apology. He is also recovering from a rare cancer of the inner ear. "I see this house as a refuge," he tells me.

Well, not *(Continued on page 120)*



Adrian Lyne's explicit new adaptation of *Lolita*—starring Jeremy Irons and 15-year-old Dominique Swain—is under fire before it's even finished. As the director of *Fatal Attraction* puts his artistic stamp on Nabokov's classic tale of pedophilia, CHARLES FLEMING reports on why Lyne is taking the biggest risk of his career, and why Hollywood is leery of getting too close to this film

Nabokov

LIGHT OF MY LIFE

Dominique Swain on the set of *Lolita* in Wilmington, North Carolina. The Malibu High School student sent in a videotape audition to director Adrian Lyne when her mother was out of town. *Opposite:* Vladimir Nabokov, here at Cornell University, 1958, wrote a screenplay from his novel for director Stanley Kubrick, but little of it was actually used. The writer's son, Dmitri, is unofficial consultant for Lyne's new movie.

Cocktail

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

It is a moment Vladimir Nabokov might have relished, had it not involved his masterpiece: Against a wall in a temporary screening room in rural Louisiana flickers raw footage from Adrian Lyne's newly filmed version of Nabokov's controversial 1955 novel, *Lolita,* about a middle-aged man in love with a 12-year-old "nymphet"—the term coined in the novel by Nabokov's pedophile antihero, Humbert Humbert, to denote girls "between the age limits of 9 and 14" who possess "certain mysterious characteristics, the fey grace, the elusive, shifty, soul-shattering, insidious charm." The rough-cut assemblage, after introducing Humbert Humbert, played by Jeremy Irons, and his child enchantress, climaxes in the bedroom. There, Lolita is seated on Humbert's reclining form, facing away from him, wearing only a pajama top. She is reading the funny papers, biting her lip, and giggling. It gradually becomes evident that she is also making love. Humbert, pinned like a butterfly beneath her, writhes in mute ecstasy. Soon Lolita has dropped the comics and her pajama top. Her hair and forehead are beaded with sweat. Her budding breasts, bare belly, and shoulders heave and glisten. Lyne's voice, off-camera, says, "Brilliant. Move your ass more. Fuck, it's good. It's beautiful. Arch your back a bit, darling. Fucking great."

The 12-year-old nymphet is played by a 15-year-old neophyte named Dominique Swain. The breasts and bare belly are played by Swain's 19-year-old body double. At the time of this screening (November 1995) Lyne was midway through filming *Lolita,* and had brought visitors to see a sample of his work.

Among them is Nabokov's only progeny, Dmitri. Having arranged with the late Swifty Lazar in 1990 to sell the movie rights to his father's novel to Carolco Pictures International for $1 million, he is acting as unofficial consultant to ensure the artistic integrity of this new cinematic adaptation. (More than 30 years earlier Lazar had sold the film rights of *Lolita* to Stanley Kubrick for $150,000 for the original movie version of 1962.) Now 62 years old, Dmitri sits at the back of the room, a huge, craggy figure who possesses a marked resemblance to his late father. He clutches a Diet Pepsi, and the look on his ashen face suggests he believes his father is soon going to rise from the grave and come for him. "Oh boy," he says when it's over, and leaves the room in a hurry. On the drive back to the set, he is completely silent. His traveling companions attempt to reassure him. "Editorially, the tough call will be what *not* to include," says producer Joel Michaels (*Cutthroat Island, Stargate*). "That's as explicit as it gets," says screenwriter Stephen Schiff. Asked a half-hour later what he thought of the footage, Dmitri can still say only, "Oh boy."

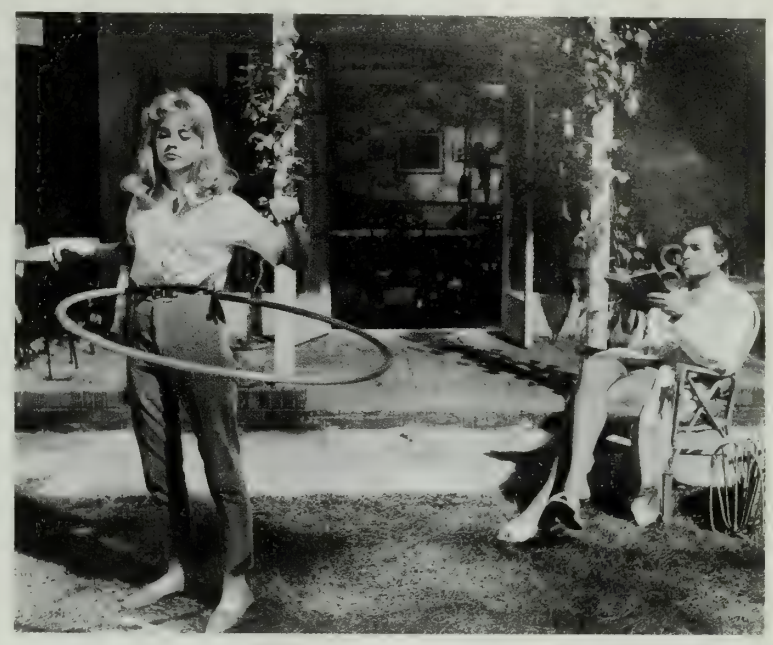
Critics and moviegoers may react similarly. Having gotten through the routine nightmare of making an ambitious period drama (the period being America circa 1950), director Lyne now has to face the less routine nightmare of defending it. Well over a year—and a $45 million budget—in the making, sight unseen, in a political climate that has made Hollywood the target of renewed criticism for alleged moral depravity, *Lolita* is already controversial. The m was paid for by the French industrial group Charge when Lyne finishes editing and scoring the film this mo he will begin showing it to distributors. Few seem tc rushing forward for the privilege of handling it. " wouldn't touch it," says a former studio head. "First of you're remaking a classic film, directed by Stanley Kub one of our most revered filmmakers, which means the ics will kill you. And without the critics on your side have no defense against the charge that it's kiddie p Adrian told me that he intended to be absolutely fait to the novel. For Christ's sake, it's a 12-year-old girl!"

Lyne himself, hard at work on a damp, cold Louis afternoon, cackles merrily in anticipation. Crinkling bright-blue eyes and ruined-rock-star face into a smile pushes a strand of mouse-brown hair from his foreh and says, "It's such a bloody marvelous book that, matter what you do, you're fucked. You are doome failure. So why not have a go?"

Stephen Schiff, who is making his debut screenwriter with the film, recognizes Lyne is not automatically the first director thinks of in connection with remaking a sic film based on a literary masterpiece. not Martin Scorsese. He's not Robert Altr He's not even, some would argue, a par larly good director. His work consists of such unaba entertainments as *Flashdance* and *Fatal Attraction*—large, movies with too much moody lighting and too much so track. Says *Lolita* production designer Jon Hutman (*Show, Nell*), "[When I first heard about the projec thought, Adrian Lyne and *Lolita*? I thought he'd do it temporary, and it would be this disgusting story of this gusting pervert." Schiff wrinkles his handsome, pugil face and says rather defensively, "I've always though was better than the pictures he was making."

And yet Lyne is not an entirely illogical choice. Hi terest in the destructive power of sexual obsession is almost an obsession. After working for several years director of television commercials in his native Engl Lyne burst onto the American movie scene in 1983 *Flashdance.* It featured Jennifer Beals—welder by day, ic dancer by night—scantily outfitted as a male fantas torn sweats. Dispatched by the critics as little more th full-length rock video—film historian Leonard Maltin ca "the stupidest story this side of Busby Berkeley"—it ea $95 million in domestic ticket sales. Lyne followed box-office sensation in 1986 with a graphic S&M love ry, *9½ Weeks,* starring Kim Basinger and Mickey Ro The film was a *succès de scandale* but grossed only a try $5.9 million. The following year Lyne had another at the box office, if not with critics—with the torrid *Attraction,* for which he received an Academy Award ination for best director. (The academy, keeping its gave the Oscar to Bernardo Bertolucci for *The Last peror.*) *Fatal Attraction* grossed $157 million in North A ican movie theaters, and made Lyne officially "banka a term which, in Hollywood, refers to a movie star o

Below: Lolita (Sue Lyon) sets Humbert Humbert's (James Mason) head spinning in Stanley Kubrick's 1962 version. Kubrick later said he might never have made the movie had he known how tough the censors would be. *Bottom:* Adrian Lyne directing Demi Moore in *Indecent Proposal,* early 1990s.



or who can all but guarantee a film's success. Next, in), Lyne confounded Hollywood by making the dark, sional *Jacob's Ladder,* with Tim Robbins and Danny lo, but by 1993 he again tapped into movie audiences' al fantasies with the phenomenally successful *Indecent osal,* in which Demi Moore struggles with the plex proposition of sleeping with Robert Red- for $1 million.

yne's films, aside from the failed *Jacob's Ladder,* seemed to be more about making money than art. *Lolita* to succeed, though, he must make both. is will show what an artist he can be," Schiff .

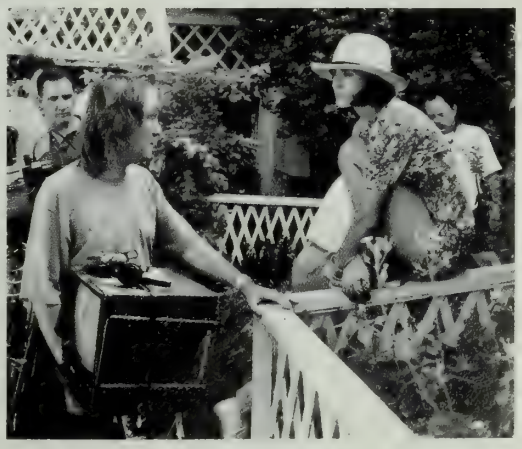
Lyne on the set is a curious mix of personal calm and directorial rage. He leans close to Dominique Swain (who rises from a chair that says "Lolita" on it, and hugs him) and whispers something in her ear that makes her trill laughter, then suddenly shouts, o one in particular, "Let's do it! Why this ag- ing wait? Let's do it."

ike all movie sets, this one is a whirl of chaot- nactivity. Scattered in and around a ruined

After Dmitri Nabokov views

raw footage, the look on his ashen face suggests he believes his father is going to rise from the grave.

ntry house near the hern-Louisiana town Hammond—an area so nomically depressed that Holiday Inn is the ritzi- place in town—are scads extras and 125 *Lolita* v members, hoisting mi- phones, changing lenses, ying supplies and vehi- building sets, igniting ke bombs to soften the t. A young man wan- in and out of camera ly waving a portable smoke machine as reverently as were a censer. Another's sole task appears to be hold- Swain's coat while she's filming, and then, as if cod- g a prizefighter, rushing forward to drape her when s not. (Melanie Griffith, who plays Lolita's mother, Char- Haze, run over by a car and killed early in the film, completed her scenes and is not on the set. Frank gella, who plays Humbert's nemesis and rival for Loli-



ta's love, Clare Quilty, is.) At this moment, Swain is joining Jeremy Irons outside the Enchanted Hunters, the darkly allegorical hotel of Nabokov's novel, in which Humbert and Lolita are first joined sexually. Spanish moss and fog hang in the trees. Extras playing black-clad clergymen, in town for a convention, mill about. Irons, a blond Humbert, rail-thin, wearing a dark-blue suit and carrying a dove-gray Stetson hat, paces and mutters to himself. His deep-set eyes and expression of general despair lend him a look of utter dissolution—very credibly, he is dying from sexual desire. Swain is bright and sunny, in pigtails and a brief outfit with a bare midriff. At 15, she is about the same age as Kubrick's Lolita, Sue Lyon, but she appears far younger—very credibly, in fact, the 12-year-old of the novel. (Lyon, on the other hand, was chosen because she looked 17 or 18—a crucial step in getting the Code Seal of the Motion Picture Association of America at the time.)

Lolita skips from Humbert's *(Continued on page 123)*

With the mysterious suicide of Amschel Rothschild in his marble bathroom at Paris's Bristol Hotel last summer, Europe's most prominent family lost the best hope of a new generation. Surveying the remaining Rothschild powers—from the flamboyant Jacob to the playboy Élie to the remote Evelyn—SALLY BEDELL SMITH discovers a dynasty in search of a leader

EMPIRE OF

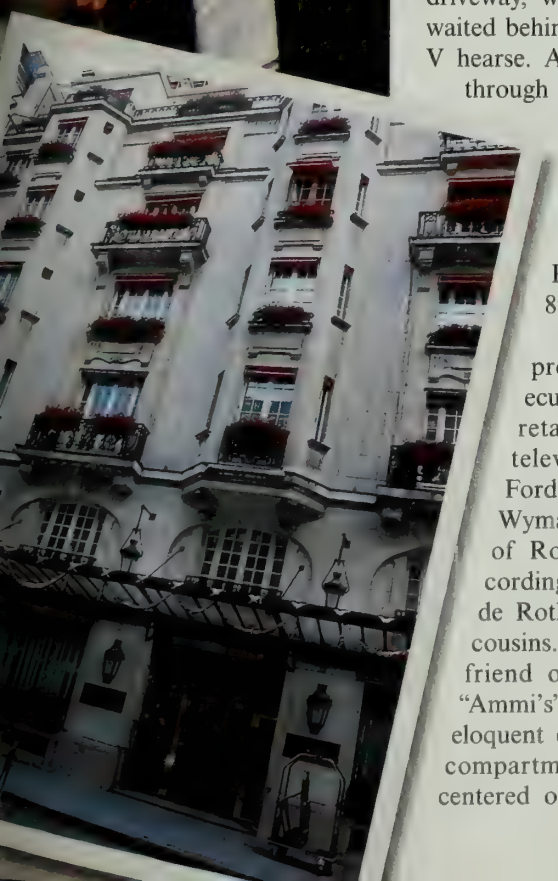
Among the Rothschilds gathered to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the birth of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the dynasty, in Frankfurt in 1994, were, from left: Jacob, head of the National Heritage Memorial Fund in London; his half-brother, the late Amschel, head of Rothschild Asset Management; Guy, former head of the now defunct Banque Rothschild in Paris; Edmond, the Geneva-based billionaire entrepreneur; and David, Guy's son, head of Rothschild et Cie in Paris.

THE SONS

"I don't think anyone knew Amschel particularly well," said a cousin. "You wouldn't want to play poker with him."

KA

At A
Rothschild's
in London la
center, his
Anita, with h
children,
Kate, an
Behind Anita is
Amsche
brother, wh
the
Serena I
second from
Rab
Neuber
extreme righ
the Bristol
Paris,
Amschel's



On a cool and cloudy morning last July, a crowd of mourners gathered in a modest red-brick prayer hall called the Lodge at the edge of the Liberal Jewish cemetery in Willesden, North London. Beneath the vaulted ceiling stood two pedestals supporting large baskets of lilacs, lilies, roses, delphiniums, and lavender. Between the floral arrangements rested an oak casket marked with a small engraved brass plaque. Only 100 people could be seated in the seven rows of wooden benches, so hundreds of others spilled out onto the asphalt driveway, where a line of limousines waited behind a Rolls-Royce Phantom V hearse. As the service was relayed through loudspeakers, each mourner held a pamphlet on ecru paper containing Psalms in English and Hebrew. Printed on the cover was "Amschel Mayor James Rothschild, 18th April 1955–8th July 1996."

Among the mourners were prominent bankers and executives, Treasury Chief Secretary William Waldegrave, television personality Anna Ford, former Rolling Stone Bill Wyman, and three generations of Rothschilds—34 in all, according to the count of Lionel de Rothschild, one of Amschel's cousins. Rabbi Julia Neuberger, a friend of the family's, sketched "Ammi's" character in a brief but eloquent eulogy. Although "he had compartments to his life," it was centered on his family and what it meant to be a Rothschild. "You were the focus of his life," Neuberger said to Amschel's widow, 38-year-old Anita, and his children: Kate, 13, Alice, 12, and James, 11.

He was a respected "City figure," Neuberger said, adding that he was a man of "immense loyalty," who "loved country life" and "was a most devoted friend." He was known, she said, for his "elegance, his charm . . . and his delight in complicated, and silly, jokes." He was devoted to Jewish causes and Israel through Hanadiv, the Rothschild-family foundation with $1 billion in charitable assets and more in real estate, and had a passion for history, auto racing, gardening, archaeology, and—in a touch of eccentricity so characteristic of his family—restoring old outhouses. Only once did she refer to the "appalling news" of Amschel's death the previous week, noting that his wife had borne the loss with dignity.

After more prayers, the casket was wheeled to a nearby grave. During the reading of the *Kaddish,* the Jewish prayer for the dead, Anita clutched the hand of one of her daughters and kept her composure. At the conclusion of the service, the rabbi invited family and friends to pay their respects by throwing soil on the casket after it had been lowered into the ground.

The leaders of Europe's most prominent family for almost two centuries filed past one by one: the two French patriarchs, 87-year-old Baron Guy de Rothschild and 79-year-old Baron Élie de Rothschild, and the two heads of the English branch, Jacob Rothschild, the 60-year-old fourth baron known as Lord Rothschild, and his cousin Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, 65. Slightly less senior were the three men who had taken over the Rothschild businesses in France from their elders: David, 54, Eric, 56, and Édouard, 39, who are all barons. The only important Rothschild missing was 70-year-old Edmond, a multibillionaire baron thought to be the richest of them all, who had not made the trip from his castle in Switzerland.

Along the path to the grave site were bouquets from friends and family to "dear Ammi." One, however, struck an oddly formal note. It was from Jean-Louis Souman, operations

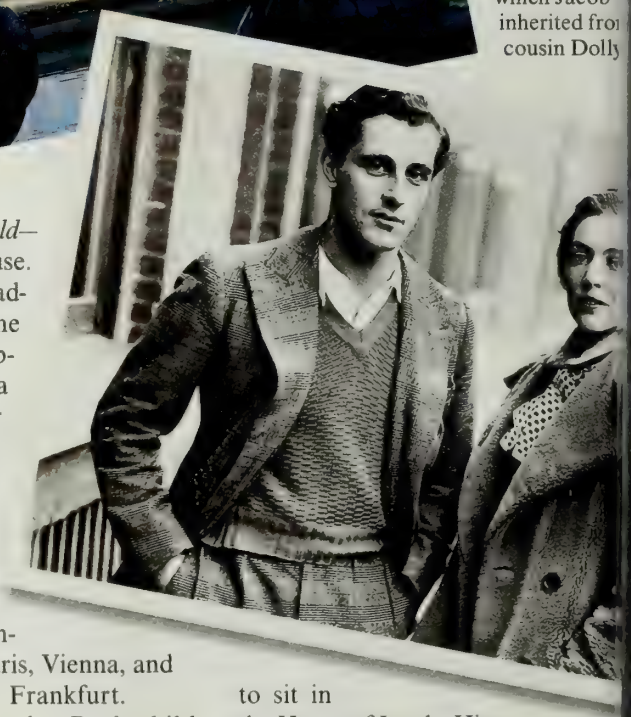
manager of the Bristol Hotel in Paris, who offered "sincere condolences and all our sympathy." It was an abrupt reminder of the mysterious circumstances of Amschel Rothschild's death in a marble bathroom at the luxurious Bristol. He had been found hanged from a towel rack by the seven-foot belt from a white terry-cloth robe monogrammed with the hotel's heraldic symbol.

At age 41, Amschel Rothschild had been carefully positioned as the next head of N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Ltd., the family's flagship bank in London, a 192-year-old institution steeped in tradition, the last significant private English merchant bank to be controlled by one family. He had been chosen at least in part because he was the only member of his generation—the sixth in the dynasty—willing and able to become the bank's steward on the retirement of Evelyn, the demanding and energetic controlling shareholder. Amschel's generation, said his aunt Miriam Rothschild, "is rather sparse, because they are all younger. Sometimes generations get out of gear." Or, as a former director of the bank succinctly put it a few weeks after the funeral, "They are now short a Rothschild. Know any good ones?" By creating a leadership vacuum, Amschel's passing provoked a crisis for the English branch of the Rothschild family, which also carried implications for their French cousins. The death, first described as a heart attack and then disclosed to be an apparent suicide, also opened up the notably secretive family to the kind of scrutiny it usually manages to avoid.

The Rothschilds are neither the oldest nor the richest of the prominent European families, but surely they carry the most magical name, one that conjures up power, influence, and enormous wealth. The founder of the dynasty, Mayer Amschel, grew up during the 18th century in the overcrowded Jewish ghetto of Frankfurt, Germany. His name had been adapted from a red shield—a *rotes Schild*—on the family's house. Starting out as a trader in coins and fine objects, he established himself as a trustworthy investor and custodian for the wealth of German princes. In the early 19th century his five sons fanned out to build financial empires in London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, as well as Frankfurt.

Over the years, the Rothschilds controlled vast fortunes, served as advisers and confidants to kings and prime ministers, financed Wellington's defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, engineered the British government's purchase of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal, developed railroads in Europe, underwrote diamond mines in South Africa, financed cotton exports from America to Europe before the Civil War, suffered persecution by the Nazis, and survived French president François Mitterrand's Socialist nationalization during the 1980s.

In reward for their services, the Rothschilds were made Austrian barons in 1822; the French branch had already added the aristocratic "de" to their name when the family was ennobled six years earlier. Their coat of arms showed a hand holding five arrows, representing Mayer's five sons. After much reluctance, Queen Victoria finally gave the family its first English barony in 1885, which made Nathaniel Rothschild the first Jew to sit in the House of Lords. His father, Lionel, had been the first his faith elected to Parliament.

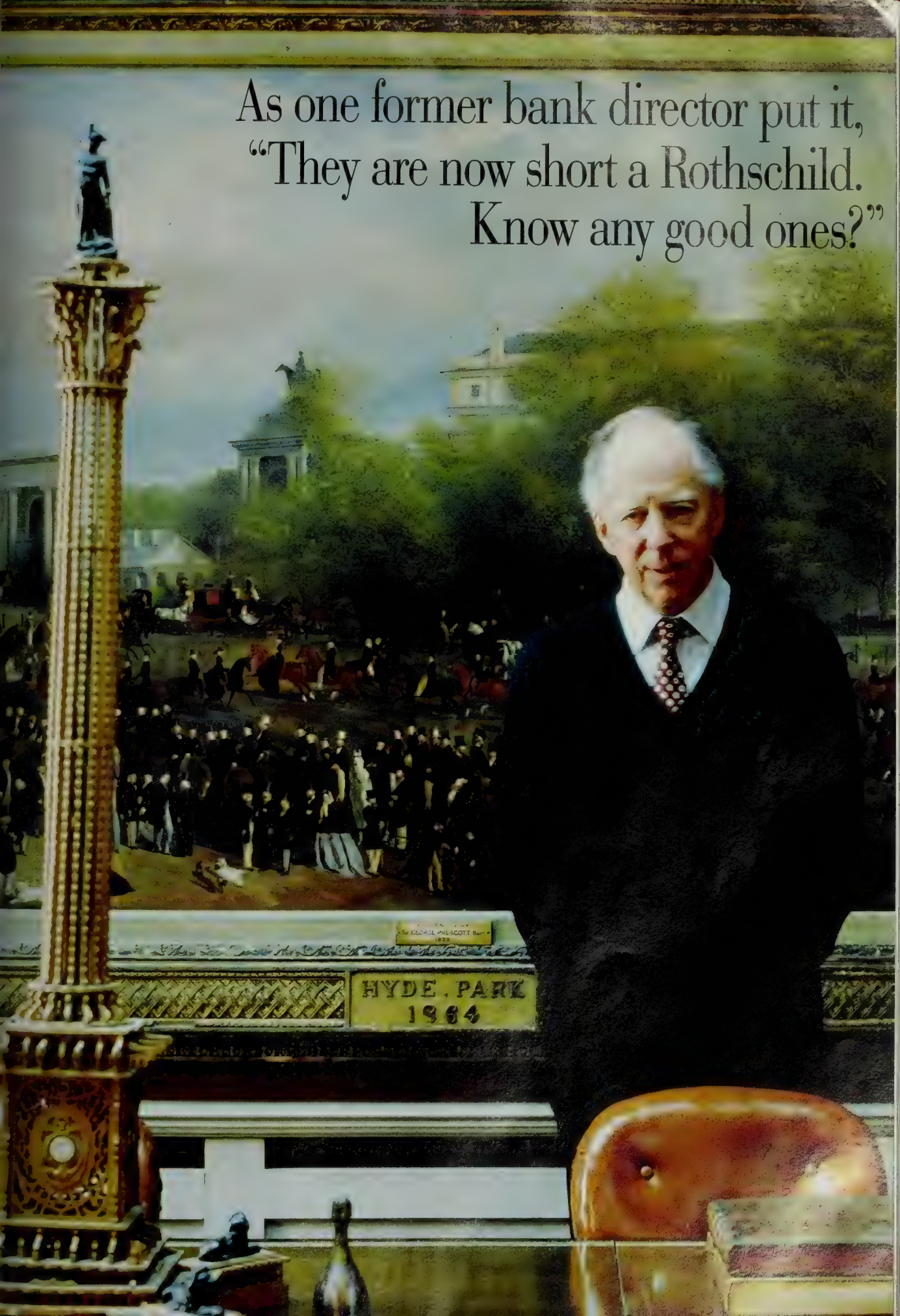


A FAMILY AFFAI

Jacob Rothschild, t late Amschel's half-brother, *right*, never the favorite of their father, Vi *below*, in 1933 with his first wif Barbara Hutchi Jacob's mother Waddesdon M in Buckinghar which Jacob inherited fro cousin Dolly

As their riches increa the Rothschilds l more than 60 elabo palaces throughout gland and the Conti Their mania for co ing great paintings priceless objects, a with their penchan over-the-top luxury, became know the "*style Rothschild.*" When Wilhe of Prussia first saw Ferrières, Jar palace in the French countryside exclaimed, "Kings couldn't afford It could belong only to a Rothsch At Henri's mansion at 33 Ru Faubourg St.-Honoré in Paris, the were "big enough to admit four ta raffes, walking abreast," wrote the Baron Philippe de Rothschild.

There is, fittingly enough, a b of African giraffe known as F schild, as well as several varieti Rothschild wine, including Lafite


As one former bank director put it,
"They are now short a Rothschild.
Know any good ones?"
HYDE PARK
1864

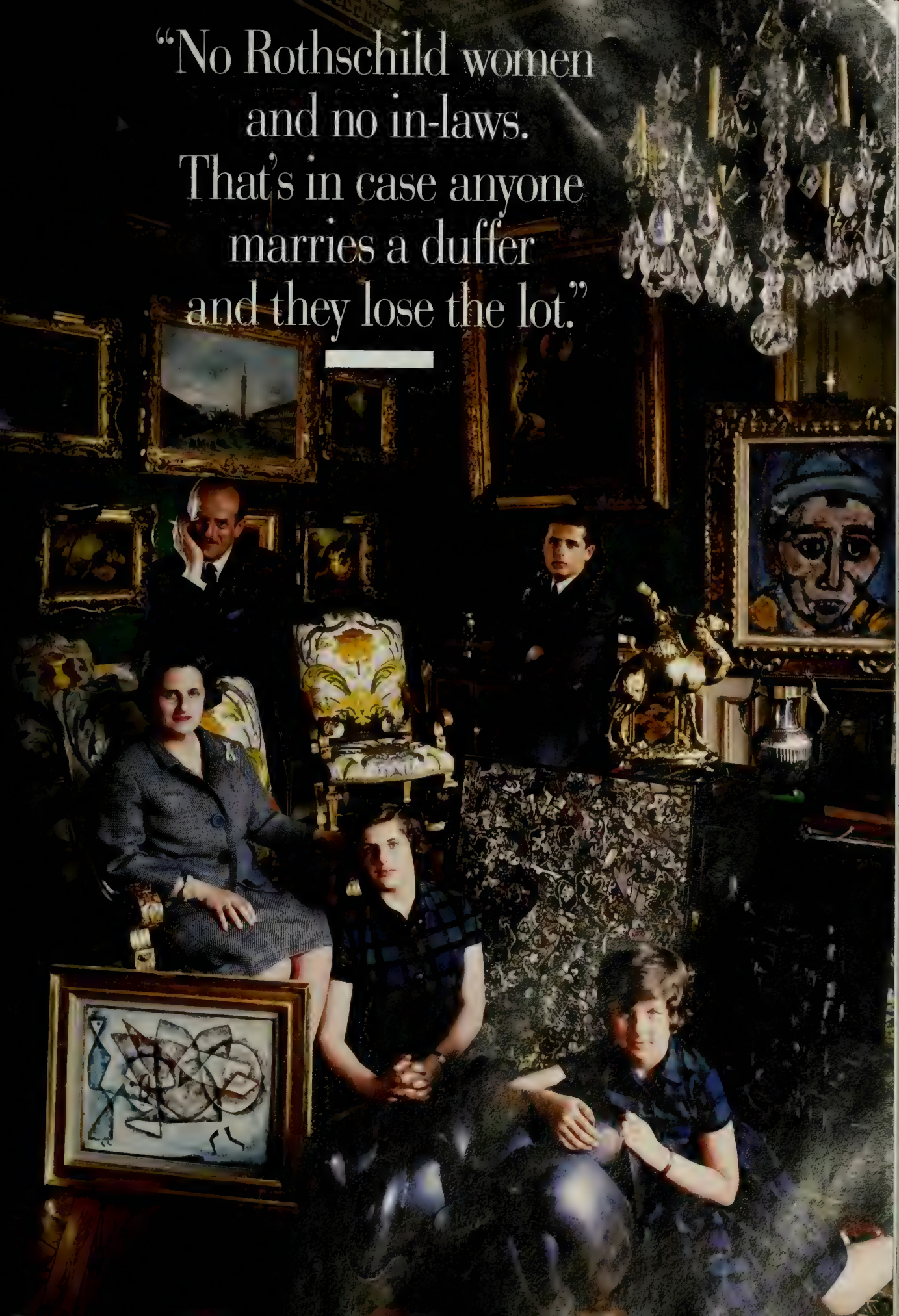
THE GRAND POOH-BAH

Sir Evelyn, who heads N. M. Rothschild in London, and his second wife, Victoria Schott, who is American, at a charity dinner in Warsaw, 1994. *Inset,* Ascott, in Buckinghamshire, one of Evelyn's four residences. *Opposite:* Élie de Rothschild with his wife, Liliane, and their daughters, Nelly and Gustava, and son, Nathaniel, in their 18th-century Paris residence, photographed by Arnold Newman in 1961. Artworks include a Rouault clown, a Guardi behind the baron, and, from left in the foreground, a Klee, a sculpture by Erich Müller, a Dubuffet, and a César.

Mouton, not to mention Rothschi hospitals, parks, museums, and hou ing projects representing the famil strong charitable impulse. Two movi have depicted the family's histor *The House of Rothschild,* produced Darryl Zanuck in 1934, in whi George Arliss played both Mayer A schel and his son Nathan, founder the British bank, and *Die Rothschil* a creepy, anti-Semitic production ma in Germany in 1940 by Nazi prop ganda minister Joseph Goebbels.

Numerous books ha chronicled the family, cluding memoirs by G and Philippe, who own Château Mouton. A tra lator of English poet Philippe wrote in pro detail about his scandal love life: "I was a trem dous success . . . leaping from bed bed like a mountain goat. . . . I v always convinced [my father] had w his spurs riding my grandmothe chambermaids. No, mine were cient titles, fashionable beauties, st of stage and screen, salon queens one mutinous lesbian, only one." memoir was published in 1984 in gland but never in France, where private lives of the wealthy are tected by strict laws.

Philippe's confession was a nota exception to the family's closely gua ed privacy. Yet the Rothschilds intensely conscious of their public age. In 1994, 90 family members g ered at the grave of Mayer Ams in Frankfurt to commemorate his 2 birthday and to launch an exhibi of Rothschild art and memorabili the Jewish Museum, formerly a R schild palace. Accompanying exhibition were an illustrated alogue and a 400-page book scholarly essays with such titles as "The Rothschilds Literature" and "Lord R schild and His Poor Brethr East European Jews in Lon 1880–1906." Even now, a sive authorized history of family is being written Niall Ferguson, a young ford don. Amschel had responsible for supervi the project, and only w before his death had



"No Rothschild women and no in-laws. That's in case anyone marries a duffer and they lose the lot."

with the author to offer a detailed critique and ideas for future chapters.

As other leading European families withered, the Rothschilds maintained a remarkable cohesion, even though offspring dispersed as far as California. The third and fourth generations intermarried extensively, but more crucial was a strict patrilineal structure set down by Mayer Amschel in his will. Only sons could own and run the family banks. While this consigned the Rothschild women to secondary status, it protected the family from interloping husbands. At the same time, the system carried a high cost: two of the family lines—in Naples and Frankfurt—virtually disappeared, and the family had to shut down those banks when there were no male heirs.

Still, the discipline of the family has ensured a remarkable vitality. "If you are a Rothschild, you are supposed to be sharp in finance, high-profile in the Jewish community, active in charities, very intellectual, and in the arts," said one family member. "There really is a big burden."

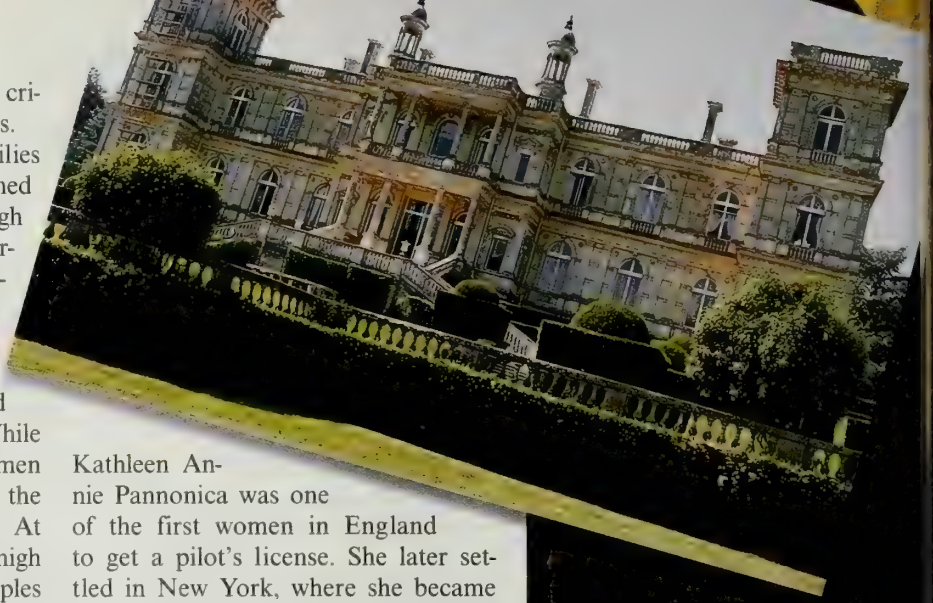
The Rothschilds have managed to produce generation after generation of brilliant bankers as well as talented scholars and amusing dilettantes. Alfred, a younger brother of the first English Baron Rothschild, built a French-style château called Halton, where he entertained his weekend guests by dressing as a ringmaster and performing with his trained animals. Arthur, one of his French cousins, lived on Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré and compulsively collected neckwear, which he changed three times a day. Walter, the second Lord Rothschild, assembled a natural-history museum on his estate, Tring Park, and created a respected system of zoological classification. He also trained three zebras to pull him around London in his carriage.

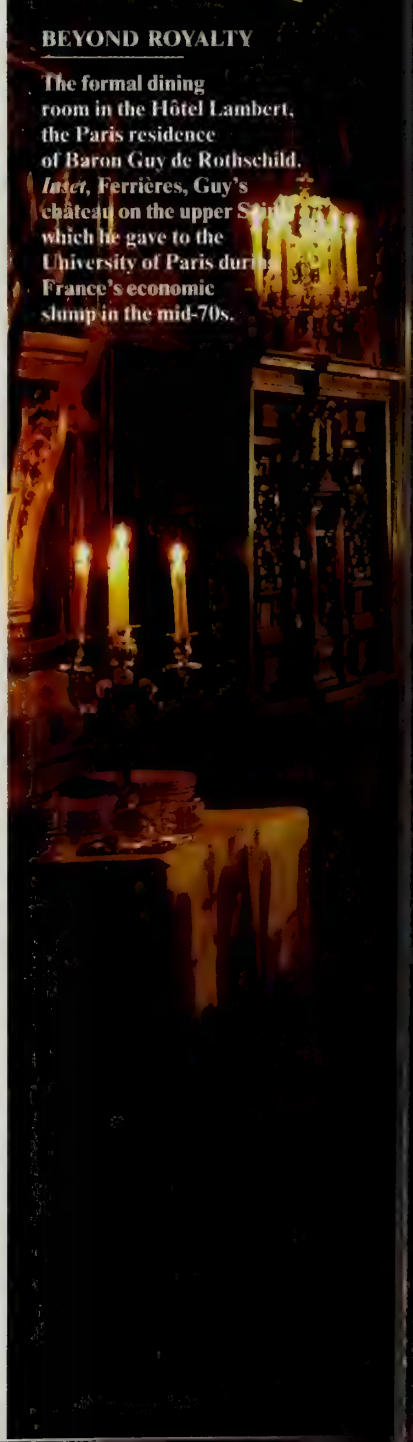
Rothschild women became collectors, academics, artists, and musicians. The most conspicuous and celebrated in modern times, a member of the fifth generation, is 88-year-old Miriam, who has spent much of her life continuing the obsession of her father, Charles, cataloguing hundreds of species of fleas. Miriam's sister Kathleen Annie Pannonica was one of the first women in England to get a pilot's license. She later settled in New York, where she became a patron of jazz musicians, including Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Thelonious Monk.

In the current middle-aged generation, Amschel's sister Emma graduated from Oxford, wrote an acclaimed book about the auto industry, was named a fellow at King's College, Cambridge, and is now a visiting scholar at Harvard. His other sister, Victoria, has been a lecturer at Queen Mary College, London. A cousin, Charlotte de Rothschild, is a classically trained soprano.

The Rothschilds have not been immune to scandal and misfortune. Walter Rothschild was tormented by a mistress who blackmailed him for four decades. There have been a handful of suicides as well. Oscar, one of the Austrian branch, fell in love with the daughter of a boardinghouse owner during a visit to Chicago. When his father said he couldn't marry someone so common, Oscar shot himself. Following numerous bouts of depression, Charles Rothschild, Amschel's grandfather, cut his throat after he contracted encephalitis.

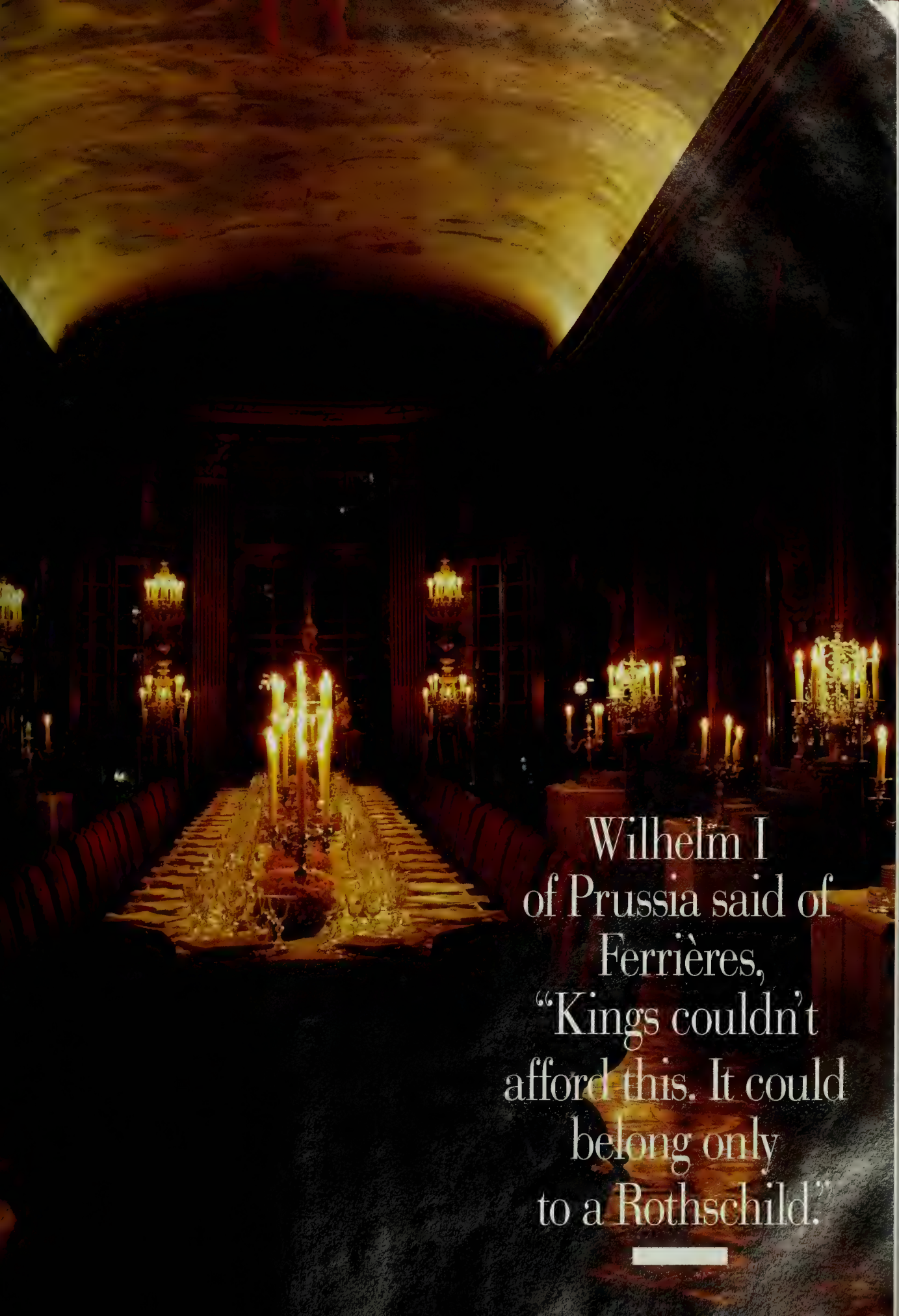
Even in the recent past, such tragedies could be kept safely out of the press. Not so today, despite the family's best efforts. The door into the private lives of the Rothschilds opened quite literally shortly after 6:30 P.M. on July 8 in the Bristol. Naima Debbouza, a Portuguese chambermaid, knocked at Room 402, and Amschel Rothschild answered the door. "He received me oddly," Debbouza said in a written statement read at the inquest in London. "He took the box con-





BEYOND ROYALTY

The formal dining room in the Hôtel Lambert, the Paris residence of Baron Guy de Rothschild. *Inset*, Ferrières, Guy's château on the upper S[illegible] which he gave to the University of Paris dur[illegible] France's economic slump in the mid-70s.

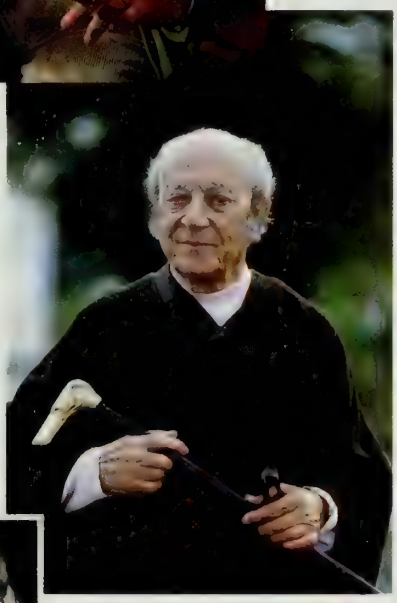


Wilhelm I of Prussia said of Ferrières, "Kings couldn't afford this. It could belong only to a Rothschild."

"A Jew under Pétain, a pariah under Mitterran

d by Alain on his left
ie on his right, Guy holds
conference in Paris
7 on the occasion
French bank's 150th
rsary. *Opposite*, on the
Guy and Marie-Hélène
Prix de Jockey Club
with their son, Édouard,
and Guy's son David,
is first marriage,
s wife, Olimpia. *Insets,*
ise from right:
father, Édouard, and
e declaring $1 million
of jewels to U.S.
ns officers in 1940;
and Olimpia in the 70s;
nd Marie-Hélène
la for UNESCO at the
Opera, 1974.

me it's enough," Guy wrote in *Le Monde*.



CLAN MEMBERS

Eric, *above*, assumed the role of chairman of R.A.M. worldwide last year. The late Philippe, *right*, ran the Château Mouton winery and wrote poetry and a scandalous memoir. Guy's son Édouard and his second wife, Arielle Malard, *below*, are both bankers in Paris.

Miriam Rothschild, an expert on fleas, *below*, at home with her dogs in Northamptonshire, England.

taining the washing out of my hands very aggressively and banged his door like someone annoyed, even disturbed."

Amschel had come to Paris to chair a meeting in the offices of the Rothschild family's Paris bank on the Avenue Matignon, just around the corner from the Bristol. The meeting had ended at five, and Amschel had arrived back at the Bristol an hour later. Sometime between 6:45 and 7, he called his wife's sister Miranda. According to a friend, he betrayed no worry or upset in the conversation, which concerned Miranda's personal life. "The conversation was perfectly normal," a court officer said at the inquest.

About 7:30, Debbouza returned to Room 402, and when her knock went unanswered, she entered the room to deliver fresh towels and turn down the king-size bed. At first she saw nothing amiss in the $900-a-night "deluxe double" with its Persian carpet and gleaming bronze chandelier. "There was a light in the bathroom," she testified, "and through the half-open door I saw his feet, as though he was on his knees." According to a Parisian source familiar with the official police report, Amschel was naked under his bathrobe, and had slipped onto the floor after hanging himself from the towel rail. Debbouza ran to get help, but, as she later said, "he was already dead. His eyes were wide-open." Hanging himself could not have been easy for a man six feet one. The top of the towel rail was only five feet from the floor, although it was possible to kneel on the marble surface enclosing the bathtub and then drop the nearly two feet to the floor. The hotel management summoned a doctor, the police, an ambulance, and Amschel's cousin David. There was no suicide note or evidence of foul play. The conclusion, according to the police report: suicide by strangulation.

Where the story of the heart attack was conceived is a matter of speculation. After the discovery of the body, according to an informed Paris source, the family "called directly to the top of the government in France. They wanted no publicity, and the police report was sent immediately to the m ister of the interior." "It was stup ty," said Nicholas de Rothschild cousin of Amschel's. "They did it give themselves two minutes of brea ing space, a damage-limitation ex cise. . . . It was going to get out; enou people knew about it."

Some press reports tried to expl Amschel's death by portraying his m ing at the bank as a failure, but th knowledgeable about the business s it had gone well. At the inquest, ter Troughton, Amschel's deputy the bank, testified that no probl or pressure had surfaced that c and that there had been nothing usual in Amschel's demeanor. "" great mystery of the suicide," sai friend of Amschel's, "is how succ ful the meeting was." The dee problem, however, was that the p its from Amschel's business of "a management"—managing the inv ments of wealthy individuals and l institutional clients such as pens funds—had been, in the words of former Rothschild-bank executive, "" ping and sliding" even as its im tance for the bank's future was grow

Amschel Rothschild joined N. M. Rothsc in 1987, at age 32. youngest child of tor Rothschild, the t Lord Rothschild, an second wife, Te "Tess" Mayor, Ams had grown up in C bridge under the shadow of a fa famous for his arrogance and r ness. Victor Rothschild was one of gland's celebrated polymaths—bril scientist, wartime countersabotage pert, collector of rare books and century silver, single-digit-hand golf player, cricket player, and ernment gadfly. Although his poli sympathies leaned left, he headed a profile think tank during the go ment of Conservative prime min Edward Heath. Late in his life, V Rothschild was accused of being "fifth man" in the spy ring of A ny Blunt, Guy Burgess, Kim Ph and Donald Maclean, friends his Cambridge University days had passed classified informatio the Soviet Union. He professe innocence, and the government f

the charges were without basis. fter graduating from the Leys school ambridge, Amschel earned a degree ıe City University of London. He circulation manager for the admired *Review* magazine in the 70s, be- settling into his family's farm in olk, where he manufactured apple e. In his spare time, he played ket and won auto-racing competi- s. In 1981 he married Anita Guin- of the banking family, whom he met while she was making salads ondon's fashionable Club Zanzibar. t the urging of his father, Amschel his country-squire idyll for a life ondon banking, to be groomed by ousin Evelyn. The only other hope is generation had been his cousin el, whose father, Edmund, had been ank's caretaker from the early 1960s 1974. But in a complicated ma- er to avoid crippling estate taxes would be due upon his death, yn's father, Anthony, who ran the during the war, managed with greement of Victor and his cousins eorganize the ownership structure. resulted in a shift of control to ony and his "junior" side.

onel's brother, Nicholas, declined nter the family business, because oncluded that there was "no incen- no control of the shares." After ing a video-production company, noved to his family's estate at ury in 1990 to oversee the gar- and agricultural projects. Lionel his hand at banking after attending AD, a top business school in France. he too bailed out, splitting his between Exbury and London, use, according to Nicholas, bank- 'didn't suit him. . . . If you worked Evelyn, you were under constant sure." Lionel, whose wife, Louise iams, is a violist who has record- vith the Chilingirian String Quar- devotes himself to his children, ography, writing and editing books, keeping the Rothschild family up-to-date.

hat left only Amschel. Many have med that his father forced him the bank as a kind of indentured ant to his powerful cousin Evelyn. someone who knew all three men observed, "I think Victor and chel both understood that Evelyn the ability. Victor may have said, r best interest is to ride with Eve-

NAME BRAND

Edmond, perhaps the richest of all the Rothschilds, tastes wines with his steward at Château Clarke in Listrac.

lyn.'" Amschel moved quickly up the ladder at the Rothschild bank after a brief apprenticeship as a silver trader, asset manager, and assistant to Evelyn. In 1990, Evelyn appointed Amschel as chief executive of Rothschild Asset Management (R.A.M.) in London, an important but faltering arm of the bank, and then to the chairman's job in 1993.

At the time, R.A.M. in London was one of eight such asset-management enterprises owned by the Rothschild bank around the world. A director who was there in the mid-80s recalled that the London operation was making $10 million a year, but after the departure of top executive Nicolas McAndrew the business began to sag. By the early 90s it had become, according to another former bank director, a "dull local business. . . . In a good year we made a million; in a bad year, half a million." For Amschel, the challenge of turning the business around was explained by a former Rothschild-bank executive: "The Rothschild name can collect money from all over the world. Rich people figure that it is a good bet to let Rothschild manage their

"Château Clarke was a dirt patch. But he marketed the hell out of it, and it did very well."

money, but it hasn't been a success, and I know this worried Amschel."

The biggest player in the asset-management game, the Boston-based Fidelity Investments, manages $450 billion. R.A.M. London manages $18 billion. To bring Rothschild's asset management out of the doldrums and into the bigger leagues, Amschel wanted to consolidate all the R.A.M. operations around the world into one unified group managing $28 billion. Once the business became global, Amschel reasoned, R.A.M. could enlarge its roster of clients and increase its profits from management fees. It took two years of meetings and memos before Evelyn approved the plan in 1995.

Amschel also secured the cooperation of his cousins running the French Rothschild bank, who were partners with the English branch of the family in asset-management ventures in New York and Zurich. Evelyn set up a Dutch holding company to run the new operation, appointed Amschel chairman, made his French cousin David de Rothschild chairman of the supervisory board, and hired a new managing director, Peter Troughton. The meeting in Paris on July 8 was to set the strategy for the consolidated group.

Following Amschel's death, he was described in the press as a "reluctant banker" who longed for country life, a weak and timorous character who didn't seem tough enough for the business world. His appearance reinforced that impression. He was tall and thin, and his face had a haunted, languorous look: sculpted lips, heavy-lidded eyes, bushy hair, and a striking widow's peak. His manner was subdued. "I don't think anyone knew him particularly well," said Nicholas de Rothschild. "You wouldn't want to play poker with him."

With a personal fortune estimated at $50 million, Amschel could have opted out at any time. But those who knew him in the bank testified to his dedication to his job. "He would get up at 6:30 each morning, day in and day out," said one of his former colleagues. "He worked hard, not just diligently but with tremendous energy." Evelyn would scream and yell at him, as one observer described it, "as though Amschel was sort of a boy at school and Evelyn was head of house."

At such times Amschel would "clam up, repeat himself, and stand his ground," said one colleague. The man who was "quite cool as an auto racer," according to his cousin Nicholas, could also be "steely-nerved" in business. Amschel knew how to wear down Evelyn's opposition by writing one brief memo after another. For all the pressure and confrontations, Amschel remained loyal to his cousin and tried not to take his behavior personally. As his friend William Waldegrave observed in *The Daily Telegraph,* Amschel "inherited the calm and humour of his mother; his father's sense of duty to his great name."

Amschel was no business genius, but in Evelyn's estimation he was a "working Rothschild," as the family calls those who commit themselves to toiling every day for one of the family businesses. With the help of good managers, including his cousin David, Amschel could be counted on as a caretaker who would ensure that the bank would run properly and pass safely to Evelyn's two teenage sons, Anthony and David.

Evelyn de Rothschild is an imposing force in the banking world. "He has quite a novel mind," said a businessman who has known him for more than a decade. "His personality is difficult to read. Therefore he is interesting if not likable. You want to try and figure him out." Six feet four, snowy-haired, and stylish, he has a handsome, leonine face and bright-blue eyes. He glides through a room with the varnished aloofness of the wealthy aristocrat and "very much likes to be in command," said his friend David Metcalfe, director of Sedgwick Group Development, Ltd., a global insurance-brokerage firm. He lacks the prized British gift for sparkling repartee, so he is often described as charmless. He failed economics at Cambridge and has been pegged as intellectually dull.

"Evelyn is not warm," said columnist Taki Theodoracopulos, who has known him for three decades. "He is not the type to put his arm around you. He is an enigma. . . . People mistake his lack of warmth for mean-spiritedness." In conversation he can be preoccupied—usually with business—and he is a man of few words. "He is the only man who can explain any situation in four sentences," said his friend Nicholas Haslam, the interior designer. "He is very, very succinct. You don't want to bore him. He gets the point quickly."

Like most Rothschilds, Evelyn lives in enormous comfort and with great style—but more modestly than his wealth would allow. His creamy-white three-story home in London's Holland Park is not even the most imposing on the block. In addition to his family's 19th-century estate Ascott, he has a house in Barbados and an old farmhouse in the South of France, where he supports a local cricket team. He doesn't own a private jet, although, conceded one friend, "he did take 90 separate bags on the Concorde to Barbados once, but they were filled with household items."

Evelyn's wife, an American named V toria Schott, is 18 years his junior. S graduated from Trinity College in C necticut and attended the Columbia U versity Graduate School of Business. Th were introduced by Marion Javits, the w of New York senator Jacob Javits. Evely first marriage, to fashion model Jeane Bishop, had broken up in 1971 after 1 years, and he and Victoria were married 1973. Their friends include David Fr London club proprietor Mark Birley, a Sotheby's consultant Peter Blond.

The focus of Evelyn's life for the p two decades has been N. M. Ro schild & Sons, located at New Court building on St. Swithin's Lane, in L don's financial district. Since 1919 world price of gold has been fixed tw each weekday—at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M at the N. M. Rothschild offices; trad gather in a room where they stay in c stant telephone contact with their c banks and signal one another by rais small flags. But the main business been investment banking, which earned the bank fat fees for arrang mergers and acquisitions and helping privatize government-owned business

When Evelyn took over as chairman 1976, "everyone was skeptical," said of his cousins. Since then he has tr formed the bank into a business gene ing some $40 million in annual profit recent years. He has made shrewd inv ments, such as a 26 percent stake in 1 in the securities firm Smith New Co which he sold to Merrill Lynch nine y later for a profit of more than $150 lion. Along the way he multiplied his wealth to more than $1 billion. "Ev has overachieved," his cousin contin "The bank really has done well in a competitive environment under his h I don't think people expected him to that well." Evelyn succeeded by puttin long hours and demanding the same c cation from those working for him. " British bank is not a big powerho said a man with close ties to the R schilds. "The real issue is what Evelyn He kept it a private bank."

Because he doesn't seem either bril or clever, Evelyn has been consistently derestimated. One former director at bank calls him a "dyslexic genius." close colleagues know that he keeps t brief for a reason. He can get tangle his words, he reads with great effort, "he can barely write a letter on his o according to a former director at bank. "He is self-conscious about it keeps a dictionary by his desk." His

nates know how to boil down the plexities of deals into simple and clear s in terse memos, of which he digests ably 100 a day. Yet when it comes to ness transactions, he has a long atten- span: he took three years traveling to a every few months to negotiate a re- ly announced joint venture with the nd-largest bank there.

op executives at N. M. Rothschild often complained that Evelyn keeps out of the loop and makes decisions is own. He employs a cadre of former service mandarins for general advice, he pays lip service to running the ness democratically. The trappings of a ic company serve mainly to impose orate discipline on his troops. His ac- are those of a sole proprietor, with e prerogatives of that position. "With yn it's *La banque, c'est moi,*" said his in Nicholas. "He is the epitome of the , which goes against modern thinking. s are large conglomerates of individu- The Rothschild bank, he continued, ery much a family house, with him larly identified with it."

r all his success, Evelyn has been con- inually overshadowed by his more ex- ive cousin Jacob, whose brilliance, n, and boldness caught the imagina- of the British press and never lost hold. Jacob has actively courted pub- , while Evelyn has seemed indifferent. lyn doesn't want to be a larger-than- haracter," said his friend Sydney Gru- a Rothschild executive in New York. e Jacob loves being the center of at- on, Evelyn "is terrible with journalists rabbit on and try to impress him," a former director of his bank. "He o patience for it. He has tremendous ance about who he is. He has nothing ove except to other Rothschilds."

cob was Amschel's half-brother, the son of the overpowering Victor. Ja- s mother was Victor's first wife, the er Barbara Hutchinson, who came a bookish Bloomsbury family. They a bitter divorce, and Victor vented nger on his firstborn son.

r that reason, among others, the h Lord Rothschild seems remarkably ure and contradictory. Jacob is tall, gh not so tall as Evelyn, or so hand- . He is highly intelligent, and regales riends—especially Gianni Agnelli and Duke of Beaufort, two men he re- edly talks to on the phone frequent- ith amusing stories. "Jacob is the test gossip in the world," said Taki. oves being interviewed, but he can be ost gauche in social circles, because he feels ill at ease," in the words of one friend. "We are told he is shy, but it is hard to see it," said David Metcalfe. "For someone in the news as much as he is, if he is shy he must be in agony."

Defying the family pattern of Harrow and Cambridge, Jacob went to Eton and Oxford, where he distinguished himself with a first in history. In 1961 he married Serena Dunn, the wealthy daughter of multimillionaire Canadian stockbroker Sir Philip Dunn. Small, witty, and strong-willed, she preferred the horsey set to high society, although she could dance so effortlessly that Nicholas Haslam took to calling her Ginger. Jacob and Serena had three daughters and a son, and for years Serena spent much of her time in the country—at Stowell Park, their home in Wiltshire, and Eythrope, their home in Buckinghamshire—while Jacob entertained at dinner parties in their London house in Little Venice.

Jacob got a reputation for flirting with attractive young women, but what one European woman called his "crushes" never threatened the marriage. In recent years, Jacob and Serena have been spending more time together as their children have gone off on their own.

Jacob learned about the banking business at Morgan Stanley in New York as well as at several London firms. When he joined N. M. Rothschild in 1963, it was a sleepy family office collecting dividends. He opened up the bank's operations by starting a corporate-finance department, where he advised large firms on high-profile takeovers. Evelyn had also joined the bank in the early 60s, but he preferred to spend his time in charity work, breeding horses, and playing polo—he called his team the Centaurs—and he left his younger cousin alone.

In 1975, Victor stunned the banking world by coming into N. M. Rothschild as its chairman when his cousin Edmund retired. At age 43, Evelyn also began paying more careful attention to the business. Upon retiring in 1976, Victor gave his support for the chairman's job to Evelyn, not to his own son. Although Jacob had a minority share of the bank's ownership to Evelyn's much larger share, he was still deeply disappointed. The cousins reportedly exchanged no harsh words at the time, but relations between them were so strained, according to a former Rothschild executive, that "when Evelyn wanted to go to the loo he would use the ladies' because Jacob would be in the men's."

Jacob remained in the New Court offices running the Rothschild Investment Trust (R.I.T.), a pool of funds he had been overseeing since 1970 and had increased from $66 million to $231 million in five years. Among the businesses he invested in were the Savoy Hotel and Sotheby Parke Bernet. In 1980, Jacob and Evelyn had what Nicholas de Rothschild called a "red-blooded boardroom punch-up" after Jacob pressed too hard to transform the bank into a public company; "but that was that," he added.

In Jacob's view, N. M. Rothschild could thrive only by enlarging and bringing in other shareholders. But such a move would have diluted Evelyn's ownership and made Jacob more important. Without consulting Evelyn, Jacob had struck an agreement with New York financier Saul Steinberg for a 20 percent stake in R.I.T. Steinberg was particularly worrisome to the family, because he represented "fast money," according to one family member. "The bank belonged to Evelyn," said Nicholas de Rothschild. "He was going to win." Alarmed by Jacob's actions, Evelyn pushed him off the board and out of the company.

Evelyn allowed Jacob to take R.I.T. with him and set up his own business, but the enmity between the two men continued. Using his own funds and money he raised, Jacob successfully bought and sold investments throughout the roaring 80s, although he failed in two big takeover attempts—Hambro Life and BAT Industries. After the Hambro reversal, he sold off many of R.I.T.'s holdings for a significant profit—a move he referred to as his "retreat from Moscow," according to Rothschild biographer Derek Wilson. Nevertheless, Jacob's fortune also grew to more than $1 billion. "Jacob was tremendously successful at deals, but not successful at building a business," said a former Rothschild director.

With 19 years between them, Jacob and Amschel maintained a good relationship, even though Amschel was treated far more kindly by their father. "There was too big an age difference for them to be competitive," said a man who was friendly with both. "Amschel was in awe of Jacob until he got into the business. Then Amschel was less in awe and had a more fraternal relationship with him."

Jacob's wide-ranging interests have attracted as much attention as his banking activities. For six years he served as one of the most successful chairmen of the National Gallery, raising millions of pounds, expanding its collections, and overseeing the design and building of the much-praised Sainsbury Wing. He spent

$28.5 million to renovate Spencer House, the former London home of Princess Diana's family, financed an archaeological dig at the ruins of Butrint in Albania, and underwrote the renovation of a famous 19th-century Rothschild palace called Waddesdon Manor. In 1988 he inherited most of a $166 million estate from his cousin Dorothy "Dolly" de Rothschild, along with Waddesdon and its trove of paintings and other treasures. When Gianni Agnelli heard about the windfall, according to a mutual friend, he remarked, "Everyone is saying Jacob is such a good businessman, but he got money the way we all did. He inherited it."

In 1993, Jacob turned his investment funds over to be managed by others and largely withdrew from active business operations. Since then he has devoted himself to running the National Heritage Memorial Fund and the Heritage Lottery Fund, which together disburse grants from the national lottery to worthy projects that enrich the culture and preserve the history of the United Kingdom. "It's like being Mr. Medici and spending someone else's money," said a friend.

When Jacob and Evelyn are compared, Jacob invariably emerges as the Renaissance man, while Evelyn seems focused on banking. Within the family, however, Evelyn is highly regarded because he has excelled in the family business and negotiated financial relationships with the other branches. "Evelyn was able to manage the family, and that is not an insignificant thing," said a family member. One of Jacob's most noted traits is what has been called plutophilia—an excessive admiration for newly rich businessmen. "Jacob couldn't care less about the Duke of Buccleuch," said a friend, "but he would like to have dinner with Bill Gates. . . . While Jacob had fun with his business, he didn't accomplish in Rothschild terms. He didn't build a business."

By contrast, Jacob and Evelyn's French cousin David did surpass family expectations. He rebuilt the French enterprise after Socialist president François Mitterrand took power in 1981 and nationalized French banking and other industries. Yet after heading his own Paris bank for more than a decade, David is still eclipsed by three surviving members of the older European generation: his father, Guy, and his cousins Élie and Edmond.

Guy epitomizes the soigné Continental Rothschild, a 19th-century figure of elegant bearing and temperament. He was raised in two of the most opulent Rothschild palaces—the château at Ferrières and a house on the Rue St.-Florentin where Talleyrand had once lived, which is now the American Consulate. One of Guy's fondest memories was of a Yom Kippur eve when he and his father, Édouard, began their fast by strolling together to the synagogue wearing white ties, tails, and top hats.

Guy studied at the Sorbonne and was married at 28 to a young widow, Alix Schey von Koromla, from a venerable Hungarian Jewish family. During World War II they fled to New York, where David was born. According to Countess Marina Cicogna, whose mother was Alix's closest friend, Guy's wife was "a quiet, complicated, and not very young woman. She was always serious and intellectually oriented. She was good-looking but very sedate in a sophisticated, quiet way."

The match seemed to suit Guy, a phlegmatic sort whose life was "soft but a bit dull, and very comfortable," according to his friend Alexandre "Sandy" Bertrand, a former publisher of French *Vogue*. But Guy's complacency was shattered when at age 46 he met 28-year-old Marie-Hélène van Zuylen de Nyevelt, who had recently ended her marriage to Count François de Nicolay. "Guy was attracted by this unexpected and improbable girl," said Bertrand. "She was never very pretty, but had an extraordinary aura. She was light in a room, very vibrant, and she was a perfect blend of American and European cultures." Born in New York City, she was half Egyptian and half Dutch, and her grandmother had been a Rothschild who converted to Catholicism when she married outside the faith.

Guy's romance with Marie-Hélène caused a scandal. He divorced the widely admired Alix and married Marie-Hélène in February 1957; their only child, Édouard, was born in December of that year. Throughout the 60s and early 70s, Guy and Marie-Hélène entertained extravagantly at Ferrières and the Hôtel Lambert, the Paris town house built by the architects of Versailles, which they bought in 1975. "I admired the guts with which the Hôtel Lambert was run," said Nicholas Haslam. "She was unafraid of being a Rothschild."

As high society's "Queen of Paris," Marie-Hélène surrounded herself with a court of men and women from whom she expected complete loyalty. "She really devoted herself to the game of society," said Marina Cicogna. "She loved being a star." Cecil Beaton called her "difficult but divine," and she thoroughly mesmerized and amus her husband. She agreed to raise th son, Édouard, in the Jewish faith, but remained defiantly Catholic, often we ing a large cross around her neck. At m night on Christmas Eve one year, recal Sandy Bertrand, Marie-Hélène summo Édouard and his half-brother, Philip her child from the Nicolay marriage, a instructed them to sing a Christmas ca to Guy's mother. "The baroness was tremely dignified and listened to the c dren," recalled Bertrand. "Marie-Hél was doing that all the time to irritate G He took it with extraordinary calm."

Guy was not considered a great succ as a banker. He took over the fa ly's Paris operation in 1945 and eventu transformed it into a commercial b with fewer than two dozen branches French cities. It may have been one of largest private banks in France, but it a modest operation compared with powerful Rothschild bank of the 19th tury. The bank rose in importance fr 1969 to 1974, when Georges Pompido former Rothschild-bank director and c friend of Guy's, served as president France. But Banque Rothschild's pro dropped sharply in the late 70s, whe was hit by a slumping economy and in tutional clients began to reduce the siz their deposits. At the same time, Guy Marie-Hélène trimmed their lifestyle giving Ferrières to the University of F and selling some of its contents. By 1 according to Rothschild historian Her R. Lottman, the Paris bank was rumo to be in "virtual bankruptcy."

When Mitterrand announced his tionalization program, Guy angrily clared on the front page of *Le Monde* he was decamping to New York, a had during World War II. "A Jew u Pétain, a pariah under Mitterrand—fo it's enough," he wrote. The governm paid the Rothschild family handso for their bank—roughly $110 million a day's values. Many in the French busi community have said that nationaliz actually saved the French Rothsch Still, according to a former directo N. M. Rothschild, "the French lost bank. It rankles them, even though got paid off as individuals."

Guy returned to France in 1986, the Socialists lost the legislative ele and Prime Minister Jacques Chirac b undoing nationalization. After a long crippling arthritic illness that kept confined to her bed for several y Marie-Hélène died last May. Since Guy has spent most of his time wit

ly, although he has lately become a sought-after dinner guest that his ds have taken to calling him "*le veuf* ' (the golden widower).

uy's cousin Élie has also settled into a more sedate existence, with some ocative complications. In contrast to 's calm gentility, Élie is famous for noisy and prickly temperament, and tendency to blurt out any vulgar ght that pops into his head. "I like to k," he has reportedly said. "I say outous things. Sometimes I feel bad afards, sometimes I feel great." He insulted the owner of the Hautn vineyard at a party by calling her "*pipi de chat,*" and startled another itting dinner partner by popping out lass eye—he was blinded in one eye e 50 during a polo match—when she plimented him on its rich blue color. y find his behavior appalling, but, acing to Luke Burnap, an American triate in Paris, "he is a most beguilperson if you can put up with it."

ie was deeply marked by his harsh isonment during World War II, after nd his brother, Alain, both officers, captured at the Belgian end of the inot Line. During his confinement he married by proxy to his childhood theart, Liliane Fould-Springer, whose ch-Austrian family were wealthy Jewndustrialists. After the war they had children, a son and two daughters, lived in an enormous mansion across treet from the Élysée Palace.

ie also supported a series of wellvn mistresses. The first, during the s, was Pamela Churchill, the former hter-in-law of Winston Churchill. Afamela bolted to New York in 1959 to y Broadway producer Leland Hay, she was followed in Élie's affections Françoise de Langlade, an editor at ch *Vogue,* who would later marry Osde la Renta. In recent years Élie has linked to a Parisian antiques dealer. ve to have a mistress for a long time," ld one of his friends. "He is so proud mself," the friend recalled. "He said, way I am faithful. When a mistress ed me, I was faithful to her.'"

lthough aware of Élie's prominent af, Liliane never seriously considered die. Forty years later, when Pamela rchill, now Harriman, was appointed .S. ambassador to France in 1993, Lilcracked to a close friend, "That makes embassy where I don't have to go!" kept her word, turning her back on parade of upper-crust Parisians fêted e embassy. The affair with Françoise de Langlade caused a permanent rift between Liliane and Marie-Hélène; it was during a weekend at Ferrières that Élie and Françoise began their romance, which Marie-Hélène openly encouraged.

Liliane, who is short and stout, prevailed over all her husband's mistresses through the force of her personality, her scholarly accomplishments—she is a respected expert in 18th-century art—and her quick wit. Élie has admitted to friends that she is wealthier than he is, and he recognizes, said a prominent European aristocrat, that "she loves and has stood by him, and he knows he would be dismissed as a silly playboy without her." "Élie has called Liliane every day of his life," noted a man close to the family. Like so many marriages that weather infidelity, theirs has settled into a tight relationship in old age.

Élie's interest was not initially in banking, so in the postwar years he focused on the Lafite vineyard and ran a chain of family-owned restaurants and hotels called P.L.M. He succeeded at both, but during nationalization the government bought P.L.M. along with the bank. He retired from Lafite in 1975, and his nephew Eric took over. Subsequently, Élie became chairman of the Rothschild bank in Zurich, a thriving asset-management business owned by several branches of the family. In 1992, however, Élie was swept up in an embarrassing scandal when a bank official was charged with taking kickbacks on unauthorized loans. The official then countered that Élie had served as a front man to help Italian clients evade taxes and had collected millions of francs in fees—a charge that Élie categorically denied.

With the bank facing losses of more than $100 million, Evelyn took over as chairman and convened the family members who owned the Zurich bank: Élie and his son, Nathaniel, as well as Edmond, David, and Eric. All had to contribute enough money to cover the losses and save the Rothschild name. In one day they produced $100 million, about $50 million from Evelyn alone. Evelyn cleaned house and installed new management. He spent two years with regulators and successfully disentangled Élie from the serious allegations against him. Evelyn got "frightfully angry" with Élie, according to a former Rothschild-bank official, and their relationship suffered.

The second substantial contributor to the Zurich bailout was Edmond, a Frenchman who spends most of his time in Geneva. Although he holds stakes in several family enterprises besides the Zurich bank, including Château Lafite and the Rothschild bank in Paris, Edmond has followed an independent path, and his worth has been estimated at well over $1 billion.

A "stocky bustling man with crinkly, greying hair," according to Derek Wilson, Edmond bears little physical resemblance to the other Rothschilds. His down-to-earth manner is also distinctly "un-Rothschildian." A friend of Élie and Liliane's recalled the deference Edmond showed them when he came to dinner in Paris: "He behaved like the poor cousin, not the powerful cousin."

After being dispossessed during World War II, Edmond's father, Maurice, eventually ended up in New York trading commodities. By the time he left the United States, he was worth more than $1 billion and was later further enriched by the wealth of three branches of the family in Italy, Germany, and France. He returned to Pregny, his château on Lake Geneva, where he worked in his bed with five telephones spread around him. Maurice was a flamboyant playboy who had divorced his wife, Noémie, shortly after the birth of Edmond in 1926.

Raised by his mother in Paris, Geneva, and Megève, the French mountain village she turned into a ski resort, Edmond inherited his father's vast estate, including 10 houses, at age 31. He had studied at the University of Geneva and attended law school in Paris. "I had no financial education at all," he once said. Edmond worked briefly for a Rothschild subsidiary bank before setting up his own, rival banks in Paris and Geneva. He operated as a venture capitalist and, like his father, increased his fortune through shrewd investing. His most famous success was Club Méditerranée, and his least likely a vineyard at Listrac called Château Clarke. "He took a huge risk at Château Clarke, and everyone thought he was cuckoo," said a family member. "It was a dirt patch. . . . But he pumped in huge amounts of money and marketed the hell out of it, and it did very well."

Edmond's second wife, Nadine Lhopitalier, may be the most controversial of the Rothschild spouses. The daughter of a cotton-mill worker and an unknown father, Nadine grew up in poverty and worked on an assembly line and as a maid, an artist's model, a chorus girl, and a film actress who did stand-ins for stars in nude scenes. She and Edmond married when she was seven and a half months pregnant. After their son, Benjamin, was born in 1963, she converted to Judaism.

Her parties at Pregny and Megève were every bit as lavish as Marie-

Hélène's. One extravaganza in Megève in the early 60s lasted 100 hours. In recent years Nadine has written self-help books instructing women about etiquette and entertaining. But most Rothschild wives and daughters could never fully accept her, with her unfortunate combination of lowborn origins and flashy style. "She is afraid of nothing," said a Parisian aristocrat. "She is the richest of them all, but she couldn't give a hoot if she sees them. She is a very strong character."

In 1992, Evelyn named Guy's son David de Rothschild deputy chairman of N. M. Rothschild in London. With Amschel's death, David seems poised to replace Evelyn as chairman of the English bank, further solidifying the alliance between the British operation and a French bank one-tenth its size. In October, Evelyn combined N. M. Rothschild's international corporate-finance activities and named David chairman of the new subsidiary. In an interview with *The New York Times,* Evelyn said, "The first important strength of the family is unity." Still, neither man has confirmed that David will succeed Evelyn. "I do not know who Evelyn's successor will be," David told the *Financial Times.* "I hope he stays a long time, because he is doing a big job, and we do not need a power play."

Bankers who know the family well say David is unlikely to move to London to be full-time chairman. "I don't see him coming to England and running the business with Evelyn's family in voting control," said a former Rothschild executive in London.

David is usually described as hardworking and solid, a thoroughly dutiful Rothschild, much as Evelyn de Rothschild is characterized. "Like Evelyn, David is not particularly social. He doesn't live for parties," said Marina Cicogna. He is a good-looking man of medium height who has grown portly in middle age. "He is not a brilliant conversationalist," said a woman who knows him socially. "He has conventional wisdom, not glittering expressions." His interests are confined to banking, his family, the Jewish community, and the environs of the Norman village of Reux, where he owns a house on 320 acres and was mayor of nearby Pont l'Évêque for 18 years. "David is well liked, street-smart, and not a genius," said a former executive with the London Rothschild bank. "But he has beautiful manners, and that goes a long way."

After his parents' divorce, David lived in Reux with his mother and attended school in Deauville before graduating from the Lycée Carnot in Paris. On receiving an economics degree from the Institut d'Études Politiques, he eventually went to work for his father in Paris. After nationalization, David and his cousins Eric and Nathaniel created a new Rothschild merchant bank to advise major corporations on mergers and acquisitions. David modeled Rothschild et Cie on Lazard Frères, the most prestigious and influential such bank in Paris. To attract talented executives, he gave partners a share of the profits but kept ownership tightly within the family. In its more than 10 years of operating, Rothschild et Cie has advised on some major deals, including the $4.2 billion Philip Morris takeover of a Swiss candy-and-coffee manufacturer, Jacobs Suchard. Today the Rothschild bank remains a medium-size merchant bank, a distant second to Lazard.

David has a close working relationship with Evelyn based on mutual respect and loyalty. "It would have been easy for the English after French nationalization to forget about the French cousins, but they didn't," said one family member. "They found ways to work together." The English family's Swiss holding company has a minority interest in the French family's Paris-based investment bank, and Evelyn represents the English holding company's interest in the Paris bank. David and his cousin Eric sit on the English family's boards, including those of both N. M. Rothschild and R.A.M. The two family branches are partners in the Zurich and New York Rothschild banks as well as in a joint venture in Spain. When the French government chose the Paris Rothschild bank to privatize Renault, David brought in Evelyn's bank for its technical know-how. In meetings, Evelyn is polite if guarded with David, treating him as a junior partner, not an employee. "Evelyn doesn't yell at the French," said one former Rothschild director. "He yells about them."

It would be difficult for David to give up his business in Paris to run the London bank. He is, as one English Rothschild banker observed, "obsessively French" and conscious of his important place in French business and the Jewish community. In 1983, after years of trying, David was finally admitted to the Jockey Club, described as "the most aristocratic and closed circle in France." "David as a Jew had to go through getting blackballed . . . and then being asked to come in," said a business associate. "He was fighting for all Jews, and he is a leader there."

Since boyhood David has been seri and responsible. In his 20s he had a mance with the model and actress Ma Berenson, but he was uncomfortable w her glittering life. "That was as extra gant as he got with women," said one his friends. David has been married si 1974 to Olimpia Aldobrandini, the dau ter of an Italian prince; like Ma Hélène, she chose to remain Catholic agreed to bring up their son in the Jew faith. For their engagement, Guy Marie-Hélène gave them a now legend garden party at Ferrières, where château was adorned with 19th-centu style portraits of the couple three sto high and local citizens in 19th-cent costume formed a *tableau vivant* o nearby lake. David was 31, and Olim only 18. Two years later they had t first child, a daughter who developed ous medical problems. David and Ol pia then had two more children, a dau ter and a son, but their first child's ill took a toll on the family.

Until then, David and Olimpia been a golden couple in Paris; Olim frequented the fashion shows and much admired for her understated be and style. But after her older daught health problems, Olimpia withdrew. " became a different person," said Ma Cicogna. "She closed herself in . . . came more private and serious." D and Olimpia are seldom seen at big lic events; they prefer to entertain at ners in their Left Bank apartment.

"David has a family he coul leave," said one of his friends. "Olin you couldn't bring to England. She c cope with a lot. She is an introvert." best the London bank could expect f David would be a figurehead chair which still leaves open the question: would run the bank day to day?

David's cousin Eric, a son of É brother, Alain, probably wouldn the role, either. Since last July he ha sumed the position of chairman of the worldwide R.A.M. operation. Surpri ly, he quickly became engaged in asset-management business and the plexities of consolidating the eight sm companies. But his first love re Château Lafite. As its head for more two decades, he brought new life t distinguished vineyard and carved glamorous business for himself.

Of all the Rothschilds in his genera Eric is singled out for his panache. like David in wartime Manhattan, lived there until he was seven. He at ed prep school in England, the Jans

/ high school in Paris, and majored in
neering at Zurich Polytechnical. He
a long period as a dashing playboy,
g the nightclubs with other wealthy
elors such as Venetian aristocrat Gio-
i Volpi. When he was in his early 30s,
ommissioned Andy Warhol to paint a
ength portrait of him in the nude. At
43, Eric married a close friend of
pia's, a beauty named Maria-Béatrice
cciolo di Forini, who comes from a
y of wellborn Neapolitans.
andsome, tall, and lean, Eric dresses
eticulously detailed bespoke clothes
"fall on him as if they just belong
," said one friend. "He has a fabu-
slouch." When he entertains at La-
Eric often appears in a black velvet
vay waistcoat with silver filigree but-
Béatrice, who works in her own stu-
s a sculptor, is equally stylish; she
one of the first Parisians to wear
Galliano's avant-garde designs.
ic and Béatrice live in a house that
ther built at the back of the garden
d the grand Rothschild mansion on
venue de Marigny. In the late 1970s,
sold the mansion to the French
nment. Now guests of the president
here during state visits. Alain's wid-
Mary, lives on the second floor of
ew three-story house, with her son
is family on the ground floor.
ic and his wife live like haute bo-
ans, entertaining an eclectic crowd
cial figures and artists with what a
l calls "effortless luxury." Their liv-
room is filled with paintings by
us, Rembrandt, and Zurbarán as
as Oceanic and African art; their
e is famous for its polished concrete
and a set of Marilyn Monroe silk-
ns by Andy Warhol. After dinner,
often invite guests to have coffee in
bedroom, furnished with sofas, ot-
ns, and a state bed that belonged to
ame de Maintenon.
ey unapologetically enjoy the Roth-
l life, but Béatrice seems disinclined
the next "Queen of Paris." "Béa-
is not into the grand Marie-Hélène
said a friend. Like Eric's mother,
rice converted to Judaism, and she
money for her favorite causes, most
tly refugees in Bosnia.
ic ardently promotes Lafite in Eu-
and the United States. When he gives
ture on wines at Harvard Business
ol, "everyone is riveted," said one of
cousins. "He is great, great fun.
her it's in French, English, or Ger-
he is always playing with words." He
known for immersing himself in the
ls of the business, but he has hired
well and expanded into vineyards in the Napa Valley, Portugal, and Chile. Although Eric's work with Château Lafite is outside the bank, he is considered within the family to be a "working Rothschild."

The least likely among the French Rothschilds to take an active role in the English bank is Édouard, David's half-brother. He is a partner in the French bank, where he works on mergers and acquisitions. In his looks and his temperament, he resembles Marie-Hélène more than his sedate father. "He is a big guy, tall, very handsome in a pirate way, dashing with a great aquiline nose, bright eyes, and a ready swagger," said Philippe Berend, a Parisian businessman. Like his mother, Édouard has a strong personality—too strong, some business associates and social friends say.

After receiving his M.B.A. at New York University, he married a Parisian named Mathilde Abdy, who had been the wife of English aristocrat Valentine Abdy. Marie-Hélène disapproved of the match, so Édouard and his wife escaped to New York, where he worked in investment banking. They divorced after several years, and he is now married to Arielle Malard, the first Rothschild wife to work in the banking business, for Lazard no less. She advises governments, mostly in the Third World and Eastern Europe, which doesn't put her in direct competition with her husband.

Édouard has an aggressive manner in business which colleagues at the bank find off-putting. Early in 1996 he tried to hire N. M. Rothschild's chief of capital markets, Tony Alt, which understandably irritated the executives in the English bank. Even Eric was moved to say of Édouard, "If you close the door, he comes in through the window." Both Édouard and his wife are ambitious enough to be a factor in the Rothschild family, but most likely only in France.

Other European Rothschild men either don't qualify for banking leadership or have taken themselves out of the running. Eric's brother, Robert, who is 49, lives quietly in New York, where he has invested in theater productions. Marie-Hélène's 41-year-old son, Philippe de Nicolay, works for the French bank, where he is regarded as a skilled salesman for the asset-management division. Although Guy welcomed him into the family and the business, Philippe lacks the essential name, and his mother raised him as a Catholic.

Élie's 50-year-old son, Nathaniel, re-

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ceived an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School and annoyed his French cousins with a know-it-all attitude. After initially working with them in the new Rothschild bank, he broke away, first to join Jacob in London, then to set up his own small investment-management business in New York. Married to the daughter of Israeli admiral Mordecai Limon, he keeps a low profile.

Edmond's only child, Benjamin, 33, studied computer science and communications in California and worked for a time in his father's bank. But in recent years he has moved away from the family business. He will inherit his father's fortune, but Edmond's Geneva bank may eventually be folded into the Zurich bank, owned by the French and British branches.

Now it is in the next generation that the family trolls for prospects. So far, only Jacob's son Nathaniel—known as Nat—seems to fit the profile of the "working Rothschild." Twenty-five years old and Oxford-educated, the future fifth Lord Rothschild is vice president of Atticus Capital, Inc., a hedge fund in New York City, and is considered a very bright and intense businessman. "Nat may be a force, because he is obsessed by the business and doing well," said a friend of Jacob's. "His father wants to talk about art, and Nat wants to talk about bond yields." Still, as a former N. M. Rothschild executive pointed out, "I don't know whether Jacob's son would work for the man who fought with his father for 15 years." Perhaps a more troubling sign was Nat's arrest on drunken-driving charges four years ago; he explained his behavior by revealing that he was suffering from "severe depression," for which he was receiving treatment.

Executives at the bank believe that Evelyn de Rothschild will remain chairman as long as necessary to enable his two sons to come in. Significantly, he is already starting to bring them along. When he traveled to China last August, he took his younger son, David, with him to observe how he completed an important transaction for the bank. Yet the real abilities of his boys may not begin to emerge for 5 or even 10 years.

The Rothschilds' adaptability has been one of their strengths, but it is debatable whether such a fiercely male-dominated family could cede control in the next century to a qualified woman. "There's the rule," Edmund de Rothschild said emphatically four years ago. "No Rothschild women and no in-laws. That's in case anyone marries a duffer and they lose the lot. That's definite. No exceptions." One obstacle for Rothschild women has been shedding their family identity when they marry. But if they were to keep the Rothschild name, the problem might well diminish. Philippine, the daughter of Philippe, married an actor named Jacques Sereys. But as the successful proprietor of Château Mouton in Bordeaux, she has used the Rothschild name.

Evelyn's oldest child, as yet unmarried, is 22-year-old Jessica, who is said to be bright. "Would Evelyn bring along his daughter the way he would a son?" mused a man who has known him for many years. "I have always been surprised that these people are immensely logical. But whether that would extend to passing control to a woman, I don't know."

Two months after Amschel Rothschild's death, R.A.M. revealed that in the fiscal year ended the previous March, losses had climbed to $9 million from $700,000 the previous year. At a time when the American stock market was booming, half of those 1995–96 losses had been from trading, the rest from the costs of modernizing and reorganizing the R.A.M. businesses. "It is disgraceful for any asset-management business to lose that amount of money," remarked one top London banker. "They should be making $15 million in profits." Given the magnitude of the loss, Amschel may have been more burdened than anyone suspected. Granted, he had been deliberately spending to expand the business, and since last March the operation has moved into the black.

Still, clients had been lost, fees were down, and investments under Rothschild management had clearly not performed. In a business where perception is crucial in buttressing investor confidence, the announcement of such losses could prove very damaging. Moreover, in their uncompromising self-judgment, the Rothschilds put the highest premium on success in running the family business. In that sense, Amschel may have suffered deeply from seeming to have let down his family.

Because there was no suicide note, Amschel Rothschild's death will remain the subject of competing theories. Besides his business pressures, Amschel was struggling with some personal problems. Friends say that his 15-year marriage to Anita was troubled, and that they had been quarreling. Amschel's mother had died in May, and his grief had been compounded by a sensational newspaper report that during World War II she had a "sporadic affair" with the infam spy Anthony Blunt, who was homosex During the same period, a close fri Simon Weinstock, had died of can "Was Amschel depressed? Certainly. V ried? Certainly. Sad? Certainly. Suici No," said one of his close friends.

Amschel seemed to have more reas to live than to die. He was intensely voted to his children and talked ab them constantly. He was a more fam presence at his son's boarding sch than other fathers, according to one ent. He and young James had been p ning a big cricket match with a rival t for the weekend following the fateful F business trip.

Two weeks after the initial reports, *Sunday Express* printed a story sug ing that French authorities suspe Amschel's death may have been acci tal. "It is odd that he was naked, ur he decided on the spur of the mome said a police source quoted by the pa "But suicide on impulse in this wa very rare indeed." The implication that his death might have come from toerotic practices involving asphyxia A lawyer for his family insisted tha was fully clothed—which contradicte police report.

During the inquest, coroner Dr. Knapman seemed to address those s cions when he said, "There are no bi features which are sometimes associ with male hanging." He concluded the death was a suicide "based on the dence that is available." Anita emerge the most forceful advocate of the su explanation, telling the hearing in a s ment that her husband "had depre tendencies. We do not know the re for this, but certain family antece predisposed him to this act."

Others in the family fastened on a ory that Amschel must have had, i aunt Miriam's words, "a sudden che surge, like a burst blood vessel," w prompted him to take his life impuls To some, Amschel's rude behavior t chambermaid was the tip-off. "He meticulous about how he treated vants," said a friend of Amschel's. man described was not the man I kn The Reverend Chad Varah, a suicid pert whose Samaritans organization recently attracted Amschel as a raiser, explained that he may have "endogenous depression generated chemical changes within the brain. . any age it can suddenly strike. . . . suicide is planned, the person us method appropriate to his or her cla

ground, such as an expensive Purdey Holland & Holland shotgun. . . . They not choose the belt of a dressing gown hotel. That seems like a sudden im-e, to seize an object near to hand."

or all the sadness and puzzlement, Amschel's death for the Rothschilds e down to "the king is dead, long the king." Amschel was gone, and they had a dynastic problem to e. The Rothschilds have done as h as any family to sustain their th and influence, and their success been marked by discipline and deep lial feelings. The tenacity of their ish identity has only intensified the strength. "As long as they maintain that identity," said one family member, "there is a certain drive to prove something. . . . Other families have no motivation . . . but if you look at the Rothschilds, everyone has some interest, and it has to do with a family that stays together."

But even if those traits endure, the power of the Rothschilds is likely to diminish. "In the 19th century the family made a startling amount of money," said Nicholas de Rothschild. "They grasped the wheel of industrialization and rode it like crazy. That fortune is already attenuated. . . . Once it is gone, it is gone. The opportunities to remake that kind of money are limited. None of us is Bill Gates. He has done it in this century." In his view, "the aura continues to radiate . . . but it is like the aftershocks of an earthquake. The earthquake is over, and all you get are echoes. That is all it is now—the echoes."

The gathering at Amschel's funeral showed the remarkable loyalty that the Rothschilds have toward one another despite differences in personal chemistry and philosophies of business. "If Mayer Amschel were to come back," said one family member, "he would look at the men and women and feel content. There is still a strong family feeling. The Rothschilds keep track. It may be a third cousin, but it's still a cousin, and Mayer Amschel would say that is not so bad." □

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oldie

tinued from page 62) plump cats and igh-school-age half-sister, Kate, al-ly Hollywood glamorous in brown e boots with a diamond in the outer of her left ear.

hings liven up when Russell—profes-l and hunky—strolls in, a mammoth n the compact rear of his jeans.

/e are in the couple's Pacific Palisades e, a sprawling stage set of cheerful esticity where floral rugs and 19th-ury American folk portraits of small lren coexist with a meditation room re Mama learns to let go. Hawn dec-ed every bit of it—down to the wood-ersey cow that peers cautiously over kidney-shaped swimming pool. It pro-s the clearest expression possible of actress's own character: whimsical vigilant.

The truth is, Goldie's like a five-alarm blaze," says actress Mary Ellen Trai-star of TV's *Relativity* and Hawn's friend. "We were at the Carousel of e ball thrown by Barbara and Marvin is the other night. And the attention blinding. Goldie was wearing a red oni Aldredge slip dress, and every an who could have a moment with came out to say, 'You're back on top! re on top again and we love ya!' "

oldie is one of the few to know how ously close she came to deep-sixing own hard-won triumph. The fact is, star initially had every intention of ing out on *The First Wives Club.*

aramount's Sherry Lansing wouldn't er jump. It was Lansing who, years er as an independent producer, had ght the rights to Olivia Goldsmith's novel, which detailed the revenge of some middle-aged ladies who had been unceremoniously dumped by their husbands. Yards of scripts later, three gifted actresses were selected to star: Bette Midler, Diane Keaton (in a role conceived for Sally Field), and Goldie Hawn.

Only, at the last minute Goldie had second thoughts. After completing the Allen movie in New York and Venice, she was weary of being away from her family. Mainly, however, she hated the "male-bashing" script, which she thought was too angry. "I was getting very nervous," she says. Suddenly, too much about Elise was hitting close to home. "Anyway, I was really wondering how I was going to get out of doing this movie. I was so frightened."

"I think that Goldie was aware that the audience might identify her with the character she plays," says Paul Rudnick, who revised the script. "I think she knew when her lips were pumped up with saline solution for the movie that it was obviously going to be a big laugh. And I know that kind of thing can be touchy. You know how it is when a gorgeous blonde hits 50."

Fearful that a fleeing Hawn might spark further defections, Lansing stood tough with Goldie, making her point by invoking a hallowed industry lawsuit: "*Does the name Kim Basinger mean anything to you?*"

Hawn prefers to downplay all this. ("I mean, the idea that anyone would think we had *bad words!*") But Hollywood knows Goldie was scared. "I gather they practically had to threaten her with a lawsuit," reports Hugh Wilson, the film's director. "I remember thinking, Oh, great, some big star's coming in here, mad as hell. This could get real bad."

Here, however, he grossly underestimated Hawn's professionalism. "Couldn't dodge that bullet, could you?" Wilson whispered during Goldie's first day on the set.

"Nah, honey—here I am. Let's go for it."

And go for it she did. Indeed, it is generally conceded that Midler was the trio's tough gal. "For a southerner, anger is a last resort," Wilson has said. "For Bette, it's a way of saying good morning." On the other hand, Goldie "was like the sun coming out."

"Every morning, I'd see her in Makeup with this cup of cappuccino and her yellow hair and this golden haze all around her," says Diane Keaton. "The most amazing thing about her is you don't see her working. With her, it just happens! Personally, I don't get it."

As things got going, Rudnick reports, Hawn's issues with the role "pretty much evaporated." She began to contribute, filling out Elise's existence with her own experience. Into his ear she poured the histories of her alimony payments to her two ex-husbands: director Gus Trikonis, who got $75,000 ("Not a lot of money," says Hawn), and Bill Hudson, who received the couple's $2 million house. "She had a lot of experience in that area of this movie, and wanted to bring that to it," reports producer Scott Rudin.

The great moment came when Goldie unexpectedly ad-libbed a speech on her character's feelings about plastic surgery and aging. With its spontaneous power and passion, the impromptu monologue staggered the film's creators. "Goldie's character was told in the film, 'Be your age and don't get plastic surgery—nobody cares that you're getting older,' " recalls Wilson. "And Goldie stands up—I'll never forget this—and she says, 'You know what? *I* care that I'm getting older.' "

"If I'm not young and I'm not beauti-

ful," cried Goldie's character, "who am I?"

There was genuine mourning when the soliloquy was excised from the final cut.

Some industry insiders say that there is a hard streak to Goldie, an occasional coldness. And every so often a chill wind does blow through Hawn country. Long stretches of flowing Goldie-laughter and startling confidences are followed by bouts of impenetrability and suspicion. Her former producing partner, Anthea Sylbert, says this is simply a learned form of self-protection: "Goldie can get to a point where she won't let you go any further. It happens without warning. When she stops, it is such a surprise that it seems she has turned cold and hard, when all she's done is become strict."

Let us say the actress is very "strict" on the subject of whether she, like Elise in *The First Wives Club,* has had plastic surgery. Nor is she eager to recall her career disappointments (watching her dream role, in *Sophie's Choice,* go to Meryl Streep). She is visibly discomfited by references to her production company's string of unsuccessful ventures—failures all the more humiliating after *Private Benjamin,* when the press morphed her overnight from puff pastry to clever cookie.

"You don't hit a home run every time," she declares impatiently, inhaling deeply from her Marlboro Light. "Particularly if you're a woman and you've crossed those boundaries. More is expected of you. So all of a sudden it's 'Let's hit another one, let's hit another one!'" Vulnerable again, she manages a weak smile. "But you know, *Private Benjamin*—once a decade. If you're lucky. So those kinds of expectations only set people up for disappointment."

Expectations are a subject that Hawn knows something about. "Let's just say that Goldie's mother was not very free with the compliments," says Sylbert, who knew the pretty Jewish woman—blonde to the end of her days in 1993—whom Goldie refers to as "the Matriarch."

"She was just one of those dames—you know," says Sylbert. "Goldie had to be extra good to get the compliments. And even then . . . "

"I always knew you were different," the Matriarch told her younger daughter when she was growing up in Takoma Park, Maryland. The girl had been named after an especially beloved aunt. Stroking the mass of yellow hair, Laura begged her daughter to "get Tante Goldie's name in lights."

Do you think you fulfilled some portion of your mother's yearning for herself? I ask the star.

"Yeah," she says, nodding hastily. "And I never knew what it was."

Her parents, despite their passionate involvement in her career, were not wholly comfortable with her sudden spectacular success. How could they be when their child became a large contributor to their own financial well-being? "Oh, in her family, she's always had to be the one to take care of everyone, especially financially," says Sylbert. "At different times of her life, she's felt burdened."

"What happens is people perceive you differently—because you have power," Goldie says sadly. "All of a sudden Goldie leaves town. At age 19 she gets a house, and it's a house nicer than the house we grew up in." All this was, she says, especially hard on her father, "because he didn't make that kind of money. Or have that kind of success. My father looked at me one time and said, 'I wouldn't know. I don't make as much money as you do. O.K.?'

"And I looked at him and cried. And I said, 'I'm sorry, Daddy.'"

Success means always having to say you're sorry. So Goldie learned in the lush years as she leapt from *Laugh-In* to big-screen projects such as *Cactus Flower* (the film for which she received an Oscar for best supporting actress of 1969) and Warren Beatty's *Shampoo.* (With her micro-minis and wistful eyes she was the soul of the picture. *The New Yorker*'s Pauline Kael noted dryly that she never before noticed that the actres tually had a speaking voice.) There also *The Sugarland Express,* Steven S berg's first feature, in which H played a white-trash mother who br her husband out of prison in order t gain their child. Most would agree the film remains her most persu dramatic performance.

As her star rose, the apologies acc ated. Goldie was always in arrea seemed, with the people she loved. I cially with the men who said they l her.

"I used to say, 'It doesn't matter makes the money,'" she tells me r plaintively. "I was very naïve." Her two marriages, she firmly believes, c bled under the stress of who made much cash. When she about how it was, her flattens out.

"It was my first indic that no matter how mu tried to be a good girl, no ter how much I tried to l good a wife as I could b matter how much I tried r make a big deal out of my dom, it didn't matter. It c matter whether I was goo bad. It didn't matter whet was hiding my success or l high on the hog.

"Because when a w makes more money th man, there's nothing she do. It's just a cancer."

> "Goldie can get to a point where she won't let you go any further."

Now in the life of Goldie Hawn is considerable wisdom wre from pain; there are also diminishe pectations. And therefore fewer pointments. Fourteen years ago sh Kurt Russell, a former Disney chil when he read for a part in her film *Shift.* They became a surprising c She's a liberal, he's a strict libert He's a hunter, she spends the wint signedly eating his elk meat. (She c "very spiritual elk meat.") Mary Trainor first sighted the couple Goldie was on the back of Kurt's n cycle. "She was wearing wraparoun fect black shades and a black leathe et—it was love at first sight." But T "certainly didn't think it would last. wasn't alone. "I have never quite fi that relationship out," says Anthe bert, Hollywood liberal and card-ca member of the Hollywood Wo Political Committee. "Goldie an husband have left restaurants with

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Goldie

and me screaming at each other. He doesn't even believe in the fire department—he's that much of a libertarian. He doesn't believe you should pay taxes!"

Here is what he does believe: "Men are not supposed to see one woman and only desire one woman. I mean, that's just science—if the species doesn't mutate, it'll die. Women have to understand this." Russell warms to his subject. "Just call a spade a spade. This is a man. This is what he's on earth for."

Goldie, perhaps in the interest of keeping peace, says she couldn't agree more. She says that she accepts the way men are. "I don't believe we own anybody. I don't think Kurt sexually only has eyes for me." She mulls her words, carefully. "I watch Kurt be in the presence of women he just loves. I see his whole aura change. And I don't get jealous of that. And I know that ultimately if he were asked to choose, there would be no decision to be made. But the reality of him going out, of traveling, of seeing a woman—I think it's kind of unnatural not to have those tendencies."

Whatever the compromises, there is a tranquil, affectionate, and even settled quality to this still-unmarried couple's domestic life. Walk into the kitchen and there's Kurt dumping a banana and some vile white powder ("Steroids," he cracks cheerfully) into an apple-juice concoction that is supposed to improve his physique for an upcoming film called *Soldier.* The door of the family fridge is blanketed with homework assignments. Perched gracefully on the edge of the couch, Kate, the pretty 17-year-old, volunteers, "My mother is my best friend; I tell her everything."

There are four children in all; Russell is basically father to the whole troop, including Kate and Oliver, whose real father is Bill Hudson, and Boston, from a previous union.

"Kurt is the breadwinner," Goldie emphasizes. She explains that his tough-gu gigs (*Executive Decision, Escape fro L.A.*) pay far more than her roles.

"Goldie's a comic genius," says Ru sell. "The movies I make go around t world." They are not, however, paeans either pacifism or riotous wit.

"No, definitely not," says Hawn. "I says to me, 'Aw, honey, you're not gon like this one.' I say"—her voice shrinks a baby squeak—"'O.K.' They bring in t bucks, they bring in the bucks."

A pragmatic woman, our Goldie. S has made her truce. One cannot real call it peace. "I'm just not someb who has a hammer in her hand. I'm ju not. And by the way, I don't think i good, because you do need pioneers chop down those walls. We do ne those women who have a little bit mo anger."

But unlike those ladies in *The Fi Wives Club,* she insists she is not ang She smiles her still-adorable smile as t smoke rises from her cigarette. □

Versace

(Continued from page 91) yet. From upstairs, the steady throb of construction racket pulsates through the walls. Versace stands in his new drawing room in front of a 17th-century statue of Actaeon being attacked by dogs. Certainly, the designer has never shied away from the use of classical themes. Black Medusa medallions now cover some of the windows—enlarged since the days of Helen Menken's paranoia. Upstairs there is Medusa hardware in the bathrooms and on the bedroom cabinets. As a child in Calabria, Versace tells me, he could look out his window and see an ancient tile floor depicting Medusa in a nearby fountain. "I used to play football on the Medusa," he says, and the Gorgon who could turn others to stone penetrated his psyche and became Versace's medallions and trademark—the gold buttons on Princess Diana's white silk dress. Versace has asked Roy Lichtenstein to design Medusa flags for his Manhattan dining room—one with the Italian colors and one in red, white, and blue.

Certainly, the designer is beginning to comprehend the quaint folkways of the Upper East Side. He lived in New York once before, he recalls, and was friendly with Diana Vreeland, Truman Capote, and Andy Warhol. "It was a time when New York was up. Then I stopped coming for five or six years. My friends die. It was not the glamour," he says. Now he is back, and has received the traditional Jewish house gift of bread and salt from his new neighbor, the enduring socialite Susan Gutfreund. The present had a note: "Welcome to the neighborhood." Earlier she had asked his construction workers to stop all the noise so that one of her lunches could proceed undisturbed. "Of course, we did," Versace says.

The Versace house is over the top, a rich man's fantasy, but there are no large gold Medusas hanging from the chandeliers, as there are in his Miami retreat. "It is the house that represents my work, my heart," he tells me. With the proportions of an embassy, it was designed in the Italian manner, with two big rooms on each floor.

From the street, you enter a large oyster-gray foyer with an elegant marble floor. Versace has added high-contrast faux-marble black accents to the walls, large vases, and Picasso watercolors. To the left is a powder room with exquisite murals in celadon, commissioned by Bernice Parks. The painter, Giorgio DiCarlo, wore ballet slippers while he worked on them. Versace will conduct business meetings in the first-floor drawing room, where a Picasso portrait dominates the left wall. Shimmering vases from factories in Murano, Italy, share space in cabinets with his rare-book collection.

It is time to tour. I follow Versace to an adjacent library, which has a wh mosaic floor with classical motifs in ange, green, red, and black. This flo one of Versace's architects tells me, w designed for the kitchen that was s posed to be in this space. "This is beautiful for a kitchen!" Versace declar and the kitchen was moved. It is V sace's intention, he says repeatedly, have an "American house," although interpretation of Americana is not a s level suburban house trimmed in fa chintz. What he means is that he will the house with monumental pictures American painters such as Jim Dine, Lichtenstein, and Philip Taaffe.

"Each house gives you somethi Versace says. He should know. He o four. There is the house in the So Beach area of Miami, which he calls fantasy house." It is "a global village," says. "The amount of people I ado Miami!" He took an abandoned l mark hotel and turned it into his ver of Vizcaya, the surreal Venetian pal once owned by John Deering, whic now a Miami museum. Versace's L Como retreat represents "style," and grand house in Milan is for "the fami

We crowd into the elevator and ceed down to "the American di room." At one time this room had nice Parks's French tapestries, but there is a whimsical portrait of a sta view to the garden, and green Ver

c in the "Gell Uccelli di Ranieri" rn. "Soon there will be a portrait of ffalo and a cow," Versace says. The windowless kitchen is tucked behind lining room, and there are scenes of trees and monkeys painted on the ets. There is no limit to his domestandards: nearby a housekeeper si- y irons towels and glides a lint brush them as she goes. As Versace walks, o his assistants, their heels tapping e marble, the sound reverberating in alls.

fter ascending a marble staircase, we l in the upstairs library with its large ings of snakes and birds by Philip fe. This room is designed to be ele- in the Versace manner. Art books d the shelves; 19th-century French ire furniture upholstered in the palest h dominates the space.

cross the hall is Versace's temporary oom. The bed is a burnished-gold n designed by Julian Schnabel; over ngs a large Schnabel canvas of a ng nimbus and a scrawled "*Paradis.*" t is because this bed will be a *pa-!*" Versace says. The vast room was erly the ballroom of Bernice Parks, a floor imported from an Austrian e. It has walnut cabinets with minia- paintings behind glass and two Pi- s, one of his mistress Dora Maar, other of his children Paloma and de. Versace leads me up marble to the third-floor bedrooms of An- and Donatella. Antonio's room is olor of a buttercup; Donatella's, the of lemonade. We stand in front of atella's bed, which was once in an century palace in Lucca. On the board is a painting of Hercules in hariot.

is is not my first encounter with 5 East 64th Street; I have been here on al occasions over the last 28 years. irst memory of it is vivid: it was 1967, was on a high-school holiday in New to visit Joelle Shefts, a childhood d from San Antonio, who had just ed into the grand limestone mansion. word had traveled through San Anto- hat her mother, the singer Bernice s, had remarried brilliantly, to a rich er named George Richard after the of his wife, Helen Menken. Over the two decades, 5 East 64th Street d be for Bernice an obsession that be- a madness, her personal Xanadu.

My mother lived in a constant state reparation. She was always prepar- or an entrance," Joelle said recently. n Joelle first saw the house, she was 16 years old. The place was almost exactly as Helen Menken had left it. "Every surface—carpets, upholstery—was covered with glass or plastic," she said. "You could not wear shoes in the house, and she and George Richard rarely entertained. She was terrified of germs. It was a genteel Wasp interior that needed to seduce no one. It was middle-class in an upper-class way, if you know what I mean."

Designed by the architect Irving Margolin, Helen Menken's rooms were claustrophobic, Joelle recalled. There was little interior light, and the staircase was enclosed. There were no windows on the first floor in front, owing to Menken's inchoate fear of a revolution. The house was filled with Boehm porcelain birds and a major collection of Impressionist pictures, including several Monets, a Bonnard, a Renoir, a Degas, and a cluster of Vuillards. Helen Menken hung Picassos in her bathroom. "One spends the ugliest moments of one's life in that room," she told Gene Feist, the founding director of the Roundabout Theater. "I must be surrounded by beauty at all times."

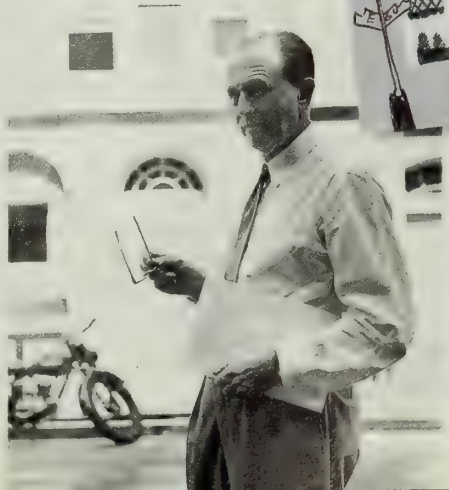
Bernice Parks immediately went to work; she tore down walls and opened the stairs so that the eye would travel vertically. She imported truckloads of Greek marble and blasted through the fortress exterior to build circular windows, French doors, and Palladian balconies. She staged a competition for 60 architects, making each one design a guest room to resemble "a little Versailles." The neighbors wrote her hate letters about the noise, but her plans were grandiose and unending. "My mother wanted to create a house in which the taste was so magnificent that it would freeze *them,* it would silence *them.* What drove my mother mad was her deep desire," Joelle explained. "It got to the point where her need for perfection was unrealizable. It got to the point where she could not leave the house."

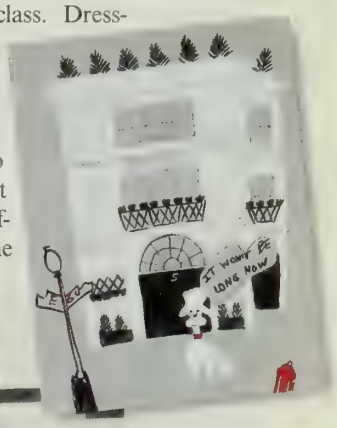
Bernice Pike, as she was born, was a child of the Depression, but she had talent as a dancer and a mother of stalwart ambition. At the age of nine, Bernice began to dance with the Boston Opera Company. By 14 she was the protégée of a pair of Russian dancers named Russakof. "My mother did not go to school. She danced!" said Joelle. "When she was about 12 years old, she did a solo dance of the story of Anna Karenina. A newspaper printed a review saying it was impossible to believe that a child of 12 could have done this. My mother took her birth certificate down to the office to prove it."

Bernice's mother, Florence Pike, was determined to move the family into another realm. In Revere, Massachusetts, she made a valuable alliance with Ruby Foo, the wife of a wealthy Chinese businessman. The two friends opened a restaurant in Boston named eponymously—Ruby Foo's was financed by Mr. Foo. Just before the war, a second Ruby Foo's opened in New York. Unusual for a Chinese restaurant at that time, Ruby Foo's was an elite preserve in the best part of town. The fancy specialty was called the peacock platter—served with a spread peacock tail.

Ruby Foo's was located on West 52nd Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue. Zero Mostel often had dinner there, as did much of the rest of the theater crowd. Walter Winchell mentioned it in his column. Florence was now out of the shabby suburb of Revere and in a grand house on East 72nd Street, with birds in antique cages decorating the bay windows. By then Bernice had changed her name to Parks and was a nightclub singer; she appeared on Broadway in Duke Ellington's *Beggar's Holiday* and recorded on the Mercury label.

With hair the color of Rita Hayworth's, the Fashion Plate of Song became known for her flamboyant style. She was showy, but she gave the illusion that she had class. Dressmakers created clothes for her which were often low-cut, with flared skirts to show her waist to advantage. After the war she





HALFWAY HOUSE
George Richard, the original owner, outside 5 East 64th Street, still under construction. Helen Menken and Richard's Christmas card said, "It won't be long now."

succumbed to bourgeois propriety and married a heart surgeon, Lawrence Shefts, who worked on the original open-heart-surgery research team. Bernice followed her husband to South Texas, set up a fine house, and had a baby daughter, Joelle, but she was bored in the hothouse of the San Antonio of the 1950s and soon returned to New York to attempt to pick up what remained of her nightclub career. Joelle was left in the large white house with her father and the Mexican maids, dependent on the kindness of the neighborhood mothers in the quiet suburb of Olmos Park.

I cannot remember a time when we did not know each other. She was the child in kindergarten who wore satin dresses with puffed sleeves ordered from Best & Company when we wore shorts. In November, Bernice would appear dramatically to stage her only child's birthday party on the lawn. She was a glimmering presence from a world beyond, bearing tiny Chinese figurines and black enamel dogs from the souvenir shop of Ruby Foo's. She wore high heels with no backs, and the heels would sink into the lawn as she supervised our donkey rides. One party memory lingers: We are grouped in the dining room around a long table with a smoked-mirror top. We are nine years old. Antique porcelain platters decorate the walls. The lights dim, and Bernice appears in full nightclub regalia—white feathers on chiffon—singing a standard with pure sexual longing in her voice:

> Gee, but it's great, after stayin' up late
> Walkin' my baby back home
> Arm in arm, over meadow and farm
> Walkin' my baby back home.

The mansion at 5 East 64th Street began as a carriage house adjacent to the Indian Consulate. In 1950 the carriage house was bought by the New York School of Interior Design to be its new headquarters. The architect William Breger, who drew up a plan, recently recalled, "There was nothing particularly distinguished about the site." The plan for the school was never executed. Instead the carriage house was sold to George Richard, who replaced it with the limestone fortress for his new wife, the actress Helen Menken.

Richard, the scion of a rich banking-and-shipping family, had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and was a partner in Henri Soulé's legendary French restaurant Le Pavillon. Richard's mother was a member of the Littauer family, a quiet, aristocratic German-Jewish clan whose fortune had come from leather manufacturing in the 19th century. Richard, however, always denied his Jewish roots. He was a gentle man, Joelle recalled, with perfect manners. By the time he married Helen Menken, she was 46 years old. Her stage career had peaked in the 1920s; since then she had become an eminence, a woman on best-dressed lists and theater committees. She was a director of the Tony Awards, and during the war she had had the idea of producing the Stage Door Canteen live on the radio.

One of the most famous stage actresses of her generation, Menken was the daughter of blind, deaf, and mute parents. She once told an interviewer that her gift for projection was acquired early in life—as a necessity. She was known for a melodramatic acting style which bordered on hysteria.

At the age of four, she was a fairy in Walter Damrosch's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. By the age of seven, she was playing continuously in *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. Her first husband was Humphrey Bogart, who left the New York theater for Hollywood. Menken starred famously as Diane in *Seventh Heaven* in the 1920s. She had a sweetheart face, and photographs of her appeared regularly in *Vanity Fair* and fashionable rotogravures along with those of Katharine Cornell and Laurette Taylor. In 1926 she was one of the first American actresses to play a lesbian, in *The Captive*. Women would wait outside the theater with bouquets of violets—a symbol for her homosexual character in the play. Mayor Jimmy Walker shut the play down, and Menken went to jail. "Jimmy Walker was a great friend of mine. He sent his Deusenberg around to take me to court," she said. Later, Menken played opposite both Helen Hayes in *Mary of Scotland* and Judith Anderson in *The Old Maid*. She was the first woman president of the American Theater Wing.

Helen Menken met her third husband, George Richard, after the war, when they both became involved in trying to start the American Shakespeare Festival. They married in 1948, and soon after 5 East 64th Street was completed, Menken had a mastoid operation—or perhaps a disastrous face-lift—which caused paralysis in her face and ended her theatrical career. She drew into the confines of the house became a zealous anti-Communist also worked for the rights of the abled. In later years she ran the Am can Theater Wing with notable im ousness. "She had a grand manner, the actress Blanche Yurka," Gene recalled. She wrote morality play the evils of Communism, alcohol, smoking for Feist's drama stud Menken's patriotism extended to décor in the offices. "Everything painted red, white, and blue," Feist. "Each desk had its blue en chair. On the desk were blue bud holding fresh white and red ca tions." When she appeared at office, Feist recalled, she often w diamond necklace and earrings, a pink peignoir showing underr a sable coat.

One night in 1966, Helen Me and George Richard arranged to dinner at Ruby Foo's. At that time nice Parks was running the restau which was no longer in its glory Dr. Shefts had died, and she had l reversal of fortune; she and Joelle living in modest rooms above the r rant. A relative of Helen Menken's sent word that Menken was downs Bernice arrived to supervise her personally. "My mother knew how diate," Joelle recalled. "She would charmed George Richard that n She snapped her fingers and comm ed special platters for the Menken p she hovered at the table and joined for a drink. Helen Menken's B waited outside on West 52nd Str take her group to a party at the L Club. As Menken arrived at the L she collapsed and died on the side "I always wondered what you put wonton soup," Joelle once tease mother.

Six months later, Bernice Park Mrs. George Richard, happil sconced at 5 East 64th Street. V five years, George Richard died less, leaving the bulk of his fortu his new wife. By then Bernice was throes of transforming Helen Me three-story house. Crews worked hour shifts around the clock. Ther a late-15th-century millefleur ta but by the end of Bernice's life was not a working bathtub in the l "My mother's obsession was glam any price. She believed, *I will live i ble until the day I die for glar* Joelle said. She got rid of a paintin tree that Salvador Dalí had ma

of Helen Menken's sculpture niches; Richard Impressionist collection was in battered cardboard boxes in the cellar. "I will never see my paint- again! What am I saying? I will r see *you* again," George Richard Bernice shortly before he died.

ited the house again in 1989. Bernice s in the last weeks of her life. The g room had become a hospital, and ouse was a shambles. Furniture was ed floor to ceiling to allow work to rward on her opulent palazzo. I re- ber that, however ill Bernice was that her concern on her deathbed was t the reglets—the spaces between the s. She had determined that the grout oo wide to be authentic, and wanted o out all the stuccowork she had re- y had done.

ter I attended Bernice's funeral at k E. Campbell's. Her construction ers—20 of them—filled several rows. el Michaelesco, a Romanian architect was helping her to achieve her vision, earby. "As long as there was banging work being done in the house, my er felt less alone," Joelle said in her y. Joelle's tone was muted but cele- ry. She spoke of "the splendor of my er's vision," however unfulfilled.

When Joelle and I visited 5 East 64th Street this past October, Gianni Versace's assistants were preparing the house for the designer's first important dinner. Joelle had spent two years restoring walls, floors, wiring, and plumbing in her mother's house in order to attract a buyer. She had once been offered $12 million by a shadowy French entrepreneur who wanted to pay her with questionable foreign accounts. She had turned that down and waited things out when the real-estate market crashed. David Geffen almost bought the house but changed his mind. Joelle discovered that several of Richard's most important pictures—a Modigliani, a Sisley, a Monet—were fakes. Then one day last winter a broker from William B. May showed 5 East 64th Street—perfectly restored by Joelle—to Gianni Versace. "I will look at nothing else," he said, and bought it almost on the spot. Joelle, a painter and documentary filmmaker, who lives in postmodern simplicity in the downtown loft formerly occupied by the late Robert Mapplethorpe, is at work on a movie about her mother's life. Shortly before Versace took possession, she spent several weeks filming in the house. On her way out the door, she too left the new owner a shopping bag filled with bread and salt.

On the day we went to see the house, Joelle wanted to show her daughter, Sasha, what Gianni Versace had done with her grandmother's mansion. The staff was in an uproar. Versace was arriving from Milan, and in four days 100 guests, including John Kennedy Jr., Jon Bon Jovi, Elizabeth Hurley, James Ivory, and Shalom Harlow, were coming for dinner and drinks. We stood in the garden room, and Julian Schnabel glared at us. He is a large man who bristles with self-importance, although he creates portraits of broken plates and dresses in the all-white costume of a chef. He told Paul Bishop, Versace's majordomo, that our presence disturbed his need for privacy while he installed a crockery impression of Versace in the hall. The house was no longer Joelle's or her mother's, and we were asked to leave. Joelle and I stood looking out at the garden where Bernice had once discovered an urn filled with Helen Menken's ashes. "For God's sake, throw them away," she had told her own majordomo at the time. Despite Helen Menken's fear of germs, the ashes were flushed down a toilet. Joelle and I could hear the thud of crates being dropped on the marble floor in the hallway upstairs. "I embrace the paradox. It's Versace's house now," she said quietly. □

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olita

tinued from page 95) automobile, s for a moment at the hotel, and says, w. Looks swanky." Humbert, his pounding, trails after her, momentar- ausing to observe as Lolita's "childish tweaked loose the frock-fold that had in the peach-cleft" of her buttocks. e and Schiff refer to this as "the n-cleft moment.") After several takes ed lacking by Lyne—"Do it again. you go. Do it better!"—the director is ied. Irons joins him to watch the played back on a video monitor, and pats him on the shoulder. "Well , Hum. Very nice indeed," he says , and then shouts wildly, "Jason! ! I'm fucking starved. Get me some- . Get me anything. A cheese sand- . An egg sandwich. Chop fucking , boys! Must go faster!"

ne chose Dominique Swain, a Mali- u High School student, after inter- ing and sampling videotape auditions more than 2,500 actresses—"some ld as 26," the director has said. (Kubrick also reported that he had gotten "thousands of applications" for the role.) Initially, Lyne was convinced he needed an older actress for the role. Says Jon Hutman, "The best advice was to cast a girl over 18." According to Hutman, Lyne needed "both this gangly, gawky kid and the most ravishing creature you have ever seen," but it is difficult for most children to achieve "ravishing." Alicia Silverstone, coming off the hit comedy *Clueless,* was discussed. Says Hutman, "Everyone would have loved [Lyne] to do it contemporary and with an 18-year-old girl." (For budgetary reasons the producers considered updating the story—which would have meant no period costumes or sets. Doing that would have saved time, which also means saving money.) With an actress under 18, labor laws limit the number of hours that a child can work in a day. Producers may also be required to hire a tutor and, for children under 16, cover various expenses for a parent or guardian for the duration of the filming. Because some scenes contain sexual situations and partial nudity, an adult body double, as well as the usual stand-in, would also be required on certain days. But choosing an older actress to play Lolita had implications for casting Humbert Humbert. "Adrian's whole idea was not to remake Kubrick, but to get back to the novel, and do it in a way that was not possible in 1962," says Hutman. "Adrian thought it could be funnier, lighter, more appealing to audiences. He went through a long period thinking Humbert could be played by a younger actor—Hugh Grant, or Ralph Fiennes. But if you put Hugh Grant next to Drew Barrymore, what is the story? Humbert could not be played by a 30-year-old actor and Lolita by an 18-year-old. No one looks twice at that kind of coupling."

It was Swain's videotape audition that won over the director, the father of four grown children. He has described it as "fresh and a bit eccentric. In repose, she has that natural sort of squishy, rubber face that kids do with their expressions. She just had an amazing quality that is hard to pin down."

Swain told the *Los Angeles Times* that "when I auditioned . . . I was told at first that I was too young for the role because of the picture I sent in." (She was wearing retainers, which Lyne later insisted

she wear in the movie: "It adds a certain charm, particularly when she clicks them at Humbert to annoy him," he has said.) So Swain recorded the videotape and sent it in while her mother was on vacation in Hawaii.

Now, on the set of the lobby of the Enchanted Hunters, Lyne calls over to Swain. "Jaws!" he says, using a pet name arising from her snapping her teeth shut after her first kissing scene with Jeremy Irons. "Let's try it again."

He demonstrates the next scene, doing a dry run across the carpet. Humbert is meant, after a long day on the road, to check in at the desk. Lolita is meant to crawl on her hands and knees in pursuit of a small dog—a pursuit that will land her at the feet of the evil Quilty. Lyne, now on hands and knees himself, says, "Remember to smile, sweetheart? In the middle? You're fascinated." The dog and Swain hit their marks, and, after several takes, the set is rearranged to film from Quilty's angle. Only the tip of his shoe and the curl of his cigarette smoke are seen in the video monitor that frames the shot. Lolita crawls up to him, and Quilty says to her, of his little dog, "He can smell if you're sweet. He likes sweet young people. People like you." Swain gives Langella a look that is startlingly lascivious. It takes 90 minutes to complete the sequence, at which point Swain removes a heretofore hidden piece of chewing gum from her mouth and parks it on her bare knee.

"She's amazing," Lyne says later wonderingly. "One minute she looks 11, then the next she looks 16."

Swain's mother, Cindy, a housewife and also her daughter's manager, is on the set every day that her daughter is filmed. Just as Sue Lyon's mother was so concerned about letting her daughter play Lolita that she consulted her priest, Cindy Swain has agonized to newspaper reporters, "I am nervous about all the weird, dirty old men who will see this movie and think that is my daughter [nude] up there."

Nabokov's Humbert is certainly one of those dirty old men. In fact, he is a monster. He marries Charlotte solely as a means of obtaining physical proximity to Lolita, hasn't sufficient courage to follow through on an impulse to murder Charlotte, thrills without conscience or embarrassment at Charlotte's accidental death, and at one point even conjures the notion of impregnating Lolita so that when she herself is nymphet no more and doesn't interest him sexually he may ravish her daughter. And yet Humbert is so many other things, and so compellingly, that even a literary critic as staid as Lionel Trilling wrote, "Humbert is perfectly willing to say that he is a monster; we find ourselves less and less eager to agree with him."

In James Mason, Kubrick found a perfect Humbert: he is charming, humorous, handsome, and intelligent, and yet, very believably, a pervert. Lyne was committed to finding a leading man who could match Mason's breadth. (In the new version Mason does have a cameo of sorts. According to Schiff, he will appear on-screen on-screen as Humbert and Lolita visit a movie theater playing *Odd Man Out,* in which Mason also starred.) Though Jon Hutman admits that Irons, as Humbert, "might be too obvious a choice," Lyne says, "I don't know who, other than Jeremy, could do this."

In early meetings, Schiff says, Lyne insisted that likability was a key issue—for both Humbert and Lolita. "He always said they are an odd couple you have to care about 'before it all goes to rat shit,'" Schiff recalls. "He continuously pushed me [on the idea] that Humbert Humbert could not be this foul, creeping creature." Alone among major movie stars, perhaps, Irons has the heft, the darkness, and the doomed, derelict charm to play Humbert Humbert. And perhaps he alone would risk his career for the chance to portray one of the most haunting figures in modern literature. Others close to the movie are not so sure about Irons. One points out that James Mason could "go either way"—he is believable as either an upright citizen or a child-molester. Irons, this source fears, because of his dissolute physical appearance and previous roles (Claus von Bülow in *Reversal of Fortune,* Dr. Stephen Fleming in *Damage*), is a priori debauched in the audience's eyes—thereby jeopardizing any chance of sympathizing with him.

Lyne recounts the parade of highly regarded screenwriters who attempted to adapt *Lolita* for him: James Dearden (who wrote Lyne's *Fatal Attraction*), British playwright Harold Pinter (*The Homecoming, Old Times*), American playwright and screenwriter David Mamet, and, author of the current version, Schiff. "Mamet's version was really awful," Lyne says. "Humbert Humbert was an ordinary filthy pedophile—thoroughly unpleasant." Similarly, Pinte version, according to Schiff, began wi Humbert saying the line "You're not g ing to like me."

For his version Kubrick commission Nabokov himself—a smart move to blu those critics who would inevitably acc the director of sensationalizing the no for the screen. According to Nabok "only ragged odds and ends" of his scr actually made it onto the screen—a f not generally discovered until a deca after the movie's initial release, when published his screenplay. In an introd tion to it, Nabokov admitted that his fi reaction to Kubrick's movie was "a m ture of aggravation, regret, and reluct pleasure. Quite a few of the extrane inventions . . . struck me as appropri and delightful. Others . . . were pain Most of the sequences were not rea better than those I had so carefully co posed for Kubrick."

Yet even Nabokov missed the point his own novel, Lyne says, when he dra tized it: "Nabokov's script is awful. didn't get it—or wouldn't get it." (Dm Nabokov insists, though, that his fath script "was deemed good and appropri and then Kubrick rewrote it entirel Kubrick encouraged Peter Sellers, w played Clare Quilty, and others to ad lines. Schiff, who calls Kubrick "cold misanthropic," sneers at the legendary rector's version. He says it was so muc collaboration between Kubrick and lers that "he should have called it *Quil* Schiff, says Lyne, "got it somehow."

It seems a happy collaboration. Sch Lyne, and Irons are all passion about the novel. (Irons, particula refers to the book, not the screenplay, fore deciding how to play a sce Among Lyne's decisions upon reac Schiff's screenplay was to include m of Humbert's final confession, in w he realizes his love for Lolita. ("I st listening to that musical vibration f my lofty slope, to those flashes of s rate cries with a kind of demure mur for background, and then I knew that hopelessly poignant thing was not Lol absence from my side, but the absenc her voice from that concord.") This on the set Lyne says, "How can that be in the movie? How can you not clude that, verbatim, from the book?"

Last August, Lyne went to Franc add an extended flashback that is b on the first three chapters of Nabok novel, which describe Humbert H bert's childhood and the beginning o obsession with child brides. Indeed, v

f has made some of the dialogue the novel more colloquial, he has to remain faithful to Nabokov; nost cases, Lyne has not tampered Schiff's words. (The actors, however, tampering. Aching through a 15th stumbling over his lines, Frank gella begins extemporizing. "What you called?" he asks Swain. "I am d Queer. I mean, I am called Clare. y." At another point he glances it Lyne, between takes, and says, 're rewriting Nabokov. But I guess s O.K.")

abokov had difficulty getting his novublished in America in 1955, and it originally brought out in a small ing by the avant-garde Olympia s in Paris. American publishers were even though Nabokov had relied on nasterly command of language for ing, slyly and poetically burying his acters' lewder actions in such deft ses as "I gave her to hold in her awkfist the scepter of my passion," and life was handled by little Lo in an getic, matter-of-fact manner." Fellaas veiled in this way: "Knowing the c and might of her own soft mouth, nanaged—during one school year!—to the bonus price of a fancy embrace ree and even four bucks."

ubrick had to be even more demure when it came to the novel's sexual ent, so much so, in fact, that it is vir- absent from his movie. He later "Had I realized how severe the [cenip] limitations were going to be, I ably wouldn't have made the film." the crucial scene in which Lolita se- s Humbert Humbert at the Enchant- Iunters, even the mere implication Lolita was about to get into bed with bert was deemed too racy by the ors (let alone a brilliant sequence in okov's original script in which the era travels into the rooms of other s, some of whom hear Lolita's gig- of pleasure and think they are merely ng a child at play).

hiff attempts no obfuscation. Stage tions for the sexual encounter ned for Dmitri Nabokov and me "The fly settles on her belly, which istening with sweat, and wanders up rd her breasts. . . . Lolita's face, ng the comics. She is breathing hard, her eyes are very bright. She moans n. There seems no dividing line be- n her sexual pleasure and the plea- she takes in the comics."

sewhere, explicit language replaces okov's expressive ellipses and artful dodges: the book has Quilty say, "Stop pointing at me that (he swore disgustingly) gun"; the screenplay allows Quilty to say, "Stop pointing that fucking gun at me." Late in the novel, when Lolita is explaining to a crushed Humbert exactly how intimate she had been with dread Quilty—and why, despite her affection for him, the relationship ended—Lolita says Quilty made her do "crazy things, filthy things. I said no, I'm just not going to [she used, in all insouciance really, a disgusting slang term which, in a literal French translation, would be *souffler*] your beastly boys." In Schiff's script, this has been transformed into: "I said no, I'm not going to blow all those beastly boys." (In Nabokov's script Lolita says merely that Quilty wanted her to make "filthy movies.")

Almost everyone involved with *Lolita* has something substantial at risk. Producer Joel Michaels's last film was Renny Harlin's disastrous pirate adventure, with Geena Davis, Matthew Modine, and Frank Langella, *Cutthroat Island,* which lost an estimated $62 million. The French company bankrolling *Lolita,* Chargeurs, recently backed *Showgirls,* a financial and critical fiasco. Neither Melanie Griffith nor Jeremy Irons has had a hit movie in years. Dominique Swain may find her Lolita eclipses—as Sue Lyon's did for her—anything else she'll ever do. Lyon is already envisioning a tough road ahead for Swain—perhaps the same one Lyon faced after her performance in *Lolita.* She has been married four times and battled depression for much of her life: "I defy any pretty girl who is rocketed to world stardom at 15 in a sex-nymphet role to stay on a level path," she speculated to the London *Sunday Times.*

Whether good or bad, successful or not, Schiff's script will resonate for years. And Adrian Lyne risks being remembered as the director foolish enough to remake Kubrick—although he and others insist his only interest is in giving Nabokov and *Lolita* the honest film rendition Kubrick could not or would not give it in 1962.

The key may ultimately be in how much sex remains in the final cut. It's the first thing most audiences will wonder about when confronted with the movie. For example: Hanging around behind the set of the Enchanted Hunters are two local farmers in dungarees and dirty work shirts. What do they know about the movie? "Nothin'," one man says. Do they know it's about a 40-year-old man who's in love with a 12-year-old girl? "No," says the other, brightening visibly. "Is it dirty?"

That's a question every moviegoer will ask. Schiff says it's not an issue. "To me that was a line that wasn't interesting to cross," he says, "the line between a story that has an erotic component and one that is porny. It wasn't hard to define that line. Nabokov was outrageously explicit where we are not. 'She took my life in her hands'? We're not going that far."

But while Kubrick lamented the absence of eroticism in his movie, Nabokov himself later described the film, compared with the novel, as "a scenic drive as perceived by the horizontal passenger of an ambulance."

Lyne may find himself riding in that same ambulance. Last fall President Clinton signed into law the Child Pornography Prevention Act of 1996. Authored by Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, and filed last August 2, the law takes aim at so-called computer-generated child pornography, in which children's heads and adults' bodies are graphically fused to form the impression that viewers are seeing children engaged in explicit sex acts. It is now illegal to create any work in which "such visual depiction is, or *appears to be,* of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct" or "where such vi-

sual depiction is advertised, promoted, presented, described, or distributed in such a manner *that conveys the impression* that the material is or contains a visual depiction of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct." (Italics mine.)

Using a body double to simulate a minor having sex in a movie might fall within the parameters of the techniques prohibited by the new law. "That would clearly apply to the remake of *Lolita,*" says Robert Peters of Morality in Media, Inc., which he describes as "a national interfaith organization [whose] primary focus is hard-core obscenity and standards of decency." He has been keeping an eye on *Lolita* and already believes that Lyne may have overstepped the bounds of decency and, because of the new legislation, the law as well. Lyne "was pushing the envelope by using the child herself in some scenes, even though [he] used a body double for some of the scenes. . . . I would almost bet my bottom dollar that somewhere in the footage of that film there exists real child pornography. . . . The girl herself was used in situations that just weren't right." Representatives for the film categorically deny that Swain was herself used in any scenes involving nudity or explicit sexual conduct.

"Our concern would be that, however artistically it is done, it really panders to the pedophile community," says Maryam Kubasek of the National Coalition for the Protection of Children and Families, "in the sense that what they want to believe is that children truly are sexual beings and that to initiate them in the sexual experience is doing them a favor. A movie like this may perpetuate that belief."

Lyne is already replying to such criticisms and clearly expects a barrage of them after the film opens. "I could make a movie about a 13-year-old girl getting chopped up and eaten and no one [in the United States] would say anything," he told a reporter prior to production. "This movie was doomed from the start," he elaborated this past September. A representative for Lyne is now saying that the explicit footage screened for me and Dmitri Nabokov will not be in the film.

Last fall the *Lolita* publicity machine shut down—perhaps due to Lyne's fear that pre-release controversy might scare away major distributors. Representatives for Jeremy Irons, Dominique Swain, Adrian Lyne, Frank Langella, and even Melanie Griffith said their clients would not comment on their roles in the movie. Lyne may finally have realized an important paradox he is facing in remaking *Lolita:* while there is far more latitude now than in 1962 with regard to filming sexually explicit material, the current political and social climate may actually make it harder to film sexual material involving minors. Kubrick was able to point out to critics that since it was legal in some states for children of Lolita's age to marry it was hardly immoral to sugg they were sexual beings. Lyne, who considering far more explicit scenes t Kubrick ever dreamed of, is finding h self in the middle of a hot public deb that includes Megan's Law (which m dates the release to the public of infor tion concerning sex offenders, after t have served their prison sentence NAMBLA (the North American Man I Love Association), and various wit hunts and spectacular, widely publici trials concerning child abuse.

As of press time, no one outside filmmaker's inner circle has seen anyth resembling a completed cut of *Lo* Having been assured by his finan backers that he would receive suffici funds to complete the movie, Lyne de ed not to show a rough cut to distri tors. By late November, the director completing the finished edit—but the mor was circulating in Hollywood that the major studios were afraid of or off by the subject matter and graphic piction of under-age sex. Not so, say studio head who was shown a 45-min reel of key *Lolita* scenes last fall. "It spectacular. We were blown away," executive said.

Several associates of Lyne's now volved with *Lolita* say that they have er seen him work with such intensity passion. They speculate that his love *Lolita* may prove not only the mov saving grace but the director's as Schiff, for one, thinks so. "He'd la and deny it, but I think Adrian is a artist. This is his redemption." □

Murdoch vs. Turner

(Continued from page 79) that they didn't have a network. They only had a press release. They basically said they have no distribution. To enter the cable wars without distribution is like saying, 'Look, you're going to have the finest meal ever eaten. We don't have a kitchen, but . . . ' They had no place to cook it." NBC and Microsoft followed suit with a press conference of their own nine days later, just hours after Welch and Gates had personally sealed the last details after a frenetic night of negotiating.

Even as the two major networks settled into the blocks, there was talk that still another entrant was poised to enter the race: Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation.

It was a supreme irony that the company named after news didn't have any to speak of, at least at the Fox network. The notoriously conservative Murdoch, who had been openly critical of what he called CNN's liberal slant, had been trying to assemble an American news operation for years. In 1992 he had hired a former president of CBS News, Van Gordon Sauter, and given him a mandate to create a national news organization. Sauter came up with a short-lived newsmagazine show and little else. He was gone inside of two years.

In January 1996, Murdoch hired Roger Ailes, the rotund Republican media consultant who had just left the helm of NBC's two cable channels, CNBC and America's Talking, and assigned him the task of creating a 24-hour cable news network. Ailes was skeptical at first—"I was concerned about the false starts," he acknowledges—but signed on when Murdoch assured him he was serious. No one else was convin "Murdoch has been announcing . . . a mestic news operation every year for or five years now, it seems," says A Lack. Adds an MSNBC executive, thought Murdoch would be a disaster.

Down in Atlanta, meanwhile, Ted ner did his best to feign indifference ward his challengers, but Murdoch's cism of CNN's political slant clearly under his skin. "I'm looking forwar squishing Rupert," Turner told an ence of cable executives, "like a bug."

All three new networks now confr ed the challenge of what media utives call "distribution." For all the of 500-channel televisions, most cable tems still have only 50 or so chan and with few exceptions every single on every single system is filled. New ble networks are thus forced to lin

beg for space. "Distribution is the e of the game," says Ailes. "There's a l dance with cable operators. They t want you, they don't want your ser- they don't want your phone call . . . never want to hear from you again." ISNBC and ABC devised traditional -road strategies, promoting all the names—Jennings and Gumbel and ver and Couric—they were bringing able's starless universe. Murdoch and broadcasting chief, a dashing Har- M.B.A. named Chase Carey, came vith an earthier incentive: cash. Nor- y, it's the cable operators who pay etworks a "subscriber fee" of a nick- so per subscriber to carry the likes BO and CNN. Murdoch turned that on its head. Paying for space wasn't ely without precedent; in the past, rammers had paid a million or two and there to cover marketing costs. in April, at the National Cable Con- on in Los Angeles, word spread that doch's men were willing to pay an nding $10 per subscriber, which lated to $50 million for a good-size n of five million subscribers. "We to put something on the table to the attention of the cable opera- ' says Carey.

e news floored MSNBC executives. got scared," admits one. "When announced it, we said, 'Holy shit, s a ton of money. If they can put to- r a compelling programming lineup, by the way they're going to give you ey, then we have a problem."

t the news hit even harder at ABC. ebruary, Roone Arledge had raided to hire Jeff Gralnick, executive pro- r of Tom Brokaw's *Nightly News,* to "Fred," which was shaping up as MSNBC ultimately became: talk ra- on television, heavy on the news- ks. That spring Gralnick's little p busied itself laying out programs scouting talent; its first coup was a in-the-making to simulcast radio per- lity Don Imus's morning show, a MSNBC ultimately made. (Imus, in is MSNBC's most popular show.) By May, Gralnick had signed a lease he new network's headquarters, a story office building in Florham , New Jersey, a half-hour west of hattan. But the day after the lease mailed, Gralnick was summoned to dge's office to receive stunning news: was quitting the race.

er and Michael Eisner had made the Over a weekend in early May, the men reviewed the numbers in light of doch's cash-payment strategy. The future looked grim. Eisner asked Iger whether he would urge his board to proceed with the new network if he were C.E.O. "I said, 'No, not based on what I now see,'" Iger recalls. "He said, 'I guess you've made the decision.'"

ABC's withdrawal narrowed the race to two: MSNBC and Fox News. Executives from both networks spent the spring and early summer scurrying from cable operator to cable operator attempting to strike deals for channel space. MSNBC reeled in a series of small fish, but it was Murdoch who harpooned the whale: Malone. In June, Murdoch and Malone struck a deal in which Malone's TCI—the nation's No. 1 cable system, with 14 million subscribers—agreed to furnish Fox News with 10 million initial subscribers in return for a cash payment of $200 million, or $20 per subscriber, and an option for a 20 percent equity interest in the new network. This deal alone ensured that Fox News would have enough distribution to be viable. "We never even really got into serious negotiations with Malone," admits an MSNBC executive. "Rupert took them off the table."

Buoyant after his victory, Murdoch and his men set their sights on the nation's No. 2 cable operator, Time Warner. Jerry Levin's systems covered 17 percent of the country's cable-watchers, but one of the properties, in particular, was the crown jewel: Time Warner's New York City Cable Group, the key to Madison Avenue. Murdoch's wooing of Time Warner began in early June, when Levin and Richard Parsons, Time Warner's president, crossed the Avenue of the Americas to Murdoch's midtown New York headquarters. Over lunch in Murdoch's private dining room, the News Corporation chief and Chase Carey emphasized the importance they placed on Manhattan and suggested that, whatever happened, the two conglomerates not let it interfere with the many other projects they were working on together. Time Warner programming, after all, needs Murdoch's satellite services to reach Europe and Asia. In a follow-up letter, Murdoch reminded Levin that he was willing to pay cash to get Fox News on as many systems as possible.

Levin's point man on the negotiations with Murdoch was Fred Dressler, a 55-year-old vice president at Time Warner Cable who serves as gatekeeper to any and all networks who want to broadcast on Time Warner systems. Dressler, a wiry, energetic man with a receding hairline and tiny hands, wasn't wild about either MSNBC or Fox News. He had run into Ailes at the National Cable Convention and asked what his new network would look like. "I'm not going to tell you," Ailes said. "It's a news channel. That's all you need to know."

"What kind of deal are you offering?" Dressler asked.

"I'm not ready to talk to you," Ailes shot back. "When I am, I'll call." The exchange left Dressler cold. "Murdoch's attitude," says Dressler, "was 'You don't need to know what we're giving you. Just take the money and shut up.'" Nor was Dressler all that excited about the prospect of Murdoch's cash. Yes, the cable operator got money up front, but it still had to pay subscriber fees to Murdoch over time; eventually those fees would outstrip the cash advance. And while most fees were in the range of a nickel per subscriber per month, Murdoch had demanded and reportedly received a whopping 25 cents per subscriber from Malone to carry fX, his other cable channel. Dressler suspected that Murdoch's cash offer masked a huge "back end" as well.

Dressler had even more problems with MSNBC. From the moment he agreed to broadcast America's Talking in 1993, Dressler, who had a host of ongoing disagreements with NBC, had suspected that NBC ultimately intended to morph it into a news channel, and had written the contract with America's Talking to explicitly prevent that. When MSNBC's lead negotiator with cable operators, David Zaslav, phoned, Dressler told him there was no way NBC could alter the America's Talking contract. Zaslav was steamed. Though Time Warner grudgingly consented to broadcast MSNBC in Manhattan at its mid-July debut, Dressler reminded him that he could yank it at any moment if the two companies' issues weren't resolved soon.

Dressler's talks with Murdoch's men, meanwhile, were moving forward nicely. Ailes and Carey continually emphasized the importance of Manhattan, and despite his ritual moaning about the difficulty of bumping another channel, Dressler appeared amenable. During a meeting at Time Warner headquarters, he suggested the possibility of jettisoning a pay-per-view channel. Says Ailes, "It was clear there was not a capacity issue. This was a deal issue. As we walked to the elevator, Chase and I looked at each other and said, 'This looks pretty easy.'"

And therein lay one of the race's great ironies. That Murdoch—the arch-conservative bane of liberals everywhere—was

able to get in the door at Time Warner was due in large part to a surprising bit of help from the Clinton administration.

That June, the Federal Trade Commission was inching into the ninth month of its mammoth review of the proposed Time Warner–Turner merger. The deal was an anti-trust regulator's nightmare. Most worrisome was the escalating power it would bestow on John Malone, who as Turner Broadcasting's largest shareholder would become the second-largest shareholder (behind Turner) in the combined company. There were a slew of other concerns. Time Warner, for instance, which already owned strong franchises in such cities as Houston and New York, would now be in a position to grant dwindling channel space to a host of existing and proposed Turner networks at the expense of competitors' channels. Still, few in Washington believed the famously gun-shy F.T.C. would do anything so radical as block the merger. Instead, the new F.T.C. chairman, Robert Pitofsky, a Georgetown law-school professor who had written extensively on media concentration, was trying to tinker with it. Already Pitofsky's people had attempted to contain Malone's influence by inserting a provision into the merger agreement preventing him from voting his shares.

In the early summer, as Murdoch began talks with Time Warner, word spread that Pitofsky was considering an unprecedented move: forcing Time Warner to carry a news channel that competed head-to-head with CNN. Public-interest groups quickly realized that the obvious beneficiary of such a move would be either MSNBC or Murdoch's Fox News, which had struck a deal with Malone. "We told Pitofsky that this clever idea of promoting an all-news channel was going to backfire," says Gene Kimmelman of Consumers Union. "[And] the fact that Malone could be a beneficiary of this deal was just the icing on the cake." By imposing a requirement that could help Murdoch's network, the Clinton administration would also be seen as nurturing a right-wing news channel in its cradle, giving a gift to men like Murdoch and Malone, who had spent heavily to install a Republican Congress.

Into this intricate debate on July 15 stepped NBC C.E.O. Robert Wright. In a routine press conference announcing MSNBC's debut that day, Wright stunned reporters by casually passing on the rumor that Murdoch was about to cut a major distribution deal with Time Warner. Wright's off-the-cuff remarks were interpreted as a shot across Jerry Levin's bow—MSNBC still couldn't get in the door at Time Warner—and also as a wake-up call to the F.T.C. and the White House. In Washington, Pitofsky went ahead and inserted the requirement, according to Washington insiders, after heavy lobbying from NBC attorneys. (Richard Cotton, NBC's general counsel, denies this.) Once Pitofsky's decision seemed set, one faction of public-interest lobbyists urged him to take the unlikely step of blocking Murdoch from the slot the F.T.C. was opening on the Time Warner cable system. "The response was 'We can't touch that,'" says one lobbyist. "They said they had to be 'content-neutral.'"

It was now clear that Time Warner would be forced to carry at least one of the new networks. His hands tied, Dressler narrowed the field of contenders to two and consented to a meeting with MSNBC's David Zaslav. The situation between Time Warner and NBC remained complicated and tense. Dressler continued to insist that NBC was breaking its contract by transforming America's Talking into MSNBC. Zaslav decided to play hardball.

"If you don't keep it, we're going to be in court, and in my book we win that lawsuit every time," Zaslav warned Dressler. Every other major cable operator had allowed him to switch to MSNBC: how would it look, Zaslav argued, if the owner of CNN was the only one who balked? "And if we get into that war," Zaslav added, "you have problems. We could yank NBC. Then we're in a war over whether your subscribers get to see *Seinfeld* and football, and we're in a major pigfuck." On the other hand, Zaslav argued, "you already have a deal with us; if you simply keep that deal, you're going to meet your F.T.C. requirement." It was a persuasive argument, and by mid-August, Zaslav was telling his bosses he was confident they would have a deal for MSNBC to run in Manhattan.

The negotiations between Time Warner and Fox continued despite Dressler's irritation with Murdoch's steamroller style. "The way Rupert Murdoch negotiated is 'Here's the deal I did with John Malone, take it or leave it,'" says Dressler. Still, Levin had talked with Murdoch in mid-July and assured him ther peared to be no problems. Fox pres a proposed agreement to Time Warn August 13, after which Dressler gav Fox negotiators the impression that had a "done deal." Murdoch's men growing nervous nevertheless. Not were they approaching their Octol launch date, but they had glin MSNBC negotiators in the hallwa Time Warner. Don't worry, Dressle phasized; closing a deal with Fox was Time Warner's second-highest pr behind closing the Turner merger. doch himself remained calm. "Rupe that Jerry had told him it was fine, was going to be fine," says Roger "He said, 'We have a deal. Levin ga word.'" (A Time Warner spokesma Levin didn't give his word.)

In fact, Time Warner was expecti make everyone happy. Dressler an chairman of Time Warner Cable Collins, were planning to take both channels. The risks of yanking MS were too great; they could be in cou years. And for all their fretting Murdoch's steep "back end" fees, million in cash would give Collins hi quarter in years—never mind the da the two new channels would do t Turner's beloved CNN. "[Collins] w incentivized [to help Turner]," sa executive involved in the talks. "Tha problem with the culture there." A Turner insider, "Every division is lo out for what's best for that division."

By August 30, Dressler was o verge of signing agreements with bot works—"within a half-hour," says executive—when Time Warner's lawy tervened. They asked that he put off izing the contracts until after the F.T. proved the Time Warner–Turner m "This was about appearances," expl Time Warner executive. The F.T.C. n the situation to appear as if it were f Time Warner to carry a second channel. "If [we] do the deal befor rule," says Dressler, "it looks like t coming to the table with an empty Neither MSNBC nor Murdoch was with the delay. "We were all nervou we were getting bullshitted," recalls

Dressler says he began to have s thoughts about taking both channel after Labor Day. During August h tion managers and field represent across the country had beseeched hi

it; bumping two existing channels, ıer it was the Weather Channel or the Network or some obscure ethnic ɔrk, would inevitably lead to howls of sts, no matter who was displaced. in late August, TCI announced that s dropping a number of networks ıd the country, including Lifetime, a ɔrk directed at women, to begin casting Fox News. Malone's decision net by a groundswell of anger from n's groups and several prominent leg-s. "Women kind of feel like they're rolled over so that guys who run companies can make more money," ed Representative Pat Schroeder.

ıs was too much for Fred Dressler. aking both news channels, he says alized, "would have been a public-ons disaster—we would have been ng in every community we're in." ıys he went to Collins, who reluc- agreed to the idea of taking just If they had to choose, MSNBC was y the better deal. Not only did it ıate the need to bump existing chan-it also erased a serious legal threat. es, because of Murdoch's "back payments, the deal with NBC was eaper over the long haul.

ıen Collins and Dressler called Jerry , Levin quickly agreed that it made as he put it, to "stand down" on vith Fox News for the moment. They l go with MSNBC. Levin pointedly to mention the issue of Turner's op-on to taking both networks. "Obvi- Ted doesn't have any love lost for rt, but this was not about personali-ith Ted," insists a senior Time Warner tive who spoke with Turner. "[This ıbout] Ted wanting to get CNNSI w sports network], Turner Classic es, and the Cartoon Network on." another Time Warner executive,] didn't really give a shit about Fox or Welch or Bob Wright; despite the ıe yells about Murdoch, he didn't care who we chose. Remember, this is who a year ago was yelling that Jer-vin was giving him a clitorectomy."

irst Ted's view was we shouldn't put ıe on, but we get this F.T.C. thing," the executive who spoke to Turner. ırious times Turner suggested they l fulfill the F.T.C. dictate by carry-ıe BBC or even Bloomberg Infor-ɔn Television. Neither idea flew. "So ıys, 'Maybe we shouldn't do anything till next year,'" this executive continues. "But we couldn't wait."

Neither could Murdoch. Fox News was scheduled to debut in less than a month. And so, on Dressler's suggestion, Levin crossed the rainy Avenue of the Americas one last time to give Murdoch the bad news. "I said to Jerry when he left, 'Good luck,'" remembers Parsons. "[When he returned] he said, 'Actually, Rupert took it very well.' It wasn't till the next day that things started to erupt."

The next morning all hell broke loose. Though Levin's meeting with Murdoch had been brief and civil—Murdoch even thanked him for braving the rain—the News Corporation chief rose in a fury the next day. "Murdoch thought he had been lied to," says Ailes, who received one of several angry calls Murdoch made that night and the next day. Ailes urged his boss to get tough. "If these guys want to go to war," said Ailes, "let's go to war."

Meanwhile, Murdoch's broadcasting chief, Chase Carey, phoned Dressler. "He went crazy," remembers Dressler. "He called me a lot of nasty names. Said we were out to screw him, that we were disingenuous. I said, 'Chase, calm down, we can still do a deal [later].' And then he called me a lot of names I don't want to see in print." Later that afternoon Dressler was summoned to Levin's office. Murdoch had telephoned Levin that day, and the civil tone of the evening before had given way to an icy rage. "An outrage" was among the things Murdoch had called Levin's move.

"What the hell happened?" Levin asked. "I came back and everything was fine. Then Rupert called and he went crazy on me."

The furor took everyone at Time Warner by surprise. Meanwhile, at News Corporation headquarters three blocks away, Murdoch sat down with News Corporation's general counsel, Arthur Siskind, as Siskind ticked off their options. Without Manhattan, there was serious concern whether Fox News was viable long-term. As Siskind saw it, they could sue. They could appeal to the F.T.C. They could try to get Ailes's close friend New York mayor Giuliani to intervene; New York City jobs, after all, were at stake. Or they could retaliate in Europe, where Murdoch's satellite systems carry Time Warner programming. "We don't want to burn too many bridges here," Siskind cautioned. The two empires had too many intertwined tentacles; an all-out war could badly scar both sides.

SKYLIGHTS
During the 1996 World Series in New York, where the Atlanta Braves faced the Yankees, observers were treated to a Murdoch-sponsored sky show featuring a denouncement of Ted Turner and Time Warner.

Ailes liked the idea of approaching Giuliani. In his previous incarnation as a political consultant, Ailes had advised Giuliani on his first, unsuccessful campaign for mayor, in 1989, and he still sat on one of Giuliani's advisory committees. Ailes put in the call. He says he explained the situation to Giuliani in detail. The mayor, he says, listened closely and said he would have one of his deputy mayors, Fran Reiter, look into the situation. There was no telling how vigorously Giuliani would pursue the matter, but Murdoch's men felt as if they had a couple of trump cards. One was the extensive tax-relief package Siskind had negotiated just that spring with City Hall. Giuliani had wanted the package to stem the tide of broadcast studios heading across the Hudson River to New Jersey, where MSNBC, CNBC, and others had set up shop in suburban Fort Lee. Now Murdoch wanted more than tax relief- he wanted Time Warner relief.

After a briefing by Murdoch's lawyers, Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter telephoned Dick Parsons at Time Warner, leaving a message that she was "very concerned" about the Fox situation. A onetime Republican aide to Nelson Rockefeller and a former law partner of Giuliani's, Parsons was among Giuliani's few prominent African-American backers and chaired the city's Economic Development Corporation. The next day, Parsons and Levin instructed Dick Aurelio, the Manhattan cable chief, to head down to City Hall and find out what Reiter wanted. It was a questionable call: sending Aurelio, a longtime Democratic operative, to negotiate with Giuliani was like sending Madalyn Murray O'Hair to cut a deal with Jerry Falwell.

Aurelio's visit to City Hall was a disaster. Both sides later put their own spin on the meeting, but agree on what Giuliani's people proposed. By law the city controls five of Time Warner's cable channels, which it fills with civic-affairs and educational programming, broadcasts of City Council meetings, and—even though municipalities are barred from broadcasting commercial programming—horse races, a nod to the city's stake in Off-Track Bet-

ting. What if, Reiter suggested, the city agreed to broadcast one of Time Warner's pseudo-educational channels—an aide mentioned the History Channel by name—to free up room for Time Warner to carry Fox News? "Are you saying you would require us to put Fox on that channel as a quid pro quo?" Aurelio asked, his surprise evident.

Aurelio said such a deal would be a clear violation of law. One of his attorneys began reading aloud a pertinent section from the 1992 cable act, but was interrupted by one of the city's lawyers, Norman Sinel of Arnold & Porter. "You don't have to lecture us on the First Amendment and the law, we know what the law says," Sinel interjected. "The mayor's office is fully aware of the risks involved here. We're willing to take those risks. The question is, is Time Warner willing to take those risks?"

Aurelio returned uptown, described the meeting to Parsons, and said he doubted the matter would go much further. "I don't know," said Parsons. "I'm not sure that's the end of it."

It was only the beginning. That night, October 1, Murdoch hosted a kickoff party for Fox News beneath a tent outside News Corporation headquarters on 48th Street. There, in a crowd strewn with the likes of Barbara Walters and Connie Chung, and just a stone's throw from Time Warner's Rockefeller Center headquarters, Murdoch and Ailes accepted a welcoming proclamation from Giuliani and New York governor George Pataki. Giuliani lavished praise on Ailes and the network, saying Fox News was of "incalculable value to the people of the city." Fran Reiter showed up and was escorted through the crowd to Murdoch himself, who spent several moments chatting with her. In another corner, Murdoch's lawyer Arthur Siskind was deep in conversation with Dennis Vacco, the New York State attorney general. It was a raw display of political power that would pay off the very next week with Vacco's announcement that he was launching an anti-trust investigation of Time Warner's cable franchise. Within hours after the party both Pataki and New York senator Al D'Amato lodged calls of protest with Levin.

Over the next two weeks, as Time Warner and City Hall swapped a series of testy letters, the pressure on Levin and Parsons sharply escalated. Fran Reiter indicated she was prepared to pull Time Warner's charter altogether if Time Warner didn't carry Fox News. Alternatively, Reiter suggested Time Warner could grant City Hall a waiver to carry Fox News on one of the city's channels. Giuliani's hyperaggressive moves stunned cable executives around the country. "This is the most frightening exercise of political power that I have seen in my entire career, and I have been in politics and government for 40 years," Dick Aurelio told *The New York Times*. Murdoch, meanwhile, accelerated his attacks on other fronts. He filed suit against Time Warner for breach of anti-trust laws. At a charter-review hearing on October 7, Fox attorneys appeared and blasted Time Warner as an anti-competitive monopoly.

Murdoch's *New York Post*, meanwhile, launched a series of partisan attacks in its news columns, zeroing in on Turner. At its lowest moments, the *Post* portrayed Turner in a straitjacket. IS TED TURNER NUTS? YOU DECIDE, ran one memorable front-page headline. Turner exploded. In various venues, he called Murdoch a "disgrace to journalism." The manic broadsides spilled over into the World Series, where Murdoch's Fox network was broadcasting the games between the New York Yankees and Turner's Atlanta Braves. As Murdoch's taunting aerial messages buzzed overhead, sportswriters wondered why Fox wasn't showing more of the usual shots of Turner and Jane Fonda watching the game. The *Times*'s Richard Sandomir actually began counting the minutes between shots of Turner, who tended to pop up on Fox's coverage when he was wearing silly "rally caps" or making faces.

On October 9, Giuliani made his boldest move yet to get Fox News on the air. In a letter to Dick Parsons, Fran Reiter said that if Time Warner wouldn't grant the city a waiver to broadcast Fox on one of its own channels it would do so without a waiver. When Reiter wouldn't say more, Parsons got details on the city's plan from Charles Dolan, the chairman of Cablevision, who was facing an identical threat from Giuliani to broadcast Fox to Cablevision's 450,000 subscribers in Brooklyn and the Bronx. According to Dolan, Giuliani would make his move Thursday night, October 10.

That afternoon, pondering their options, Levin and Parsons decided not to block the city's cable signal, which was in their power. By that point they realized the matter was headed for litigation, and they decided they would rather be an aggrieved victim than the monopolistic oppressor. At nine o'clock that evening, the two men headed over to the law offices of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, where they began monitoring the city's cable channels in a con ence room. Suddenly, around 11, a f from Bloomberg Information Televis burst onto the screen. The city had de ed to broadcast Bloomberg first, Pars had learned, in an attempt to dilute charges that Giuliani had bowed to M doch's political power. Fox News was begin broadcasting the next night.

It never got the chance. Just bef midnight a Cravath attorney dropped T Warner's lawsuit against the city throug mail slot at the federal court in F Square. The next morning, Judge De Cote, a slim woman with a graying L othy Hamill haircut, entered her co room on the 11th floor of the federal-c building and listened to arguments f attorneys representing both Time Wa and the city. From the bench, she rule favor of Time Warner, blocking the br cast of Fox News in Manhattan. In e November she affirmed her decision a a two-day hearing. For the moment, liani and Murdoch had been foiled.

On the global scale on which tod media superpowers compete, the sq ble over who gets to appear on Time ner Cable amounts to a few shots f over the wall at Guantánamo. But eve Time Warner and News Corpora scrapped in the canyons of New Y Sumner Redstone of Viacom was exch ing broadsides with Seagram C.E.O. gar Bronfman Jr. in a Delaware chan court over their frayed partnership in USA Network. The fear is that as stakes rise, as the Levins and Redst and Murdochs and Malones take on increasing loads of debt to bring world-conquering strategies to life, kinds of firefights will escalate. So fa rules of engagement have remained with everyone concerned with keepin wider peace. But if those rules are br given the intricate nature of the allia linking all these conglomerates, there the prospect of real havoc.

What that future could hold was u scored in mid-November, when Chase Carey paid a visit to Fred Dre at Time Warner's cable-division head ters in Connecticut. Once again C asked that Time Warner change its and grant carriage to Fox News. didn't, Carey warned, Murdoch was pared to broaden his attacks. News C ration is currently finalizing the acqui of 10 major television stations, spre key markets from Kansas City to Ta If Time Warner didn't agree to carry News by January 1, Carey said, Mur would pull the Fox network off every

e Time Warner systems in these cities, ove that would rob viewers of pro- ming as varied as N.F.L. football es, *Beverly Hills 90210,* and *The X-* Although Dressler protested that a move would hurt Fox as much as Warner, Carey says, "They have to ze that if they're going to act in bad there will be consequences." Sighs sler, "They're going to all-out war."

or years now New Establishment chieftains have gathered at conclaves from Sun Valley to Washington to spin rosy scenarios of a cooperative future, where the Microsofts and ABCs and Bell Atlantics and TCIs will work in tandem to build an information superhighway that will bring true global communication to every American home. Now, more often than not, they appear to be at one another's throats, these robber barons whose vast corporations seem more and more to be reflections of their C.E.O.'s egos. "We're into a war of egos among superpowerful men, as opposed to what's in the best interests of shareholders," says a former Hollywood studio chief. "These big companies have to cooperate with each other or relationships will come undone and they'll be undone forever. . . . All-out war is just that. There are only Pyrrhic victories. All sides get hurt." □

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lams

tinued from page 69) they would've d Gerry to get out. It's a childish they play, a form of harassment. , we would have been under surveil- since leaving the BBC."

Why are the British still after Adams, and why have they pursued him so edly since the 70s? Why did he d so long in jail even though he has been convicted of any crime—ex- an attempted prison escape—includ- being a member of the I.R.A.? And was Adams suddenly yanked out of 1972 to participate in hastily called level peace talks with the British, to be re-arrested and beaten up a time later?

cording to the British, there is only nswer. They believe that Adams was of the leadership of the I.R.A., and when he joined it, at 16, the differ- between Sinn Fein and the I.R.A. nonexistent. "You don't become the dent of Sinn Fein for standing in the ," says Belfast reporter Eamonn Mal- who has co-written a book on the isional I.R.A. In the book, he states that by the time Adams was 23 he the Belfast Brigade second-in-com- d of the Provisional I.R.A. (The ger, more sinister "Provos" split the southern-based "Official" I.R.A. 970.) Other books confirm Adams's status in the terrorist organization. ns has consistently denied this, and enial absolutely infuriates the British. s extremely clever and extremely de- ," says Conservative M.P. Michael es, the former minister responsible security in 1992–93. "He looks you ght in the face and gives you bare- d lies. Of course, that's what ter- ts do."

e British, who invest heavily in ch ops"—psychological warfare, me- nanipulation, and disinformation—in Northern Ireland, and have been attempting to track Adams's every move for a quarter of a century, have never offered conclusive proof that he is a terrorist. In our first interview, he categorically denies any association with the I.R.A.

Thus begins a Kabuki scenario that every chronicler of Adams is forced to participate in, knowing that the truth is somewhere deep behind the fan that conceals him. "I've never seen myself as an apologist for violence or even for the I.R.A. The I.R.A. have their own spokespersons, and they make their own case," says Adams. "At all times I have made it clear that I have not been involved with the I.R.A."

"Ever?"

"Ever. I've also made it clear that I won't distance myself from the I.R.A., both because I think it would be wrong and, second, it would mean my influence in the situation would be diminished."

In the foreword to his autobiography, Adams explains that he is concealing certain situations in order to protect individuals, but he frequently leaves the reader hanging with regard to what exactly *he* was doing in those situations. At one point he writes that killing is wrong, but sometimes "there was no choice." That is part of a fictional episode he switches into to describe the feelings a young man has as he fires on a British soldier. "This is a wee story about the sniper, which I had actually entered anonymously for a writers' competition years ago," says Adams glibly. "I could have written the same story about a British officer."

Adams is not easy to pin down. When I ask why he was taken out of prison to negotiate with British authorities, he answers, "Because the Republicans asked. I think it may have been a convenience for the British. They would have taken whomever out of jail they were asked to."

"They must have thought you were terribly important, or the Republicans thought you were important."

"Yeah. Whether they thought I was important or not, they obviously thought I could make a contribution."

"Why?"

"Well, you'd have to ask them."

"Why did the Republicans think you could make a contribution? They must have considered you a leader. It was an armed rebellion."

"It was a multifaceted rebellion, and what you were talking about was bringing people together to talk about peace."

"Do you deny you were an I.R.A. battalion commander?"

"Yes, I do."

"You never pulled the trigger or planted a bomb?"

"No."

"You never checked out the route for a killing?"

"No. My position—and we could talk about it forever—is that I have not been involved with the I.R.A."

In *Phoenix: Policing the Shadows,* the story of Ian Phoenix, the head of the Northern Ireland police countersurveillance unit, which was recently published in Britain, the authors, Jack Holland and Susan Phoenix, the detective's widow, claim that by 1993 sophisticated surveillance equipment used by the police and Britain's domestic-intelligence branch, M.I.5, "had built up a detailed picture of the republican movement's structure—financial, political and military. It showed considerable overlap between the leadership of Sinn Fein and the Provisional IRA." Gerry Adams, onetime "'Northern Command' Number 2," according to the book, was one of four people on the I.R.A.'s governing Army Council of seven who also "held high positions in the political party."

It was only in October 1995, says Holland, that Adams left the Army Council. Michael Mates, the former security minister, told me that Adams left for "tactical reasons." "It's rubbish," Sinn Fein spokesman Richard McAuley scoffed. "Gerry would need 48 hours every day to do all these things people claim he's

done." I contacted Holland, a native of West Belfast who writes for the *Irish Echo* in New York, to ask if he had seen hard copies of transcripts of surveilled conversations kept by Ian Phoenix, who died in a helicopter crash in 1994. "I saw concrete evidence that Adams was involved in meetings with high-ranking members of the I.R.A. as late as November 1993." He added, "I've seen names, dates, and places."

According to Holland, the data have been deliberately suppressed by the British. "Because of Adams's political value and his influence over the I.R.A., they realized he might be the guy who could deliver a cease-fire, and why jeopardize it by proving he's in the I.R.A.?" McAuley counters that Holland should produce the physical evidence. Otherwise, Phoenix's claims should be treated as "pure propaganda."

Ironically, Adams's most potent weapon has always been words. In his autobiography he recounts that when he was stopped by British soldiers, who could have arrested him, he always managed to talk his way out of it. Adams's main technique to keep from breaking under interrogation was to lie away his very existence, to refuse "to admit that I was Gerry Adams." In Long Kesh Prison, where Adams debated and instructed endlessly, he was considered "ultra-leftist." (One of the people he thanked in his prison book, *Cage Eleven,* was Ho Chi Minh.)

For most Unionists, Adams's gift with language makes him deeply suspect. "The Protestant view of the Catholic Irish stereotype is that he is a mendacious fellow handy with words, and if you get into an argument with him, you can only lose with words," a former official of the Northern Ireland government told me. "Unionists find it easier to respond to force."

Adams acknowledged that his power derives from his "ability to bring Republicans to the negotiating table and keep them there." To be effective, however, he must bring them *all* in. "What would be the point if he brought half into the cease-fire and half continued to wage war?" asks Eamonn Mallie. "He can't condemn. This is like asking Nelson Mandela to condemn the African National Congress during the struggle for independence. The only power revolutionary leaders have is to stay with the foot soldiers."

"Adams has privately said that they'd kill him if he distanced himself publicly from them—the hard men," a former high-ranking British official told me. The British, of course, have negotiated secretly with Adams for years, even though John Major got up on the floor of Parliament and said it would "turn my stomach" to talk to Gerry Adams.

"If the politics of condemnation could have resolved this problem, it would have been resolved 30 years ago," says Adams. "I would disempower myself if I slipped into that type of nonsense where moral denunciation becomes a code for political advancement."

I tell him that when innocent civilians are blown up and all he says is that he "regrets the mistake," people don't feel his language is strong enough. "I have never attempted to condone or justify or explain any action in which civilians have been either injured or killed," he responds. "Second, even in terms of this interview, I no longer see it as my role to answer questions like this. I wouldn't answer questions like this with local journalists." He is clearly annoyed. "We have moved beyond all that. Sinn Fein has a credibility because people know we're taking risks for peace."

By the next day Adams, who is extremely courteous, is more relaxed. I bring up an item in a British paper. Adams used to write a column for a Republican newspaper under the pseudonym Brownie, and the London *Sunday Times* has printed an excerpt: "Rightly or wrongly I am an IRA volunteer. The course I take involves the use of physical force. . . . Maybe I won't fight again . . . but I will move aside for the fighter."

"Are those your words?" I ask him.

"We've been through a sort of trying moment—back to our discussions yesterday about all these questions," Adams replies. "All I can tell you is that if I had written that, it would be worth at least 10 years in jail. So I wouldn't like you to write anything that's going to put me in jail."

"A nondenial denial?"

"That's a judgment you have to make, you know."

The hatred of Gerry Adams in England is palpable. Londoners told me that allowing Adams to come to America was tantamount to having the English invite the Oklahoma City bomber for a visit. He symbolizes I.R.A. atrocity—the killing of 121 people, including Lord Mountbatten, in England since 1969; the car bomb outside Harrods in 1983, which killed 5; the attempted assassination of Margaret Thatcher in Brighton in 1984, killing 5; the explosion in London's financial district in 1992, which caused more than $1 b lion in damages and killed 3.

"We English are very badly equipp to deal with the Irish, because we're n poets. The Irish are all poets," Sir E ward du Cann, former chairman of t Conservative Party, told me. "The Engli find them impossible to understand—w they fight each other, why they're so do matic, why they speak with such a to lack of logic, wholly ignoring the point view of the Unionists. . . . There's no ality in Ireland. It's a land of fairies, pixies and leprechauns."

"I'm really cheesed off I have to go this book tour in London," Gerry Ada said. Without telling him, his Lond publisher had obtained a room in Parl ment for Adams to launch his autobiog phy. As a former M.P., he was entitl but with the headlines screaming ab I.R.A. terrorism and Diarmuid O'Neil being killed, Adams was reluctant to For two days the London papers rag about his arrival. Labour leader Tony Bl threatened to oust M.P.'s Jeremy Corb and Tony Benn, who had invited Ada from the party.

Adams decided not to force the iss Instead, he held a press conference at London Irish Centre in nearby Camd entering like a rock star, with an tourage wearing green ribbons for I.R.A. "prisoners of war." Adams is ul cool under fire; questions about his b profits' being blood money didn't seem faze him. Even while answering q tions, he often doesn't answer them.

On BBC radio, interviewers opened on Adams with both barrels. For exam "You're asking us to believe *they,* y friends and colleagues, were going there, joining the I.R.A., killing peo but *you*—even though you felt as stron as they about the injustice of it all, in y terms—decided not to join them. *Reall*

On a call-in show, Adams's first portunity to talk with ordinary Brit one man snapped, "When you talk Hitler, Idi Amin, and Saddam Huss then mention in the same breath G Adams, for he is an evil man and a gusting coward." Unionist M.P. Ken ginnis followed Adams on the show said that Adams "personifies all th evil in the terrorist campaign that w had for over 25 years."

Outwardly, there was little to indi that any of this was getting to Ad but it was. In a van leaving the mor press conference, Adams said to aides, "Do ye not know that I also time not to be talking to anyone f while, just to be by myself, alone?" L

: was being crammed into a crowded ıtor to go before another barrage, he plaintively to his press aide, Richard ıuley, "Richard, I need a hug."

n the night after St. Patrick's Day 1995, I was present in the State Din- Room at the White House to witness Hume, the leader of the Social Dem- ic and Labour Party, the Martin er King Jr. of Irish Nationalists, sing et of the Derry song "The Town I So Well" with his political arch-rival peace partner, Gerry Adams, Ire- s Black Panther. Although no one it then, that spontaneous moment een the two pivotal figures of contem- y Irish nationalism was the highlight e Northern Ireland peace process. was the result of a dialogue begun ıe two nearly a decade earlier. And s fueled by the trust between former prime minister Albert Reynolds and Major, which allowed them to issue Downing Street Declaration of De- ıer 1993, stating that Britain had no h strategic or economic interest in nd, and that Irish unity would not nposed without the consent of the rned. Major also said that Britain d begin all-party peace talks within months of a cessation of violence. ıme and Adams's attempt at harmo- as brought about by a remarkable mptorist priest, Father Alec Reid, of Belfast's Clonard Monastery, who grown close to Adams, a practicing olic, and understood his increasing e to break out of the political isola- sm in which he found himself. "He is eal catalyst, the facilitator," Adams me. "I would now consider him to dear friend. . . . I think he has re- ıed the Catholic Church in Ireland ıis whole issue of conflict resolution. e isn't an Archbishop Tutu here." eid has been described as a "Chris- electrician" for trying to wire togeth- epublicans and the Irish government. image of him weeping over the body British soldier set upon by a olic mob and executed by the I.R.A. 88 has become an icon of "the Trou- " That same year, according to Ea- n Mallie and David McKittrick's ab- ng book, *The Fight for Peace: The et Story Behind the Irish Peace ess,* after securing permission from Catholic primate of all Ireland, Cardi- Tomas O Fiaich, Reid secretly ıged for delegations from Hume and Adams to meet at the monastery. e asked] them to state their reasons violence]," Hume told me. "Their reasons were that the British were in Ireland defending their own interests by force—economic and strategic interests—and preventing the Irish people from recognizing their right to self-determination. My response to that was that was true in the past but not today. . . . We are all together in the new Europe. Secondly, the Irish people have the right of self-determination, but the Irish people are divided on whether the right is to be exercised."

Hume, who is 59 and has represented Foyle, which includes Londonderry, in Parliament since 1983, has put himself under great strain and withering criticism for consorting with Adams, especially when they issued a series of joint statements, the Hume-Adams documents, in 1993. "It was a very difficult period," Hume told me. "When it became public, the attacks were relentless and regular." He persevered, he said, "because if as a political leader I could save a single life by dialogue, then it was my duty to do so."

In Hume's book, *A New Ireland,* he says that 55 percent of the people "who died in the Troubles in the North were innocent civilians—people killed 'by mistake' or in tit-for-tat revenge killings by Loyalist paramilitaries." Also, "of 279 Nationalist paramilitaries who lost their lives, 117 were killed by the security forces, 20 by Loyalists and 142 by themselves, either in 'accidents' [usually with explosives] or [punishment] 'executions.'" These numbers alone had to indicate to Sinn Fein that it was clinging to a failing strategy.

"I do give John Hume great credit for the part he played in the process," says Adams. "He knows that you cannot marginalize people."

But the peace process might never have moved forward at all if it had not been for a series of diplomatic steps undertaken by a group of Irish Americans who were able to win over President Clinton, who then went against the State Department and, for a time, severely strained our relations with Britain. All because of Gerry Adams.

In the White House that night were gathered the cast of characters who had stuck their necks out for Adams: National Security Adviser Tony Lake and his deputy Nancy Soderberg; Senators Ted Kennedy and Chris Dodd; billionaire Charles "Chuck" Feeney, Robert Miller's estranged partner in the duty-free-shopping empire; Bill Flynn, C.E.O. of Mutual of America Life Insurance; publisher Niall O'Dowd; former Connecticut congressman Bruce Morrison, a Clinton classmate at Yale and a Lutheran; and ambassador to Ireland Jean Kennedy Smith.

It was the sixth month of a total cessation of violence by the I.R.A. and their counterparts, the Loyalist paramilitaries, who were represented that night by Gary McMichael of the Ulster Democratic Party. The mood was hopeful. Albert Reynolds had put Northern Ireland at the top of his agenda and had, in effect, led Adams in from the cold. Hume, who was a favorite of the Kennedys' and had wide contacts in the States, had gone to Reynolds shortly after the latter's election in 1992. "He believed that there was a window of opportunity to be exploited, and he couldn't take it any farther if the two governments weren't prepared to take up the initiative and run with it," Reynolds told me. "Hume brought me in and said, 'You bring in Major,' and I also brought in Clinton. I told them that it was my view that [Gerry Adams's] morals had changed and he was traveling a very different road."

In fact, Adams was working both sides of the street. On one side were the Irish government, the British government, and the secret dialogues he was carrying on to attempt a breakthrough in the stalemate. On the other were the Republicans, whose reliance on violence, Sinn Fein spokesman Richard McAuley told me, was so strong that it "was like a comfort blanket, something they're used to that leads to people getting killed. . . . You've got to move away to another situation they feel equally comfortable with, and Gerry did that with the Republicans. . . . Gerry took us through a painful barrier of having to assess who we are, what we are, where we want to go, and how are we going to go there."

In 1986, Adams led the Sinn Fein convention to abandon abstentionism and enter into electoral politics on the national level. Encouraged by Father Reid, he also began to meet in secret talks with a small group of Protestants at the Clonard Monastery. "We asked him, 'Are you willing to do more than just talk about making peace and pursue the peace process?'" says Presbyterian minister Ken Newell. "In private he has been very critical of the armed struggle. I know from things he's said in private that he regrets every British soldier brought back in a coffin."

For his leadership Adams was now being rewarded at the White House party. It is not lost on the president, of course, that in the last census 38 million Americans described themselves as Irish-American, or that in the last *Forbes*-magazine list of the 400 wealthiest Americans one out

of four had an Irish name. The day before, Clinton had met Adams for the first time at the traditional St. Patrick's Day Speakers Lunch on Capitol Hill, begun by the late Tip O'Neill and continued by Newt Gingrich. *Irish Times* correspondent Conor O'Clery reports in his excellent and engrossing upcoming book, *Daring Diplomacy: Clinton's Secret Search for Peace in Ireland,* that Adams was still considered so radioactive that their handshake was not allowed to be photographed. For added protection, as Clinton shook Adams's hand, his other arm was draped around the apostle of nonviolence, John Hume. Now a beaming Clinton toasted, "Those who take a risk for peace are welcome in this house."

But across town in the British Embassy and at No. 10 Downing Street in London, the British were so outraged at Adams's having been allowed into this country that they became in no small part responsible for turning him from an outcast into a celebrity. As Adams says, "If the British had never opposed me getting a visa to the States, who ever would have noticed me going to the States?"

The visa was the centerpiece of a package deal. Hume told Reynolds that the hard men needed to be convinced by concrete actions on a governmental level that laying down their arms would result in fundamental changes. Before they gave up violence, they wanted proof. "That was basically demonstrated to Sinn Fein and the whole Republican movement by lifting the ban on interviews, [amending] the Broadcasting Act," says Albert Reynolds. "That was a big step forward. The next big battle was the visa."

Now it was the Americans' turn to take center stage. At the hotly contested New York Democratic primary in 1992, a group of "concerned Irish Americans" had extracted from candidate Clinton the promise that, if elected, he would grant a visitor's visa to Adams. After Clinton's election, a coalition of politically active Irish in America believed that they now had sufficient clout to build their version of the Jewish lobby which so effectively fights for the interests of Israel. (It appears to be happening. New York State just passed a law mandating that Ireland's potato famine be taught in public schools alongside slavery, genocide, and the Holocaust.) "I was shocked to find out how many C.E.O.'s are of Irish heritage," says Bill Flynn, "in both traditions, Catholic and Presbyterian." It also helped that Clinton had never forgotten how Major's Conservative Party sent two operatives to work for George Bush in the 1992 election.

The State Department and the Justice Department had seven times in the past denied Gerry Adams's request to visit the U.S., basically to raise money for the Nationalist cause. In 1988, former deputy secretary of state John Whitehead said in an affidavit that he had considered Adams a terrorist since 1983. Then, shortly after Clinton's election, Niall O'Dowd went to Dublin to try to make contact with Sinn Fein and see if the I.R.A. would call a temporary cease-fire so that he could bring a delegation of Americans over to talk. On his next trip he met with Gerry Adams. "My main objective was to get in high enough to the I.R.A. so I could put a serious proposal in about how to reach out to America," says O'Dowd. "The State Department and the British never even saw us coming."

O'Dowd preached the "box theory" to a Sinn Fein representative: "They had to come forward. All the players were locked into this little box. Each move has a countermove, and nothing ever gets done. So you pitch in an outside force—the U.S.—whose dynamic changes it forever. That's what happened." Finally, in September 1993, O'Dowd, Flynn, Feeney, and Morrison went to Ireland for talks with a variety of people, including Albert Reynolds, who was trying to put the Downing Street Declaration together, and the I.R.A. granted them an unprecedented seven-day cease-fire. The Americans now looked at Adams with fresh eyes. Feeney told me, "Right from the first time we met, I felt a certain charisma in this man." Flynn adds, "He's a man of honor. He means every word he says."

The Americans kept the National Security Council advisers at the White House informed of their every move. All through 1993 and 1994, Reynolds was being moved past heads of far larger countries and "getting lots of time with the president," Bruce Morrison told me. "To the untrained eye, nothing much was happening. But there was a conscious attempt to raise his stature."

O'Dowd's contact inside the White House was N.S.C. staff director Nancy Soderberg, but she did not talk to him directly; she wasn't even sympathetic to him, because he had written articles critical of her former boss Ted Kennedy and his stance on Northern Ireland. Kennedy was totally opposed to those who used violence. Moreover, Soderberg needed deniability if anything went wrong. Their device was to talk through Trina Var who works on foreign-policy issues Senator Kennedy. Meanwhile, John Hu was also talking to Soderberg and cussing Adams with the new Ameri ambassador to Ireland, Jean Kenn Smith, as was Albert Reynolds. Reyn told me, "I also called John Major told him straight up what I was doi He told me he would be oppose Conor O'Clery writes that Jean Kenn Smith's first reaction to changing U policy was also negative. She reporte said, "These are the kind of people killed my brothers." By December 19 however, when Ted Kennedy went to land for a visit, she was convinced, an a private dinner at Reynolds's apartm she helped convince the senator.

At Tip O'Neill's funeral in Cambri Massachusetts, in January 1994, Kennedy asked John Hume if he wa Adams to have a visa. Hume said That did it. The Irish then had Kenne enormously influential support. "John been the rudder for us on Irish-Amer issues," Senator Chris Dodd, who also came an Adams supporter, explaine me. All of this was kept secret. "Te was the rainmaker," says Niall O'Do "He gave Clinton the space to act." C ton was indebted to Kennedy. "The degree turn really starts with Kennedys—a powerful senator ha been extremely helpful to a first-term p ident," a White House staffer told me

Meanwhile, the private-sector whe dealers were getting impatient with pace of diplomacy. To force the issue, Flynn came up with the idea of inv Adams to a one-day peace conferen New York set for February 1, 1994, sponsored by Flynn's privately ba group, the National Committee on A ican Foreign Policy. Morrison says was, give the White House a prop they couldn't say no to."

The visa issue now started to bec public. Jean Kennedy Smith went ag the wishes of two of her top deputies recommended that Adams be grant visa. The way she handled their op tion later caused her to be reprima by Secretary of State Warren Christo Ted Kennedy got Senators Daniel Pa Moynihan, John Kerry, and Dodd to a letter to the president in Adams' half. Then *The New York Times* wei in with a favorable editorial, and inf tial members of Irish America start lobbying effort.

The State Department and the B Embassy were appalled. They usually

to eye on Northern Ireland. "When ms first applied for a visa, we said to White House he shouldn't be given a until the I.R.A. declared a cease-fire or ast he had called on them to," said Sir in Renwick, who was the British am- ador to Washington at the time. The ce Department was also opposed, as the American ambassador in Britain the Speaker of the House, Tom Foley, ajor Anglophile. John Major's foreign etary, Douglas Hurd, visited the White se to voice strong disapproval.

inally, in the latter part of January , the White House tried to get Ad- to renounce violence unilaterally by vering some questions posed to him U.S. consul. But he couldn't do it to White House's or the State Depart- t's satisfaction. In the end, after more ntic jockeying, and with only a few s to spare before his flight was to off for Kennedy airport, Adams got isa anyway. It was the president's de- n, and a total gamble.

The White House was hooked in once it gave the visa to Adams," or O'Clery told me. "It is the first the U.S. ever went against Britain." ident Clinton personally had to ap- e the waiver on Adams's ban. In each of the seven times Adams has e to the U.S. since 1994, Clinton per- lly has had to approve a waiver al- ng him entry, since he is officially an excluded terrorist. The favor is ost on Adams. "Any conflict-resolu- process in the absence of the two all of a sudden having a Damascus d conversion requires an internation- mension," Adams told me. "Presi- Clinton has radicalized entirely the pect for peace."

ne British reaction at home and ad was so strong that it guaranteed ation coverage. When Adams arrived ennedy airport, "it was an absolute scene," says Republican congressman King of New York, a longtime d of Adams's. Adams registered as mo Brezhnev at the Waldorf and be- a whirl of appearances, starting as a t on *Larry King Live*. "It was just a helter-skelter," says Adams. "People think I've seen the States. I haven't. seen escalators, elevators, TV studios." ne British were icy in their revulsion. CNN, Robin Renwick said, "When I n to Gerry Adams, I think, as we all t's reminiscent of Dr. Goebbels. It's an ordinary propaganda line. The line is nt peace, but only after we've won.'" British press went after Clinton, calling him "guilty of shamefaced deceit."

In March, a series of dud mortars were shot from an I.R.A. car onto a runway at Heathrow Airport, causing Senator Moynihan to send Ted Kennedy a one-line letter: "Have we been had?" Months later, when Moynihan saw how Ben Gilman, the chairman of the House International Relations Committee, had attached himself to Adams, he wondered aloud, "What next, Ben? A fund-raiser for Hamas?" Meanwhile, Bill Flynn had gone to Belfast at Adams's invitation. Adams had once said, "The I.R.A. will only be beaten when the wee women [of West Belfast] throw the guns out onto the street." Now he needed a little U.S.-style salesmanship. "We went over to his people, to convince them, to see them in groups of 15 to 100. We drove in armored cars. I never knew with whom I was dealing," says Flynn. "Gerry Adams was always with me. I would give the message why in this day and age terrorism is counterproductive." Flynn also opened up extensive contacts with the Loyalist paramilitaries and paid for them to travel to the United States; they too were eventually welcomed at the White House. "We want to sell them on the spirit of America. Northern Irish people don't seem to have inalienable rights."

Seven months after getting his visa, Adams was able to arrange what so many had been counting on him for: the cease-fire. But before it could be announced, Adams had one more amazing request: a visa for Joe Cahill, a longtime I.R.A. man who had been caught on a boat in 1973 with five tons of weapons from Libya. Cahill had to go to New York to explain the cease-fire to the hard-core supporters of the I.R.A., some of whom allegedly bankrolled the terrorists. Forget it, Nancy Soderberg said. But the "Irish Mafia" came out in full force, badgering the White House. "Jean Kennedy Smith was wonderful," says Niall O'Dowd. The president gave in one more time, although, O'Clery reports, he seemed taken aback by Cahill's résumé. The cease-fire was actually announced shortly before Congressman King accompanied Cahill to the upstairs of a bar on Second Avenue in Manhattan, where, he told me, a group of "lawyers and contractors and businessmen" were waiting. On August 31, 1994, a total I.R.A. cessation of the armed struggle was a done deal.

Veterans of the struggle were ecstatic. "I don't think anyone underestimates the difficulty of transforming that tradition into a peaceful, political approach, given the number of people that they killed and the number of their own members who died," says John Hume. "That makes it emotionally very difficult for them." Six weeks later the Loyalist paramilitaries also announced a cease-fire.

The euphoria was short-lived. "It was like, O.K., you made a giant step," says writer David McKittrick of the British attitude toward the cease-fire. "Now take another one." The British gave the Republicans almost no credit for what they had done. Instead, they immediately started imposing conditions. First, they repeated their demand that the word "permanent" be attached to the word "cease-fire." Then, three months later, Albert Reynolds's government fell, and Adams lost not only a skilled protagonist who worked well with John Major but also someone willing to take risks. The current prime minister, John Bruton, has compared the I.R.A. to Nazis and has not shown dynamic leadership regarding the peace process.

The British were further incensed when Adams was granted another visa to the States to fund-raise for Sinn Fein. They believed the money would go directly into buying weapons for the I.R.A. But the Kennedys started lobbying again, and Chris Dodd asked Bill Clinton on the 17th green during a golf game whether he was going to give Adams another visa or not. It turned out that he would. John Major was so furious with the president for not having consulted with him on the fund-raising decision and for having hosted Adams at the White House that for five days he refused to take calls from him.

With justification, the British, as well as the State and Justice Departments, felt that the president was granting Gerry Adams's every wish without asking for anything in return. Meanwhile, Adams was continuing to wow Washington. "He's very disarming," says former director of White House communications Mark Gearan, who is now Peace Corps director. "What I did not know was how effective he would be as a public personality. You have to put a face on policy. He's been helpful for Americans to better understand 'the Troubles.'" With the cease-fire in place, officials such as Senator Dodd were able to meet Adams in person and judge him for themselves. Dodd has a house in Ireland, which Adams has visited, and Dodd now considers him "a friend. He's a very bright, very intense person of deep conviction.

He's not a backslapper, a guy in a bib singing 'Roddy McCorley.'"

Peter King took Adams to the Senate Dining Room and to various Washington offices, where he got a warm greeting from Alfonse D'Amato and Jesse Helms. At a reception on the Hill, "congressmen were lined up like kids getting their picture taken with Santa Claus," says King. "Suddenly he was their hero, a media star." In New York, Bianca Jagger and Donald Trump attended a $200-a-plate lunch for Sinn Fein. At a $1,000-a-plate dinner at the Plaza, 400 showed up.

Women throw themselves at Gerry Adams, I was told. "I've never noticed," Adams deadpans. "Now I know you lie in interviews," I say. "I enjoy the company of women," Adams answers. "The sex act, if you're very lucky, lasts 15 minutes. Why even jeopardize a relationship which is based on loyalty and love and working through? So it's just not an issue.

"Colette is a very strong woman, and she has her own identity," he says. "I often make the joke that in front of every great woman a man has foisted himself. . . . I genuinely couldn't do what I do if my domestic situation crumbled."

As Adams's popularity soared, and he went to parties in Beverly Hills with the likes of Anjelica Huston and Oliver Stone, the British dug their heels in even further. The Northern Ireland secretary, Sir Patrick Mayhew, skeptical of the peace process he had little hand in fashioning, sounds eerily like the high British source in Mallie and McKittrick's book who suggested that it would take at least two years "getting Sinn Fein up to scratch and all of that" before the British would be ready to talk seriously. "If we play our cards very carefully and don't let either the republican side or the loyalist side get completely disillusioned, then we're into a proper negotiated peace. But there's many a slip 'twixt lip and cup."

To Washington's astonishment, on a lobbying visit in March 1995, Mayhew set forth the most stringent precondition of all: decommissioning, meaning that the I.R.A. would have to give up some of its weapons before it could sit down at the table for peace talks. To the I.R.A., decommissioning means surrender, and Republicans point out that never before in history has an undefeated army had to give up its weapons before it could negotiate.

As the months drifted by without talks being called, Gerry Adams realized that the peace process was crumbling. The major Unionist parties, which would lose power in any settlement, were vetoing Sinn Fein's presence at the table. Adams began to feel the strain. "You don't know how many times I wake up in the middle of the night wondering if I am doing the right thing," Peter King remembers Adams telling him shortly after the Reynolds government collapsed. So far, Adams has not been able to analy or cajole his way through the maze has been forced to confront in bringi about a lasting peace.

Certainly everyone's worst fears w realized last February 9, when I.R.A. broke the cease-fire and set of bomb at Canary Wharf in London, kill two. Adams insists he got no adva warning. "It was a trauma to me." Ye that is true, what does it say about power and influence? "If he did kn that's terrible, but if he didn't, it's wo still," says an Irish-government offic The White House was stunned. Ada was able to warn the National Secu Council about the collapse of the cea fire only a few minutes before the bo went off. Senator Kennedy was particu ly angry, and cut off communication. White House staffer said, "Adams cle understands that when the cease-fire e ed he would not be welcome here."

Ironically, within two and a half we of the bomb's exploding, the Irish gov ment got Britain to agree to come to bargaining table for peace talks headed George Mitchell. They would discuss interim government for Northern Irel how to structure relations between No ern Ireland and the Republic of Irelan sharing "cross-border institutions," an lations between Britain and Ireland second I.R.A. bomb went off in Manc ter in June, injuring 206, and a t killed a British soldier at the Lisk army barracks outside Belfast in O ber—the first to go off in Northern Ire in two years. Martin McGuiness, on Adams's chief deputies, who is know his close contacts with the militants, "Many believe the British don't com the table unless you bomb them there

Just over a year ago, President Cli described the reception he got from than 50,000 wildly cheering Catholics Protestants in Belfast as "one of the gre days of my life." Today, the peopl Northern Ireland wait on tenterhooks, dering whether full-scale violence will once again, or whether there is real for another cease-fire. The politics of Adams "are much more heavily challe now," says Presbyterian minister Newell. "But his influence hasn't wa Recently, John Hume, with behin scenes help from the Irish foreign min Dick Spring, has been desperately t to negotiate a new cease-fire—the I. traditionally calls a short halt to vio at Christmas—under conditions accep to both sides. "Gerry and I can go to the I.R.A., but it will be much h

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time," says McGuiness, "because the A. has seen the British government set over two years to humiliate them."

ne ball is clearly in John Major's court. "I have no doubt of John Ma- commitment to peace in Ireland," Hume. "Had he a clear majority, he d have moved much more quickly, and would have lasting peace in Ireland by " Instead, John Major seems stymied he Unionists and their parliamentary ct on the arithmetic of Westminster. e think peace is in the offing. Others ve that nothing will happen until after upcoming British general elections, either Major will have better odds or will be a new Labour government.

The Protestants should cut a deal," Tim Pat Coogan, the Dublin author *he Troubles.* "The tides of history are whelming them." Catholics now e up 43 percent of the total popula- of the North. Catholic schoolchildren a pass rate on university-track exams is four times higher than that of estant children. The Nationalists are ing up, while young, middle-class nists are emigrating at a higher rate. erry Adams and John Hume ever cut lectoral deal between their two Na- list parties, "they would win all the ," says Coogan. "We're ambitious," Fein's Richard McAuley tells me. don't forever see ourselves a small . We want to be in the leadership of ging society on this island."

So," I ask him, "you want to see Ger- dams *Taoiseach* [the Irish word for e minister] in 20 years?" "*Twenty* ? He'll be too old. *Five!*"

We're in the endgame," Gerry Adams me one morning in a crowded van in don. It is a favorite line of his, and the events he has helped shape in nt Northern Irish history, perhaps he see the outlines of a future not yet le to the foreign eye. "It could take year, six months, or a number of . Making peace is more difficult than ing war." He adds, "The British say politics is the art of the possible. I it has to be that politics is the art e impossible." □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Goldie Hawn's Trina Turk dress by special order from Trina Turk, Los Angeles.
Page 18: Center, Trina Turk top and pants from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; bottom, see credit for cover
Page 51: Amanda Peet's Dolce & Gabbana blouse and skirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; faux fur from Screaming Mimi's, N.Y.C.; Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy hosiery from selected Nordstrom stores.
Page 54: Don Cheadle's shirt by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; styled by Michaela Angela Davis for M.A.D. Vision.
Pages 58–59: Goldie Hawn's Marc Bouwer jumpsuit by special order from Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills
Pages 60–61: Trina Turk top and pants from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Manolo Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.
Page 62: Lanvin by Ocimar Versolato dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Vera Wang panties from Vera Wang, N.Y.C.; Christian Louboutin shoes from the Christian Louboutin boutique, N.Y.C.
Page 63: Rouge dress by special order from Rouge, L.A.
Page 93: Dominique Swain styled by Wendy Schecter for Bryan Bantry
Page 140: Walter Cronkite styled by Kimberly Debus

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Goldie Hawn's hair styled with Redken One 2 One Stay Firm Hold Treatment Spray. All makeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, La Palette de Couleur EyeColour and Liner Compact in Les Bordeaux; on her lips, Rouge Idole Indelibly Divine LipColour in Instinct. Enzo Angileri for Cloutier/Maurice Azoulay; Honey Twigg for Atlantis; Joyce Green for Cloutier.
Page 18: Bottom, see credits for cover.
Page 51: Amanda Peet's hair styled with Nexxus Exxtra Gel and Headress Micro-Mist Hairspray. All makeup from Clinique. On her eyes, Mattealics Eye Shadow Trio in Bronze; on her lips, Long Last Soft Shine Lipstick in Amberglass. Tony Lucha for Jed Root, Inc.; Christine Hoffman for Kramer & Kramer.
Page 54: Don Cheadle's grooming by Kelley Quan for Professionals.
Pages 58–63: See credits for cover.
Pages 83–88: Carlos Merlo for the Oribe Salon; François Nars for Nars.
Page 93: Dominique Swain's hair by Tony Lucha for Jed Root, Inc.; makeup by Susan Sterling for Debbie Walters.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Nobody knows for sure if you're the security freak you are because of your childhood or because you're a Capricorn. Whatever the reason, society continues to do its best to fill your head with distractions in the material world and endless anxieties about what's to become of you in the future. As Pluto begins its long transit of your 12th house, you must stop worrying about real estate and interest rates and start discovering that your real welfare lies sparkling within you. Take a look. At this point you couldn't possibly be any more nervous anyway.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

If you haven't already stepped aside and let someone else take power, better think about it pretty soon. If truth be told, your head isn't where it was 10 or even 5 years ago. Thanks to Pluto's finally getting off the solar midheaven, you could now conceivably have a life full of new people whose minds could certainly use your special brand of bending. You could have anything you wanted. All it takes is communication. Just don't stand there looking at your shoes. Say what's on your mind, whether people think you're a troublemaking nut or not.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Although nothing you do can ever surprise anybody, because the umpteen phases of your life have been so freakily disparate, it's still a perfect time to reinvent yourself. If you have already freshened your presentation, disregard this message. But if you need a kick, remember that when an act gets old you can kiss the box office good-bye. This applies not only to glitzy glamour-pusses but also to regular people working regular jobs. Here's a choice for all of you Pisceans: either stare in horror at your dwindling bank balance or go for a new incarnation.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

You've certainly come a long way since Saturn's last trip through your sign, back in 1967. You may have good reason to feel discontented now, but if you remember the state you were in back then, you should celebrate. Probably only your astrologer can understand why you are scratching at your soul right now. There are still a few annoying things about your magnificent and wonderful self you cannot seem to change. With diligence, patience, and Pluto in your 9th house, you should be able to visualize a nice, clean new identity, certainly by the year 2026.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

It's not that you can't be high-minded; throughout history, countless of your Taurean cousins have made the holy pilgrimage from gluttony to renunciation, from sugar doughnuts to spiritual devotion. It's just that, with Saturn and Pluto in fire signs and watery houses, even the least evolved Taureans can't seem to keep heaven out of the act. Whereas at one time paradise may have been a day at the mall capped off by a run of horrifying personal indulgences, you're now getting mystical. When that happens, the millennium must be around the corner.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Here's a tune for you to sing in the shower now: "There's a somebody I'm longing to see / I hope that he [or she—the gender doesn't matter] / Turns out to be / Someone to watch over me." The reason? You need anchoring, and you need it badly. Without it you tend to run around like a mad chicken. Thanks to Pluto in your 7th house, you may get lucky and fall under the protection and surveillance of just the right kind of watchful eye. Even though it's what you want and need, however, with Saturn on your 11th cusp, you'll probably try to escape it. Typical you.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

There's a general feeling that Cancers are supposed to find happiness sl fling around the house in slippers as if they were nine months gone. (can see how ridiculous that is, though, just by observing how many m bers of your sign take control and head big corporations. Man or w an, maybe you are denying some unconscious wish to be pregnant and maternity leave, but with Saturn in your 10th house and Pluto in your for now you're out there in the world and all wrapped up in polit Don't say you haven't been warned, because you have.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

There's something marvelously ardent and resilient about you. Those find you irritating may call it stupid and self-absorbed, but they're pr bly just envious. As both Saturn and Pluto begin their transit of fire si you should find a lot of your old strength and passion returning. Li groggy bear who wakes up just when it's time to hibernate, or an at after a hernia operation, you're much less concerned about what nat tradition, or doctors tell you you're *supposed* to do and much more cerned about pushing the envelope. And so, the envelope, please.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

With Mars in Virgo, you should feel quite energetic and very much a Thanks to a moderate lifestyle, abnormally low hormone levels, or m just a little surgical help, many Virgos have been blessed with you looks. As a result, their attitude concerning the future is often as fres a high-school freshman's—they don't think about it. Saturn's pas through your 8th house and Pluto's slow transit of your 4th should alr be waking you up to the reality of the brevity of life. But don't get bid or hysterical about it. The sun is shining. Make hay.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

By the time Chiron leaves Libra next summer and conks you on the with the truth of life's supreme little ironies, you should be full of dom. One lesson to be learned is why you perceive certain people as zy and yet see yourself as sane. Also, maybe you can figure out why allow yourself to be led around by some people, while you are so frontational with others. One especially good thing, though, is that of your old style of yammering on about superficial subjects will a be replaced by the heavy, the deep, and the real. Thank God.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

If only the universe were arranged so that you could wake up in the ing to find that a nice big envelope full of crisp new bills had been sli under your door with a little note that said, "Is this enough?" While an arrangement would certainly free you to explore your creative self, trary to what you may think it would really not free you at all from nomic anxieties or the need to be needed. With Pluto in your 2nd and Saturn in your 6th, you're still just a humble servant. Now, do freaked out by that. Be inspired.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

With devastating losses and humiliating revelations all behind you, b you must be under way reconstructing and moving on toward a ne happy life. If you're still dragging your feet, get on with it alread course, you're still mad. And with good reason, considering the you've had to smile while biting your lips and holding back grief and With Pluto rising above the current lunation, it's time to think new thoughts. This means you need to have a fresh outlook. That does no essarily imply pregnancy, although . . .

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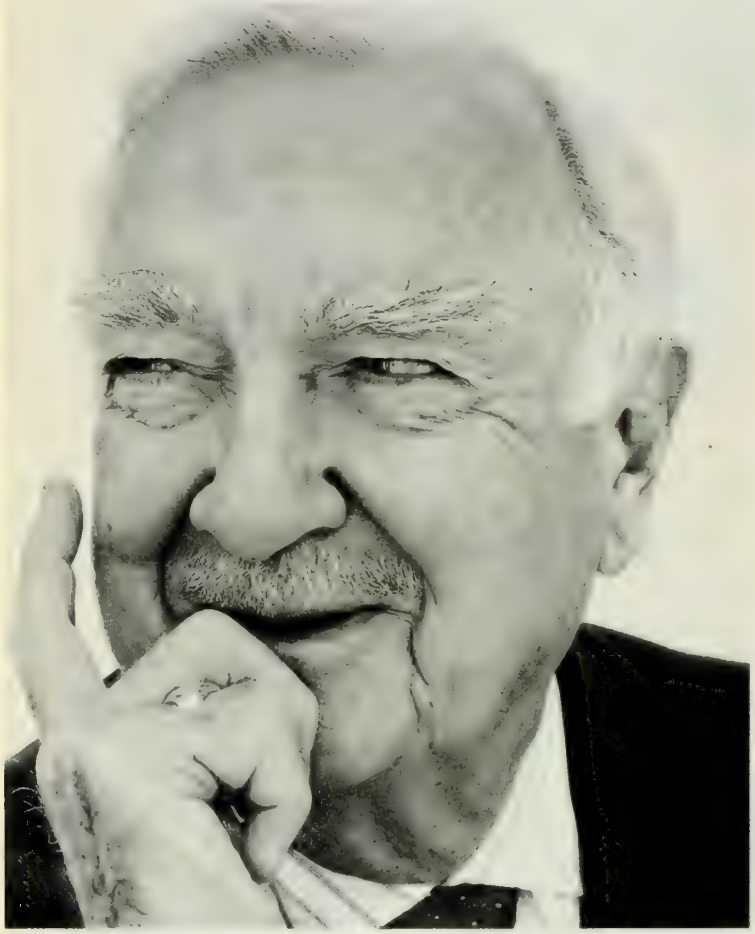
Walter Cronkite



What is your most marked characteristic?
Apparently, from people's reactions, my voice.

When and where were you happiest?
Behind the newsdesk on a fast-breaking story.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
The post office folds and the fax breaks down.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Helping establish some TV news standards.

What is your most treasured possession?
The Presidential Medal of Freedom.

What is your greatest fear?
That terrorists will get a nuclear capability.

Which living person do you most despise?
Any graffiti vandal.

Which living person do you most admire?
Me.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Humility.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Quadruple chin.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Sounds interesting—call my office."

What is your greatest regret?
Not making a space trip.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Death of a loved one, including the family dog.

What is your favorite occupation?
Leading the New York Pops at Carnegie Hall.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Integrity.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
I'm strongly urged by advisers not to say "moral laxity," so let's say "sense of humor."

Who are your heroes in real life?
Journalists who face mortal danger in wars and civil insurrection and from corrupt regimes to report the tru

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A seagull—graceful in flight, rapacious in appetite.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be
A favored cat.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep after celebrating the outbreak of permanent world peace.

What is your motto?
Baden-Powell didn't do badly in giving the Boy Scouts "Be prepared."

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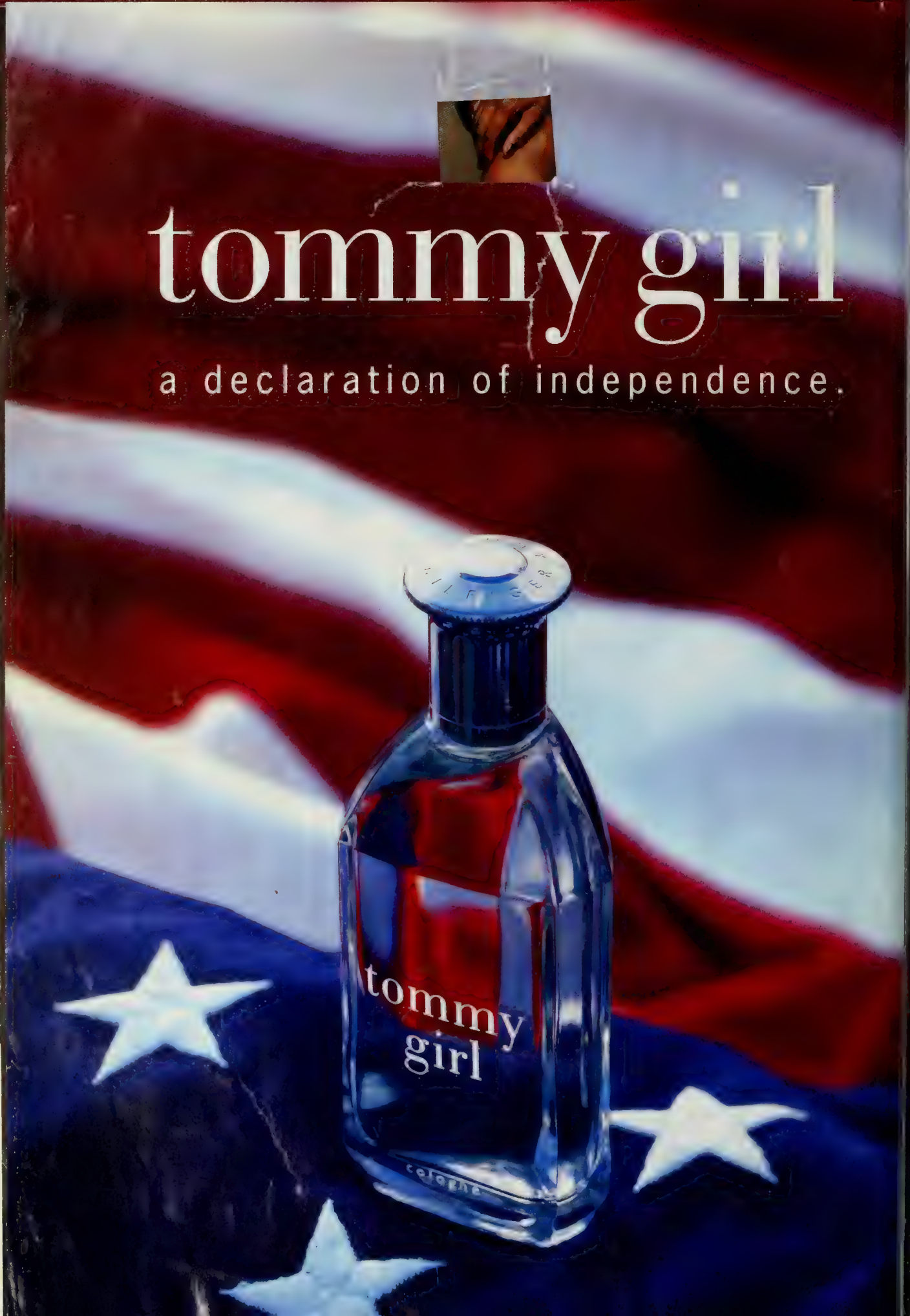
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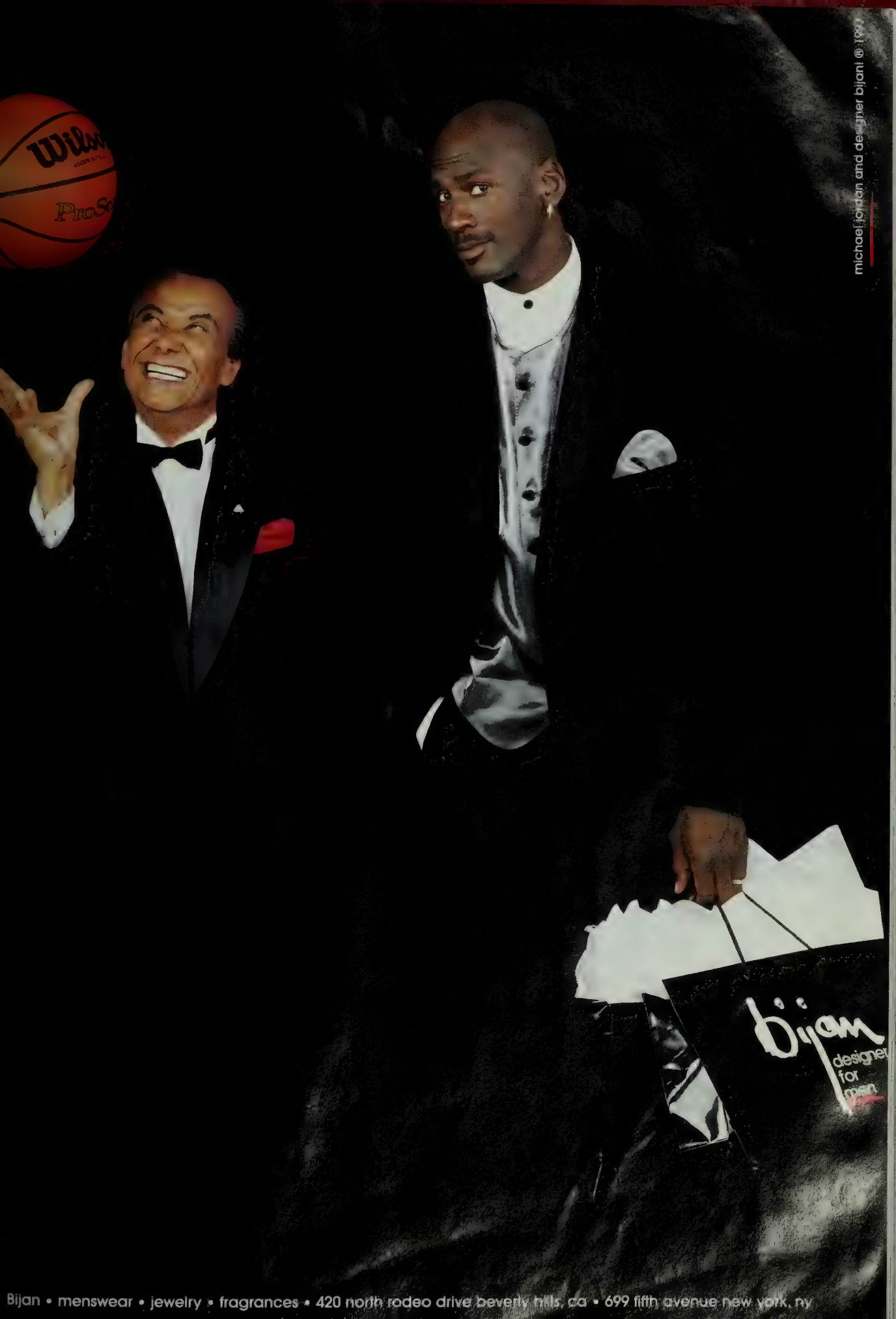

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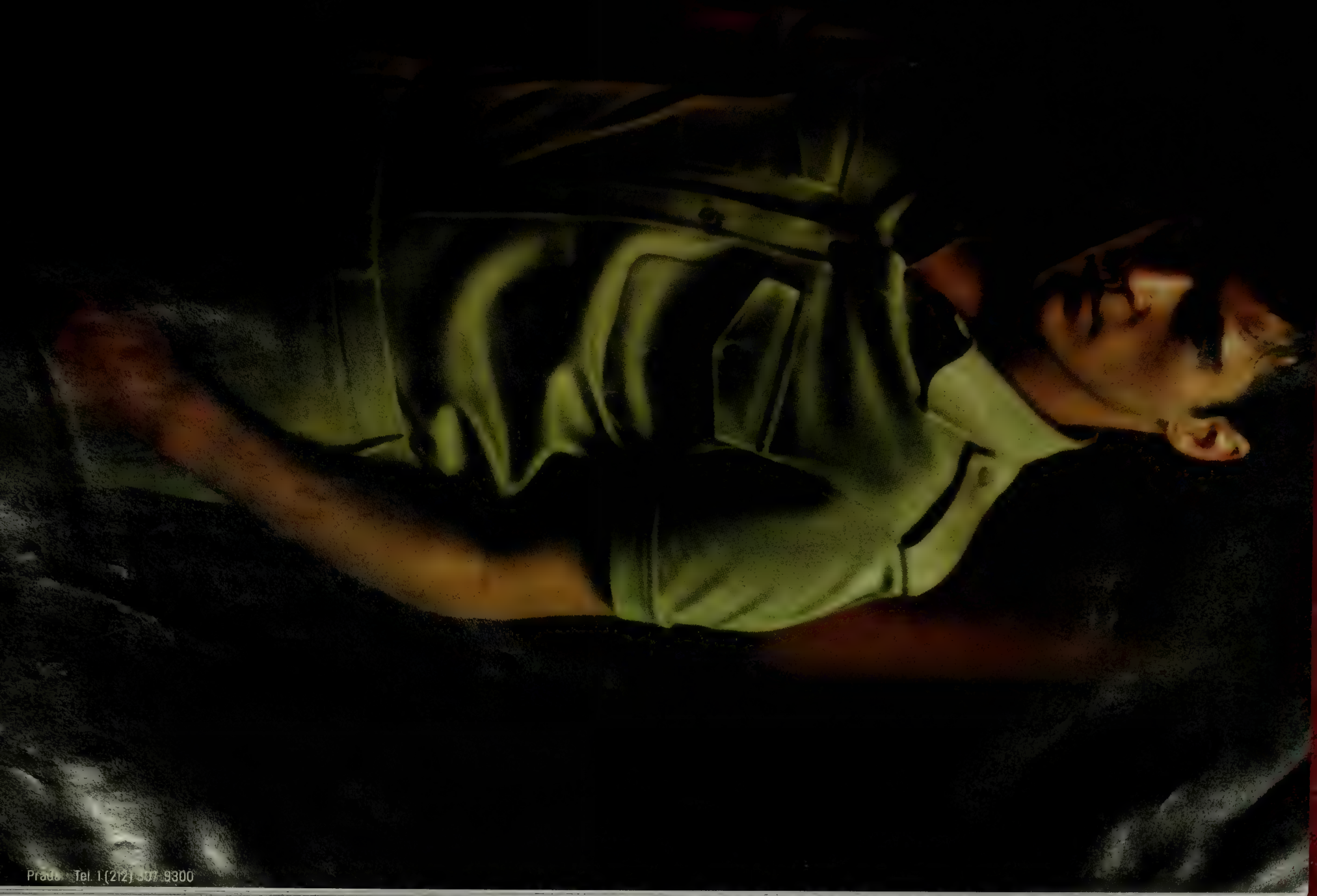

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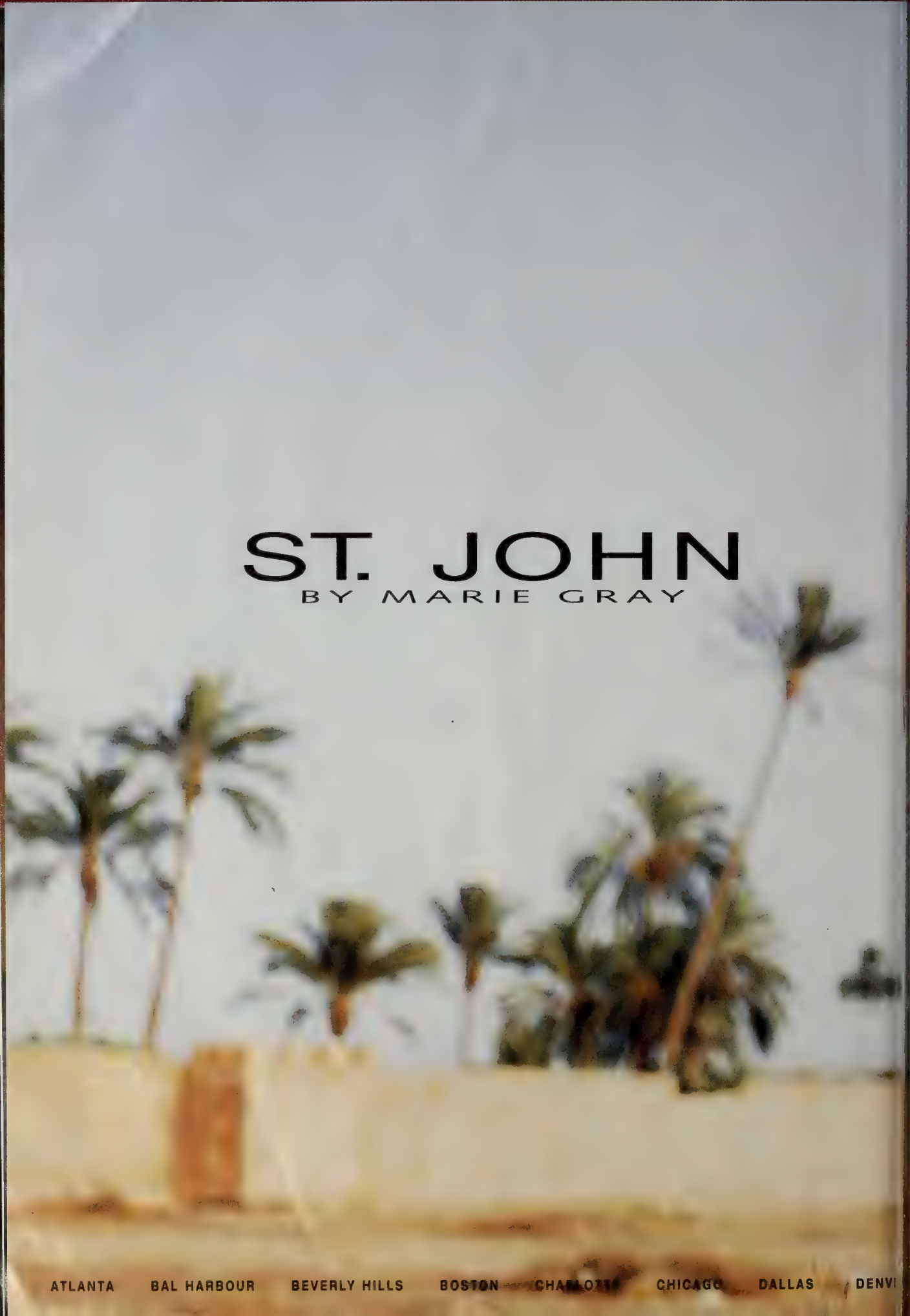

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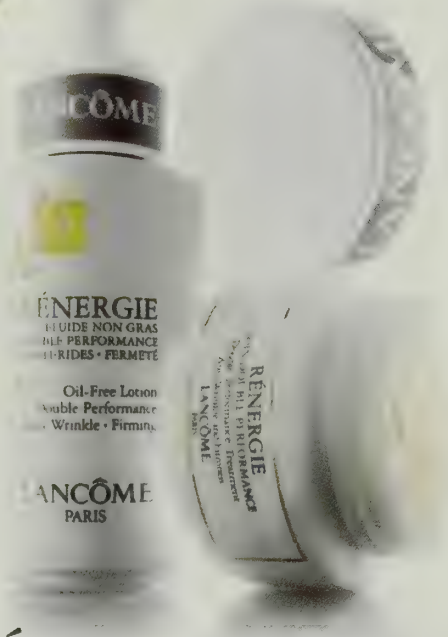

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VANITY FAIR

FEBRUARY 1997 No 438

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From the *Vanity Fair* archives, Miguel Covarrubias captures the swearing-in of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1933, while Robert Risko sets the scene for President Clinton's second tour of duty.

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With "Indogate" swelling the clouds of scandal around Bill Clinton, Jacob Weisberg gauges scenarios for the president's next term, from the indictment of Hillary to a mortifying court date with Paula Jones.

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Kevin Sessums profiles Johnny Depp in 3-D: the first-time director who lured Brando to appear in *The Brave,* the star of the new Mafia thriller *Donnie Brasco,* and the Viper Room owner who skirts the Hollywood scene. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

BRAQUE IN STYLE | 98

London's Royal Academy of Arts hangs some 50 paintings by Georges Braque this month. Henry Porter follows him beyond Cubism.

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After spotting the Olympic Park bomb, Richard Jewell soon found himself the F.B.I. and the media's prime suspect. In Atlanta, the 34-year-old security guard reveals exclusively to Marie Brenner his long ordeal—and how he fought back. Photographs by Dan Winters.

MORNING BECOMES ALLEGRA | 108

Heather Watts and Bruce Weber spotlight Balanchine's exception dancer-muse Allegra Kent, author of a dramatic memoir.

BORN TO BE WILDE | 110

The centenary of Oscar Wilde's release from Reading Gaol will bring a new film about the great Irish poet. Christopher Hitchens and Michael Roberts deem actor Stephen Fry a natural Oscar.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY | 114

From his rootless childhood to his infamous role in the O. J. Simpson murder case, disgraced L.A.P.D. cop Mark Fuhrm has long wrestled with his darker side. In an exclusive interview, Fuhrman tells H. G. Bissinger why he has written his own account of the trial that changed his life. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

KATHARINE THE GREAT | 120

As legendary *Washington Post* publisher Katharine Graham produces her autobiography, Sally Quinn provides another personal history of the media empress. Illustration by Paul Da

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In an excerpt from their new book, A. M. Sperber and Eric Lax screen the outtakes from Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall's grand romance: Bogie's battles with a possessive, alcoholic wife, and Bacall's struggles with her jealous mentor, director Howard Hawks.

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Christopher Hitchens chronicles an iconic tragedy of World War I—the 1915 death of Rudyard Kipling's son, John, whose body was recently identified—and its effect on England's Bard of Empire.

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Kathryn Harrison's *The Kiss,* about her incestuous adult relationship with her father, is the latest in a spate of memoirs that have publishers searching for the next good-looking woman with a gruesome past. Michael Shnayerson wonders if there's a taboo left.

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Power gridlock is making Hollywood grumpy, Kim Masters reports; between the Ovitz ouster, the Murdoch-Turner feud, the MCA-Viacom battle, and a looming collision of expensive blockbusters, the only bright spot is Gulfstream's new, $36 million G V jet.

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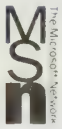

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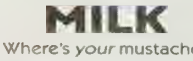

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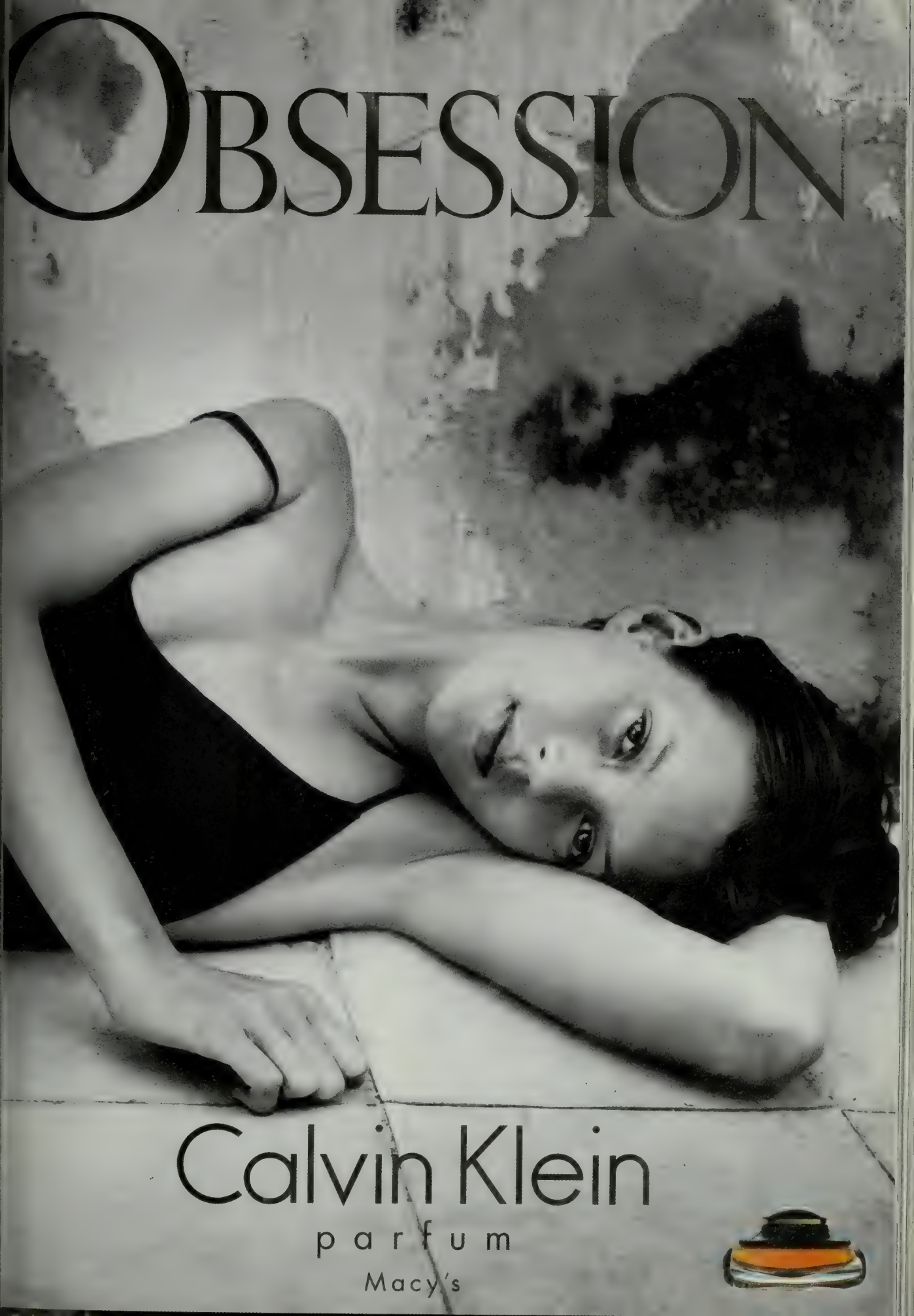
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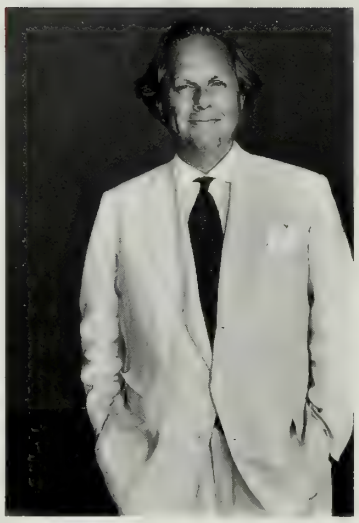
Under Siege

In this issue are two stunning examples of how the American media culture can pluck otherwise common men from obscurity, make their names and faces known around the world in a matter of hours, and turn once private, everyday lives completely upside down. Richard Jewell, for 88 days seen as the F.B.I.'s principal suspect in the Olympics-bombing case, and Mark Fuhrman, the L.A.P.D. detective whose racist comments did more to free O. J. Simpson than any absence of evidence, have each experienced this profound circus nightmare.



Both men have remained largely silent regarding their roles in two of this decade's more closely watched stories. But they each speak out for the first time in print this month: Jewell to writer-at-large Marie Brenner, Fuhrman to contributing editor H. G. Bissinger.

With Richard Jewell, who was a hero one moment and a perceived monster the next, appearances can be deceptive. Overweight, the mustache, the gun thing, lives with his mother—who wouldn't jump to conclusions? Brenner agrees in part. "Like so many who watched the Olympics-bombing story on television," she says, "I got a picture of Jewell as a hapless dummy and a plodding misfit. Instead, I found a man who was very aware of the nuances of his situation, with a sophisticated knowledge of police work." Her article "American Nightmare: The Ballad Richard Jewell," on page 100, is a sol ing journey into what she calls "the d side of law enforcement. Until the F finds the bomber, it is Jewell's destiny be viewed through the filter of being F.B.I. suspect."

Bissinger has similar thoughts ab Fuhrman. "I sensed that there was m to the man. And when I met him it clear that he was not at all the stereot that had been portrayed." Investigating ther, Bissinger found that Fuhrma L.A.P.D. colleagues, both white and bla also disagreed with the media stereoty "The Detective's Story," on page 114, veals a flawed, difficult, and complica man whose life has held much tragedy. But, for all parallels between Fuhrman and Jewell, there is a fun mental difference: Fuhrman's current tragedy is class and largely self-inflicted; Jewell is living a Hitchcock nightmare that, as Brenner points out, anyone might f "What would you do," she asks, "if the F.B.I. showed at your house and made you the prime suspect in a cr you hadn't committed?"

Graydon Carter

Johnny Dangerously

ON THE COVER
Johnny Depp wears a suit by Gucci and a shirt by Richard Tyler. Hair by Jillian Fink. Grooming by Carol Shaw. Grooming products from Calvin Klein cK be. Props styled by Darren Ransdell. Styled by Lori Goldstein. Photographed in Los Angeles exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.

The *V.F.* crew, *above,* pose with their subject. Wearing a coat by Paul Smith, Depp sits between Jillian Fink and Annie Leibovitz. Standing, left to right, are Joey Burnheimer, Stuart Volland, Carol Shaw, Todd La Bar, Lori Goldstein, Richard Ballard, Jennifer Venditti, Bruce Corckum, and *V.F.* West Coast editor Krista Smith.

Cecilia Bartoli prizes two instruments above all others. Her voice and her Rolex.

When Cecilia Bartoli began taking ing lessons, she was astonished by her voice. "I'd never been interested in ng," she says. "Flamenco was my passion. en I discovered that I had this voice, I thrilled." It's a voice that has taken lia to the heights of the opera world.

Opening the season at Carnegie Hall a superb achievement for one so young. was very exciting," she says. But, to Cecilia, every performance is exciting. "I get a little nervous at first, but I listen to the music and I start to become a part of it. It's a wonderful feeling," she says.

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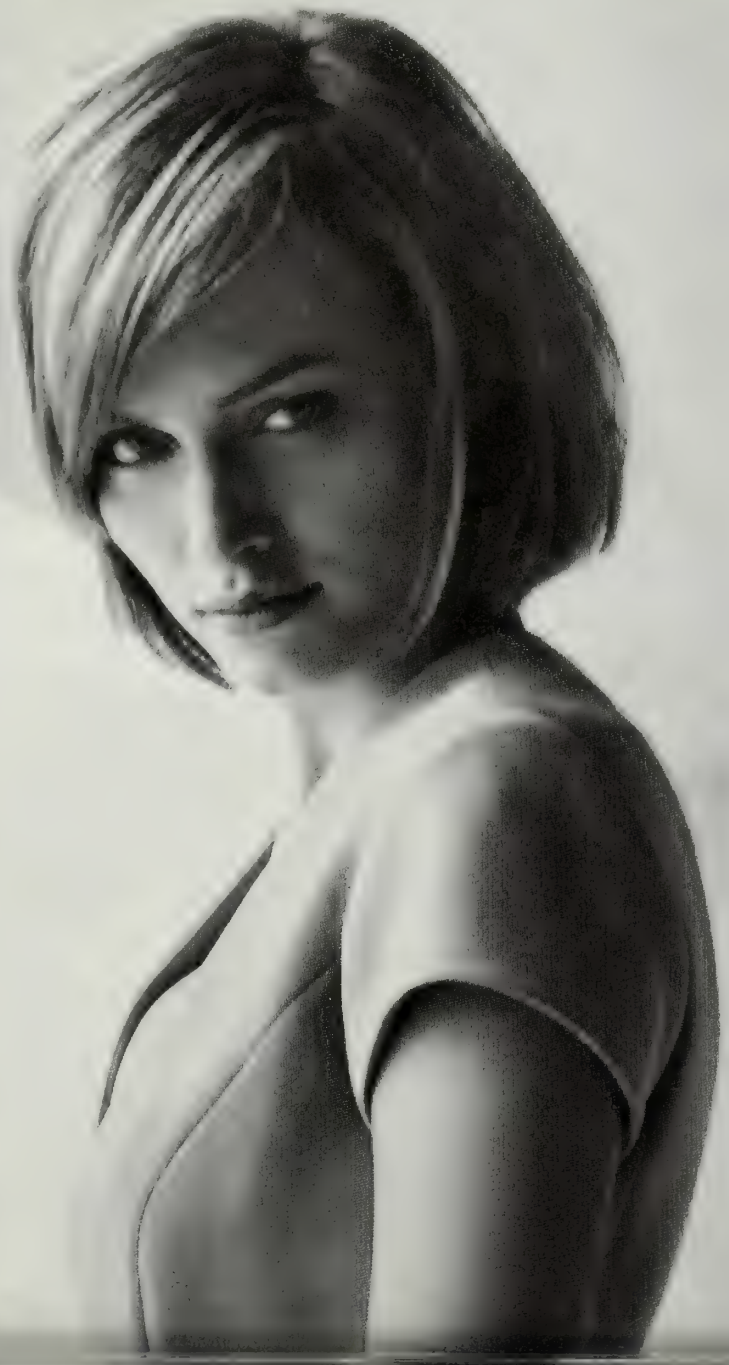

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Contributors

"When Mark Fuhrman and I went out in public, most people treated him very well, but there was an occasional look of disdain," says contributing editor **H. G. Bissinger,** who profiles the former L.A.P.D. detective on page 114. "There's no gray area with Mark Fuhrman, just as there's no gray within Mark Fuhrman." Bissinger received the 1995 Crossroads Market National Lesbian and Gay Journalism Award for "The Killing Trail," his February 1995 *V.F.* article on gay killings in Texas, and is adapting the story for director Alan J. Pakula.

Contributing editor and former New York City Ballet principal dancer **Heather Watts** remembers first seeing Allegra Kent dance in 1970, when Watts was a student at the School of American Ballet. "Her heart-wrenching performance in Balanchine's *Serenade* changed my life," she says of the ballerina, about whom she writes on page 108. Watts (*near right,* listening to Kent) and her longtime dance partner, Jock Soto, are working on a cookbook for Riverhead Books.

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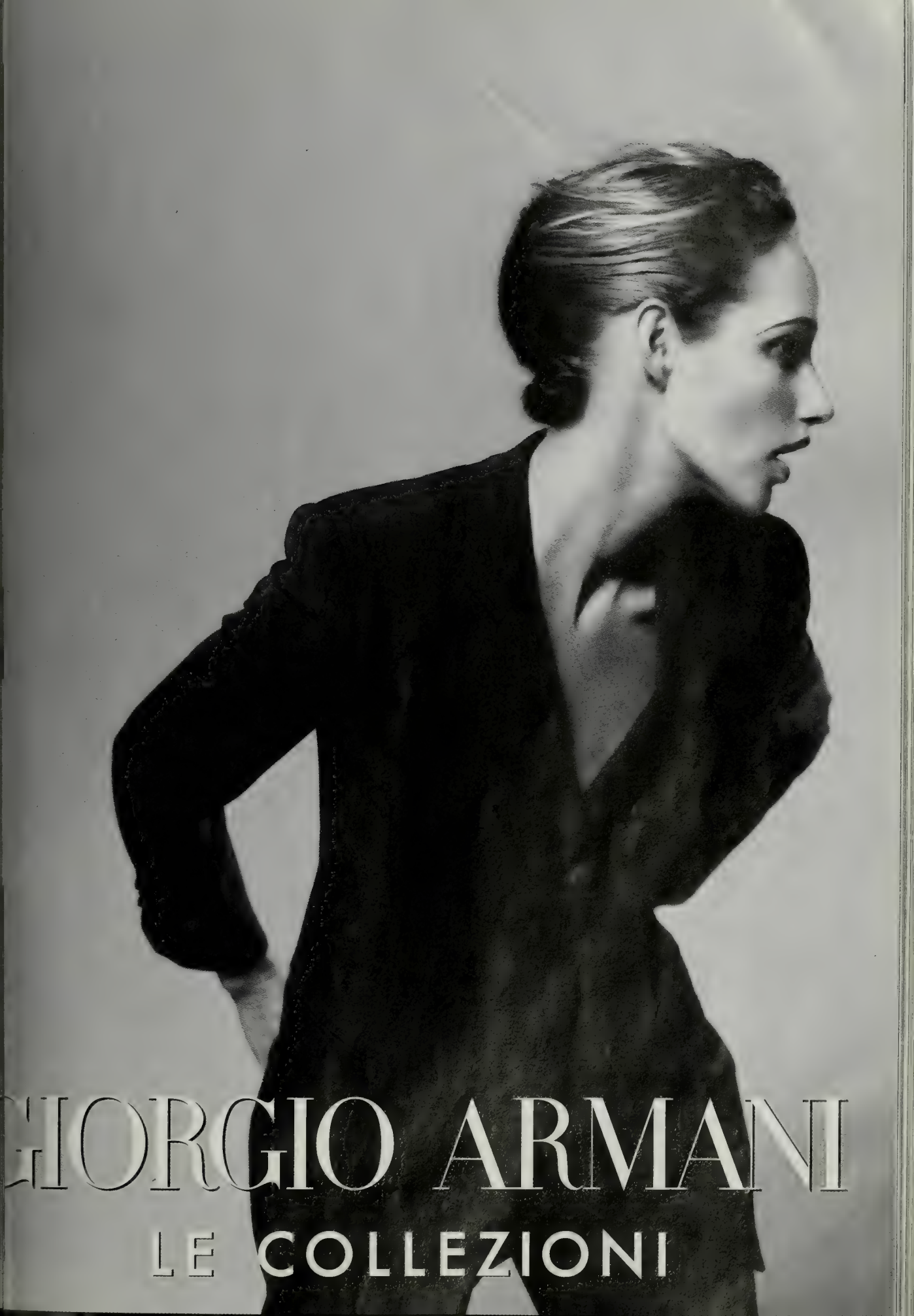
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Actors, writers, directors and film buffs will converge in mid-June on Nantucket for the second annual Nantucket Film Festival, June 17-22, 1997. Honoring screenwriters and their craft, the festival zooms in on the art of storytelling in cinema. The six-day event features films, panel discussions, staged readings and Q&A seminars.

Now accepting film submissions and entries for screenplay competition. Deadline for all submissions: April 18, 1997. For further information, contact: www.nantucketfilmfestival.org or (212) 642-6339, P.O. Box 688 Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Sally Quinn, who became the first network anchorwoman in 1972, is an author, journalist, and Washington observer-at-large, and is working on her third novel. On page 120, she offers a personal glimpse of a journalism legend, *Washington Post* publisher Kay Graham, on the occasion of the publication of Graham's autobiography. Quinn and her husband, former *Post* editor Ben Bradlee, are vice-chairman and chairman, respectively, of the Capital Campaign for the Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C.

SARA BARRETT

On page 54, contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** examines the current publishing craze for memoirs written by attractive women and filled with accoun of drinking bouts, physical abuse, and sexual deviance. "The fuss seems to be stirr by our voyeuristic curiosity about the writer as much as by the writing," he says. Rando House recently published Shnayerson's *The Car That Could: The Inside Story of GM's Revolutionary Electric Vehicle.*

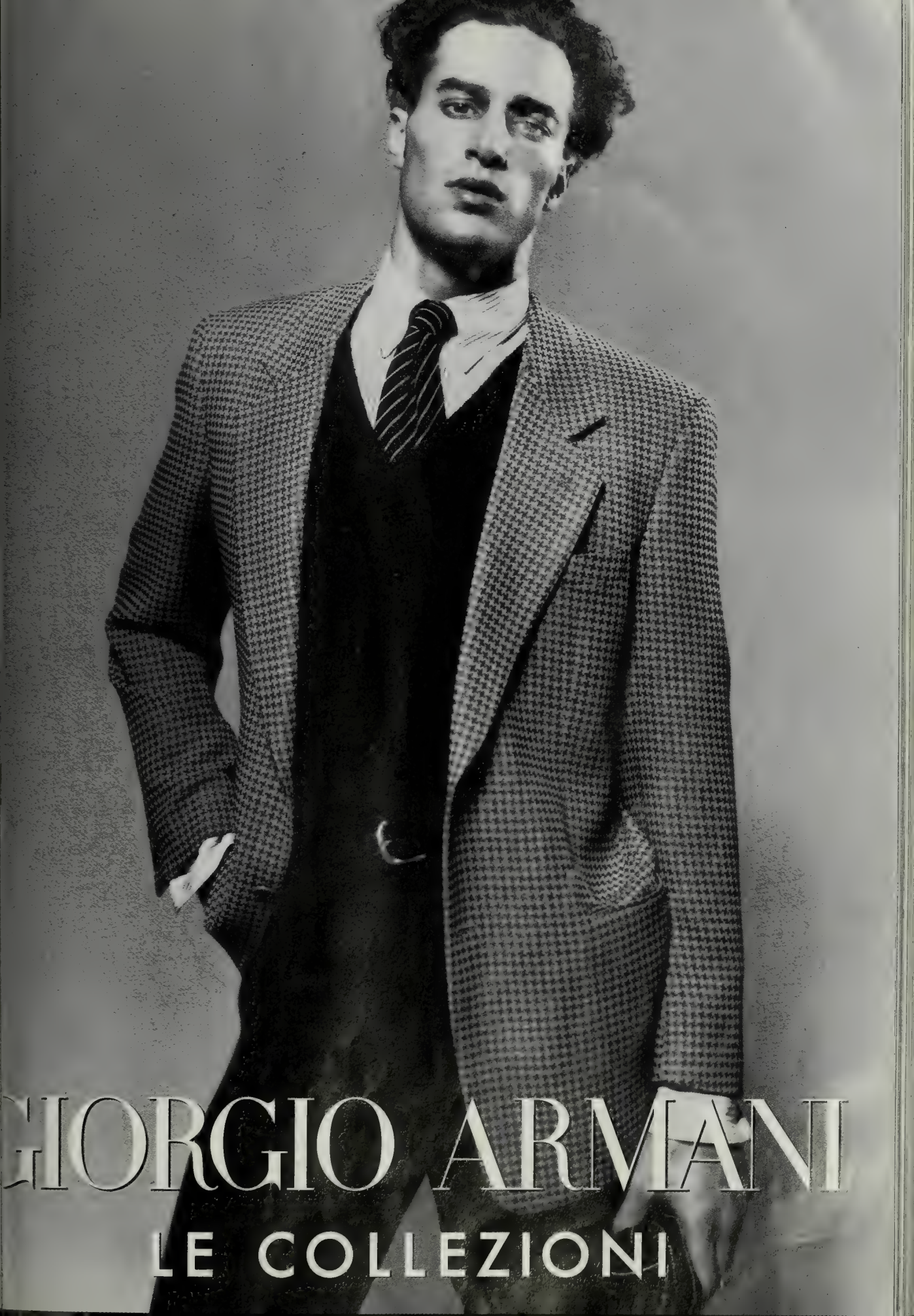
SHARON SUH

"Clinton overcame doubts about his character not by answering the charges against him but by changing the subject to his record as president," says **Jacob Weisberg,** who predicts on page 88 the effect of all the president's scandals. After 10 years as a print journalist, Weisberg recently became chief political correspondent for the on-line magazine *Slate.*

GASPER TRINGALE

When the bomb went off in Centennial Olympic Park in Atlanta, writer-at-large **Marie Brenner** was on a ship in the Norwegian fj Watching CNN, she was stunned by the hysteria surrounding the security guard, Richard Jewell, nightmare she recounts on page 100. "Jewell's s has profound personal as well as legal dimensio says Brenner. "It became the story of a remarka and very southern—friendship" between him and his lawyer Watson Bryant.

In London, **Michael Roberts** hit the set of Brian Gilbert's film about Oscar Wilde for his photographs on page 110. Roberts was drawn to the shoot by Julian Mitchell's script and by Stephen Fry, who portrays Wilde. "Fry is not just an actor," says the photographer, "he's a character." Next fall, Callaway Editions will publish Roberts's book of drawings, *Jungle ABC,* a "children's book for grown-ups."


GIORGIO ARMANI
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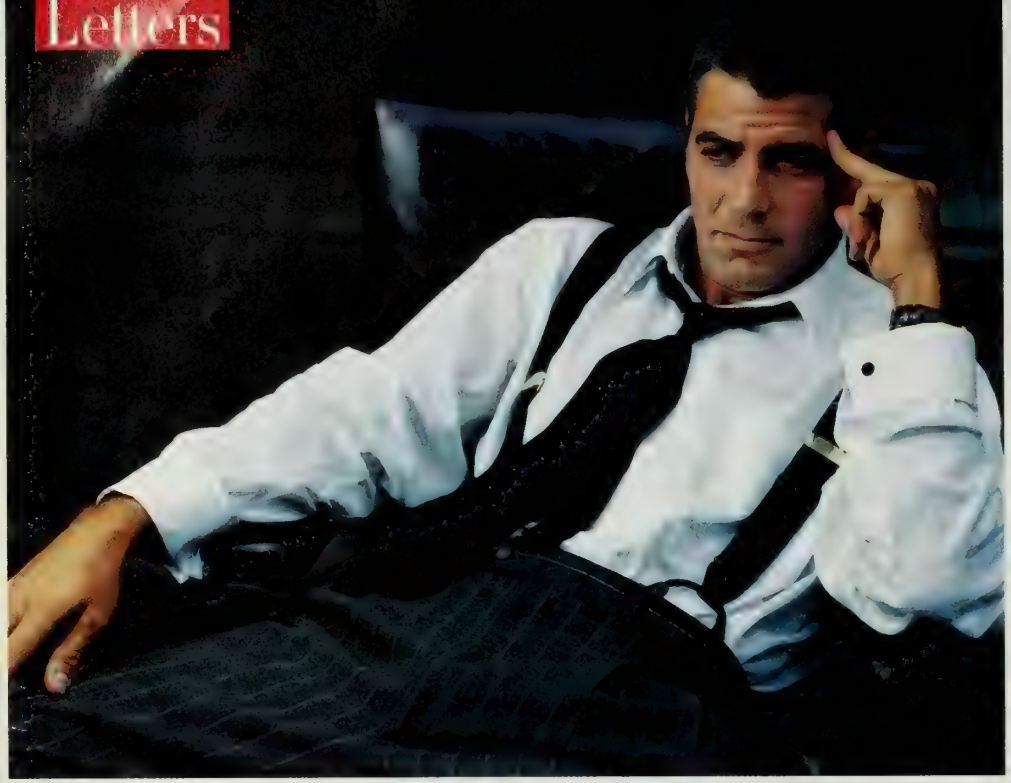

CLOONEY TUNES

"For all the bravado," says George Clooney's One Fine Day *co-star Michelle Pfeiffer, "there's something very vulnerable about him."*

"Heartthrob Hotel," by Jennet Conant [December], was one of the best in-depth profiles I have ever read about George Clooney. He's not just another egoistic actor who is overrated and overpaid. He has suffered to get where he is and yet realizes that some of his dreams will never come true. That makes him believable and reachable—a true first.

JOY FARRAH HAIDAR
Pleasanton, California

I found it very reassuring that so many had so much good to say about George Clooney. He obviously "gets" more than just the Hollywood joke. Somewhere along the line Mr. Clooney acquired some ethics and morals, which puts him in a class almost by himself.

BILL CLARK
Beverly Hills, California

George Clooney may be "the boyish idol of millions of American women," but I think he should be called "the King of Nice." My granddaughter was an extra in the movie *One Fine Day.* Clooney was just great with the children. Polite and friendly to all. A real down-to-earth guy with no airs about him.

NATHALIE SANOFF
Queens, New York

Ovitz on the Cusp

I would like to register my disdain for the type of article written about Mike Ovitz in your December issue ["The Mouse Trap," by Kim Masters and Bryan Burrough]. It contained absolutely nothing interesting or relevant, other than a good example of nasty journalism. Mike Ovitz is employed by an enormous company with a very complex corporate structure, and it is totally unfair to dredge up negative gossip while he is trying to make an important and difficult transition in his professional life.

FRANCIS COPPOLA
San Francisco, California

EDITOR'S NOTE: See "Hollywood Vertigo," by Kim Masters (page 66).

Enough about Disney, Michael Ovitz, and Michael Eisner! Outside of the entertainment industry, can anyone really be interested enough to read these endless articles about their partnership?

ALISON WILBUR
Norfolk, England

EDITOR'S NOTE: See above.

O Kay!

Congratulations on "Kay and Eloise" [by Marie Brenner, December]. It is a shame that everyone throws the term "Vreeland-esque" around so much—if Kay Thompson had continued to work, "Thompson-esque" would have supplanted it.

ROBERT TRACHTENBERG
Los Angeles, California

I practically fell out of my seat when I came upon your article about Kay Thompson. Finally I have something tangible to show my friends who think I'm nuts for being a Kay aficionado. Marie Brenner did a superb job of uncovering her life and times. It was pure heaven.

KEITH GALESTOCK
Oberlin, Ohio

The Two Faces of Tommy

Tommy Mottola ["Tommy Boy," by Robert Sam Anson, December] is a man who hustled, who put himself in the right places and found the right times. So he postures—what powerful man doesn't? Look at Donald Trump and Ted Turner. Tommy divorces a wife and leaves his kids to marry a much younger woman. Not the nicest thing to do, but the term "trophy wife" was not coined by the record industry. Mottola is successful, and the artists on his label are successful—because he believes in them and works hard for them. Call it what you will: strong-arm tactics or savvy business acumen. One man's ceiling is another man's floor.

P. J. WESSON
Stowe, Vermont

Tommy Mottola is both a personal friend and a friend of law enforcement in general. He has unselfishly used his resources and entertainment-industry contacts to assist law-enforcement and

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public-safety-related causes. To suggest that he is anything other than a law-abiding citizen is contemptible and a degradation of this man's character.

GILBERT G. GALLEGOS
National president, Fraternal Order of Police
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I couldn't drag my eyes away from the aerial photo of the breathtaking estate owned by Mariah Carey and her husband, Tommy Mottola. But I'd much rather live in my tiny carriage house with my loving, supportive husband than in a Georgian mansion with a controlling, manipulative, and mean-spirited excuse for a man. I hope Ms. Carey finds the courage to leave her husband-manager before he destroys her life *and* her career.

JILL GARBI
Spring Lake, New Jersey

My impression from your article is that Mariah Carey is a princess confined in a castle. Tommy sounds like an obsessive husband and Mariah appears stuck in a horrible relationship. Whatever the case may be (and I do hope it's the opposite of what I have read), I hope that Mariah is well, safe, happy, loved, and will continue to shower us devoted fans with her precious gift of music.

BRIANNE HOFFLER
Bensalem, Pennsylvania

Radio Beacons

It means a great deal to be included in the "1996 Radio Stars" of "The 1996 Hall of Fame" [December]. There are several other fascinating pieces in this issue and I intend to read them as soon as this fit of narcissism subsides and I quit looking at my face in Robert Risko's illustration.

HUGH DOWNS
New York, New York

I was pleased and proud to be included in the "1996 Radio Stars" illustration with the other talking heads.

EDWARD I. KOCH
New York, New York

The omission of Charles McCord of the Imus show is so glaring as to invalidate the rest of your list. He's the talent, wit, and voice that has lifted the show above the nonsensical prattle of so much of the competition. Chuck's been getting it done for decades.

PETER M. NOLIN
Norwalk, Connecticut

Murdoch'd

Andrew Neil's story ["Murdoch and Me," December] about working for Rupert Murdoch as a top executive was fascinating but missed the most important point: Rupert provides the best training possible for entrepreneurs.

When I was in my mid-30s, I was president of Murdoch's News America Syndicate for two years. He was the most brilliant businessman I had ever met. Neither kind nor cruel, he was simply determined to reach his goals. He taught me more than I could have learned from a dozen professors in the Harvard M.B.A. program. I feel nothing but gratitude. I'll bet that in a few years Andrew Neil will feel the same.

RICHARD S. NEWCOMBE
Los Angeles, California

According to Andrew Neil, Rupert Murdoch is one of the smartest men in business, who hires competent people and leaves them alone to do their work. If Murdoch is a bad manager, it's because he's not a manager—he's a leader. Big difference. Murdoch didn't force Neil out at *The Sunday Times;* Neil gave up his spot in hopes of becoming the next Mike Wallace. When Murdoch canceled the television newsmagazine, he exercised his right to do so as the company's leader. If Neil had the skills to be the next Mike Wallace, that's where he would be right now—with or without Murdoch.

SHELLEY BERRYHILL
Chicago, Illinois

CORRECTION: Due to a printer's error, an identification was dropped from the caption for a photograph of Laura Ingraham with a group of fellow conservatives in "Laura, Get Your Gun," by Marjorie Williams, in the January issue. The unidentified man is Rush Limbaugh *staffer James Golden.*

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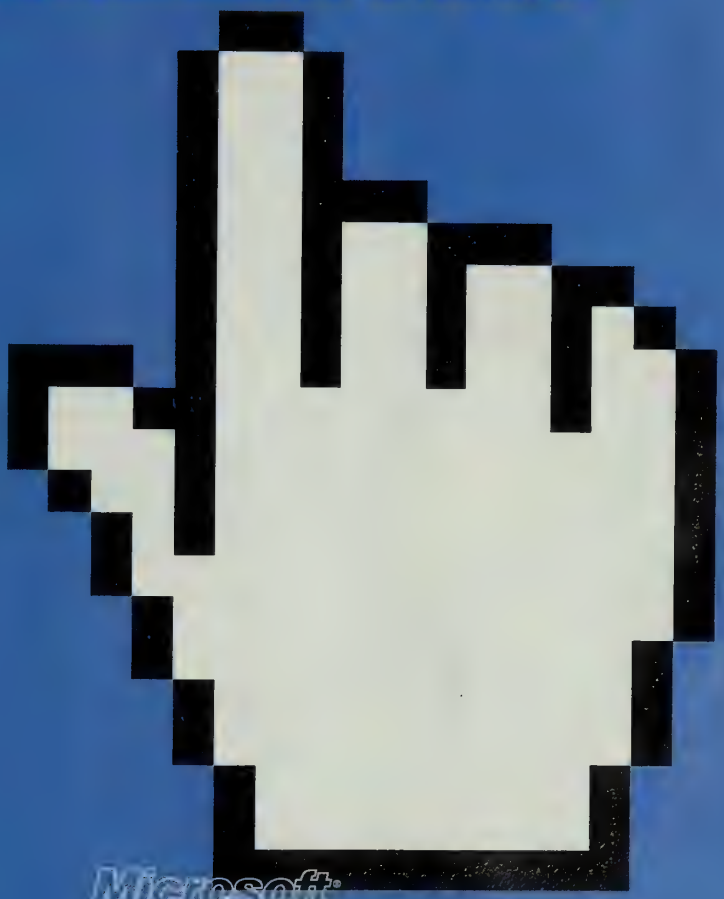

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Rudyard Kipling and his wife Caroline, tour the cemetery in France where their son, John (*left*, in uniform in 1915, the year of his death) is now officially buried. *Below*, the original edition of Kipling's *France at War*, published in 1915.

YOUNG MEN AND WAR

Recently, amid the legions of anonymous W.W. I grave sites that cover northern France, the body of Rudyard Kipling's son, John, was identified, almost 80 years after he died in the Battle of Loos. His tragic story explains the guilt and rage that consumed his father, England's immortal Bard of Empire

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In *Regeneration*, the opening book of Pat Barker's "Ghost Road" trilogy, about the First World War, one of the characters summons the waking nightmare of the trenches: "I was going up with the rations one night and I saw the limbers against the skyline, and the flares going up. What you see every night. Only I seemed to be seeing it from the future. A hundred years from now they'll still be ploughing up skulls. And I seemed to be in that time and looking back. I think I saw our ghosts."

A ghost is something that is dead but won't lie down. Those who were slaughtered between 1914 and 1918 are still in our midst to an astonishing degree. On the first day of the Battle of the Somme, in July 1916, the British alone posted more killed and wounded than appear on the whole of the Vietnam memorial. In the Battle of Verdun, which began the preceding February, 675,000 lives were lost. Between them, Britain, France, the United States, Germany, Turkey, and Russia sacrificed at least *10 million* soldiers. And this is to say nothing of civilian losses. Out of the resulting chaos and misery came the

GUESS

Stretch

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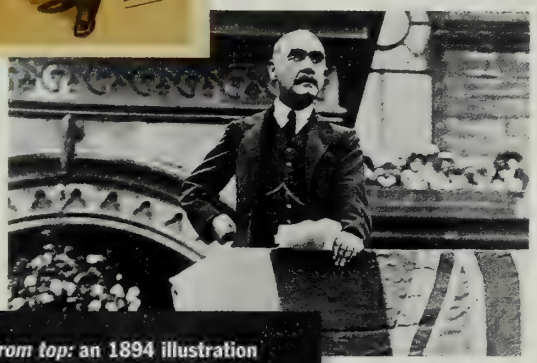
avenging forces of Fascism and Stalinism.

One reason for the enduring and persistent influence of the Great War (as they had to call it at the time, not knowing that it would lead to a second and even worse one) is that it shaped the literature of the Anglo-American world. Think of the titles that remain on the shelves: *Good-Bye to All That,* by Robert Graves, *Anthem for Doomed Youth,* by Wilfred Owen. The poetry of Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon. Translations from German and French, such as Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Under Fire,* by Henri Barbusse. By enlisting in the Great War, a whole generation of Americans, including William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, e. e. cummings, and John Dos Passos, made the leap from small-town U.S.A. to 20th-century modernism. Loss of moral virginity and innocence is the burden of Sebastian Faulks's elegiac novel, *Birdsong,* written in this decade, but as full of pain and poetry as if composed in his grandfather's time. We owe the term "shell shock" to this period, and it sometimes feels as if the shock has never worn off.

I've been passing much of my time, over the past year or so, in trying to raise just one of these ghosts. On September 27, 1915, during the Battle of Loos, a young lieutenant of the Irish Guards was posted "wounded and missing." His name was John Kipling, and he was the only son of the great Bard of Empire, Rudyard Kipling. Kipling never goes out of print, because he not only captured the spirit of imperialism and the white man's burden but also wrote imperishable stories and poems—many of them to the boy John—about the magic and lore of childhood. And on that shell-shocked September day, the creator of Mowgli and Kim had to face the fact that he had sacrificed one of his great loves—his son, whom he called his "man-child"—to another of his great loves: the British Empire. You can trace the influence of this tragedy through almost every line that he subsequently wrote.

Go to the small towns of northern France today if you want to discover that the words "haunted landscape" are no cliché. Around the city of Arras, scattered along any road that you may take, are cemeteries. Kipling called them "silent cities." (I came across an article in a French tourist magazine that recommended Arras to those who wished to pursue "*le tourisme de nécropole*"—mass-grave tourism. Indeed, there isn't much else to see.) This used to be the coal-bearing region of France, and great slag heaps and abandoned mine works add an additional layer of melancholy to the scenery. But otherwise it's graveyards, graveyards all the way. Some of them are huge and orderly, with seemingly endless ranks and files of white markers stretching away in regimental patterns. But many are small and isolated, off in the middle of fields where French farmers have learned to plow around them. These represent heaps of bodies that simply couldn't be moved and were interred where they lay. Huge land grants have been made by the government and people of France, in perpetuity, to Britain and Canada and India and the United States, just to consecrate the fallen.

John Kipling's body had lain in no-man's-land for three years and then been hastily shoveled into an unmarked grave.



From top: an 1894 illustration of Rudyard Kipling by Spy for the British magazine *Vanity Fair;* Kipling appeals for army volunteers just before his son's death; the headstone placed on John Kipling's grave in 1992 after his body was identified.

This is one of the few parts of France where the locals are patient with Anglo-Saxon visitors trying to ask directions in French. And those French plowmen know what to do when, as so often happens, they turn up a mass of barbed wire or a batch of shells and mortars or a skeleton. ("A hundred years from now they'll still be ploughing up skulls.") They call the police, who alert the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. And then the guesswork can begin. There's a good deal of latitude. Of the 531,000 or so British Empire dead whose remains have been fertilizing the region for most of the century, about 212,000 are still unidentified.

"Every now and then we have a bit of luck," I was told by Peter Rolland of the commission, which runs a large and quiet office just outside Arras and which is charged with keeping all the graves clean. "Last year we dug up 12 corpses. Most of their dog tags and uniforms were eroded or decayed hopelessly. But we did manage to identify one Australian chap called Sergeant J. J. White. We even found his daughter, who was two years old when he was killed, and she came over for the funeral."

And a few years ago, almost eight decades after he went missing, they found Kipling's son, John. His body had lain in no-man's-land for three years and then been hastily shoveled into an unmarked grave. Kipling and his wife made several desperate visits to the area in the hope of identifying him, touring battlefield after battlefield. But this was in the days before proper dental records and DNA, and they gradually gave up. In 1992, thanks to painstaking record-keeping and the amateur interest taken by a member of the commission staff, one anonymous grave in one small cemetery was finally commemorated as John's.

This means that a new marker has been erected. The old one read, A LIEUTENANT OF THE GREAT WAR. KNOWN UNTO GOD. The wording is actually that

of Kipling Sr., who in order to atone for John's disappearance became a founding member of what was then called the Imperial War Graves Commission, and helped design its monuments and rituals. As another atonement, he took on the unpaid job of writing the wartime history of the Irish Guards. In that work, he coldly summed up the regiment's toll of 324 casualties in a single battle and noted that "of their officers, 2nd Lieutenant Pakenham-Law had died of wounds; 2nd Lieutenants Clifford and Kipling were missing. . . . It was a fair average for the day of a debut."

Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself,* is even more eerily detached. "My son John arrived on a warm August night of '97, under what seemed every good omen." That's the only mention of the boy in the entire book. Kipling had already lost a beloved daughter to influenza. He seems to have felt that if he wrote any more he wouldn't be able to trust himself.

For a father to mourn or to bury his son is an offense to the natural order of things. Yet another reason for the endless fascination of the Great War is the reverse-Oedipal fashion in which, for several lunatic years, the sight of old men burying young men was the natural order. And this in a civilized Europe bred to the expansive optimism of the late 19th century.

John Kipling was only 16 when the war broke out. Pressed by his father to volunteer, he was rejected on the grounds of poor eyesight. (Those who have read "Baa Baa, Black Sheep," Rudyard's chilling story derived from his own childhood at the mercy of sadistic guardians, will remember the horror of the small boy being punished for clumsiness and poor scholarship when actually he has an undiagnosed myopia.) The proud and jingoistic father used his influence with the high command to get young John commissioned anyway. His mother's diary recorded that "John leaves at noon. . . . He looks very straight and smart and young, as he turned [*sic*] at the top of the stairs to say: 'Send my love to Dad-o.'"

He didn't last more than a few weeks. The village of Loos, where he disappeared, was also where the British found out about modern warfare: it was at Loos that they first tried to use poison gas as a weapon of combat. (It blew back into their own trenches, with unimaginable results.) In a neighboring sector a short while later, the British became the first to deploy a tank. But in late 1915, war was mainly blood, mud, bayonets, and high explosives.

Accounts of the boy's last moments differ, but Kipling's friend H. Rider Haggard (creator of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*) took a lot of trouble interviewing witnesses. He recorded in his diary that one of them, a man named Bowe, "saw an officer who *he could swear* was Mr Kipling leaving the wood on his way to the rear and trying to fasten a field dressing round his mouth which was badly shattered by a piece of shell. Bowe would have helped him but for the fact that the officer was crying with the pain of the wound and he did not want to humiliate him by offering assistance. I shall not send this on to Rudyard Kipling—it is too painful."

Indeed it would have been: a half-blind kid making his retreat under fire and in tears, with a devastating wound. No definition of stiff upper lip would have covered it. And almost the last of John's letters home had said, "By the way, the next time would you get me an Identification Disc as I have gone and lost mine. . . . Just an aluminum Disc with a string through it." Probably it's a good thing that the poet of the Raj never knew his boy died weeping. At one point he wrote, in a cynical attempt to brace himself, "My son was killed while laughing at some jest. I would I knew / What it was, and it might serve me in a time when jests are few."

To a friend he wrote, "I don't suppose there is much hope for my boy and the little that is left doesn't bear thinking of. However, I hear that he finished well. . . . It was a short life. I'm sorry that all the years' work ended in one afternoon, but lots of people are in our position, and it's something to have bred a man." His wife, Caroline, wrote more feelingly to her mother, "If one could but know he was dead . . ."

Rudyard and Caroline Kipling attend the first Court of the Season at Buckingham Palace, on May 21, 1925.

Haggard may have wished to spare Kipling pain, but one has to say that Kipling did not try to spare himself. His whole personality as an author underwent a deep change. At different stages, one can see the influence of parental anguish, of patriotic rage, of chauvinistic hatred, and of personal guilt. A single couplet almost contrives to compress all four emotions into one: "If any question why we died, Tell them, because our fathers lied."

These Spartan lines are anti-war and pro-war to almost the same extent. The fathers had lied, not just by encouraging their sons to take lethal risks, but by not preparing enough for war and therefore letting the young people pay for their complacency. Kipling's longer poem "The Children" possesses the same ambiguity:

ese were our children who died for our
lands: they were dear in our sight.
e have only the memory left of their
home-treasured sayings and laughter.
e price of our loss shall be paid to our
hands, not another's hereafter.
ither the Alien nor Priest shall decide
on it. That is our right.
But who shall return us the children?

After a few lines of expressive loathing
out the German foe, Kipling returns to
e idea that the massacre of the inno-
nts has an element of domestic respon-
ility to it:

. Our statecraft, our learning
livered them bound to the Pit and
alive to the burning
ither they mirthfully hastened as
jostling for honour—
t since her birth has our Earth seen
such worth loosed upon her.

halk Pit Wood was the last place his
n was seen alive.) And then, giving
nt to all the ghastly rumors he and
wife had heard about what hap-
ned to bodies caught in no-man's-
d, he continues:

at flesh we had nursed from the first in
all cleanness was given
corruption unveiled and assailed by
the malice of Heaven—
the heart-shaking jests of Decay where
it lolled on the wires—
be blanched or gay-painted by fumes—
to be cindered by fires—
be senselessly tossed and retossed in
stale mutilation
om crater to crater. For this we shall
take expiation.
But who shall return us our children?

Uncertainty was torturing Kipling
re into imagining the worst and
ost obscene fate for his son. At other
nes he was more resigned and more
stful, as in the short poem "My Boy
ck":

Iave you news of my boy Jack?"
Not this tide.
When d'you think that he'll come back?"
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.
Has any one else had word of him?"
Not this tide.
r what is sunk will hardly swim,
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

The inquiring voice asks for a crumb
hope or comfort, and receives the
ply:

en hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
cause he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

The penultimate line reinforces the impression that the seeker in the poem is a woman. Odd to think of Kipling as having a feminine aspect, but perhaps the verse is meant as a tribute to his American wife, who was driven almost out of her mind with grief. On the other hand, one might throw sentiment to one side and remember that Kipling famously wrote (in a poem designed to tease a daughter who favored female suffrage) that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." And this is most certainly true of the main character in a subsequent short story of Kipling's entitled "Mary Postgate." Angus Wilson once described it as evil; at all events it is a paean of hatred and cruelty and shows Kipling banishing all his doubts and guilts in favor of one cathartic burst of sickening revenge.

Mary Postgate is a wartime spinster who looks after an elderly lady in an English village. One day, a German airman crashes in her garden and lies crippled in the laurel bushes. Mary Postgate decides to see how long it will take him to die. She tells nobody about the intruder and makes no effort to summon help. She waits and watches "while an increasing rapture laid hold on her." As the young man finally expires, she "drew her breath short between her teeth and shivered from head to foot." Then she takes a "luxurious hot bath before tea" and, "lying all relaxed on the other sofa," startles her employer by looking, for once, "quite handsome!"

It's really seriously creepy to find Kipling—normally rather reticent in such matters—writing a caricature of a female orgasm and wallowing in the voluptuousness of sadism. The justification for it all is that a child has been killed by a bomb in the village. "I have seen the dead child," says Mary Postgate to the dying airman. So the link is unmistakable. And the story—published in 1917—is closed by one of the worst sets of verses that this splendid poet ever composed. Its refrain is the line "When the English began to hate." Omitted from most anthologies, it is a vulgar and bullying rant, which promises that "Time shall count from the date / That the English began to hate."

I first became aware of the poem when it was dished out as a leaflet by a British Nazi organization in the 1970s. (David Edgar makes use of it in *Destiny*, his incisive play about the mentality of Fascism.) I have often thought it very fortunate that Kipling died in 1936. He

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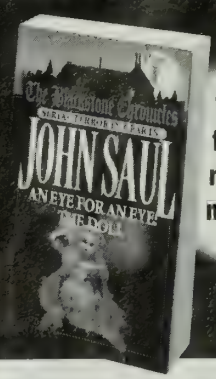

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had already begun to praise Mussolini by then, and God knows what he might have said about the manly new Germany—even though his visceral dislike of all Germans would perhaps have kept him in check. He certainly disliked Germans (whom he habitually called "Huns") even more than he did Jews (whom he generally called "Hebrews").

His letters are fiercer than his poems and short stories, and like them they took a turn for the worse after John's disappearance. To his old friend L. C. Dunsterville he wrote, at the height of the bloodletting in September 1916, that things seemed to be going jolly well on the Western Front. "It's a scientific-cum-sporting murder proposition with enough guns at last to account for the birds, and the Hun is having a very sickly time of it. He has the erroneous idea that he is being hurt, whereas he won't know what real pain means for a long time. I almost begin to hope that when we have done with him there will be very little Hun left."

The word for this, in or out of context, is "unseemly."

Most interesting, though, was his extensive wartime correspondence with Theodore Roosevelt. One has to remember that Kipling at that time was the best-known living writer in the English language. His following in the United States was immense. His famous poem "The White Man's Burden," more often quoted than read, had actually been written for Roosevelt in 1898 and was addressed to the U.S. Congress. It urged that body (successfully) to "take up the white man's burden" by annexing the newly conquered Philippines. Such was Kipling's ability to sway public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic that in 1914, when the Liberal British foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey, heard that Kipling was planning a trip to America, Grey told the Cabinet that unless he was assured that this dangerous Tory poet was going in an unofficial capacity he would resign at once.

Teddy Roosevelt, of course, favored American entry into the Great War, and Kipling made a point of supplying him with ammunition. The poet didn't hesitate to make very emotional appeals, and as a result gave a few hostages to fortune. In December 1914 he wrote to T.R. telling him encouragingly that the Germans "have been sending up their younger men and boys lately on our front. This is valuable because these are prospective fathers, and they come up to the trenches with superb bravery. Then they are removed."

The letter goes on, "Suppose my only son dies, I for one should not 'view with equanimity' Mr Wilson (however unswayed by martial prejudice) advising or recommending my country how to behave at the end of this War." Kipling really despised Woodrow Wilson and his hypocritical neutrality, and after John's death he gave his contempt free rein, describing Wilson as equivalent to an ape looking down from a tree. "My grief," he wrote, "is that the head of the country is a man unconnected by knowledge or experience with the facts of the world in which we live. All of which must be paid for in the lives of good men."

This relentless drumbeat, which also urged T.R. in menacing tones to beware of the millions of potentially disloyal German-Americans, helped breed a pro-war atmosphere in the United States. Many of the Americans who went to fight in Europe did so as volunteers, preparing the ground for later, full-scale intervention. And when the American Expeditionary Force got going, it took heavy casualties. Among these was Quentin Roosevelt, son of Teddy, who was killed while serving as a pilot. T.R.'s response was almost Kiplingesque in its gruffness. "My only regret is that I could not give myself," he said. But of course he could not have given himself, any more than Kipling could. This was an opportunity open strictly to sons.

The creator of Mowgli and Kim sacrificed one of his great loves—his son—to another of his great loves: the British Empire.

The current tenant of Headstone Two in Row D of Plot Seven in St. Mary's Advanced Dressing Station Cemetery never had any idea of what a titanic conflict had snuffed out his life. Nor had he any notion of the role his death would play in his father's poetry or his father's propaganda. His is just one of 1,768 British and 19 Canadian graves in St. Mary's ADS, 1,592 of which are unidentified and likely to remain so forever.

The gardener, Ian Nelson, met me at the gate and took me around. He was a working-class type from my hometown in Hampshire, just one of the many hundreds of people who live and work in northern France, stranded in time, preserving a moment and observing the decencies. He wasn't the garrulous type preferring to roll his own cigarettes and to say briefly that he was "old-fashioned" and "felt we owed something" to the fallen. His main enemies were the moles, which spoil the flower beds and lawns. He explained to me how certain alpine and herbaceous plantings protect the headstones from mud splashes in the winter and mowing machines in the summer. Floribunda roses were in profusion, and baby maple trees, and there was the odd Flanders poppy.

The register and the visitors' book were kept in a metal-and-stone safe in a corner of the cemetery, and as we go there we found an old metal button in the dirt. It was a standard-issue Great War soldier's button, with a faded lion-and-unicorn motif, and Mr. Nelson let me keep it with a look that said, Plenty more where that came from. Most of the names in the register are printed and have been for decades, and it is reprinted every few years. But a handwritten addition had just been made, showing that John, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling of Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, England, had made the supreme sacrifice while serving as a lieutenant in the Irish Guards. The visitors' book had a space for remarks, and many visitors had done their best to say something. I didn't want to let down the side, so I put in the last few lines of Wilfred Owen's "The Parable of the Old Man and the Young."

Owen was killed in a futile canal crossing skirmish just a few days before the end of the war, in November 1918 (his mother got the telegram just as the church bells were pealing for victory and a general rejoicing was getting under way), but before he died he composed the most wrenching and lyrical poetry of the entire conflict. Nearly 50 years later it furnished the libretto for Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*. In Owen's rewriting of the story of Abraham and Isaac, the old man is about to press the knife to the throat of his firstborn:

When lo! an angel called him out of heaven
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.
But the old man would not so,
but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

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WOMEN BEHAVING BADLY

A new wave of female memoirists, mostly young and attractive, are mining intimate details of their sex lives, alcoholism, mental illness, and even adult incest. They are also the toasts of the publishing world

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

Kathryn Harrison in 1994, the year memoir, The Kiss, about her affair with her father, is causing controversy even before publication.

More than 30 years after Anaïs Nin brought sex into her memoirs, she seems less a rebel than a fairy godmother to a brood of young women writers who vie to outdo one another in the darkness of the secrets they expose in autobiographical writings. Among the more than 200 memoirs published by major houses in the last year or so—a huge upsurge from previous years—many, of course, are by men. But women are using the memoir in a way men haven't had to: as a form of liberation.

Some women recount such horrors as mental illness (Susanna Kaysen's *Girl, Interrupted,* 1993, and Kay Redfield Jamison's *An Unquiet Mind,* 1995), disfiguring cancer (Lucy Grealey's *Autobiography of a Face,* 1994), or marriage to a man dying of AIDS (Marion Winik's *First Comes Love,* 1996), and wring strong stories from the struggle to come to terms with tragedy. Other women tell family histories that reveal the private costs of public lives. Suzannah Lessard's *The Architect of Desire* (1996) shows how the dissoluteness that colored the life and murder of architect Stanford White, her great-grandfather, resurfaced as sexual abuse in her generation. Patricia Bosworth's upcoming *Anything Your Little Heart Desires,* out this April, relates the life of her father, lawyer Bartley Crum, whose brave decision to defend the Hollywood Ten thrust him into a white-hot spotlight. Bosworth also reveals the private aftermath: his loss of clients, his son's suicide, followed by his own, and the struggle of Bosworth an her mother to endure.

For a growing number of wome writers, however, memoirs have becom catchalls for chronicles of booze, ba sex, stealing, and drugs, their autho baring the kind of behavior once ke secret even from close girlfriends, muc less the rest of the book-reading worl Jill Ciment's *Half a Life* (1996), for i stance, depicts a hardscrabble childho that led her to truancy, housebreakin shoplifting, and, eventually, a turn as pornographic model. Caroline Knapp *Drinking: A Love Story* (1996) tells of

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There's More To Explore In Black

long, bad time of too much white wine, spiraling depression, and drunken one-night stands. Both books are beautifully written, and both work—Ciment's as a modern-day Huck Finn story, Knapp's as an alarm for other alcoholics. At the same time, both issue from a confessional age of 12-step programs and TV talk shows; they are as of-the-moment as this afternoon's *Oprah*. More literary *and* licentious than either is a memoir Random House will publish in April by novelist Kathryn Harrison—about the lengthy sexual affair she entered into, at age 20, with her own father.

For some weeks now, *The Kiss*, as Harrison has titled her very short memoir, has stirred extraordinary buzz in the New York publishing world. Copies sent out for pre-publication endorsements have been photocopied and passed around. "Oh, *that* one" is the inevitable response one gets in mentioning it, as if it were out in stores already. When the editors of the Literary Guild read it, *The Kiss* provoked an angry debate as to whether the book club should offer it to its readers; the Guild did bid on it, but lost in a spirited auction to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *The New Yorker* purchased the rights to run an excerpt before the book's publication.

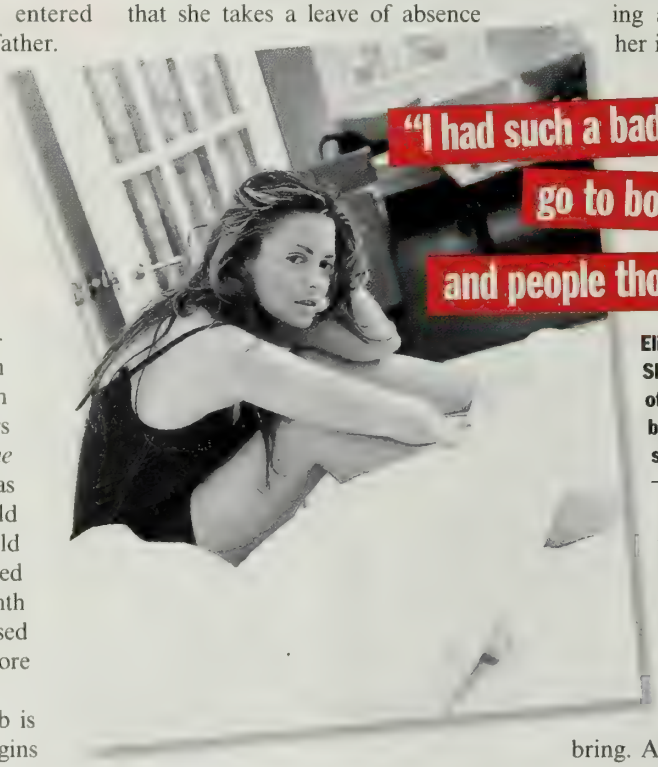
The object of all the hubbub is a dreamlike chronicle that begins with a startling glimpse of Harrison—at about the age of 20—being kissed passionately by her father at road stops on long drives across the Southwest. A writer who puts incest on page one of her memoir may be many things—anguished, confused, angry—but she is certainly not unaware of the sensationalism of her subject.

Still, *The Kiss* may leave many readers wondering what the fuss—and, for that matter, the *story*—is about. Harrison writes that her parents met as virgins at 17 at a theater and that she was conceived soon after, which led to a hasty marriage. The mother's parents took them in, but disdained the father and persuaded him to leave when his daughter was six months old. Harrison goes on to relate—disconcertingly, for a memoir, in the present tense—that her mother, fed up with her parents and the drudgery of child rearing, moves out too, about five years later, leaving Harrison to be raised by her grandparents. She often sees her mother, who takes a place nearby. Her father she sees only a couple of times until she's 10, then not until she's 20, when he comes to visit while she's home from college. Harrison feels his fierce attention, and is flattered. But when she drives him to the airport, he shocks her by kissing her passionately on the mouth. No geographical location is given for this scene, or most others in the book; the characters move against a virtually blank backdrop.

So confused is Harrison by the kiss that she takes a leave of absence from college and rents a basement apartment, where her father calls her incessantly, urging her to meet him. When he comes to visit, she lets him wrap his arms around her as they lie in the same bed. Soon after, he persuades her to join him on an overnight visit to his mother's house, where he creeps into her bedroom and engages in oral sex with her. This is described in one demure sentence. Indeed, sex is mentioned only fleetingly in *The Kiss*, and not in any detail. Which is, depending on your point of view, either proper—if the word can be applied to the account of such an affair—or a tease.

Appalled, yet somehow powerless to resist, Harrison begins taking long, surreal drives with her father. They visit natural wonders and stay in cheap motels. Her father, a preacher, rants in born-again style about how God has meant for him to have her. Eventually, she moves in with him and his unsuspecting second wife and children. The affair continues until her mother is close to dying from a painful bone cancer; only then, at yet another road stop, does the narrator summon the courage to break off the relationship.

"I liked it," says essayist Phillip Lopate, who was sent a copy of the manuscript for pre-publication comment. "I thought it had affinities with Marguerite Duras's work, especially *The Lover*. It's lyrical and dry, with this analytical quality. And it kept circling around this notion of power . . . a stronger adult overcoming a younger person, and having her in his thrall." Not all the writers who've actually read the book already are so impressed. "I guess it's like . . . the *last taboo*," says one novelist with exasperation. "But it lacks perspective, which is exactly what a memoir is supposed to bring. And it's got no irony." Still, the novelist acknowledges, "you do finish it and want to *talk* to someone about it—if not necessarily for the reasons Harrison may have intended."



"I had such a bad reputation.... Then I'd go to bookstores in Minneapolis and people thought I was so nice."

Elizabeth Wurtzel in 1996. She put her face on the cover of her 1994 memoir, *Prozac Nation*, because she thought it should look like a record cover.

As word of the book has spread, reporters have contacted the publisher seeking interviews with Harrison. Random House's vice president in charge of publicity, Carol Schneider, prefers to schedule any interviews closer to the book's arrival in stores, so has put them on hold (including my request to speak with Harrison for this article). Asked *why* Harrison chose to write about an affair she had as a consenting adult with her father, Schneider suggests it was something that had haunted Harrison and affected her earlier writing. She felt, Schneider says, that she couldn't keep writing until she came to terms with it.

Dani Shapiro, a 34-year-old novelist who teaches a graduate class in the memoir at the New School in New York,

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says that's often the motivation among fiction writers; indeed, many of the new memoirists *are* primarily novelists, or, as in the case of Mary Karr (*The Liars' Club,* 1995), poets. In her own fiction (*Playing with Fire,* 1989, and *Fugitive Blue,* 1993) Shapiro found herself depicting a series of accidents (a wilding incident, a plane crash) until she realized she was circling the memory of a car wreck a decade ago in which her father was killed and her mother badly hurt. Now she's writing a memoir—for Random House.

Harrison's case, however, is somewhat different. In her first novel, as it turns out, she does more than touch on the subject of incest. She actually tells the same story of the incestuous affair that she recounts in *The Kiss.*

Thicker than Water, which Random House published in 1991, is a longer, more textured family story than *The Kiss.* Within it, though, appear most of the major scenes from *The Kiss,* along with details and settings *The Kiss* lacks. Michiko Kakutani of *The New York Times* called the debut novel "a story written in hallucinatory, poetic prose . . . that possesses the harrowing immediacy—and visceral impact—of a memoir." A profile of the author in *Publishers Weekly* noted that other critics suspected the novel was a memoir in disguise, too, but Harrison denied this: "The author says the incestuous relationship forced upon the main character, Isabel, in that novel is completely a product of her imagination."

In *Thicker than Water,* Isabel lives with her British-Jewish grandparents on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles—as Harrison did. The parents' initial meeting at a theater is recounted identically in both books, along with the facts of the marriage, childbirth, and quick divorce that ensue.

Random anecdotes are recapitulated, too. As a child, Isabel in *Thicker than Water* forces open the still-shut eyes of a litter of kittens; so does Harrison in *The Kiss.* A visit from the father when the child is 10 is described similarly in both books: in each, he takes the mother and daughter to a museum, where the daughter touches the foot of a statue, for which he reprimands her; in each, the daughter is taken by her mother to be fitted for a diaphragm; in each, the doctor inserts a series of plastic phalluses until her hymen breaks. And so on.

As for the affair with her father, it unfolds in *Thicker than Water* as it does in *The Kiss,* beginning with the kiss at the airport, though again with more detail. Isabel in *Thicker than Water* declares, for example, that she kept a tally, and that her father had intercourse with her 41 times. In both books the two go on their Southwest drives and stay in cheap motels; they go to Lake Havasu City and look at the reassembled London Bridge. The mother in both books suspects what's going on, and takes her daughter to a psychiatrist, though the daughter reveals nothing of the affair to either. In the roadside talk that ends the affair in both books, the conversation is basically the same; in both, the daughter visits her dead mother in the morgue and finds inner strength at last.

The Kiss does have some scenes and details not found in *Thicker than Water.* Still, this is not the case of a novelist taking some bit from her past that appears in one book and re-examining it in the next. This is a wholesale lift.

Thicker than Water would seem graphic enough to have exorcised the demons—as Schneider puts it—that may have haunted its author. Why tell the story again, in *less* detail? And why do so knowing that reviewers will surely discover, and be troubled by, the similarities between *Thicker than Water* and *The Kiss*?

A long, bad time of too much white wine, spiraling depression, and drunken one-night stands.

Caroline Knapp (1995) wrote her recent memoir, *Drinking,* after joining Alcoholics Anonymous.

Harrison's career track suggests an answer—one more practical than artistic.

As ambitious as *Thicker than Water* was, Harrison's next two novels have, in different ways, proved even more so. The intriguingly titled *Exposure* (1993) is a fast, slick story that seems written to bring high-toned commercial success; in a variation on the incest theme, the female protagonist is haunted by her late father, who achieved fame as a photographer with compromising pictures of his daughter. Like *Thicker than Water,* it earned much praise but sold only moderately. *Poison* (1995), by contrast, is a smoothly told tale of two women—one royal, one poor—in late-17th-century Spain; it seems not to echo Harrison's own life at all. Again: good reviews, moderate sales.

This is hardly a story of failure—a talented writer publishing three fine novels—and in other respects Harrison's life in these years has blossomed, too. She and her husband, Colin, who met at the Iowa Writers' Workshop in the mid-80s, have a school-age daughter and a younger son, and live in a Park Slope brownstone. Colin, deputy editor at *Harper's* magazine, is thriving in his own right as an author of literary thrillers. The Harrisons have become a "glam couple" in the literary world, as one observer notes dryly, and Kathryn has made connections that have brought her influence, most recently as the head fiction judge for the National Book Awards.

But Harrison, who also worked as an editor at Viking before turning to writing full-time, must know that in the tough new world of bottom-line publishing a novelist whose first three efforts bring more critical than commercial success cannot, as in times past, expect to be able to keep publishing indefinitely. "I didn't go into my first publication with unrealistic expectations," Harrison is quoted as telling one interviewer. "If you're not aware of the sheer volume of books coming out, you have no idea beforehand that it's not even 15 minutes of fame, it's more like 15 nanoseconds of attention that your work will get in the marketplace." For her fourth book, Harrison may have reasoned that even 15 nano

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seconds might be hard to come by unless she caused a stir.

"It's very premeditated," speculates one prominent New York book editor who's read *The Kiss.* "Can't you see all the off-the-book-page coverage? Incest as an issue. *Adult* incest. Harrison's story, other victims' stories, quotes from shrinks . . . "

Off-the-book-page coverage—meaning news stories and author profiles, in addition to the usual book reviews—is, indeed, one reason publishers have scooped up memoirs as eagerly as they have. In a dismal market, with too many titles thrown at too few readers, a memoir can get attention a novel usually can't. "If you're a novelist, you're pretty much cooked, unless you can come up with a nonfiction thing to hook it on," says literary agent Mary Evans. "Novels do break through," says book publicist Lynn Goldberg, "but rarely without prizes or a front-page review by an important writer. Everyone's looking for someone *else* to envelop a novel in royal robes. And television coverage is almost impossible until a novel becomes a best-seller." With a memoir, as editor Julie Grau, at Riverhead Books, puts it, "you can send the 'I' out on tour." And as bookstore chains grow less and less patient with books that can't be publicized, that's key. Hard-luck stories are O.K. Issue memoirs are better. Issue memoirs by articulate, *attractive* memoirists—those are the best.

By chance, the new crop of women memoirists tends to be very attractive. Not by chance have two of them chosen to be pictured on their covers. Candace Bushnell's *Sex and the City* (1996), a compilation of her nightlife columns for *The New York Observer,* owes more to the work of the new breed of women sex columnists (Anka Radakovitch in *Details,* Cynthia Heimel in *The Village Voice* and *Playboy*) than to the traditional autobiography, but it captures her sexual escapades as "Carrie" with enough flair to be a sort of instant memoir. On her cover, Bushnell appears in a black negligee, draped seductively over a bed and holding a glass of champagne.

Elizabeth Wurtzel says she put her face on the cover of *Prozac Nation* (1994), her memoir of drugs and depression, because she viewed it as her version of a record cover—like the head shot on Joni Mitchell's *Blue.* As is the case with other "issue" memoirists, Wurtzel was met at every stop on her book tour by readers who wanted to share their own stories of depression with her. She was thrilled. "I felt I had such a bad reputation in New York," says Wurtzel, who had a stormy tenure as rock-music critic for *The New Yorker* under editor Robert Gottlieb. "Then I'd go to bookstores in cities like Minneapolis and people thought I was so nice."

Bushnell's book owes more to the new breed of women sex columnists than to the traditional autobiography.

Candace Bushnell (1996) enjoys posing seductively to promote herself and her book, *Sex and the City.*

Kathryn Harrison's agent, Amanda Urban of International Creative Management, shudders at the very thought of grouping her author with the likes of Bushnell, and in a sense she's right: Harrison is more literary than Bushnell is. But not necessarily any less willing to market herself. Her own quite attractive image will reportedly appear on the cover of *The Kiss.* Also, according to one secondhand report, Harrison began *The Kiss* well after the memoir trend had become clear—last spring—and wrote it in just four weeks. And however artful it may be, she has to know that its power to stir word of mouth is extrinsic to the modest story itself; the power is contained in the words "A Memoir"—words that raise such provocative questions as: Why did she feel she had to tell us this story? What will her children think? And what of her father? Is he even alive?

"He may be," Schneider says. "But I don't think Kathryn really knows where he is."

In fairness, the speed with which Harrison apparently wrote *The Kiss* may be due to another, murkier reason. That is, its dreamlike style may be the work of a writer who wrote it in a dreamlike state—a state that incest victims often experience.

"The horror of reading this piece was her detached, somnambulant voice," says Elizabeth Fagan, a psychoanalyst who has worked with incest victims. "Trauma theory suggests that victims of a trauma like incest disassociate themselves from what's going on; victims describe being able to watch themselves, as in a movie." Harrison describes herself, while being violated by her father, in not dissimilar ways. That may be a writer's artful recreation, but Fagan thinks it may not be conscious. Indeed, the whole memoir reads as if it were being recited at the time the incest happened, by a victim with no perspective on the events at all. "You'd hope a memoir would have some integration," Fagan says, "that she'd metabolized her experiences, but I don't think she has."

If not, says Fagan, there's an eerie chance that Harrison, in publishing her memoir, is re-experiencing her victimization. Someone who's been raped by her father may allow the abuse to be repeated because she's in a dissociative state—and because she accepts the abuse as adoration, which she craves. "Harrison may be offering herself up to the world the way she offered herself to her father," Fagan says, "to get the attention at any cost to her psyche and her self."

Whatever Harrison's motivation, the test of the work is, of course, in its value to readers. "Half-life" memoirs, as Lopate calls autobiographies by younger authors, bear a heavier burden than those by famous old fogies setting down lives of historical merit. Their narrators are barely formed, and have only youth to mine. "One result," observes Lopate, "is that the parents in these memoirs are often more vivid than the narrator"—certainly true of *The Kiss,* whose speaker has no discernible character at all. Tragedies and bad behavior can be material, at least

ut a half-life memoir needs either to have the dramatic shape of a novel or o stand as testimony for the similarly afflicted. As a story, *The Kiss* is sketchy at best. As an object lesson, its use seems limited. But as the buzz around it eads to off-the-book-page coverage, it eems sure to accelerate the trend of eager young memoirists with their own alf-life stories to tell. Last summer, *Harper's* magazine published Kathy Dobie's "The Only Girl in the Car," an unapologetic account of growing up as he loose girl in town; Dial's editorial director, Susan Kamil, who also edited *Drinking,* has signed up a book-length version. When *The New Yorker* followed Daphne Merkin's homage to panking with Alison Rose's "How I Became a Single Woman," about her office affairs with married men, it aused some alarm in the corridors of he office in question, given it was *The New Yorker,* but that no doubt made it ll the more appealing as a prospective ook to Little, Brown's editorial director, Fredrica Friedman.

Despite her own success with *Girl, Interrupted,* Susanna Kaysen finds what he current vogue for memoirs implies bout fiction dispiriting. "I feel fiction as no readership, nobody cares," she ays. "We've all subscribed to this theory that if a story is 'true' it's more meaningful than a work of imagination. And that's such a misreading of what a memoir is! It's so obvious that a memoir is a work of fiction. Any writer nows that. People say, 'How did you emember that dialogue from 25 years go?' Well, I didn't! I made it up! I idn't make it up out of *nothing.* But couldn't recall it word for word."

In the rush to write dramatic autobiographies, these days writers often change scores of details yet stubbornly maintain their stories are true. Such as the case with Lorenzo Carcaterra's *Sleepers* (1995), his tale of time spent in squalid reform school, in which a adistic guard is eventually killed by wo of Carcaterra's pals. Carcaterra aid he changed names to protect the riest and lawyer who covered up the rime; when reporters tried to confirm Carcaterra's story, the author said he'd ad various files expunged, too. "I saw nough to know how true the story is," ays Carcaterra's editor, Peter Gethers. And, in fact, Lorenzo changed things ccording to instructions from a Random House lawyer." Some crucial details could have been confirmed, Gethers adds, but "the reporters were incredibly lazy and actually didn't try very hard." Still, many in the press are not persuaded the book is true. If the ensuing debate singed Carcaterra's reputation, it did nothing to hurt book sales, which far outstripped those of Carcaterra's first book, *A Safe Place,* itself a memoir of abuse at the hands of his father. Or Hollywood's interest: for rights to the successful film that appeared last fall, Carcaterra received more than $2 million.

The irony of all this poaching in fiction's preserve, suggests editor Jason Epstein of Random House, is that fiction is actually the better way to tell a true life story. "If you spill the beans in a memoir, you can't be honest. And you leave things out, either consciously or unconsciously. In fiction, you're free to tell the whole story, because you can claim it's not about you, and it can be truer than you know, because your subconscious is freed, too. When Dickens wrote about Little Nell, he *became* her in his mind. Imagine that, a grown man acting like a little girl. But if you don't have that freedom to impersonate, you're limited."

Memoirs by public figures can be useful, Epstein allows; they're history of a sort. But "half-life" memoirs by unknown people have always seemed absurd to him. "Why would anyone else care about the writer's trouble with Ma?" he says. "At best, you stir a scandal that lasts for a day."

A sure drawback of memoirs is that once they're done they can't be repeated. "You can't make a career out of confession," as Jonathan Galassi, editor in chief of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, puts it; dirty secrets, once aired, are out. Memoirists who started as novelists—like Harrison—may find it harder than they realize to return to fiction with their psychic closets emptied, the "capital" of experience spent.

For these authors, though, the catharsis of baring secrets is worth the literary risks. Are they exhibitionists for doing so? Perhaps. But then, they have voyeurs for readers. And if, as has been said, every autobiographer gets the subject he or she deserves, so does the audience of every age get the literature that fits its needs. Today's readers clearly want storytellers who feel as naked and alone as they do. By her own startling exposure in *The Kiss,* Harrison may push her audience to new limits. She may also find she's gone where readers prefer not to follow. □

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QUEENS OF THE HIGH C

The two sopranos thrilling Metropolitan Opera audiences in New York this season, Renée Fleming and Ruth Ann Swenson, are bidding fair to become the great divas of the next century

BY DAVID DANIEL

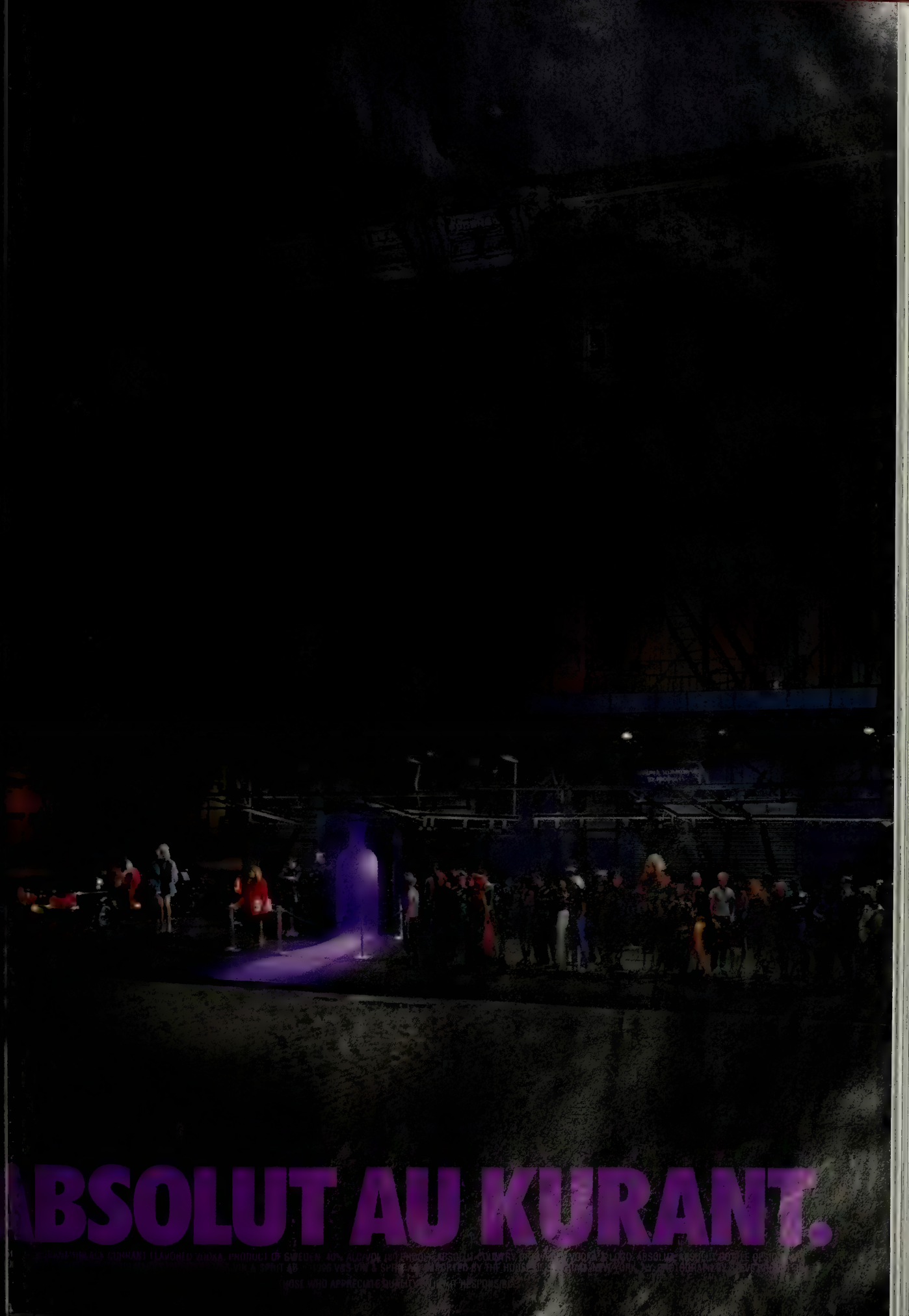
"Isn't it perfectly normal to juggle 65 performances a year, two little girls, and an actor-husband, and still run a household?" says Renée Fleming.

Opera-lovers can count on two contenders for the next millennium: Renée Fleming and Ruth Ann Swenson, the radiantly beautiful and supremely gifted sopranos. Both Americans in their 30s, they made their Metropolitan Opera debuts in the same year, 1991, and have become major attractions in opera houses and concert halls around the globe. But there the similarities end.

Fleming's juicy lyric soprano voice, with its ravishing eloquence, is also capable of brilliance and weight. Soaring above the orchestra, it takes on a bright sheen which vocal fanatics refer to as "metal." She is a class act—patrician, lavishly feminine—and her style and presence recall Eleanc Steber and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (with whom she studied She specializes in Mozart and Richard Strauss but also pe forms Rossini, Massenet, and Berg, not to mention Verdi. I her fifth season at the Met, singing opposite Plácido Domi go on opening night, she stole reviews from the great Otel of our time.

Fleming keeps a schedule that makes Madeleine Albrig look sedentary. This month she sings the title role in *Thaïs* Nice. She's back at the Met during March, April, and M for *Faust* and *Rusalka,* at Carnegie Hall with André Prev

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SEIDNER


ABSOLUT AU KURANT.

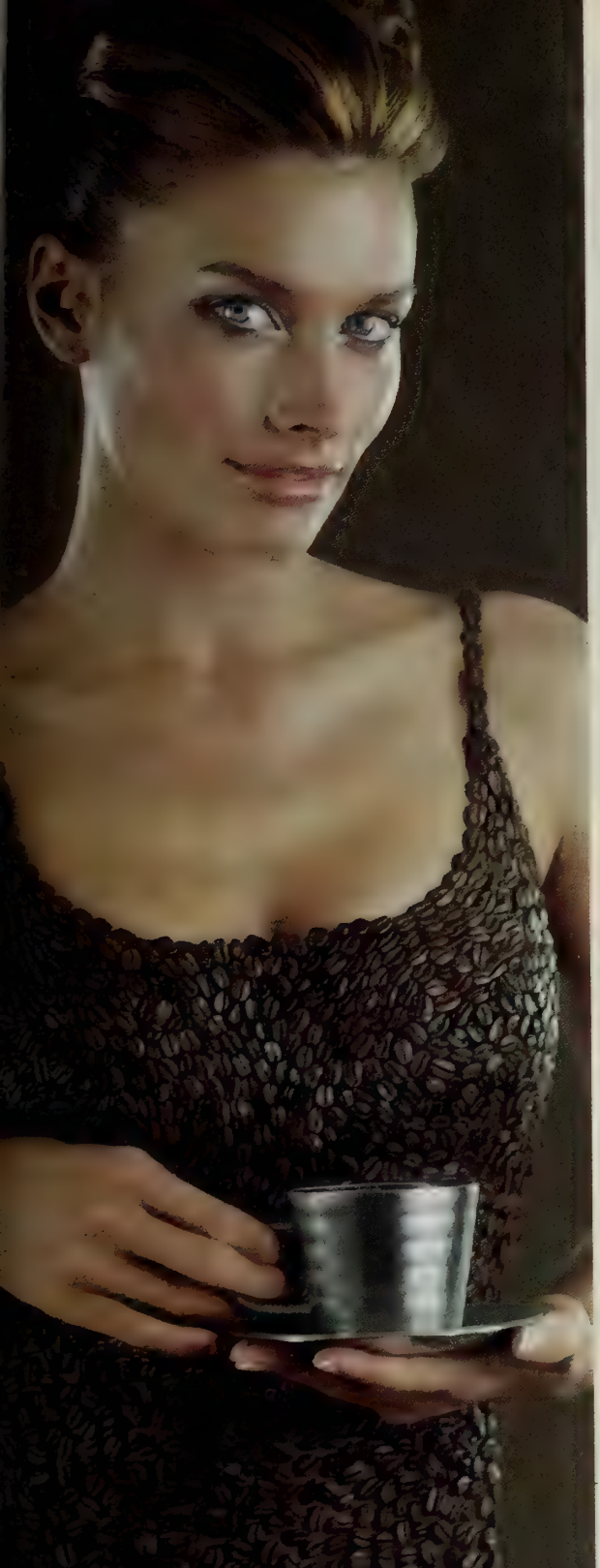
"I revere Callas and Sutherland," says Ruth Ann Swenson. "They brought *I Puritani* back after nearly 100 years of neglect."

Fleming is a class act—patrician, lavishly feminine. Swenson is a lyric coloratura with phenomenal range and flexibility.

COAT BY SARAJO, EARRINGS AND RINGS BY FRED LEIGHTON, STYLED BY BARBARA TURK, PROP AND SET STYLING BY CARLOS MOTA.

in March, and at Avery Fisher Hall for a PBS telecast in April. As she says, "This is 1997. Isn't it perfectly normal for a woman to juggle 65 performances a year, two little girls, and an actor-husband, and still run a household?"

Swenson is a soubrette, a lyric coloratura soprano possessed of a clear voice of phenomenal range, accuracy, and flexibility. She has made a specialty of the youthful roles opera fans call the "inas"—Zerlina in *Don Giovanni,* Rosina in *The Barber of Seville,* Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore,* Norina in *Don Pasquale.* Vocally she resembles the young Beverly Sills. Swenson is partial to comic parts, yet some of her biggest successes have been as tragic heroines—Gilda in *Rigoletto,* Gounod's Juliette. Her gifts have led her inevitably to the bel canto parts of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, but she also performs works by Schoenberg and Stravinsky. This month she is singing one of the most difficult roles in the high-soprano repertory, Elvira in Bellini's *I Puritani,* at the Met, and she has plans to sing another, Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor, in San Francisco in 1999. Swenson knows that the stakes are high for her in *I Puritani.* Sutherland and Pavarotti brought the operatic world to its knees in this very production. "I think of Callas and Sutherland all the time while working on this part," she says. "I revere them. They brought *I Puritani* back after nearly 100 years of neglect. It's a very, very difficult opera. It's like walking a tightrope." □



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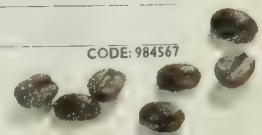


HOLLYWOOD VERTIGO

Hollywood is experiencing power gridlock, with empires, egos, and mega-movies colliding left and right– Murdoch vs. Turner, Redstone vs. Bronfman, *Volcano* vs. *Dante's Peak*, Ovitz vs. Disney. No wonder the latest object of desire is that which can get them out of town fastest: Gulfstream's new, $36 million G V jet

BY KIM MASTERS

You didn't find it in your Neiman Marcus catalogue, but it's what the moguls really wanted for Christmas this year: a bargain at a mere $36 million, the fabulous new Gulfstream V jet.

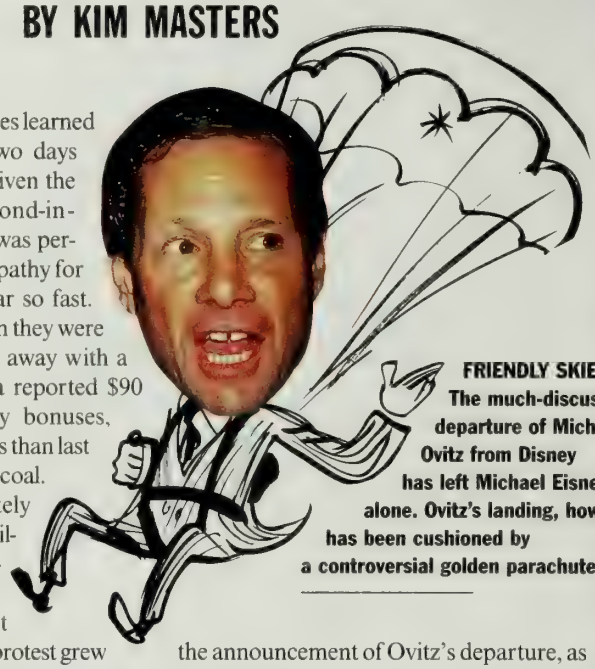
The G V is definitely a big improvement over the puddle-jumping, $26 million G IV, so, naturally, the waiting list is long. MCA's Edgar Bronfman Jr. gets the very first one. Also on the list are David Geffen (who sold his G IV to his DreamWorks company); Roy Disney (who will finally be able to go nonstop from L.A. to his castle in Ireland); Steven Spielberg (because he's Steven Spielberg); and Time Warner (upholding a proud Warner Bros. tradition of having a seriously cool jet fleet).

It's not that the G V is bigger than the G IV or that much faster. But it flies farther, enabling moguls to go from Los Angeles to London or Tokyo nonstop. It also flies higher, cruising at 51,000 feet–above air traffic and even the weather. Alas, the new planes won't roll down runways until next year, and there is a backlog of 70 orders. If you sign up for one this very day you might manage to take delivery by the end of the century. But don't forget your nonrefundable $2 million deposit.

The moguls have been cranky lately. Some old friends have parted ways. After only 14 months, Disney's Era of the Two Michaels (Eisner and Ovitz) has closed. There was nary a moist eye in the Disney kingdom as executives learned that Ovitz was out–just two days before his 50th birthday. Given the demands of playing second-in-command to Eisner, there was perhaps a brief moment of sympathy for Ovitz, who had fallen so far so fast. But the troops revolted when they were told that Ovitz had walked away with a severance package worth a reported $90 million. Suddenly holiday bonuses, which in some cases were less than last year's, seemed like lumps of coal.

What wasn't immediately clear was whether the $90 million figure, reportedly originating from Ovitz's flacks, was real. Disney was silent after the first reports, but as protest grew louder, some top executives claimed that the payoff was closer to $30 million; the larger amount, they contended, was just Ovitz being Ovitz. There was even said to be a letter of understanding outlining the deal. Studio chief Joe Roth implored Eisner to release the letter, hoping to placate the disbelievers. After all, Disney is a publicly held company, and Ovitz's take, if the $90 million figure was accurate, would equal 7½ percent of Disney's fiscal-1996 net income. A sum of that magnitude would, arguably, have to be disclosed.

As the days passed, the executives who proffered the $30 million estimate started wriggling again, but the company refused to take the simple expedient of explaining the deal. Yet within a week of the announcement of Ovitz's departure, as the topic of his severance raged on both coasts, the Disney brass decided to come clean in a January filing with the Securities and Exchange Commission. This filing discloses that the $90 million figure might, in fact, be conservative. Upon his hiring, Michael Ovitz was promised $1 million per year in salary and options on three million shares of Disney stock. He would receive options on another two million shares unless his deal was not renewed after five years. In that event, he would receive $10 million in cash. In the highly contentious negotiations, Disney declined to give him any guaranteed bonuses or special restricted stock–or any compensation for his stake in the Creative



FRIENDLY SKIES The much-discussed departure of Michael Ovitz from Disney has left Michael Eisner fly alone. Ovitz's landing, howeve has been cushioned by a controversial golden parachute.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BY MICHAEL FERGUSON; BOTTOM, BY KELLY JORDAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

I wasn't prepared for the wonder of it.

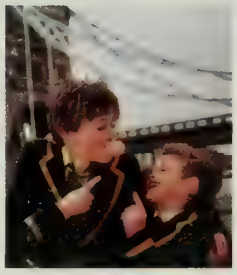
Wesley could spend hours at this very spot.

My best friend since grammar school.

I phoned him straight away in London.

Sure beats a bent postcard.

Two weeks late.



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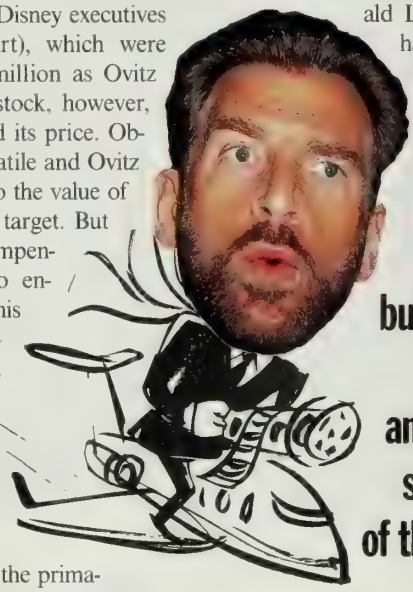
Artists Agency, all of which he bargained for.

Ovitz's final settlement will give him a total cash payment of nearly $40 million: about $3.5 million in salary, $10 million for the stock options he would have been granted had his contract been renewed, and around $25 million in bonuses. He also keeps the options on the three million shares (customarily Disney executives must sell if they depart), which were worth more than $40 million as Ovitz took his leave. Disney stock, however, has historically increased its price. Obviously the market is volatile and Ovitz could sell at any time. So the value of the options is a moving target. But one thing is clear. A compensation scheme meant to encourage success has, in this case, done the opposite—to a spectacular degree. Ovitz was able to use the kinds of terms he had established in his failed negotiations to head Sony in 1989 and MCA in 1995 to cut his Disney deal. Aside from the primary mistake of overestimating Michael Ovitz's adaptability, Disney erred by sealing this extraordinary arrangement with a man who had virtually no place to go.

Disney feels that it has had a tumor expensively removed, but believes that the man who was formerly considered Hollywood's most powerful has hurt himself as well. Because he publicized Disney's largesse, the company—which had previously hoped to set him down easily—decided to disclose that he was terminated. So much for the fiction that Ovitz's fade-out was voluntary. The board was determined to fire him and worried that Eisner, his old friend, would be reluctant to pull the trigger. Disney would have liked it if Ovitz had gone quietly. But again, they misunderstood the man.

On another runway, Rupert Murdoch played name-calling games with his cable rival, Ted Turner. Murdoch has found ways to intimate that Turner's behavior has been occasioned by a lapse in his lithium dosages. Late last year, Murdoch's rival gave his employees at Turner Pictures reason to ponder this as he woke up after the merger of his Turner Broadcasting company with Time Warner and concluded that he no longer needed the film unit, notwithstanding his earlier assurances to the staff and a battle with Time Warner to keep the unit alive. The stunned employees found themselves sacked before they even had a chance to release *Michael,* the picture that was originally to have launched the division. At least Turner Pictures executives won't have to figure out what to do with the frozen buffalo meat the boss sends to employees at Christmas.

What an interesting situation it is, having Turner under the same corporate roof with straitlaced Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin. Already there has been a rumor that Turner danced on Levin's desk in his socks. (A Time Warner spokesman concedes that he doesn't know if this happened, but acknowledges, "There's nothing that would surprise me.") Turner has been assessing the Time Warner culture, looking for ways to curtail spending. And where in particular has his eye fallen? The planes, boss, the planes. Time Warner maintains that it already had plans under way to sell off its two Challengers plus the helicopter, diminishing its fleet of seven flying machines to two G IVs and two G Vs, one of each per coast.

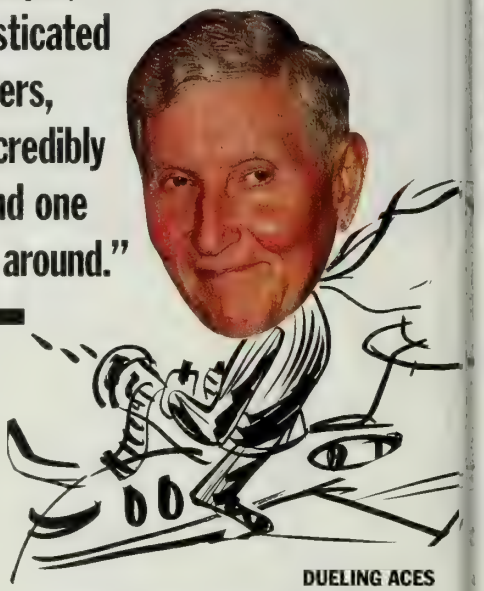


"Edgar is not stupid, but he is unsophisticated in these matters, and Sumner is incredibly sophisticated and one of the best lawyers around."

Those who anticipated trouble between Levin and Turner haven't actually gotten to see it yet. But everyone else, it seems, is going at it hammer and tongs. An all-out war erupted when Bronfman sued Viacom, maintaining in a Delaware court that the conglomerate's chieftain, Sumner Redstone, had acted in bad faith by operating a number of cable networks on his own—despite an alleged agreement that the two would partner in any channels operated by either company. Redstone responded by hinting, under oath, that Bronfman is not only disingenuous but a bit of a dim bulb.

At issue is whether when Redstone bought Paramount in 1994 he also bought into a pre-existing agreement stipulating that Paramount would operate cable channels only in partnership with MCA. (The two companies jointly own the USA Network and the Sci-Fi Channel.) But Redstone had been running MTV and Nickelodeon long before he bought Paramount, and MCA didn't try to muscle in. Sid Sheinberg, former MCA president, says he didn't want to fight about it, because "lawsuits are unpredictable" and the two companies have too many mutual business interests that could have been upset. It was like a marriage, he explains. "You have a fight with your spouse and you've got a child, you may well be more cautious in seeking legal recourse. I elected to do nothing, but maybe I was wrong."

Then Redstone started a new venture—TV Land—without cutting in MCA. He argued that TV Land wasn't actually a new network, just an offshoot of "Nick at Nite" that wouldn't hurt the USA Network at all. Having said that, Redstone was confronted in court with notes written by one of his own executives asserting that TV Land would indeed try to capture viewers from the USA Network. Redstone suggested that those notes were written by a flunky who didn't really know the views of senior management. Who was that flunky? Richard Cronin, president of TV Land. Redstone admitted that the notes were "embarrassing."



DUELING ACES
MCA's Edgar Bronfman Jr. and Viacom's Sumner Redstone are battling it out in a suit involving the latter's new TV Land project and their companies' alleged agreement to operate all new networks jointly.

Bronfman hardly walked away unscathed. In fact, he had to concede any number of points, making him appear somewhat confused. Aside from waffling on larger issues—such as whether MCA even needs a cable network—he acknowleged that he had "tuned out" Redstone last year when the two went to dinner with their wives at La Grenouille in Manhattan. He said he thought

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY MICHAEL FERGUSON; RIGHT, BY EVAN AGOSTINI

it was impolite to talk shop. But Redstone says he was trying to discuss TV Land.

Bronfman also fared badly when the men met last February to discuss the fate of Frank Biondi, whom Redstone had just dumped as chief executive of Viacom but still held in the shackles of a noncompete provision. Bronfman wanted to hire Biondi as chief executive of MCA and said he would waive the right to sue Viacom over TV Land if Redstone would let him go. In the course of these talks, Viacom deputy chairman Philippe Dauman spoke of Bronfman's waiving the right to sue over "MTV." Bronfman testified that he thought this was just a "verbal slip"; he believed that Dauman was confusing the two networks. In fact, Viacom clusters all its cable channels under the MTV designation, so while Bronfman thought he was promising not to sue over TV Land, Dauman was extracting a much broader agreement that Bronfman wouldn't sue for part ownership of any of the cable networks.

"Edgar's a high-school dropout and Sumner is a professor of law at Harvard University," observes one MCA insider philosophically. "That's the real story. Edgar is not stupid, but he is unsophisticated in these matters, and Sumner is incredibly sophisticated and one of the best lawyers around." He adds that this sort of spectacle can hardly benefit Bronfman or Redstone. "Did Sumner try to trick Edgar? Of course," the insider believes. "Should Edgar have known about it? Of course."

Industry analyst Harold Vogel of Cowen & Co. says that the Seagram heir's bout with Redstone will soon be forgotten. And a source familiar with Bronfman's thinking contends that outside the courtroom he has taken some credible steps. While MCA may not win the medal in television or movies, Bronfman figures the company can be No. 1 in music and run a convincing second to Disney in theme parks. He made a good start on reconfiguring the company when he bought half of the chart-busting Interscope Records (cast off by Time Warner in the gangsta-rap panic). There's still reason enough to cut Bronfman some slack, even though the DuPont stock that Bronfman sold to finance the MCA purchase has now increased in value by something like $2 billion. At that rate, you could see how Seagram's shareholders might get nostalgic for the days when they weren't in showbiz.

The ouster of Ovitz represents one of the most stunning reversals in the history of show business. It was shocking to consider that the man who had fashioned the Creative Artists Agency was unemployed, although the litany of errors that led him to this pass is by now familiar, starting with the disastrous effort to lure programming executive Jamie Tarses from NBC. The allegation was that Tarses, under Ovitz's tutelage, threatened her boss, Don Ohlmeyer, with sexual-harassment charges so he would release her from her contract. Ovitz partisans now point out that by checking himself into rehab Ohlmeyer has acknowledged that he has some problems. But those who still tell the tale about Tarses (she denies making the threat) should ponder this question: If Ohlmeyer was guilty of sexual harassment, would it be better to stand accused of exploiting it to gain an advantage in a negotiation or of ignoring it because of his power?

Then there were Ovitz's much-publicized problems with *Kundun,* the Martin Scorsese movie about the Dalai Lama, which Universal had rejected because of fears that it would offend the Chinese and jeopardize forays into that potentially vast market. Opening China for Disney was one of Ovitz's few defined responsibilities at the company, and he complicated that mission for a picture with uncertain commercial prospects. Ovitz allies point out that the Chinese backed down from threats to retaliate against Disney, meaning that Ovitz struck a blow for the American way. But Eisner could not have been happy.

Titanic will surpass _Waterworld_ as the most expensive picture ever.

Adding up Ovitz's trespasses, Disney executives confirm that Eisner was incensed when he discovered that his second-in-command was secretly negotiating to take a job running Sony—a play that collapsed, according to a source close to the situation, when Ovitz overreached in his demands. But even aside from these missteps, Ovitz's detractors felt that he was simply not getting it as an executive at a publicly held company—that he was wasting time and money and ultimately adding to Eisner's burdens instead of sharing them. The opposing camp holds that Eisner, unwilling to let the reins slip an inch, wouldn't tell Ovitz what to do. And when the man who was supposed to be his longtime friend showed signs of distress, Eisner only undercut him further.

Clearly, Eisner became disenchanted with Ovitz in fairly short order, and as the press scrutiny intensified, he barely feigned support for his supposed "partner." After this magazine detailed Ovitz's troubles at the company, Eisner told associates that the article was well reported and even well written. According to one knowledgeable source, Disney became so inhospitable to Ovitz that chief financial officer Richard Nanula even investigated who paid for an Ovitz family party (his daughter's Bat Mitzvah) at the House of Blues. A Disney executive says the company was merely checking to see if the nightclub—partially owned by Disney—was giving improper discounts to company employees. (They found nothing amiss.)

Ovitz apparently will look for a business opportunity that will spare him the trouble of dealing with a boss. Investment banker Herbert Allen could back him. "Certainly if he comes to us with an idea, I'll be happy to," Allen says. One wonders if these two are waiting for Sony president Nobuyuki Idei to tire of Hollywood so that Ovitz can run Sony's entertainment company after all. Once again, part of Columbia Pictures would belong to Allen.

Sumner and Edgar. Murdoch and Turner. Michael and Michael. Can it be that money doesn't buy even a hint of good fellowship? Part of the problem is that the media world is simply too hideously competitive. Blockbuster movies are slamming into one another. Analysts calculate that right now the studios are producing nearly a dozen pictures with budgets exceeding $100 million.

Fox is a good case study of the vagaries of this high-stakes game. The studio has plunked down the better part of $100 million for its volcano movie, cleverly titled *Volcano,* which it sent into production despite the fact that Universal had started *Dante's Peak,* its own $100-million-plus volcano movie, a month earlier. Universal, hoping to beat Fox into theaters, decided to spend an extra $10 million to ensure a March opening. Then Fox announced that it would go even faster, opening its picture in late February. But Fox has also scheduled the re-release of the *Star Wars* trilogy for late January and early February. These are crucial openings for Fox, since the executives there also hope to persuade George Lucas, creator of the intergalactic sagas, to allow them to distribute the next installments in the epic. With Fox locked into the *Star Wars* dates, Universal saw an opening and spent another few million to leapfrog again, announcing that its volcano movie would open February 7. Obviously, Fox

couldn't move its movie earlier than that—it would crash into *Star Wars.* And it couldn't move *Star Wars* without riling Lucas. Checkmate.

Fox blinked and postponed *Volcano*'s release. And if that weren't enough, the studio has the very expensive *Speed II,* plus another, even scarier extravaganza, on its hands. For its major summer release, Fox has teamed up with Paramount on James Cameron's *Titanic,* a picture that will surpass *Waterworld* as the most expensive ever made. The budget is rumored to be climbing north of $170 million. Cameron, the obsessive director of *Aliens,* the *Terminator* series, and *The Abyss,* is cranking away in Mexico, behind schedule and way overbudget.

A Fox executive acknowledges that the studio can't really hope to make money on this picture. Why do it? Because, he says, Fox will make out on Cameron's next couple of projects, which (so the studio believes) are wildly commercial and at least theoretically cheaper.

Sony reintroduced itself to the world not long ago, holding a press conference featuring its president, Nobuyuki Idei, and his management team, headed by veteran executive John Calley, late of United Artists. The event may have conveyed some messages that it didn't intend to send. Former ambassador Walter Mondale said recently that he had known Japanese culture was different before going to Tokyo, but that he didn't really get it until he arrived there. The Sony press conference managed to remind some observers of that cultural division. The American press has been fond of saying that Idei speaks fluent English—and no doubt his English is better than, say, Michael Eisner's Japanese. But there was some linguistic confusion. Here is the exact transcription of one of Idei's opening remarks: "This is first week of John Calley to the Sony Pictures Entertainment." Idei has a heavy accent, and when he started to talk about "value chains" (a somewhat nebulous concept that has replaced the old and equally murky Sony mantra, "synergy"), the press began whispering nervously as they attempted to make out his words. Sony, in fact, declined to release a transcript of the proceedings until it was tidied up.

Idei was quick to distance himself from errors made by previous management and even said, "I don't understand the name of synergy"—so in that respect he's on the same page as most everybody else. But the press briefing really only reinforced a sense that Sony remains very foreign to the ways of Hollywood.

Idei was quick to distance himself from Sony's previous management and said, "I don't understand the name of synergy."

Whether Calley can turn that ship around is an open question. The man has certainly classed the place up a bit, and he has many relationships and oceans of goodwill inside the entertainment community. On the other hand, he took a long break from the industry when he retired from Warner's in 1980, and didn't really get back into the game until he took over United Artists in 1993. He had some hits and misses there, but the chief of one entertainment firm observes that his job didn't have the sweep of a studio chairmanship as we now know it. "Here's a guy from the 60s and he got dropped into another world," this executive observes. "Home video didn't exist, pay-per-view didn't exist, cable had just started, and international revenues were, like, 20 cents on the dollar." Apparently, Idei isn't worried. At least not as worried as Ovitz and Allen might want.

And what of DreamWorks? Jeffrey Katzenberg's plan to build a world of his own has hit a rough patch. Since a March groundbreaking, the ambitious $8 billion Playa Vista development that is supposed to be home to the state-of-the-art DreamWorks studio has stalled. The first spade on the DreamWorks "campus" has, in fact, yet to be turned.

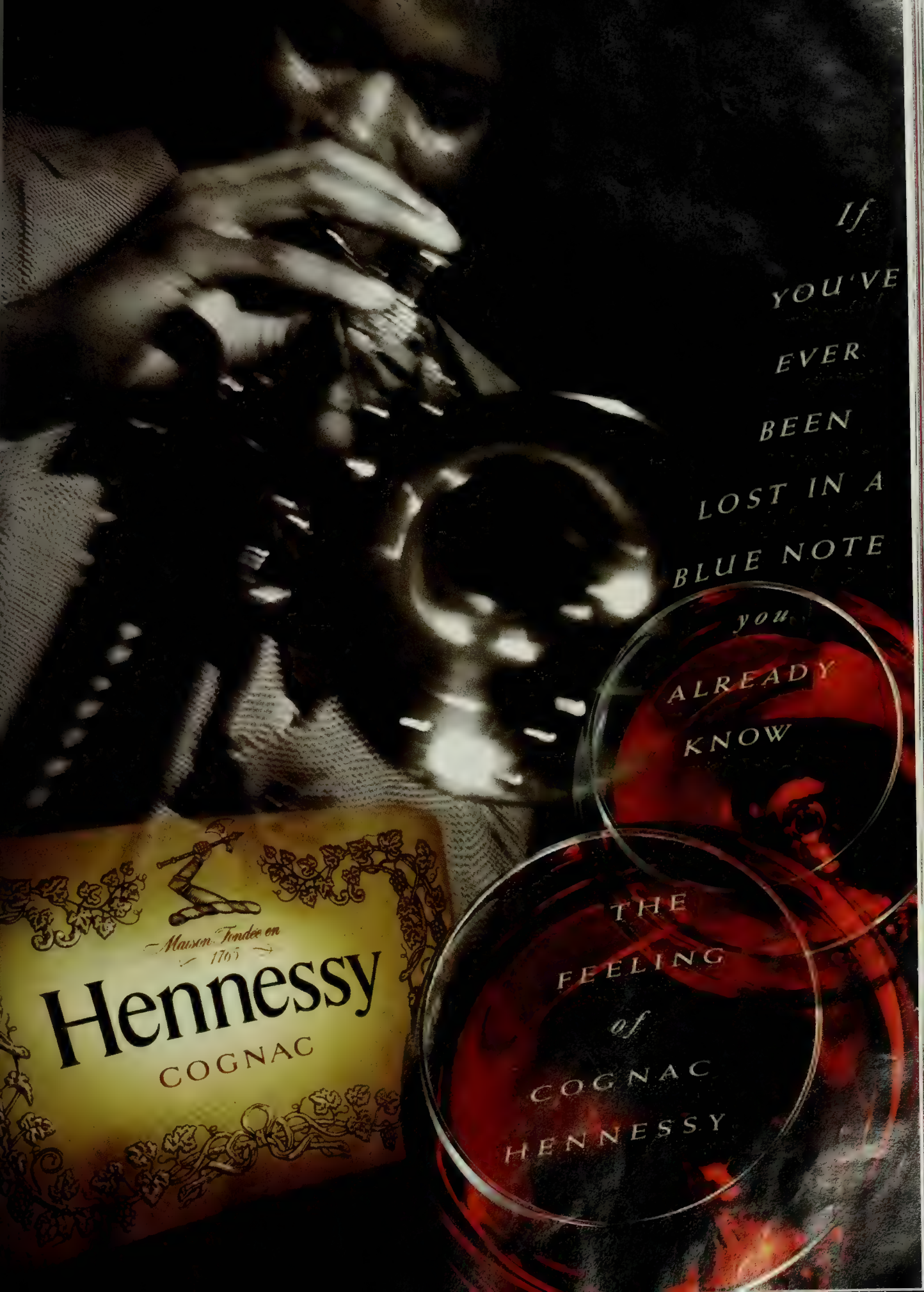
In November, Katzenberg went to war with developer Robert Maguire, charging that "greed" is bollixing up the project. Maguire, who seems to be besieged by financial problems, had insisted on maintaining control of the project, blaming all the delays on lawsuits filed by environmental activists. Katzenberg vowed that the DreamWorks partners would find another site unless Maguire took himself out of the picture.

The power of DreamWorks was soon made manifest. IBM, the development's "technology architect," pulled out of the deal, demanding that Maguire produce $430,000 in fees that were "seriously past due." IBM said it wanted nothing to do with the whole thing as long as Maguire was in charge. Los Angeles city councilwoman Ruth Galanter wrote to Maguire to remind him that some $70 million in incentives offered by local government would disappear if DreamWorks didn't get its way. Within a month, Maguire had given up, accepting a seat on a three-person committee that will now run the project. Katzenberg says DreamWorks is still hoping to get the development back on track.

Katzenberg's assault on Maguire is child's play compared with what he'd like to do to his former bosses at Disney. Katzenberg's lawsuit claiming that he's owed profits from films made during his tenure as Disney studio chief gained moral validity after reports of Ovitz's golden good-bye. After all, if Ovitz gets $90 million for 14 singularly unsuccessful months, shouldn't Katzenberg get a big payoff for 10 profitable years? At the stipulated Ovitz rate, he's entitled to something like a billion dollars, but in his pending lawsuit, Katzenberg says he's willing to take a mere $250 million. "This ensures that Jeffrey is going to go for the last nickel," says one Disney executive.

Meanwhile, Eisner isn't budging, and many are hoping for the mother of all wars. A trial seems to be about a year away, and one executive predicts, "This will be for Hollywood what O.J. was for the country." □

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY FORD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Vanities

LETO OPENER

Name: Jared Leto. **Promoting:** *Prefontaine* and *Going West in America* (with Dennis Quaid). **On party-animaldom:** "I'm so over that. Living in New York, I got all that out of my system. I still like to hang out when I'm in New York, but any other place, I'm more of a daytime person." **On teen-idoldom:** "I don't really partake in any of that. The teen mags do what they want to do." **Pastime:** "When we filmed *Going West* in Colorado, at the end of the day I put my snowboard on and went down the mountain." **Where'd you end up?** "The bottom." **Thoughts on *My So-Called Life* co-star Claire Danes:** "She's doing great. *To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday* was a 10-hankie movie. Claire can make anybody in the world cry. She's so good at it."

—MICHAEL MUSTO

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A New Debbie Dawning

Debbie Reynolds and her maternal flame

After some troubling years out of the Hollywood spotlight (and a few better ones as an innkeeper-performer in Las Vegas), Debbie Reynolds is big in pictures again. Albert Brooks's comedy *Mother* marked her screen comeback, and she has a new project in the works co-starring Kevin Kline and Matt Dillon. GEORGE WAYNE looks into the future—and the past—with the old "girl next door."

George Wayne: *I had assumed that you'd retired from the cinema, Debbie Reynolds.*

Debbie Reynolds: I did. I haven't done feature films in 25 years. Instead of me sitting around waiting for an agent to get me work, I put an act together and went to Vegas. I had children to raise. And since I keep having bad marriages . . .

G.W. [*Starts to laugh.*] *I don't mean to laugh . . .*

D.R. That's all right—many people have this problem.

G.W. *Your daughter, Carrie Fisher, has taken charge of your career and put you back in film.*

D.R. That is true. Carrie called me in Vegas at around midnight. She said, "Mother, I've heard this wonderful idea from Albert Brooks. It's a movie, Mother, and it's possible you can get this part." I accommodated Carrie, so she wouldn't yell at her mother. She loves to boss me around.

G.W. *Were you nervous re-emerging to take on this part?*

D.R. I was a wreck. I developed ulcers, because I had to learn this enormous part.

G.W. *You've spent all your money collecting Hollywood memorabilia for your museum in Las Vegas. Do you really have D*

D.R.—slippers and the gingham dress? Yes.

G.W. *Would one b Mae West's vibrator artifacts?*

D.R. Well, I know who bly has them. She always surrounded herself with men. So she had this one secretary who is still alive who I think has all her personal items. But I don't think she ever bothered with a vibrator. She used the actual thing twice a day.

G.W. *Has Debbie Reynolds ever forgiven Elizabeth Taylor for stealing her husband Eddie Fisher?*

D.R. When Mike Todd and Elizabeth were married, I was her bridesmaid. He died in a plane crash, and she just fell apart. I heard almost when she did, and when I arrived at the house, the press was everywhere. I called Eddie, he flew home, and I sent him right up there. I didn't think it would go anywhere, because he is not her type. And that is exactly what happened, because she threw him out after a year and a half. Of course, it broke up our marriage, and devastated me and my daughter. Our son was only six months old.

G.W. *Have you seen E.T. since?*

D.R. We were on the same boat going to Europe, and I was with my second husband, so I sent her a note saying we should have dinner and talk this out. She came with Richard Burton. We talked about it. I said, "That was really a wrong move, Elizabeth." She said, "Yes, well, I hope you forgive me for it, because it was very selfish. I needed somebody, and I didn't really care." But that's 38 years ago. It's done, it's past, but people still ask me about that.

G.W. *Life goes on, Debbie. Tell me about your next film,* In and Out.

D.R. It's a movie based on the true story of when Tom Hanks won his Oscar for *Philadelphia* and thanked his drama teacher, and mentioned he was gay, which is something the drama teacher had rarely admitted. Kevin Kline is the drama teacher, and Matt Dillon plays his student who is up for an Oscar, and I play Kevin's mother.

G.W. *I know you'll be brilliant in it, Debbie. You're still America's sweetheart!*

Playtime

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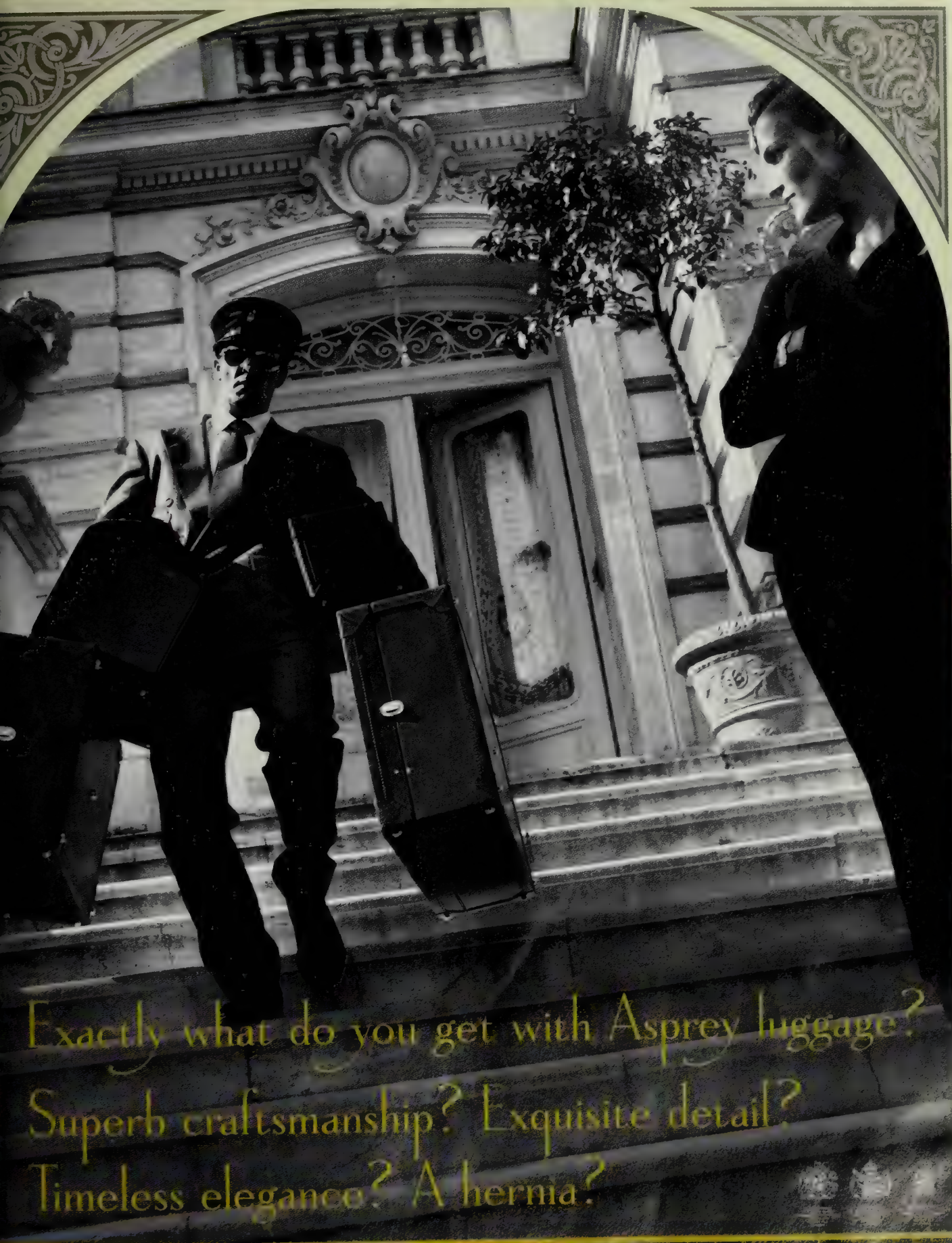

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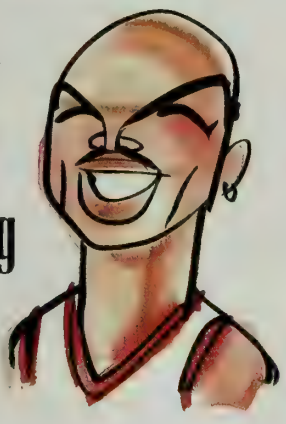


Charles Barkley, *basketball player:* Live from Death Row, *by Mumia Abu-Jamal (Avon).* *"The book is a true story about a guy who is supposed to have killed a cop. I saw an HBO special about the murder and decided to check it out."*

Helena Bonham Carter, *actress:* Making Movies, *by Sidney Lumet (Vintage).* *"I think Mike Leigh said that directing movies is like sex—you never get to see how everyone else is doing it. Sidney Lumet gives us brilliant and illuminating insight into how he does it. In Mike Leigh's terms, he's found the G spot."*

☥, *musician:* The Seat of the Soul, *by Gary Zukav (Fireside).* *"I like learning about the future."*

Wendy Wasserstein, *playwright:* God: A Biography, *by Jack Miles (Vintage).* *"It's about probably the greatest character ever written. And it's a subject I haven't even dealt with since the Exeter Summer Session 30 years ago. It certainly puts going into rehearsal into perspective."*

Morpholution

On the road ahead, a path to be avoided

Sharon Stone, May 1996.

Frances Farmer, circa 1941.

Vanities

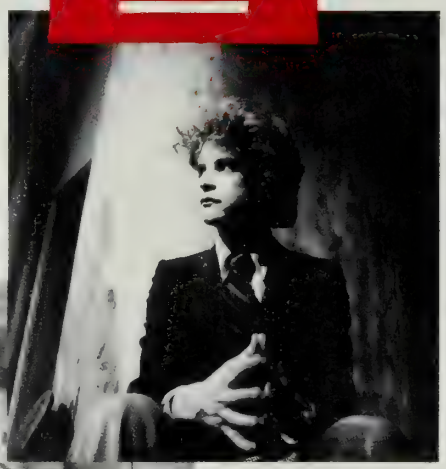
Hot Type

Potato-pale and chilled to the bone this bleak February? There's nothing like some car bombings and charismatic Irishmen to light a fire in your soul—Sinn Fein president **GERRY ADAMS'S** autobiography, *Before the Dawn* (Morrow), takes us from his Belfast boyhood to the current violent struggle to establish peace in Northern Ireland.

At the more genteel end of the memoir spectrum: **PETER O'TOOLE'S** *Loitering with Intent: The Apprentice* (Hyperion), volume two of his life story, gives us the artist as a rakish young wag. *Kicking the Pricks* (Overlook Press) is filmmaker **DEREK JARMAN'S** diary of his childhood and early work as a director and painter. Born in Egypt, raised in Khartoum, Florence, and Tokyo, **GINI ALHADEFF** recalls her eccentric family's roots in *The Sun at Midday* (Pantheon).

Also this month, five wonderfully obsessive new novels: The wisecracking heroine of **JILLIAN MEDOFF'S** bitterly funny *Hunger Point* (ReganBooks) deals with her dysfunctional universe by gorging herself on sex. A lesbian basketball star tries to balance her desire to win with her desire to s[illegible] in **NINA REVOYR'S** high-flying *The A[illegible]sary Hunger* (Simon [illegible] Schuster). In **PATRICK McGRATH'S** *A[illegible]* (Random House), [illegible] staid psychiatrist's passionate wife becomes consumed with a bewitching madman imprisoned in her husband's hospital. It's a hunger and spiritual anxiety of a distinctly manly kind—violent fraternal rivalry—that fuels **DONALD ANTRIM'S** hilarious *The Hundred Brothers* (Crown). **STEPHEN DIXON'S** inventive *Gould* (Henry Holt) portrays 40 years' worth of one man's sexual and romantic entanglements.

On the nonfiction front, **FRANÇOIS-MARIE BANIER'S** *Past/Present* (Hearst) presents a moody amalgam of images, from Samuel Beckett to Johnny Depp. **NEVILLE BRODY** and **LEWIS BLACKWELL'S** *G1: New Dimensions in Graphic Design* (Rizzoli) collects the works of the world's most influential graphic designers and pairs them with inspiring found images. *Louis Stettner's New York* (Rizzoli) compiles a half-century of his dreamy city portraits, such as a Times Square billboard of Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront.* Before O.J. and Court TV there were dedicated newspaper reporters like **THEO WILSON,** who in *Headline Justice* (Thunder's Mouth) recounts her days as a wily trial reporter covering the then trials of the century of Charles Manson, Claus von Bülow, and Son of Sam. **RICHARD BROOKHISER'S** *Rules of Civility* (Free Press) offers 110 precepts of behavioral instruction that should bring out the gentleman in any beast—or politician. **JOSEPH J. ELLIS'S** *American Sphinx* (Knopf) is a controversial character study of one of President Clinton's idols (no, not Errol Flynn), his distant predecessor Thomas Jefferson. And, finally, in the loving spirit of Valentine's Day, **MERRILL MARKOE** gives until it hurts in *Merrill Markoe's Guide to Love* (Atlantic Monthly Press), in which she shares insights gleaned from a frightening array of sex and love self-helpers, along the way offering a few clues into what it's like to shack up with a gap-toothed late-night talk-show host. *Yowza*—I feel your pain. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL



From top: *Kodak 8-mm. cine-film packaging, 1959, from* G1: New Dimensions in Graphic Design; *François-Marie Banier in Paris, 1975; and* Times Square Sailor, *1951, by Louis Stettner.*

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Where's *your* mustache?

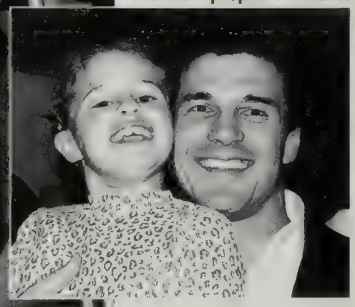
Vanities

Left, Paul Rowland, Naomi Campbell, Donatella Versace, and her husband, Paul Beck, attend a Halloween bash at the Madison in New York. *Above,* Campbell and makeup artist François Nars pucker up.

Spotted: *Below,* Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson at the Plaza for the New York premiere of *101 Dalmatians.*

Left, Linda Evangelista and Kyle MacLachlan arrive at the Met.

Below, Alessandra Balazs and her father, Chateau Marmont proprietor André.



Men are from Mars . . . : *Above,* Anna Sui, Lisa Marie, and Tim Burton at Da Silvano in New York for Lisa Marie's birthday dinner.

Right, Iman and Christian Lacroix at the Met Costume Institute gala.

[illegible] Barbara [illegible]rs escorted [illegible] Armstrong [illegible] Met [illegible] institute.

V.F. Camera

THE LONG WINTER MARCH

Nine hundred of the fashion aristocracy swarmed to the opening of the Christian Dior exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, including France's First Lady, Bernadette Chirac, Princess Diana in a gown by John Galliano (the House of Dior's new designer), and L.V.M.H. Moët Hennessy–Louis Vuitton chairman Bernard Arnault (whose vast empire includes Dior). Downtown at the Screening Room in Tribeca, the publication of the *Chateau Marmont Hollywood Handbook* was celebrated by Dani Janssen, Abel Ferrara, Brad Gooch, and the book's editor, Chateau owner André Balazs. And for the Motion Picture & Television Fund's 75th anniversary at the Four Seasons, Edgar Bronfman Jr. recruited such industry worthies as Frank Biondi, Michael Fuchs, Howard Stringer, Lorne Michaels, and Nora Ephron. —RIZA CRUZ

Seasoned vets: *Below,* Charles Evans, Edgar Bronfman Jr., and Sydney Pollack at the Four Seasons in New York.

An ecstatic bow from Willem Dafoe at a dinner for the Wooster Group at Granville in New York.

101 DALMATIANS: WOOSTER GROUP: CHARBELLE HELLQUIST; AND LEFTOVERS: [illegible]

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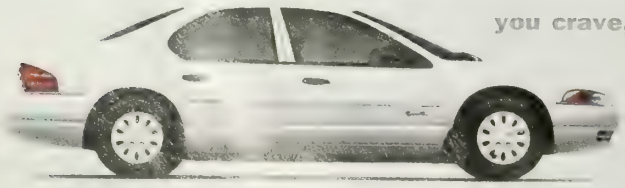

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VANITY FAIR
FEBRUARY 1997

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

A presidential inauguration is a moment of hope, a solemn gathering of the country's political icons, and a chance to check out the new calculus of influence. Just as MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS did the honors for F.D.R.'s 1933 ceremony, ROBERT RISKO, on the following pages, catches the crowd at Bill Clinton's second swearing-in

AMERICAN CAESAR

Political mandarins gather at the Capitol steps on March 4, 1933, to inaugurate Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term as president. Bearing witness from the restrum is a dour, dethroned Herbert C. Hoover, who stares straight into the distance as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes crowns F.D.R. with laurel. For the rest of the attendees' names, see the key to Covarrubias's March 1933 Vanity Fair drawing on page 151.

LITTLE ROCK CAESAR

Bill Clinton takes the oath of office

On the rostrum: President Clinton [illegible] William Rehnquist. Looking on: Hillary [illegible] Gore, Tipper Gore, Chelsea Clinton, and Socks [illegible] ardent admirers of the president Barbra Streisand [illegible] "Hail to the Chief."

In the audience. FIRST ROW: Jack [illegible] Wolf Blitzer of CNN; Helen Thomas of U.P.I. White House [illegible] Mike McCurry; Secretary of Health and Human Services Donna Shalala; Depu[illegible] White House Counsel Bruce Lindsey; trade representative–designate Charle[illegible] Barshefsky; secretary of state–designate Madeleine Albright; presidenti[illegible] patron James T. Riady, vice-chairman of the Lippo Group; members [illegible] Hollywood's fund-raising machine Steven Spielberg, Lew Wasserman, Dav[illegible] Geffen, and Edgar Bronfman Jr.

SECOND ROW: Brit Hume of Fox News; Rita Braver of CBS News; Ji[illegible] Mikdaszewski of NBC News; R.W. Apple Jr. of *The New York Times*; Attorn[illegible] General Janet Reno; unofficial counselor to the president Vernon Jorda[illegible] Secretary of the Treasury Robert Rubin; national security adviser–designa[illegible]

Samuel Berger; Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott; senior adviser to the president Rahm Emanuel.

THIRD ROW: Terence Hunt of A.P.; David Broder of *The Washington Post*; White House chief of staff Erskine Bowles; U.N. ambassador-designate Bill Richardson; Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan; Joint Chiefs of Staff chairman General John Shalikashvili; secretary of commerce-designate Bill Daley; Secretary of Education Richard Riley; secretary of defense-designate William Cohen; Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt; Lazard Frères & Co. managing director and generous Clinton supporter Felix Rohatyn; and the swing voter of 1996, the Soccer Mom.

FOURTH ROW: Special prosecutor Kenneth Starr; Jim Lehrer of PBS; Clinton nemesis Paula Jones; leading members of the House Newt Gingrich and Dick Gephardt; leading members of the Senate Trent Lott and Tom Daschle.

FIFTH ROW: Dan Rather of CBS News; Peter Jennings of ABC News; Bernard Shaw and Judy Woodruff of CNN.

SIXTH ROW: Tom Brokaw of NBC News.

AT REAR, the Secret Service stand-up guard.

ACT II

GHOSTS IN THE ADMINISTRATION

As President Clinton begins his second term, it's hard to know which scandal—Whitewater, Travelgate, Paula Jones, Filegate, Indogate—threatens him and Hillary most. JACOB WEISBERG checks out the charges and delivers a verdict

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL President Clinton at a forum on youth violence in Las Vegas, Nevada, in June 1996. He is inept at dealing with scandal, says a former administration official, because of an "unwillingness to face unpleasant tasks."

On Election Day in Little Rock, the Clintons slept late, voted, and passed the slow midday hours at a party in their old neighborhood, at the home of David Pryor, Arkansas's retiring senator. As Clinton stood eating and chatting with old friends, he was approached by Gene Lyons, a columnist for the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* and the author of an energetic work of Whitewater-debunking, *Fools for Scandal.* Now that he was on the verge of winning a second term, Lyons asked, wouldn't the Republicans finally give up ransacking the state for ancient scandals?

Clinton reddened, as he sometimes does when angry, and told Lyons that the Republicans would not drop the investigations, because they were totally obsessed. "They have never accepted my legitimacy and they never will," Clinton answered, with clipped bitterness. "The more I beat them, the madder it makes them."

It didn't take long for the president's forecast to be borne out. The morning after he was re-elected, Representative Dan Burton of Indiana held a press conference at the Capitol. Burton, a perfervid Clinton-conspiracy fetishist notorious for once staging a re-enactment of Vince Foster's "murder" in his backyard, announced that, as the new head of the Government Reform and Oversight Committee, he would continue to probe "ethical lapses at the Clinton White House," as if that topic were as much a regular feature of legislative work as agriculture policy.

And though New York senator Alfonse D'Amato, sensing that his own Whitewater investigations were doing permanent damage only to his own prospects for re-election, said he was giving up on the case, others in the G.O.P. announced themselves ready to step in. An array of congressional committees began clamoring for a piece of the latest action—the "Indogate" affair, in which the Democratic National Committee received large, dubious contributions from people connected to the Indonesia-based Lippo conglomerate. The G.O.P. was calling upon Attorney General Janet Reno to reconsider her decision not to name yet another independent counsel—which would be the Clinton administration's fifth—to look into the affair. Meanwhile, the dormant Paula Jones sexual-harassment case came miraculously back to life as a scandal, thanks to a damning article in a popular legal magazine, while rumors proliferated that independent Whitewater counsel Kenneth Starr was on the verge of bringing an indictment against the First Lady for perjury or obstruction of justice.

"It's the timing as much as anything else that will be critical here," says former counselor to the president David Gergen, who tried, with mixed results, to get the Clintons to be more candid with the press during the first round of Whitewater revelations. "The political difficulty the administration faces is that these hearings and the Starr investigation are likely to come to a head in the first six months of the new term. That's an absolutely critical period for the president to establish his domination of Washington." As Gergen notes, the threat of the various scandals is not that Bill Clinton might be impeached for Watergate-level wrongdoing but that his attempts to advance a second-term policy agenda will be stymied by scandal. Ethics may prove to be for Clinton what Vietnam was for L.B.J.: a war of attrition that undermines him slowly rather than with a single, powerful blow.

Since the election, the administration's essential posture has been one of aggrieved righteousness. Clinton has even tacitly given his sanction to former adviser James Carville's controversial anti-Starr propaganda effort, which has the Newspeak-sounding name "The Education and Information Project."

Fighting back against Starr may prove momentarily satisfying for the administration. Charges that Starr is partisan are not entirely without foundation—his clients before he was appointed special prosecutor included a group supporting Paula Jones, and he has represented conservative private clients while he investigates the president. But the problem is that to attribute all the president's ethical troubles to double standards and conservative psychopathology, as the Clintons show every sign of doing, will hardly help matters. The president was re-elected despite doubts about his integrity and character—not because the public concluded

that those doubts were baseless. To brush off his troubles as the mere product of a politically motivated witch-hunt is the one response certain to make things worse.

This reality was underscored by the public blowup of an internal administration disagreement a few weeks after the election. Jane Sherburne, a former White House special counsel in charge of an ad hoc damage-control team, was quoted in *The New York Times* and later in *The Washington Post* complaining about the way the Indogate scandal had been handled. In the closing weeks of the campaign, she and Mark Fabiani, the administration's former scandal spokesman, argued for dealing with the newest scandal by telling reporters what the damage-control team actually knew from its research—that James Riady, a longtime Clinton backer and member of the wealthy Indonesian family that controls Lippo, had discussed policy, and not just made small talk, with the president on several visits to the White House. But White House deputy counsel Bruce Lindsey, Clinton's most loyal henchman, preferred to tell reporters that Riady's 15 or more visits were "social"—a statement he knew to be misleading at best at the time he made it.

This incident has a larger significance for two reasons. The first is that Sherburne's criticizing Lindsey on the record points to an erosion in solidarity within the administration. Following the departure of Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes—who resigned after being summarily told, just before the public announcement, that North Carolina investment banker Erskine Bowles would get the chief-of-staff job Ickes coveted—many within the administration have come to feel that they need to look out for their own interests, that the Clintons expect loyalty from their subordinates but do not repay it. "The Harold thing was kind of the final blow," says one former official. "Everybody knew he worked really hard—he always had the president's best interests at heart. Nobody thought he owed him the chief of staff's job. But the way he treated him was gratuitous."

An every-man-for-himself attitude among the staff—some of whom have had to face six-figure legal bills on five-figure salaries—poses a serious hazard in an era of special prosecutors offering immunity in exchange for testimony. The list of people who could probably do the administration consequential if not fatal harm if they so desired includes not only Lindsey, Ickes, and Clinton's pal Webster Hubbell, but also former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum, Hillary's former confidante Susan Thomases, and the First Lady's chief of staff, Maggie Williams, who is rumored to be departing; all could conceivably offer damaging, alternative versions of controversial doings in the White House. In the words of another official, "The loyalty factor here is not as high as it needs to be right now."

The other reason Sherburne's tale is ominous is that the reasonably candid approach to damage control she and Fabiani argued for may be headed out the window. When he became the spokesman on Whitewater and related matters in 1994, the genial, direct Fabiani, who served as an aide to former Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, and the lawyerly Sherburne dealt mostly in facts and eschewed heavy spin. This won them respect in the press corps, and, in the case of Filegate, a belated success, when what was viewed as one of the potentially most damaging of the Clinton scandals petered out for lack of new fuel or indications that the White House was holding back something. Fabiani's and Sherburne's retirements make them the latest in the series of administration officials who have departed after failing to persuade the Clintons that a strategy of openness would serve them better.

Fabiani's replacement is Lanny Davis, a lawyer-lobbyist friend of Hillary Clinton's from her Yale Law School days, who helped vet such nominations as Zoë Baird's for the incoming administration in 1992. Davis, who emerged as a freelance public defender of the Clintons on *Crossfire* and *Burden of Proof* in early 1996, says his approach will be the same as Fabiani's: "Get all the facts out and people will realize there's nothing there." Still, it's cause for concern that the temperamental Davis—a law partner of the late commerce secretary Ron Brown's—is exactly the type of spinmeister and die-hard loyalist Fabiani wasn't.

One common CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

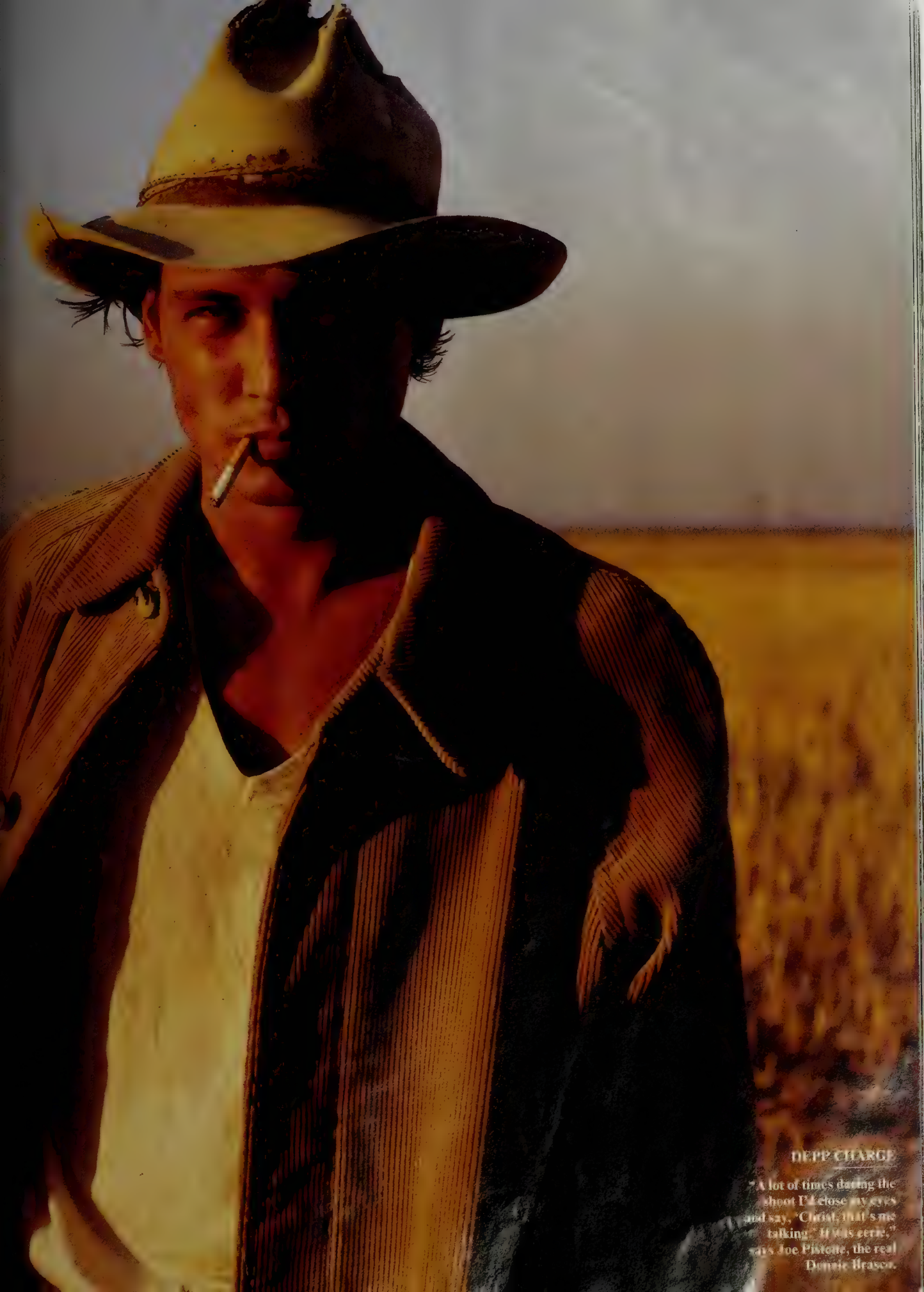
The Paula Jones case may be the sharpest sword hanging over the president's head.

'GATES IN EVERY DIRECTION
From left, Kenneth Starr, special prosecutor, may accuse Hillary of perjury; former Clinton pal James McDougal has changed his story on Whitewater several times; Paula Jones says Clinton sexually harassed her; James Riady, frequent White House visitor from Indonesia; Congressman Dan Burton, the lead G.O.P. gadfly in the House; Arkansas felon David Hale, another Clinton accuser; McDougal's ex-wife, Susan, refuses to cooperate with Starr, so far.

For all his offbeat roles, such as the leads in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* and the upcoming Mafia movie *Donnie Brasco*, Johnny Depp has the elegance of the silent-screen star and a decidedly European cut that includes his choice of companion, British model Kate Moss. KEVIN SESSUMS finds the nomadic founder of Hollywood-style grunge making his directorial debut, *The Brave*, and settling into a $3 million 1930s mansion

Johnny Be Good

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • WRITTEN BY LORI GOLDSTEIN



DEPP CHARGE

"A lot of times during the shoot I'd close my eyes and say, 'Christ, that's me talking.' It was eerie," says Joe Pistone, the real Donnie Brasco.

Johnny Depp sits in the middle of the Mojave. His shoulder-length hair has been dyed a shade or so blacker than the Hills that pass for mountains over in South Dakota. Movie makeup darkens his skin. Those hooded, haunted eyes of his concentrate on the screen of a tiny monitor, itself hooded with a tube of cardboard so that the desert's unrelenting light won't distort Depp's filmed image, which is being played back for his perusal. Physically spent after many weeks of directing *The Brave,* a script he co-wrote with his brother, D.P., and in which he also stars, the 33-year-old actor is homesick for his own bed back in Hollywood, as well as for the company of his girlfriend, model Kate Moss, who is working the runways of Europe's fall fashion shows. Depp licks his parched lips. Shifts his lean, abundantly tattooed body in his director's chair.

Floyd Red Crow Westerman interrupts his reverie. "That was my last line," he says, referring to the scene that flickers before them. Westerman, a Dakota Sioux who played a featured role in *Dances with Wolves,* portrays Depp's father in *The Brave,* a dark tale about familial love. The two men embrace as the crags in Red Crow's ancient face shift upward into awe. "Look!" he commands, and points his intricately carved walking stick toward two creatures soaring silently in the desert sky.

"Hawks?" Depp asks.

"Crows," Westerman says. "That's my family bird. . . . But the spirit of the crow is important in *all* our lives. It does not fly away in the winter like most birds. It is the one who stays."

Red Crow lumbers up a hill through a horde of local extras Depp has assembled, a heartbreaking array of poor, weathered faces that Diane Arbus might have photographed if she had used Dorothea Lange's camera. He then settles into his own chair in the shade of a production tent, where he and another of the film's actors, Frederic Forrest, pass the time between scenes by swapping Jack Palance stories. Forrest is insisting that the famous entrance in *Shane,* in which Palance so gracefully dismounts his horse, is really rewound film of the actor mounting the animal, since Palance was "a city guy who didn't give a shit about horses. Scared of them." Red Crow laughs, then changes the subject to their director, Depp. "At first I thought Johnny was taking on more than he could handle with *The Brave,*" Red Crow whispers. "I only seen one other guy who directed and acted in the same film. That was Kevin Costner in *Dances with Wolves,* but I seen Kevin break a couple of times and tear after someone and get mad. I haven't seen that in Johnny. He goes beyond getting angry. He likes off-center, artsy roles as an actor, and he's tha way in his personality too."

Down the hill, Depp is directing another scene, on which involves several children. It is getting late, and soo his crew will lose the light. The children are hot. The crew is hotter. Depp, with the grace of a rewound Jack Palance just goes on about his business.

Depp has become the most fascinating o male movie stars because he is free of th usual male-movie-star fascinations: an en tourage of hangers-on, the need for a hi action movie every other summer, a sala cious preoccupation with salaries. In town of sequels, he's an original. He ever looks different. "Johnny invented grunge," claims directo John Waters, whom Depp once proudly described as hi personal guru. "I don't remember a movie star with tha look before him."

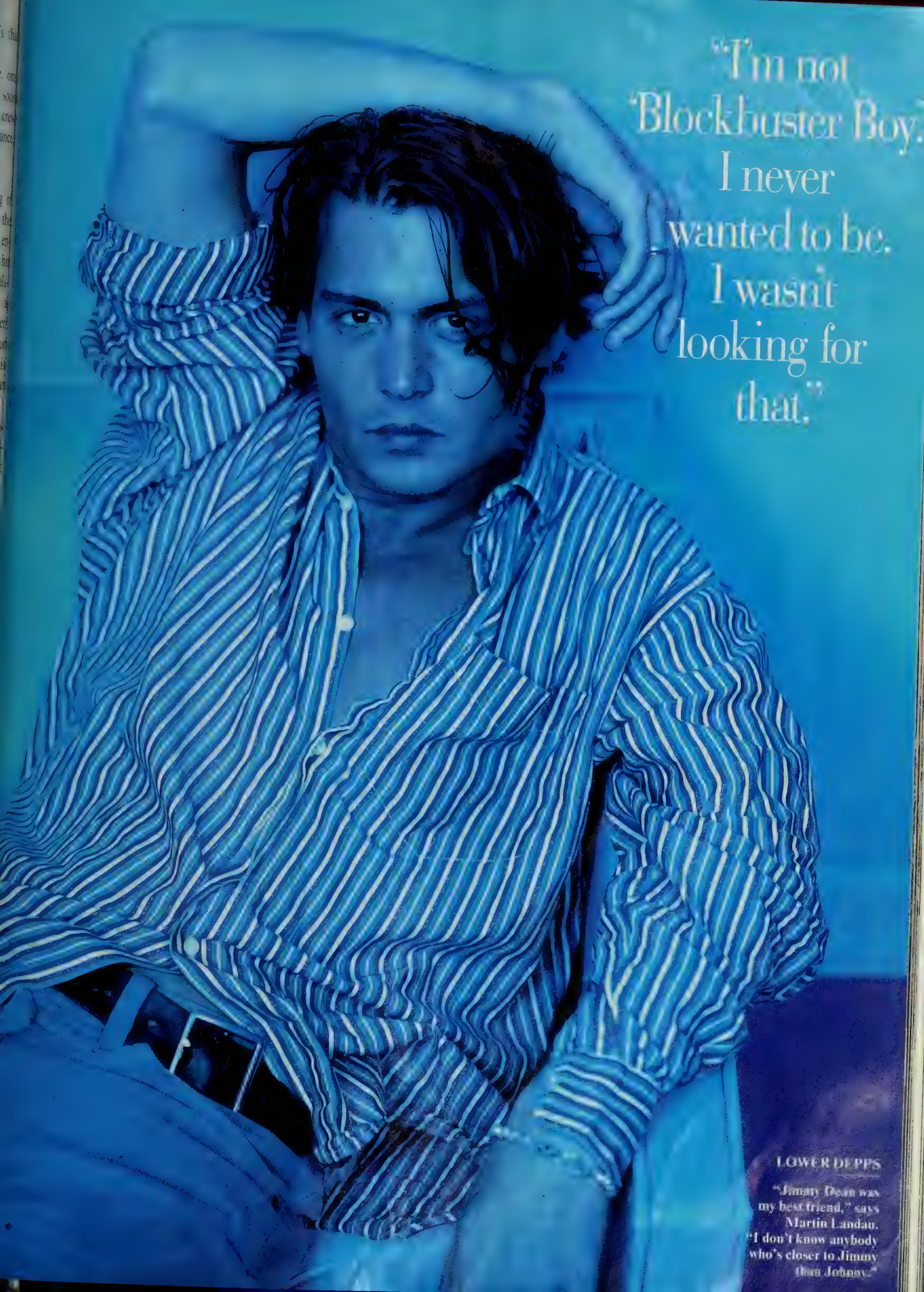
There is, indeed, a dirty sweetness about the actor; hi unkempt, soulful slouch has combined with his dry disre gard for the rougher shoals of machismo to deconstruc the very notion of male glamour. Descendants: the late River Phoenix, Leonardo DiCaprio, Ewan McGregor, Ste phen Dorff.

After a string of artistic triumphs in carefully chosen films—*Cry-Baby, Edward Scissorhands, Benny & Joon, What's Eating Gilbert Grape, Arizona Dream, Ed Wood, Don Juan DeMarco, Nick of Time,* and *Dead Man*—Depp remains dev ilishly incongruous. In an era of blowhard stars, he has re tained the muted elegance of the silent screen. A deeply American actor—he often hints at his Native American blood—he has fashioned a career with a decidedly European cut.

"Johnny doesn't suffer fools gladly. He tends toward a choice of material that's going to interest him intellectu ally, and has always said to himself that the career comes second," says British director Mike Newell, whose big follow-up film to *Four Weddings and a Funeral* is Depp's upcoming Mafia movie, *Donnie Brasco,* in which he plays the title role, a real-life 70s F.B.I. undercover agent who bonds too closely with his exact opposite, Cosa Nostra lackey Lefty Ruggiero, played by Al Pacino. "This particular role interested him, I think, because the whole character had to run beneath the surface, as it were," Newell continues. "Johnny is one of those actors who acts in a kind of long term. You stay with his characterizations throughout a film because he tells you his story in his own good time—and, more important, you are willing to wait for it."

"*Donnie Brasco* was a motherfucker of a movie," Depp deadpans. "I spent a lot of time with the real Donnie Brasco, Joe Pistone. Brasco was his undercover name. He's got an interesting rhythm to his speech. I did my best to get that. I put great pressure on myself to make it fucking right for the guy. He lived it. I was just pretending."

"He brought a sensitivity to the part," says Pistone. "That's a side of me that a lot of people don't see. It was amazing—a lot of times during the shoot I'd close my eyes and say, 'Christ, that's me talking!' It was eerie. The kid's a



"I'm not 'Blockbuster Boy.' I never wanted to be. I wasn't looking for that."

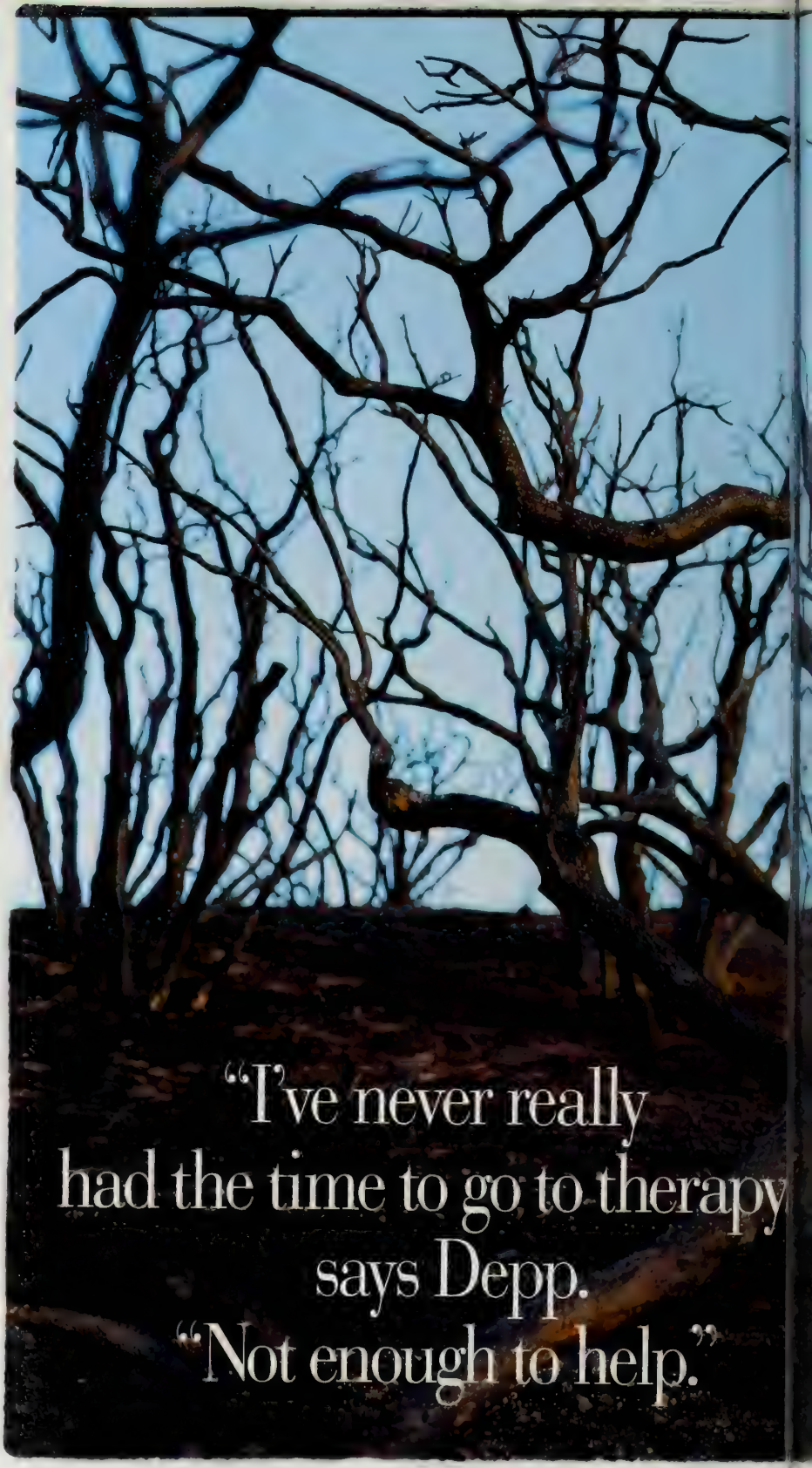
LOWER DEPPS

"Jimmy Dean was my best friend," says Martin Landau. "I don't know anybody who's closer to Jimmy than Johnny."

good actor. He doesn't put effort into it. He just does it."

"I've never consciously played into any image," insists Depp, a high-school dropout who dreamed of being a rock guitarist but who, in transplanting himself to Los Angeles more than a decade ago, accidentally became a teen heartthrob with his role on the 1980s Fox Network hit *21 Jump Street,* in which he also played an undercover cop. "I never wanted to emulate anybody else. Every young actor who comes out of the blocks, they say, 'James Dean,' because it's easy."

"Jimmy Dean was my best friend," says Martin Landau, who won an Oscar for best supporting actor for his portrayal of Bela Lugosi opposite Depp in *Ed Wood.* "The point is that it is not easy to compare young actors to James Dean. Yet I don't know anybody who's closer to Jimmy than Johnny. . . . They share a similar subtlety in their work. But Jim's was a fragile talent—not as developed as Johnny's is."



"I've never really had the time to go to therapy," says Depp. "Not enough to help."

"I'm not 'Blockbuster Boy.' I never wanted to be. I wasn't looking for that," Depp says, having turned down the role of Lestat in *Interview with the Vampire* before Tom Cruise accepted it, passed on the Brad Pitt romantic lead in *Legends of the Fall,* and declined the offer of the action hero in *Speed,* a part which made Keanu Reeves a star. "I mean, it would be nice to get a whole shitpile of money so you can throw it at your family and friends. . . . I just don't know if movies can ever be considered art, because there's so much money involved," he continues, perhaps protesting a tad too much, since he himself recently crossed the $4-million-per-picture threshold. "It's all about commerce. I don't think art can come from that place. But I aspire to be an artist someday. Maybe I'll be 70. I don't know if it will come from being in a movie, though. Maybe I'll just whittle something."

It's a late-summer afternoon, and Depp settles into an air-conditioned corner in the private downstairs bar of the club he co-owns, the Viper Room, located on Sunset Boulevard, where acts as diverse as Johnny Cash and Hunter S. Thompson have occupied the upstairs stage. Everything in this low-lit hipster joint is fashionably black, so much so that, instead of a red velvet rope outside, the place could use a good strand of pearls—white ones, not the exotic black kind encased in the platinum rattle that Kate Moss reportedly gave him soon after they met.

The first seven years of Depp's life were spent in Kentucky, so I ask the erstwhile whittler if he still considers himself a southerner. "Definitely. I need a big ol' greasy meal

DEPP VALLEY

"Johnny invented grunge," claims director John Waters. "I don't remember a movie star with that look before him."

every now and then—lots of pork and collards and biscuits."

"How about the church, if you're a true Bible Belter?" I ask. "You seem to have packed away a few demons in the baggage you've hauled around all these years."

"When I was a kid back in Kentucky, we went to this church where my uncle preached. It was kind of a weird Baptist, full-on kind of place. People kept running up to the pulpit and grabbing his ankles and being saved. Lots of crying. Even then, at six or seven, I questioned how pure the emotion could be if it were on such display. . . . That's where I found music, really—where I started playing guitar was in church, through that uncle. He had a little gospel group. . . . We're all a mishmash of extremes. I know that I have demons," Depp confesses, CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

SPOTLIGHT

Braque in Style

"To define something is to substitute the definition for the thing," said the French artist Georges Braque, declining an invitation to describe what his work was about. Yet the vast body of still lifes produced by Braque (1882–1963) does just that: it replaces the objects which he defines with his brush so that they take on new forms and relate to one another in spaces which are entirely Braque's own. Even at the height of the Cubist experiment—when he joined Picasso in the greatest artistic collaboration of the 20th century—Braque was always concerned with the ordinary things that could be found in a studio, and his output can be seen as a series of redefinitions of those immediate surroundings. Their project had been effectively ended by the First World War, in which Braque received a serious head wound. When he recovered and returned to his studio, he began to put flesh on the grave abstractions of Cubism. His palette expanded, and a concentrated lyricism entered his painting, which found its fullest expression in the late works that are on show at London's Royal Academy of Arts until April 6 and at Houston's Menil Collection beginning April 26. The exhibition draws from four of Braque's major cycles of work, including the "Bird Paintings," in which the familiar objects of his still lifes are joined by the stylized shape of a bird streaking across the canvas like a ray of light. One is reminded of what Braque wrote in his notebooks: "Reality only reveals itself when it is illuminated by a ray of poetry. All around us is asleep." The bird in his late paintings performs that task.

—HENRY PORTER

STUDIO VIII

Georges Braque, 1952–55 (oil on canvas; 51½ in. by 76⅝ in.), from the Masaveu Collection, Oviedo, Spain.

AMERICAN NIGHTMARE: The Ballad of RICHARD JEWELL

On July 30, 1996, the media identified Richard Jewell as the F.B.I.'s prime suspect in the Olympic Park bombing. For the first time, the 34-year-old security guard tells his extraordinary story, to MARIE BRENNER: his brief moment as a national hero, his hounding by the Feds and the press, and his eccentric friendship with the unknown southern lawyer who helped him through his public torment

The search warrant was short and succinct, dated August 3, 9:41 A.M. F.B.I. special agent Diader Rosario was instructed to produce "hair samples (twenty-[illegible]e pulled and twenty-five combed hairs from the head)" of Richard Allens-[illegible]rth Jewell. That Saturday, Atlanta was humid; the temperature would rise [illegible]es. There were 34 Olympic events scheduled, including women's [illegible]ll, but Richard Jewell was in his mother's apartment playing De-[illegible] a computer set up in the spare bedroom. Jewell hadn't slept at all the night before, or the night before that. He could hear the noise from the throng of reporters massed on the hill outside the small apartment in the suburbs. All morning long, he had been focused on the screen, trying to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS

PRIME SUSPECT
Richard and Bobi Jewell with her cat, Boots, her dog, Brandi, and his Doberman, Lacey, in Bobi's Atlanta apartment, where for three months they were trapped by reporters while he was the F.B.I.'s Olympics bombing suspect. On the table is an earlier photo of Richard Jewell in uniform as a Habersham County deputy.

score off "the little guy who goes back and forth shooting the aliens," but at 12:30 the sound of the telephone disturbed his concentration. Very few people had his new number, by necessity unlisted. Since the F.B.I. had singled him out as the Olympic Park bombing suspect three days earlier, Jewell had received approximately 1,000 calls a day—someone had posted his mother's home number on the Internet.

"I'll be right over," his lawyer Watson Bryant told him. "They want your hair, they want your palm prints, and they want something called a voice exemplar—the goddamn bastards." The curtains were drawn in the pastel apartment filled with his mother's crafts and samplers; A HOME WITHOUT A DOG IS JUST A HOUSE, one read. By this time Bryant had a system. He would call Jewell from his car phone so that the door could be unlatched and Bryant could avoid the questions from the phalanx of reporters on the hill.

Turning into the parking lot in a white Explorer, Bryant could see sound trucks parked up and down Buford Highway. The middle-class neighborhood of apartment complexes and shopping centers was near the DeKalb Peachtree Airport, where local millionaires kept their private planes. The moment Bryant got out of his car, the reporters began to shout: "Hey, Watson, do they have the murderer?" "Are they arresting Jewell?" Bryant moved quickly toward the staircase to the Jewells' apartment. He wore a baseball cap, khaki shorts, and a frayed Brooks Brothers polo shirt. He was 45 years old, with strong features and thinning hair, a southern preppy from a country-club family. Bryant had a stern demeanor lightened by a contrarian's sense of the absurd. He was often distracted—from time to time he would miss his exits on the highway—and he had the regional tendency of defining himself by explaining what he was not. "I am not a Democrat, because they want your money. I am not a Republican, because they take your rights away," he told me soon after I met him. Bryant can talk your ear off about the Bill of Rights, ending with a flourish: "I think everyone ought to have the right to be stupid. I am a Libertarian."

At the time Richard Jewell was named as a suspect by the F.B.I., Watson Bryant made a modest living by doing small estate closings in the suburbs, but Jewell and his lawyer had formed an unusual friendship a decade earlier, when Jewell worked as a mailroom clerk at a federal disaster-relief agency where Bryant practiced law. Jewell was then a stocky kid without a father, who had trained as an auto mechanic but dreamed of being a policeman; Bryant had always had a soft spot for oddballs and strays, a personality quirk which annoyed his then wife no end.

The serendipity of this friendship, an alliance particularly southern in its eccentricity, would bring Watson Bryant to the immense task of attempting to save Richard Jewell from the murky quagmire of a national terrorism case. The simple fact was that Bryant had no qualifications for the job. He had no legal staff except for his assistant, Nadya Light, no contacts in the press, and no history in Washington. He was the opposite of media-savvy; he rarely read the papers and never watched the nightly news, preferring the Discovery Channel's shows on dog psychology. Now that Richard Jewell was his client, he had entered a zone of worldwide media hysteria fraught with potential peril. Jewell suspected that his pickup truck had been flown in a C-130 transport plane to the F.B.I. unit at Quantico in Virginia, and Bryant worried that his friend would be arrested any minute. Worse, Bryant knew that he had nothing going for him, no levers anywhere. His only asset was his personality; he had the bravado and profane hyperbole of a southern rich boy, but he was in way over his head.

For hours that Saturday, Bryant and Jewell sat and waited for the F.B.I. From time to time Jewell would put binoculars under the drawn curtain in his mother's bedroom to peer at the reporters on the hill. Bryant was nervous that Jewell's mother, Bobi, would return from baby-sitting and see her son having hairs pulled out of his head. Bryant stalked around the apartment complaining about the F.B.I. "The sons of bitches did not show up until three P.M.," he later recalled, and when they did, there were five of them. The F.B.I. medic was tall and muscular and wore rubber gloves. He asked Jewell to sit at a small round table in the living room, where his mother puts her holiday-theme displays. Bryant stood by the sofa next to a portrait of Jewell in his Habersham County deputy's uniform. He watched the F.B.I. procedure carefully. The medic, who had huge hands, used tiny drugstore tweezers. "He eyeballed his scalp and took his hair in sections. First he ran a comb through it and then he took these hairs and plucked them out one by one."

Jewell "went stone-cold," but Bryant could not contain his temper. "I am his lawyer. I know you can have this. I know you have a search warrant, but I tell you this: *If you were doing this to me, you would have to fight me. You would have to beat the shit out of me,*" Bryant recalled telling the case agent Ed Bazar. Bazar, Bryant later said, was apologetic. "He seemed almost embarrassed to be there." As he counted out the hairs, he placed them in an envelope. The irony of the situation was not lost on Bryant. He was a lawyer, an officer of the court, but he had a disdain for authority, and he was representing a former deputy who read the Georgia law code for fun in his spare time.

It took 10 minutes to pluck Jewell's thick auburn hair. Then the F.B.I. agents led him into the kitchen and took his palm prints on the table. "That took 30 minutes, and they got ink all over the table," Bryant said. Then Bazar told Bryant they wanted Jewell to sit on the sofa and say into the telephone, "There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have 30 minutes." That was the message given by the 911 caller on the night of the bombing. He was to repeat the message 12 times. Bryant saw the possibility of phony evidence and of his client's going to jail. "I said, 'I am not sure about this. Maybe you can do this, maybe you can't, but you are not doing this today.'"

All afternoon, Jewell was strangely quiet. He had a sophisticated knowledge of police work and believed, he later said, "they must have had some evidence if they wanted my hair. . . . I knew their game was intimidation. That is why they brought five agents instead

of two." He felt "violated and humiliated," he told me, but he was passive, even docile, through Bryant's outburst. He thought of the bombing victims—Alice Hawthorne, the 44-year-old mother from Albany, Georgia, at the park with her stepdaughter; Melih Uzunyol, the Turkish cameraman who died of a heart attack; the more than 100 people taken to area hospitals, some of whom were his friends. "I kept thinking, These guys think I did this. These guys were accusing me of murder. This was the biggest case in the nation and the world. If they could pin it on me, they were going to put me in the electric chair."

I met Richard Jewell three months later, on October 28, a few hours before a press conference called by his lawyers to allow Jewell to speak publicly for the first time since the F.B.I. had cleared him. Jewell's lawyers also intended to announce that they would file damage suits against NBC and *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution.* It was a Monday, and that weekend the local U.S. attorney had delivered a letter to one of the lawyers stating Jewell was no longer a suspect. "Goddamn it," Bryant had told me on the phone, "the sons of bitches did not even have the decency to address it to Richard Jewell."

I had been instructed to come early to the offices of Wood & Grant, the flashy plaintiff lawyers Bryant had pulled in to help him with Jewell's civil suits. When I arrived, I was alone in the office with Sharon Anderson, the redheaded assistant answering the phones. "Wood & Grant . . . Wood & Grant . . . Wood & Grant"—the calls overwhelmed her. Lin Wood and Wayne Grant were rushing from CNN to the local NBC and ABC affiliates, working the shows. "Everyone has theories of who the real bomber is," Sharon said. "I just write it all down and give it to the boys."

When Lin Wood arrived, he was still in full makeup. Movie-star handsome with green eyes and styled hair, Wood has the heated oratory of a trial lawyer. "It's a war! Why in this bevy of stories does not anyone point out the fact that Richard was a hero one day and a demon the next? They have destroyed this man's life!"

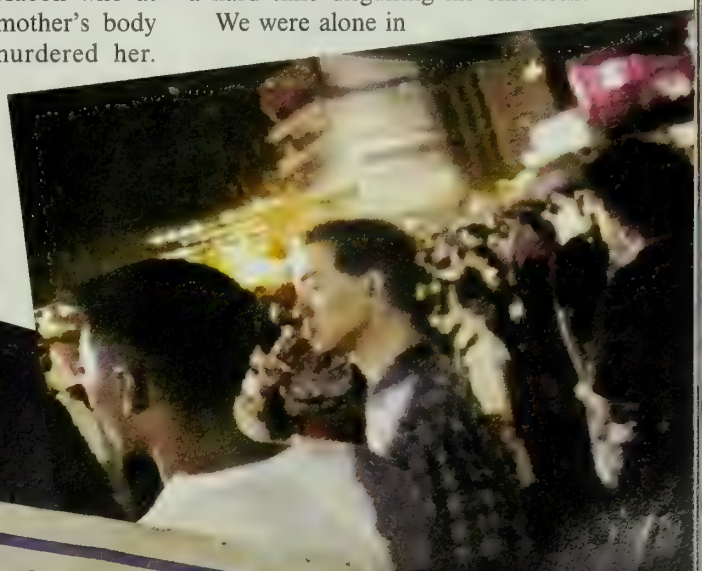
Watson Bryant had worked with Wood and Grant years before in a local law firm. He admired Wayne Grant for his methodical sense of detail; Grant, a New Yorker, had once forced the city of Atlanta to pay large damages to a man injured while illegally digging for antique bottles in a park. But Lin Wood's suppressed rage was a marvel to Bryant. "He is so tough he could make people cry in depositions when we were kids," Bryant told me. Wood possessed the smooth style of a member of the Atlanta establishment, but he had a hardscrabble past. He was a boy from "the wrong side of the tracks" in Macon who at age 17 discovered his mother's body after his father had murdered her. His father went to jail, and Wood wound up as a lawyer. He went through college and law school on scholarships and with part-time jobs. I could hear Wood on Sharon's telephone: "He's more than innocent. He's a goddamn hero. . . . Everyone is going to pay who wronged Richard Jewell. Besides NBC and *The A.J.C.,* we are going to look into suing CNN and Jay Leno."

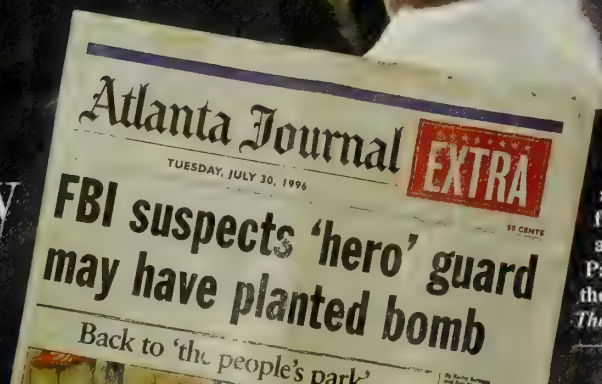
Through the large picture window, I had a clear view of the remains of the Centennial Olympic Park, where the bomb had exploded on the night of July 26. Where the sound-and-light tower had once been, there was now a flattened dirt field. It was possible to see the Greek commemorative sculpture that Richard Jewell used to describe for tourists at the AT&T pavilion, where he worked as a security guard.

Suddenly, Jewell was in the room. "Hi. I'm Richard. I'm a little late. I don't want you to think I am rude. I am not like that." He had an open face, a bland pleasantness, an eagerness to please. "Can I get you a Coke?" he asked me. "How about some coffee?" Jewell wore a blue-and-white striped shirt and chinos. He occupied physical space like a teenager; he sprawled, he lumbered, he pawed through Sharon's candy bowl. On TV his face had a porcine blankness; he appeared suspicious. In person, Jewell has a hard time disguising his emotions.

We were alone in

The newsroom atmosphere resembled that at F.B.I. headquarters; there was a frenzy to be first.




Atlanta Journal EXTRA
TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1996
50 CENTS
FBI suspects 'hero' guard may have planted bomb
Back to 'the people's park'

THE BOMB SITE
A still from an amateur video aired on CNN shows the flash of the bomb exploding at Atlanta's Olympic Park, *above. Left,* the inflammatory headline on *The Atlanta Journal* on July 30.

the conference room; I noticed that Jewell avoided looking out the window toward the park. He shifted his glance nervously away from the view. He often awakens in the middle of the night, drenched in sweat, thinking of the events in the park in the early morning hours of July 27. "It took me days before I could even come in here," he said anxiously.

When Jewell noticed a local ABC reporter outside near Sharon's desk, his face darkened. "I don't want to be around reporters right now. I guess I am a little nervous. What is he doing here?" The atmosphere was now filled with tension; the reporter was escorted out.

Moments later, we gathered in the hallway. Wood was steely: "We are going in two cars. Richard, you drive with me. Your mother will go with Wayne. As we walk down the hall right now, if the ABC people are outside, I will tap you on the shoulder and I will say, 'How are you doing?' You will say, 'Fine.' Is that understood?" "O.K., Lin. I understand," Jewell said quietly, head bowed.

As Jewell walked down the hall, an ABC cameraman photographed him looking grim. Seconds after the elevator doors closed, Jewell exploded: "What are they doing here, Lin? Did you invite them? They are *animals.* Why didn't you get them out of here?"

"ABC has been good to you. How do I get them out of the office on the day of your press conference?"

"That is what security is for!" Jewell said, quivering with rage. "Where is Watson?" he asked in the garage. "I told you: he's at a real-estate closing. He will meet you at the press conference," Wood said. Jewell moved to his mother's side, as solicitous as a child. "Are you all right, Mother?" he asked. "It is all I am going to be able to do not to do something!" she said angrily.

When we arrived at the Marriott hotel off I-75, there was another discussion in the parking lot, about who would walk with whom in front of the cameras. Jewell turned to his close friend Dave Dutchess: "Are you all right, man?" Dutchess, a truck-driver who worked with Jewell years ago, has long hair and a tattoo of a panther on his forearm. "Richard and I are like brothers," he told me. "I would die for him." As the cameras closed in on them, the group fled to a private room in the Marriott. The auditorium was filled with reporters. "Showtime! Showtime!" the cameramen yelled when Jewell, his mother, and all the lawyers took the stage.

"I hope and pray that no one else is ever subjected to the pain and the ordeal that I have gone through," Jewell said, his voice breaking. "The authorities should keep in mind the rights of the citizens. I thank God it is ended and that you now know what I have known all along: I am an innocent man."

After the press conference, Bobi and Richard Jewell remained in a private room. The bookers from *Good Morning America* and the *Today* show pressed Jewell to step before their cameras, and when Watson Bryant told them no, Monica, the *G.M.A.* booker, began to cry, "I'll lose my job." Then Yael, the *Today*-show booker, cornered Nadya Light: "Is Richard doing something with *G.M.A.*?"

Upstairs, Jewell and his mother were being filmed by a CBS camera crew for a *60 Minutes* news update. "Well, Bobi, did you get your Tupperware back?" Mike Wallace asked by phone from New York. "Richard, you need to lose some more weight." Despite Wallace's festive spirit, the atmosphere was curiously flat. Bryant urged Jewell to talk to a *USA Today* reporter. Jewell balked: "They can all go suck wind."

In the car on the way back to Wood & Grant, Bobi was angry. All of her possessions had come back from the F.B.I. marked up with ink. "Every piece of Tupperware I own is ruined, thank you very much. They wrote numbers all over it, and I have tried everything to clean it—Comet and Brillo—but nothing works."

Back at the office, she sat on the sofa and listened as Bryant negotiated with Yael for a flight to New York—Delta, first-class, 9:30 P.M. Jewell was scheduled to appear on three shows in New York, visit the American Museum of Natural History, and then fly to Washington, D.C. for *Larry King Live.* "I would like to go home, put on my outfit, and walk in the woods," Bobi said. "Richard, we are leaving."

"Yes, ma'am," Richard said.

One hour later, a telephone call came in to the offices of Wood & Grant. The lawyers had the call on speaker, and it blared through the room: "*Goddamn it, Lin. When will this be over?*" In the background, you could hear Bobi sobbing. "What in the world?" Wood asked. Jewell explained that a sound truck from ABC had been waiting in the parking lot when the Jewells got home. There had been words and threats, and Dave Dutchess had taken his stun gun off his motorcycle and waved it at the ABC van. The cameraman yelled: *Stop harassing us!* Dave yelled back: *You are harassing us! Now get your ass out of here!*

Wood shouted into the speakerphone: "Do not meddle! You cannot jeopardize where you have gotten to and what you want to do! All you have to do is put up with this for one more day and the damn thing is over. Bobi, there is nothing you can do about it; you have to stay cool." Bobi cried back, "They are going to destroy me!"

The moment they hung up, Wood turned to Bryant. "New York is canceled. No Katie Couric. No *Good Morning America.* They are losing it. You better call Yael." "No," Bryant said, "they have lost it. All of the above: their patience, their temper and heart."

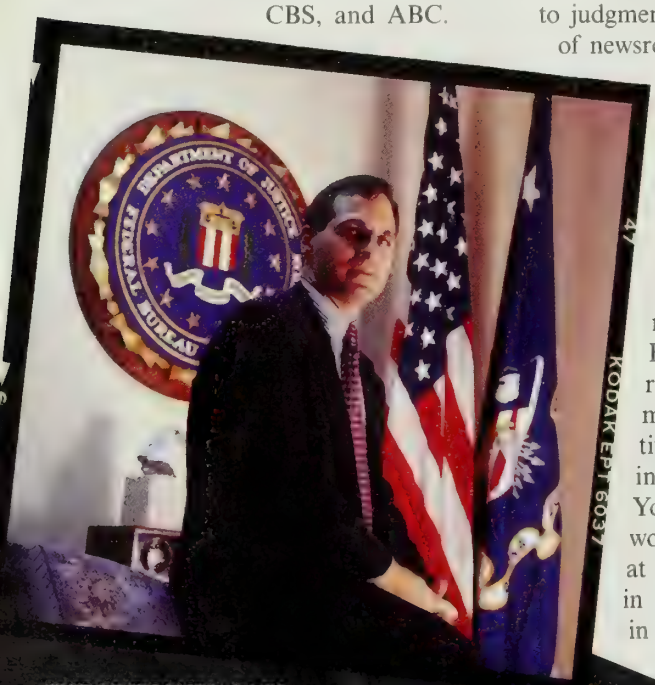
That evening a very testy Katie Couric tracked Bryant down at Nadya Light's apartment, where we had gone to watch the news. "I want you to know that I canceled interviewing Barbra Streisand in L.A. for Richard Jewell. Don't think he is always going to be a news story. No one will care about him in three days," she said, according to Bryant. "Look, Katie, I am sorry. But Richard is in no condition to talk to the press. He is worn out," Bryant told her.

Later, Jewell would tell me that that day, which should have been

This case has everything—the F.B.I., the press, the violation of the Bill of Rights, from the First to the Sixth Amendment."

ATLANTA HAWKS
Richard Jewell, center, with the team of lawyers who defended his innocence and threatened to bring suits against *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, NBC, Piedmont College, and the F.B.I.; from left: criminal lawyer Jack Martin, civil lawyers Lin Wood and Wayne Grant, and Jewell's friend and personal lawyer, Watson Bryant.

one of his most satisfying, was actually his worst. His notoriety had tainted the triumph; everything positive had become negative. "I was in despair," he said. As he had for most of the previous 88 days, he spent the night confined in the Buford Highway apartment, a prisoner of his circumstances, with his mother, Dave Dutchess, and Dave's fiancée, Beatty, eating Domino's Pizza and watching himself lead the newscasts on NBC, CBS, and ABC.



THE UNTOUCHABLE?
In October, amid growing dissatisfaction over the F.B.I.'s mishandling of the Jewell case, Louis Freeh sent a memo to all 25,000 bureau personnel. "I am proud to be the F.B.I. director," he wrote.

Within the F.B.I., the beleaguered director has a new nickname: J. Edgar Hoover with children.

"This case has everything—the F.B.I., the press, the violation of the Bill of Rights, from the First to the Sixth Amendment," Watson Bryant told me in one of our first conversations. It has become common to characterize the F.B.I.'s investigation of Richard Jewell as the epitome of false accusation. The phrase "the Jewell syndrome," a rush to judgment, has entered the language of newsrooms and First Amendment forums. On the night of Jewell's press conference, a commentator on CNN's *Crossfire* compared Jewell's situation to "Kafka in Prague." The case became an investigative catastrophe, which laid bare long-simmering resentments of many F.B.I. career professionals regarding the micromanagement style and imperious attitude of Louis Freeh and his inner circle of former New York prosecutors, who have worked together since their days at the U.S. Attorney's Office in the Southern District. Within the bureau, the beleaguered director now has a new nickname: J. Edgar Hoover with children. Like Freeh, those near him have also acquired a nickname: Louie's yes-men. Two of Freeh's closest associates, F.B.I. general counsel Howard Shapiro and former deputy director Larry Potts, have been severely criticized, respectively, for advising the White House of confidential F.B.I. material and for an alleged cover-up of the mishandling of the 1992 standoff at Ruby Ridge, where F.B.I. agents killed the wife and son of Randy Weaver, a white supremacist.

In November and December, the Office of Professional Responsibility conducted an exhaustive investigation into the Jewell affair. Responding to an attempt by headquarters and certain officials to distance themselves, according to F.B.I. sources, several agents, including a senior F.B.I. supervisor in Atlanta, have provided the O.P.R. with signed statements insisting that Freeh himself was responsible for "oversight" during the crisis. These agents "shocked the investigators" because they reiterated, when asked who was in charge of the overall command of the investigation, that it was the director himself.

What happened to Richard Jewell raises an important question central to Freeh's future tenure: in the midst of a media frenzy, does the F.B.I. have any responsibility to protect the privacy of an innocent man? Over the last year, this concept was broached with Bob Bucknam, Louis Freeh's chief of staff. During the long Pizza Connection trial in the 1980s, it was Bucknam who handed Freeh files at the prosecutor's table. According to highly placed sources in the bureau, Bucknam's answer was immediate: the F.B.I. has no responsibility to correct information in the public domain.

Richard Jewell had a reverence for authority that blinded him to the paradox of his situation. He idealized the investigative skills of the F.B.I. and could not understand that he had become ensnared in a web fraught with the weaknesses of a self-protective bureaucracy. Pennsylvania senator Arlen Specter has invited Jewell to Washington to testify at congressional hearings on the F.B.I.'s conduct in the Atlanta bombing. Ironically, the bungling of the investigation might lead to the reshuffling of personalities at the top of the bureau and threaten Freeh's reputation. In October, according to *The Washington Post,* Freeh sent an unusual memo to all 25,000 F.B.I. personnel: He would not be abandoning his post amid reports of problems with the Jewell case and Filegate and of a growing dissatisfaction inside the bureau. "I am proud to be the F.B.I. director," Freeh wrote.

From the beginning, Jewell was perceived in the public imagination as a hapless dummy, a plodding misfit, a Forrest Gump. On one of the first days he worked as a security guard at the AT&T pavilion, he noticed that his co-workers were covering the steps inside the sound tower with graffiti. On one step Jewell scrawled with a

JONATHAN BECKER

flourish two bromides: IF YOU DIDN'T GO PAST ME, YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE and LIFE IS TOUGH. TOUGHER WHEN YOU ARE STUPID. Soon after he was targeted as a suspect in the Olympics bombing, the F.B.I. confiscated the step. Analysts appeared to believe that the graffiti contained a clue to his character. "They told the lawyers the statement was an obvious taunt," Jewell said. In fact, the second line was an expression he had cribbed from one of his favorite actors, John Wayne.

"To understand Richard Jewell, you have to be aware that he is a cop. He talks like a cop and thinks like a cop," his criminal lawyer, Jack Martin, told me. The tone of Jewell's voice drops noticeably when he says the word "officer," and his conversation is filled with observations about traffic patterns, security devices, and car wrecks. Even the vocabulary he uses to describe the 88 days he was a suspect is out of the lexicon of police work, and he continues to talk about his situation then in the present tense: "This is an out-and-out ambush, and I am a hostage."

Jewell has a need to accommodate. He can be startlingly opaque. On the afternoon of July 30, Jewell answered the door of his mother's apartment to Don Johnson and Diader Rosario from the F.B.I. "We need your help making a training film," they told him. "I never questioned it," he told me. The next day Rosario appeared again with a search warrant. "The weird thing was that when they were searching my apartment I was, like, 'Take everything. Take the carpet. I am law enforcement. I am just like you. Guys, take whatever you are going to take, because it is going to prove that I didn't do anything.' And a couple of them were looking at me like I was crazy."

Leaving the apartment on one occasion, he told the agents, "I am wearing a bright shirt so y'all can see me easier." He recalled feeling anger when he read descriptions of himself as a child-man, a mama's boy, and "a wannabe policeman," but he said, "If I was in the place of everybody else and I saw a 34-year-old guy living with his mother, I would have reservations about that, too. I would think, Why is he doing that?"

The December issue of *Atlanta* magazine reported that there was no record of a Jewell family in Danville, Virginia, where Richard Jewell was born. *Atlanta* referred to an article in the *Danville Register & Bee* which asked, "Did Richard Jewell ever sleep here?" "This is a part of my life Richard and I do not like to speak about," Bobi Jewell told me one night at dinner. Richard was born in Danville, but his name was Richard White; his father was Bobi's first husband, Robert Earl White, who worked for Chevrolet. According to Bobi, Richard's father, who died recently, was "irresponsible and a ladies' man." When Richard was four, the marriage broke up. Bobi found work as an insurance-agency claims coordinator and soon met John Jewell, an executive in the same business. Shortly after John Jewell married Bobi, he adopted Richard.

From the time Richard was a child, he and his mother were a unit. Bobi, a woman of intelligence and disciplined work habits, is both tender and tough on the subject of her son. She still calls Richard "my boy," but she has a peppery disposition. Richard was brought up in a strict Baptist home. "If I didn't say 'Yes, ma'am' or 'No, ma'am' and get it out quick enough, I would be on the ground," he said. When he was six, the family moved to Atlanta. Richard was the boy who helped the teachers and worked as a school crossing guard, but he had few friends in high school. "I was a wannabe athlete, but I wasn't good enough," he said. He ran the movie projector in the library. A military-history buff, he liked to talk about Napoleon and the Vietnam War and read books on both World Wars.

Jewell's ambition was to work on cars, so he enrolled in a technical school in southern Georgia. On his third day there, Bobi discovered that her husband had packed a suitcase. "He left a note saying that he was a failure and no good for us," Jewell said. Almost immediately, Richard moved back home and took a job repairing cars. "My mom and I tried to take care of each other," he said. "I think I handled it pretty much better than she did." Richard took the brunt of his father's abandonment; Bobi pulled even closer to her son. "She hated all men for about three years after that, and she became overly protective of me. She looked at it that I was going to do the same thing that my dad did. I was 18 or 19. I was working. She never liked my dates, but I never held that against her. We have always been able to lean on each other."

Richard managed a local TCBY yogurt shop and once stopped a burglary in progress. At the age of 22, he was hired as a clerk at the Small Business Administration, and he impressed Watson Bryant and the other lawyers in the office with his personable nature. They called him Radar because of his efficiency. "You could say, 'I'm hungry,' and suddenly this kid would be by your side with a Snickers bar," Bryant recalled. When Jewell's contract with the S.B.A. ran out, he moved on to be a Marriott house detective. In 1990 he was hired as a jailer in the Habersham County Sheriff's Office, and in 1991 he became a deputy. As part of his training, he was sent to the Northeast Georgia Police Academy, where he finished in the upper 25 percent of his class. He finally had an identity; he was a law-enforcement officer.

Jewell was unlucky in love. He presented one woman with an engagement ring, and later, in Habersham County, he would give another a large wooden key with a sign that read, THIS IS THE KEY TO UNLOCK YOUR HEART, but both relationships came apart. In northern Georgia, Jewell worked nights and became wedded to his job. By his own description, he was methodical. "I am the kind of person who plans everything. I like to go from A to B to C to D. This going from A to D and arguing over everything—I say no." Habersham County, a scenic part of the piney woods in Georgia's Bible Belt, was for Jewell like "leaving the 1990s and going into the 1970s in terms of law enforcement." Many rich Atlantans have country houses in the mountains, but the small towns of Demorest and Charlottesville are relatively undeveloped, reminding one of Jewell's lawyers of the scenery in the movie *Deliverance*. "If you get CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Morning Becomes Allegra

George Balanchine, the great Russian-born choreographer and a founder of the New York City Ballet, once said, "The ballet is . . . a garden of beautiful flowers." In his garden of unearthly delights, Allegra Kent was the most enchanting bloom of all. As renowned for her perfect classical line as for her great beauty and amazing flexibility, she was vulnerable, mysterious, and delicately sensual all at once.

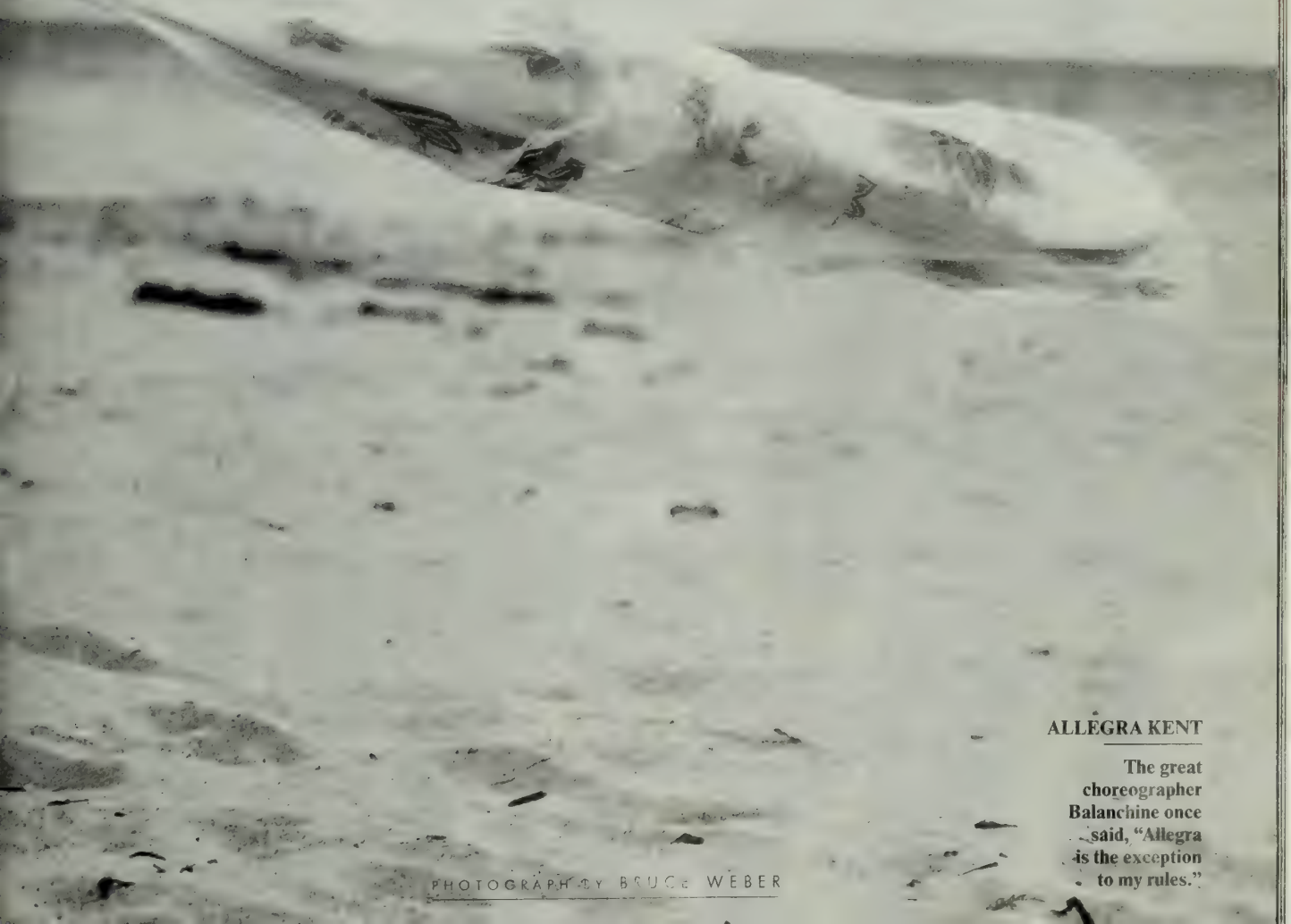
Balanchine had the uncanny ability to reveal through his choreography the qualities that made his various dancer-muses unique. Much as he examined the fiery imperiousness of Maria Tallchief and the lush lyricism of Suzanne Farrell, he celebrated Kent's poignant ethereality. He cast her in *The Seven Deadly Sins* (1958) as the naïve, malleable Anna; in the elegant fantasy on a Japanese wedding ceremony, *Bugaku* (1963), as the tender, complicit bride, twisted into erotic contortions by her groom; and as the heartbreaking and poetic sleepwalker in *La Sonnambula* (1943, revived by Balanchine for Kent in 1960).

Now, with the imminent publication of Kent's autobiography, *Once a Dancer . . .* , those not fortunate enough to have seen her dance during her 30-year career with the New York City Ballet can glimpse what it is that made her a legend.

Allegra Kent arrived in New York in 1951 at the age of 14 after an itinerant, unconventional childhood. She came to study at the School of American Ballet, where she immediately caught Balanchine's attention. Three years later she was catapulted to fame in the first role he created for her: the girl in *Ivesiana* (1954) who is eerily carried aloft by four men. In that ballet her feet literally never touched the ground, and Kent believes Balanchine intended her to portray a "spiritual object sought by a man who could never possess her."

At age 21 she married the first man she ever dated: the photographer Bert Stern, 8 years her senior. As her rise to stardom gave way to self-doubts and stage fright, her storybook marriage became a nightmare. Stern's daily visits to an infamous amphetamine guru, "Dr. Feelgood," tumbled their family from the pinnacle of success to the desperation of near poverty in the early 1970s. Torn between the desire to care for her three children and the demands of her career, Kent became more a guest artist than a constant presence on the stage, but Balanchine, grateful for even a rare performance, remarked with candor, "Allegra is the exception to my rules" (one of which was that dancers should dance every day). Through it all, though, the radiance and beauty that set her apart remained undiminished. Even now, Kent, who is retired and happily remarried to businessman Bob Gurney, retains the distinctive look of a ballerina and takes a daily ballet class. Several generations of dancers her junior cannot help staring at what is so obviously a genius in their midst.

Ballet is unforgiving once a dancer leaves the stage. Video never quite captures the sheer visceral excitement of movement; all we are really left with is our memories of past performances. Through Kent's own wise and courageous recollections, however, we see her unique spirit, and almost see again her glorious dancing. —HEATHER WATTS



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

ALLEGRA KENT

The great choreographer Balanchine once said, "Allegra is the exception to my rules."

A century after Oscar Wilde was released from Reading Gaol, a new movie tells the story of the great Irish poet's affair with the Marquess of Queensberry's son, and how it led to his disgrace and imprisonment. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS finds out what makes actor Stephen Fry so Wilde

Born to Be

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

Wilde

OSCAR, OSCAR

Stephen Fry as Oscar Wilde, *opposite*, on the London set of *Wilde*, surrounded by the green carnations and white lily that were his trademarks. *Above*, Jude Law plays Bosie, the flamboyant writer's great love, and his undoing.

FALL OF THE WILDE

Jennifer Ehle, *right,* in the role of Oscar's wife, Constance. *Inset,* extras from the cast of *Wilde* on location at the Richmond Theatre in west London, filming the scene of a production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *Opposite,* Fry and Law as Wilde and Bosie.

What might it take to play Oscar Wilde on the silver screen? One would need a certain talent to amuse, combined with a certain bulk. A familiarity with the worlds of stage and scandal would not be amiss. Nor, for that matter, would a bit of informal knowledge of the gay underworld. British actor Stephen Fry first drew attention to himself as a bright young man at Cambridge, where his wit in revues took him to the Edinburgh Festival. He is not a slim chap. Indeed, a book about him is called *Fat Chance*, by playwright Simon Gray. It tells the story of Fry's headline-making flight from the cast of one of Gray's plays and his taking refuge on the Continent. A novel under his name, *The Liar*, demonstrates a deeply felt kinship with the milieu where boys go on sale.

This year is the centenary of Oscar Wilde's release from Reading Gaol. Condemned to two years of hard labor for the crime of homosexuality, he had been urged to flee for the Continent before he could be arrested, and he did flee there after he was let out. Marc and Peter Samuelson, who brought you *Tom & Viv* with director Brian Gilbert, have filmed *Wilde* using Julian Mitchell's adaptation of Richard Ellmann's biography. Vanessa Redgrave plays Oscar's mother, Jude Law plays his lover, Bosie, and Tom Wilkinson plays the young man's outraged father, the Marquess of Queensberry, who devoted himself to hounding and exposing the poet. Fry, by every account, renders the part of Oscar with bulk—and with feeling. □

THE SOUND AND THE FURHMAN

"Mark Fuhrman's mask," the Los Angeles Police Department's now-notorious racist tape says of himself. "I can't be me anymore. No matter how right or how wrong I am, it doesn't make any difference. I can't be what I was. What I was is dead." Fuhrman is pictured on his farm near Sandpoint, Idaho, his new home and refuge.

The Detective's Story

Save for a single television appearance, Mark Fuhrman, infamous worldwide as the racist cop who either set O. J. Simpson free or tried to frame him, has not spoken of his role in the trial of the century. Tracking Fuhrman to his hideaway in the northern-Idaho panhandle, H. G. BISSINGER gets the story of a deeply conflicted man whose testimony will follow him to his grave

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

The Court Clerk: Please be seated. State and spell your name for the record.
The Witness: Mark Fuhrman. M-A-R-K F-U-H-R-M-A-N.
By Marcia Clark: Sir, how are you employed?
The Witness: I am a detective for the City of Los Angeles.

—Preliminary hearing, *The People of the State of California* v. *Orenthal James Simpson,* July 5, 1994.

"I'm dead."

He sits on top of a wooden picnic table at a deserted local park wearing a jacket with off-white leather sleeves that says "Mark" on one breast and "Los Angeles Police Protective League" on the other. He looks surprisingly boyish, closer to 35 than his actual age of 44. The weightlifter frame that once defined him, the physique capable of bench-pressing 325 pounds and running a stress test at an Olympian's pace, has been diminished. The shoulders are softened now and in proportion to the rest of him. He does look different from the way he did that July afternoon in 1994 when he sat on the witness stand with his Marine Corps bearing and eerily controlled poise, cool as ice and so compellingly masculine that women sent him marriage proposals. Only the eyes look the same today, their blue dull enough to startle, impossible to fathom or penetrate.

"Mark Fuhrman's dead," he repeats. "I can't be me anymore. No matter how right or how wrong I am, it doesn't make any difference. . . . I can't be what I was. What I was is dead. I'm starting over."

Behind him, like a bulletproof curtain, lies the northern edge of Lake Pend Oreille, where a 32-pound Bull trout, then the world's largest, was once snared. Bordering the deep waters of the lake are the mountain ridges of the Selkirks and the Cabinets. Together they offer physical protection in the only place in the world, the northern-Idaho panhandle, where Mark Fuhrman says he feels absolutely safe from the heat of a thousand probing eyes, fixed and absolute in their judgment. Whether the impulse is to defend the cop who found O.J.'s bloody glove as the ultimate victim or to spit at him as the purest extract of evil, they just stare, as his wife, Caroline, puts it, as if "he had three heads."

"For a while, he thought I was embarrassed or ashamed of him," she says. "I have nothing to be ashamed of. He's a great person. I get frustrated to see these people looking at him like he's some freak show."

He can move freely in Sandpoint, a pristine resort town of 5,200 at the midpoint of the panhandle, where he now lives. He can have coffee at Connie's café and scrambled eggs over at the Whistle Stop and buy fencing for the farm and shake the hand of a candidate running for county commissioner in the November election. But he can't vote because he is a convicted felon on probation.

People support him here, and leave him alone here. "Here I'm Mark," he says. "Here I'm a guy who loves to hunt and fish. Here I'm a guy that will help you do what needs to be done. I'm a neighbor here. I'm a customer." But as little as 45 miles down the road in Coeur d'Alene it is different. There is a theme park in Coeur d'Alene that is fun for his two young children, but he will not take them. "I can't go, because if I go, it's like I'm trapped. I'm trapped in a water park. The media shows up, what do you do? Swim home?"

As you watch him, hands clasped on that picnic table at that empty park, it is hard not to wonder if some of the fiery words will forever ring in his ears:

"Is he a racist? Yes. Is he the worst L.A.P.D. has to offer? Yes."

"I'm not even going to call him Detective Fuhrman, if I can help it, because he doesn't deserve that title."

"A lying, perjuring, genocidal racist."

"Los Angeles's worst nightmare."

Clark. Darden. Cochran. Uelmen. Prosecution. Defense. It didn't matter at the end. However little they agreed upon throughout the trial, their voices merged in their revulsion for Fuhrman—the racist. When he speaks again, his eyes reveal nothing. No emotion. Not even a flicker.

"The only difference between me and the witness-protection program is I've still got my name and face."

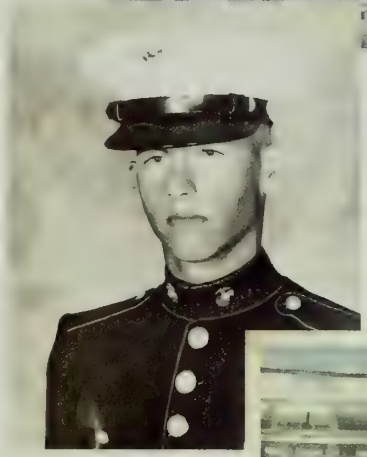
Several hours later the voice has shifted from the cadences of a hollow man to the tone of one tired of being shitkicked, sick of the penance of his self-imposed military silence. Today, Fuhrman is eagerly anticipating the publication (later this month) of the book he has written, *Murder in Brentwood,* which he says will enable people to understand "from start to finish why O. J. Simpson was not successfully prosecuted for murder. . .

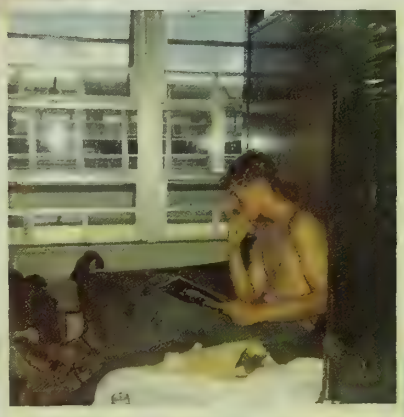
"It's how the case really went down from somebody who was right there from the beginning to the end, not this horseshit that everybody thinks they're writing about. Who else was at both crime scenes, there at the end of the pursuit, there at the trial with the prosecutors all the way through to the end? Nobody."

The book is being produced by Regnery Publishing, and Fuhrman's advance, according to his agent, is "in the nice six figures." In it, the former detective makes claims that potentially crucial evidence against Simpson was dismissed by the prosecution. Or ignored. He says that when he and a fellow detective first arrived at the scene of the murders, they found a bloody fingerprint. Fuhrman also says that he found a variety of items at Simpson's Rockingham estate that were never further pursued, including an empty knife box in Simpson's bathroom, a dirty shovel in the back of his Bronco, dark clothes in the washing machine, and a blood-stained light switch in the maid's quarters.

Beyond the specific claims, his criticisms of virtually everyone involved in the case are unflinching. According to a synopsis of the book, prosecutor Marcia Clark is described as "a victim of celebrity who allowed

I'm ashamed of the way I sounded in those tapes. I feel guilty. But I'm not the creator of the language."





From above: Fuhrman—top row, third child from left—with fellow first-graders in Tacoma, Washington, in 1958; his official United States Marine Corps photo, 1970; the future policeman in the Marine barracks, Okinawa, 1971.

her personal life to interfere with her work." Her colleague Christopher Darden is seen as "a brooding, self-absorbed young man who had no business prosecuting a major murder case." Lead detectives Philip Vannatter and Tom Lange are described as investigators "who destroyed the case through inattention, laziness, and critical mistakes."

For a man whose public silence after the trial of the century placed him virtually alone among the participants, the book seems incongruous. Caroline did not want him to do it, convinced that the only way to stop what they have been through is to let it go and bury it.

He says he was more than willing to live out his time here in silence, fall into one of America's most isolated corners and begin anew as an apprentice electrician with Caroline and the two children, daughter Haley, who is five, and son Cole, who is three. Until last summer, when Fuhrman realized that California attorney general Dan Lungren was planning to charge him with perjury stemming from his testimony at the Simpson trial and his claim that he had never used the word "nigger" although tapes he made for a screenplay showed that he had used it not once, or twice, but no fewer than 41 times. In October, Fuhrman was sentenced to three years' probation after entering a plea of no contest to the charge.

"I was quiet for two years, and I had a lot to say. All I wanted people to do was leave me alone—I won't cause anybody any problems. There's an old saying, 'You say fuck me, I say fuck you.' You indict me, you don't stick up for me, you don't tell the truth.

"Fuck you people. Now stand the fuck by."

He seems as if he could go on forever like this, his tone not one of anger as much as a kind of sullen and wounded malevolence, persecution and prosecution melded into one. For much of the interview, he has been charming and cooperative, his answers to questions intricate and expansive and sometimes self-deprecating.

But he can change suddenly, lashing out at as many things as he can cram into a sentence, grabbing at everything, the look on his face sour and disgusted, as if ice water had been thrown on him.

"I would rather not be doing this," he suddenly says. "I don't like any of this. I mean, I don't like throwin' my feelings out so 10 million people [can say], 'O.K., well, fuck this guy.' Or 'Oh no, I like this guy.' Well, who in the fuck are these people to pass judgment on me? I spent 20 years of my life serving those people. Now they get to sit around doing their jobs—'I'm a secretary, so I get to pass judgment on somebody.' Well, who in the fuck are you, lady? That pisses me off. All because of what? Two of the

From above: Fuhrman in 1993 with Carroll Shelby and the legendary car designer's Cobra racer at Willow Springs raceway, near Los Angeles; defense counsel F. Lee Bailey questions Fuhrman in one of the most memorable moments of the O. J. Simpson murder trial, 1995.

LIVE TO TELL
Mark Fuhrman, who now describes himself as "a guy who loves to hunt and fish," is currently employed as an electrician's apprentice. He has traded in suburbia for Idaho and a 1970 Ford pickup.

"They'll stand behind this murderer O. J. Simpson and sling their mud. They'd never do it one-on-one."

most corrupt things on this planet, defense attorneys and the media. The Mafia has class compared to those two. At least they know who their enemies are. They don't attack innocence. They attack who's supposed to be attacked.

"The media, they could have attacked F. Lee Bailey. This guy's a clown . . .

"Did anybody outside of L.A. ever hear of Johnnie Cochran? Oh, give me a break. The media has created icons out of nobodies.

"Did anybody ever, like, clue in and figure out that they wouldn't have had a lot of their evidence had it not been for Mark Fuhrman? They would have walked away from that place. They would have just walked away. The glove never would have been found. The sprinklers would have come on and all the blood on the driveway would have been gone. They would have cleaned up the foyer, the bathroom would have been cleaned up, so I kind of figure Marcia and Chris owe me 10 percent of whatever they make on their books."

Mark Fuhrman exhibits the polar extremes of a complex and conflicted man trying to reclaim the life that *The People of the State of California* v. *Orenthal James Simpson* turned inside out, part of him wanting to put it behind him and part of him seemingly incapable of doing so. He has always been a conflicted person: a teenager of artistic talent who chose to become a Marine and reveled in the brutality of boot camp; a little boy who hated his father for leaving but who forgave and embraced him when he showed up unannounced after about 10 years; a husband who wrote poetry to his wife, and a cop who uttered the word "nigger," whatever the context, as if he had invented it.

"I did my job," he says, driving from Sandpoint deep into the pocket of the panhandle near Bonners Ferry, a forgotten town that, like many carved out of the stands of white pine and cedar, had its heyday more than a hundred years ago as a crossing point for gold prospectors. "I just did my job too well, and after that I wasn't in control of CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

KATHARINE THE GREAT

Katharine Graham, legendary publisher of *The Washington Post,* goes to press with her long-awaited autobiography this month. SALLY QUINN knows why Kay is special

Terror. Sheer terror. That is the only way to describe my feelings as I drove to Katharine Graham's house that night to lobby her not to go to the Gridiron dinner. The Gridiron was an all-male journalists' club in Washington which held an annual dinner for the powers that be—also male, of course. In 1972, feeling some flak from feminists, they invited a few token female guests. Kay, as publisher of *The Washington Post,* was among them. She was often, to her embarrassment, called one of the most powerful women in the world; it was she who had O.K.'d the *Post's* 1971 publication of the Pentagon Papers, at the risk of going to jail, and she would soon preside over the story that drove Richard Nixon from office. But when a group of women at the *Post* wrote her a letter asking her not to be one of the Gridiron's tokens, she invited us over to discuss it. What I expected to find was Mrs. Pynchon from the *Lou Grant* show: aloof and scary. What I found was someone funny, smart, iconoclastic, and sympathetic. I remember thinking as I left that I would like to have her as my friend. She decided not to attend the dinner, but her curiosity got to her. So while the *Post* women picketed the arriving guests outside the Statler Hotel, Kay was hunkered down on the floor of an old Mustang, circling the block and peeking out to see how things were going.

A year and a half later, in the middle of Watergate, I began seeing Ben Bradlee, then editor of the *Post.* Though I had left the paper to anchor the *CBS Morning News* in New York, the Washington establishment didn't know quite how to react to us as a couple, and we were not asked anywhere. That changed on December 7, Pearl Harbor Day, when I went down for a dinner party at Kay's. You can't imagine how people fell all over us. Knowing that we were being frozen out, Kay had given us the seal of approval, and from then on we were besieged with invitations. She was my matron of honor when Ben and I got married, and I will never forget the sight of Katharine Graham arriving for the ceremony clutching an exquisite bouquet of white flowers which she had had made for me in New York that morning and carried down herself, by hand, ribbons streaming, on the Eastern Shuttle.

After I finally got pregnant, as I lumbered past my due date, Kay called to commiserate almost every day for three weeks; she had been in the same boat and knew the anxiety I was feeling. That anxiety, however, was nothing compared with what Ben and I went through when we learned that our baby, Quinn, needed surgery. It was Kay who showed up at Children's Hospital and kept us company until word came that the operation was a success.

Whenever Ben is around Kay and someone compliments her in any way, Ben makes this awful kissing noise to imply that the person is sucking up. This is usually greeted with a red face and embarrassment by the sucker, and uproarious laughter and an "Oh, Ben, really" by Kay. Well, Ben, pucker up. Kay's autobiography, *Personal History,* is affecting, intelligent, beautifully written, and riveting. She is unflinchingly candid about her distant relationship with her mother, her struggle with a manic-depressive husband who eventually took his own life, her fears about assuming control of the *Post* after he died, her friendship with one of the richest men in the world, Warren Buffett, and her insecurities about herself as a woman. "The more subtle inheritance of my strange childhood," she writes, "was the feeling, which we all shared to some extent, of believing we were never quite going about things correctly." All I can say is, by me she has always done the right thing. I feel lucky that she actually did become my friend. □

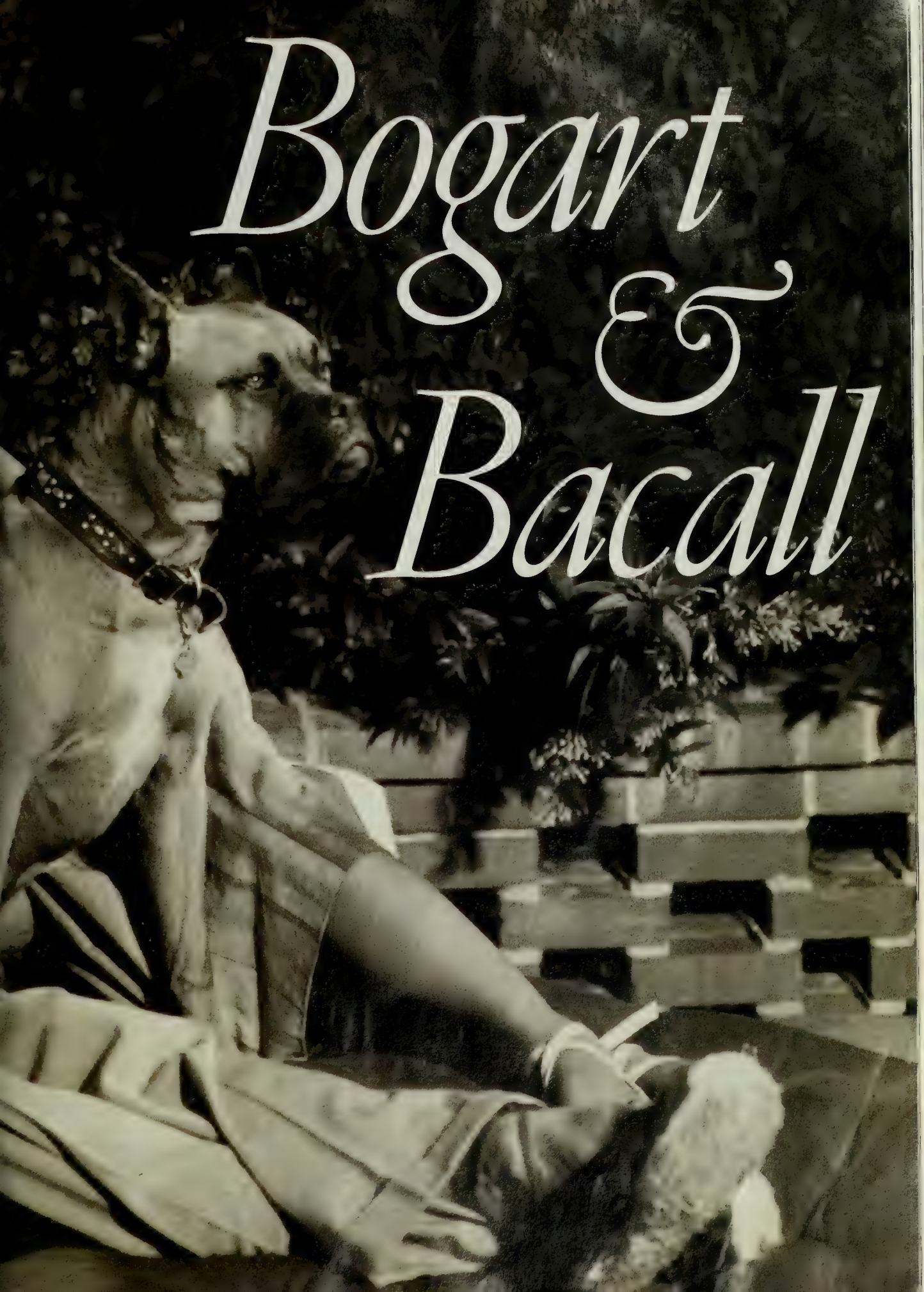
ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIS

A CAPITAL KAY

Katharine Graham backed *Post* editor Ben Bradlee and his reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein as they broke the Watergate story. She has reigned over social and political Washington ever since.

SLIM AND STEVE
Bogart, Bacall, and their boxer, Harvey, at their home in Benedict Canyon in 1948. He was a top box-office draw; she 25 years his junior and new to Hollywood when the two met in 1943.

On the set of Howard Hawks's *To Have and Have Not*, Humphrey Bogart, then married to mercurial actress Mayo Methot, fell madly in love with a beautiful 19-year-old who had not quite yet become Lauren Bacall. In an excerpt from their new biography, A. M. SPERBER and ERIC LAX recount the dazzling, tempestuous start of a legendary Hollywood romance


Bogart
&
Bacall

The girl was so pretty that Earl Robinson, who had been asked to look out for her on the four-day train trip from New York to Los Angeles, felt compelled to write his wife en route "to reassure her that there was nothing in this." Robinson, a popular composer, had been called out to Hollywood by the agent and producer Charles K. Feldman to work on a proposed film. Feldman told him he would have company—just a kid, really, whom he was thinking of signing up. She had never been on her own before, and would Earl keep an eye on her?

She came down the long platform at Grand Central Station to board the Twentieth Century Limited in early April 1943, a leggy, long-haired, simply dressed teenager wearing a gardenia corsage, her mother by her side. No one would have recognized her as the high-fashion blonde with the smoky-eyed stare on the March cover of *Harper's Bazaar.* Robinson saw no "starring qualities" in the girl, whom he nevertheless thought attractive, but then, he was there with his wife and "wasn't looking for them." Rather, she seemed more a schoolgirl with a crush on movies, and since Robinson had "a New York attitude toward Hollywood," his opinion of starlets was low. "I thought Hollywood was unreal, and I lumped her in with that. Which was stupid on my part." Even so, he found the 18-year-old Betty Bacal, soon to be known as Lauren Bacall, "honestly friendly," and was comforting to her mother, Natalie, when she "sort of latched onto me, thinking that I could be a guardian, I guess. I was 33 then."

A childhood friend, Gloria Nevard, called Betty "a determined young lady with a will of iron." The two had been roommates and best friends at the Highland Manor school for girls in Tarrytown, New York. Both were children of divorce, raised by working mothers who instilled character in their daughters. For many of Betty's years at the school, the records listed her as Betty Joan Perske, but she later shucked the surname of her long-vanished, deadbeat father and took on her mother's—Bacal.

Even at Highland Manor, Betty was strikingly pretty, with long blond hair, and she acted in school productions. Despite the breakup of her parents' marriage, she was the focus of a large Jewish family, with a circle of adoring aunts and uncles and a grandmother who had emigrated from Romania with her small children. One of Betty's uncles had lent her mother the money for the expensive boarding school.

The family believed in the verities of hard work and night school, and held the conviction that in the new land nothing was beyond reach if you worked for it. After returning home to New York City for high school, Betty embarked on the beginner's hard road in the theater, working variously as a garment-district model, an usher, and a vendor of show-business guides in front of Sardi's restaurant, the social center of the theater community. She learned that it didn't help to be a shrinking violet and it didn't hurt to be young and pretty to make oneself visible.

She also learned that it didn't help to be Jewish. She was 16 when she landed her first job as a model. One day another of the girls asked, "What are you?" Not knowing the girl meant ancestry rather than religion, she answered, "I'm Jewish."

"Oh—but you don't look it at all."

Soon afterward, Betty was fired, ostensibly because she was too thin for the designer's clothes.

When Gloria Nevard, now away at college, visited Betty in the city, she already seemed a part of the Broadway scene. At the theater where she ushered, Betty took Gloria backstage to meet the actors, among them Vincent Price and Kirk Douglas. Bacal, who had never really known her father, seemed especially attracted to leading actors who were older.

Through her network of older and more influential friends, she was introduced to legendary *Harper's Bazaar* (and later *Vogue*) editor Diana Vreeland. Enchanted by Bacal's looks, Vreeland put her into the pages of the January and February 1943 issues of *Harper's Bazaar* and then onto the March cover.

Nancy Gross "Slim" Hawks, the wife of Howard Hawks, Feldman's partner (as a producer) and client (as a director), had seen the shot of Betty and two actresses modeling blouses while she was leafing through the magazine in Los Angeles, and had promptly urged her husband to sign the striking young woman. Others had noticed her, too—David O. Selznick and Howard Hughes both made inquiries about her, and Columbia wanted to put her under con-

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS
Above: Bacall, aged nine, at school in Tarrytown, New York, 1934.
Right: at home in Beverly Hills with her mother, 1945.

Excerpted from *Bogart,* by A. M. Sperber and Eric Lax, to be published in April by William Morrow; © 1997 by the authors.

"Bacall emulated Slim Hawks—striding around with these great clothes and able to say four-letter words trippingly."

ANYBODY GOT A MATCH? Bacall (standing) and friends chat with her mother (far right) in Beverly Hills, 1945. Her mother looked the other way when the married Bogart came to visit.

David O. Selznick
and Howard Hughes
made inquiries
about her, and Columbia
wanted to put her
under contract.

tract. However, Bacal accepted Feldman and Hawks's proposal of an expenses-paid trip to California.

Hollywood was invented for people like Charlie Feldman. He was a lawyer who became an agent and an agent who became a producer. In the course of his career, his more than 300 clients included John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo, and Marilyn Monroe. He married the golden-haired actress and former showgirl Jean Howard, who had been courted by the tyrannical MGM head Louis B. Mayer. Mayer barred Feldman from his studio and tried to have him barred from others.

Feldman's partner, Howard Winchester Hawks, directed, over the course of his career, more than a dozen classic movies that play as beautifully today as when they were made decades ago, including *Twentieth Century* (1934), *Bringing Up Baby* (1938), *His Girl Friday* (1940), *The Big Sleep* (1946), and *Red River* (1948). The critic and film historian David Thomson wrote, "Like Monet forever painting lilies . . . Hawks made only one artwork. [Its theme is] that men are more expressive rolling a cigarette than saving the world." Hawks was also "a secretive rogue, a stealthy dandy, and a ruinous womanizer." His bigotry, and his underlying misogyny, would destroy his three marriages—to Athole Shearer, sister of Norma; to Nancy Gross; and to Dee Hartford. One day in the 1950s, William Faulkner turned his great sad eyes on Hartford (later Cramer) and commented in his soft drawl, "Miz Dee, I wouldn't want to be a hoss, a dawg, or a woman around Mr. Hawks."

Both Hawks and Feldman lived lavish, outsize lives, often at the expense of others, but in Hollywood that hardly made them unique.

Bacal and Robinson were met at Union Station in Los Angeles by a Feldman underling, who drove them first to the office of Hawks-Feldman Productions on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills and then on to the Claremont Hotel in Westwood Village.

Lunch the next day was with Feldman and Hawks at the Brown Derby. Hawks, in later interviews, would say that in a sweater and gabardine skirt the sexy young woman of *Harper's Bazaar* looked to him like "just a kid." He would claim, "I said, 'Fix her up with a tour of the studio so she can say she's been here . . . then send her back home.'" As with many Hawks recollections, that account is more colorful than accurate. The Feldman-office records clearly detail the money laid out and the promises made before bringing "the kid" to California, including a screen test within a stipulated time. But Betty Bacal was not the highest priority for Hawks and Feldman at the time. That distinction went to Ella Raines, whom they had brought to Los Angeles two months earlier. Unlike Bacal, who was imported quietly and housed modestly, Raines was accorded all the perks of a prospective film sensation. The instructions from the office were that she was to have deluxe accommodations at the Beverly Wilshire hotel. In addition, a public-relations man was always to accompany her and make sure that she had the best of care.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU
Bacall was discovered by Hollywood after editor Diana Vreeland featured her in *Harper's Bazaar* modeling lingerie (*opposite*) and on the cover (*left*) in March 1943.

GO AHEAD, SLAP ME
Bogart and his third wife, actress Mayo Methot, in Hollywood, were known as the "battling Bogarts," owing to their public fights.

Not that Bacal was neglected. On the Sunday after her arrival, Feldman and Jean Howard invited her to their Beverly Hills home for lunch. Feldman invariably asked his wife for her impressions of new talent—John Wayne, she once told him, seemed "just a great big good-looking cowboy," which was to the point. Of Bacal, Howard said, "She just sounds like a tough kid to me. I think she's very *pretty*."

About three weeks after she arrived in Los Angeles, Bacal was scheduled to make her screen test. Late Sunday afternoon, she went to the Feldmans' and spent the night. Jean Howard, seeing that "she was nervous and frightened, did what I could, without holding her hand. She knew that she was with friends. My nephew drove her over to Warner's to do her test." In sharp contrast to the usual rushed assembly-line test, whose lack of production values had ended many an aspirant's dream of a Hollywood career, Bacal's test was in the care of a great director, who paid attention to every aspect of makeup, lighting, and photography. A still that survives from that morning's

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP
After they were married Bogart and Bacall continued to work together—in *The Big Sleep* (1946), as well as in *Dark Passage* (1947) and *Key Largo* (1948). *Right:* peddling to work on the Warner Bros. lot, 1946. *Opposite:* relaxing on the set of *Key Largo*.

test shows a dreamy-eyed girl with wavy hair falling to her shoulders, the light picking up the bone structure of the perfect, strong young face.

On May 3, 1943, Betty Bacal signed a four-page, single-spaced document putting her under personal contract to Howard Hawks, starting at $100 a week, with options up to seven years and a maximum of $1,500 per week.

Next came the months of transformation. To begin, there was the speaking voice. Subsequent allegations notwithstanding, Betty Bacal had no serious vocal problems, though her speech did have the unmistakable inflections of her hometown. Hawks later insisted that "she had a little thin, reedy voice," casting himself once again in the role of miracle worker. But her achieving the timbre Hawks desired was more the result of her own effort than of his alchemy. Each day Bacal drove up either Benedict Canyon Drive or Coldwater Canyon Drive, which connect Beverly Hills with Mulholland Drive, the ribbon of road that overlooks the city on one side and the San Fernando Valley on the other. She would stop at a deserted spot and read aloud from Lloyd C. Douglas's 1942 biblical novel, *The Robe,* deliberately making her voice lower, more masculine, sexier, an exercise suggested by Hawks.

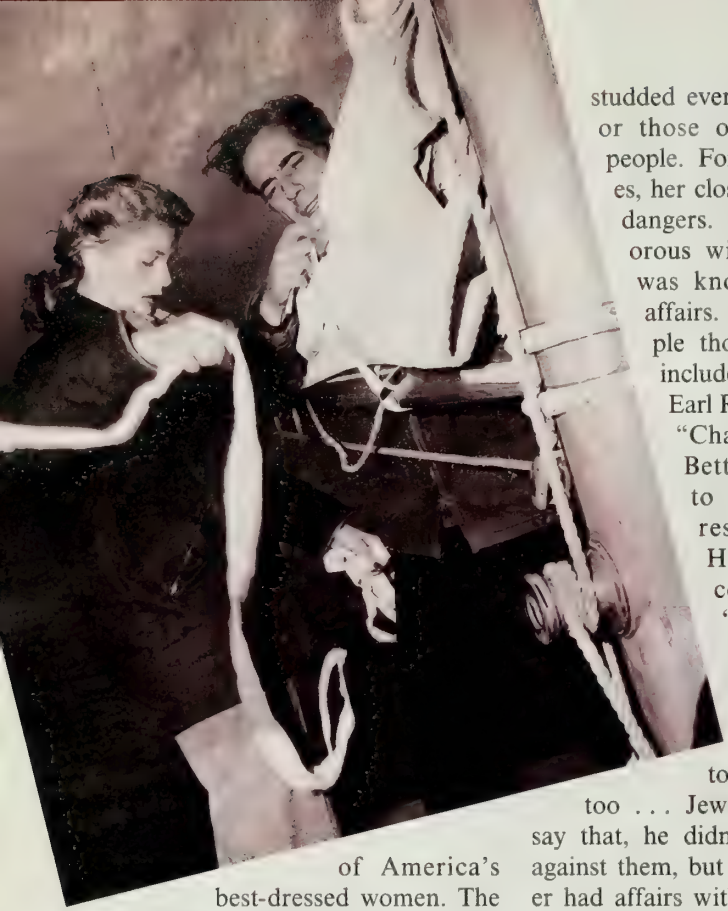
One day, Hawks later said, his secretary left a message: "That girl" had asked to see him. "And when she came over, she . . . just talked way down, you know. She changed her voice. And . . . what the hell, you have to notice a girl like that."

Next came the question of style. She was sent to Hawks's manorial home on Moraga Drive in the hills of Bel Air; she later wrote that the huge single-story ranch house filled with antiques was "the most beautiful house I had ever seen." Dee Cramer, who was married to Hawks from 1953 to 1959, agreed. "The style was not to be believed." The estate included barns, a gardener's cottage, and a racing stable filled with Thoroughbreds. The young actress found a friendly mentor in Hawks's wife of two years, the fashionable, trendsetting Slim, one

When asked how she liked her martinis, Baca

OF ALL THE GIN JOINTS
At Clifton Webb's house, for a Sunday-afternoon gin-rummy tournament, circa 1947: from left, Laurence Olivier; Webb; director Richard Sale; Vivien Leigh; Joan Bennett; Leigh's daughter, Suzanne; Bacall; Bogart; agent Charles Feldman; actor Reginald Gardiner's wife, Nadia; Sale's wife, Mary Anita Loos; Lucia Davidova; Gardiner; Webb's mother, Maybelle.

eplied, "Just pass the vermouth over the glass."



of America's best-dressed women. The second Mrs. Hawks, about 20 years younger than her husband and only 7 or 8 years older than Bacal, soon became her role model. To Dee Hawks Cramer, who knew and admired her predecessor, "Slim *was* Lauren Bacall—I mean, just mannish, striding around with these great clothes and able to say four-letter words trippingly. And the *wit*. . . . Betty really emulated Slim—she *became* Slim."

In September, Hawks bought the literary rights to Ernest Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not* from Howard Hughes, who had unsuccessfully tried to make a movie of it at RKO. The novel, published in 1937, was one of Hemingway's less popular books, and originally no one in Hollywood was especially excited about the property. But when Hawks chose to direct it and signed on Humphrey Bogart as leading man, the project was regarded as money in the bank. Hawks asked that Bacal's April screen test be run for Jack Warner, vice president and head of production for Warner Bros., who liked the clip tremendously.

Hawks and Feldman launched a quiet campaign to increase Bacal's visibility by introducing her at celebrity-studded evenings in their homes or those of other influential people. For all their kindnesses, her closest allies also posed dangers. Feldman, his glamorous wife notwithstanding, was known to have many affairs. At least some people thought he wanted to include Bacal among them. Earl Robinson was certain. "Charlie was sweet on Betty. He was trying to make her and she resisted him." Jean Howard was equally convinced he wasn't. "He did *not* make a try, I can tell you that for sure. Betty, really, was not his type. She was a little tough, maybe. A little too . . . Jewish. I don't like to say that, he didn't have a prejudice against them, but I know that he never had affairs with them." (A curious statement considering Feldman himself was a Jew.)

Hawks's prejudice, on the other hand, was completely open. Anti-Semitic barbs studded his conversation, and they shocked his protégée. She noticed that Feldman was the only Jew who ever seemed to get invited to Hawks's home and wondered if Hawks knew about her own background. But mindful of how she had perhaps lost her first modeling job, she was both intimidated into silence and full of self-reproach for not standing up to her benefactor.

Whatever Hawks's prejudices, there were hints, subtly or not so subtly conveyed by third parties, that Mr. Hawks wanted to be more than simply a business associate. Joyce Gates, an actress friend of Bacal's from New York, who had also come out to Hollywood for a screen test, remembers Betty telling her about the pressure she was under: "She was careful. And very scared."

Yet she managed, unlike so many others, to avoid the complications of the casting couch. She didn't need it. Jules Buck, the photographer and later producer who married Joyce Gates, said, "Betty was a force. She was pushing herself, seemingly *without* pushing herself."

In October, Hawks took Bacal onto the set of Humphrey Bogart's new movie, *Passage to Marseille,* and introduced her to the then 43-year-old star. Originally a theater actor from New York, Bogart had labored for years as the villainous tough guy in more than a score of Warner Bros. films. With *High Sierra* (1941), however, he achieved a breakthrough by making the character of Roy "Mad Dog" Earle a sympathetic gangster. In *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), his portrayal of Sam Spade defined the cinematic version of the classic American private eye. And as Rick Blaine in *Casablanca* (1942), he proved himself as a romantic lead. Whether in a white dinner jacket or a trench coat and snap-brim fedora, Bogart was, by the early 1940s, one of the top movie stars in the world and also a timely symbol of post–Pearl Harbor America: tough but compassionate, skeptical yet idealistic, betrayed yet ready to believe again, and, above all, a potent and deadly opponent.

Offscreen, however, Bogart was a man in a deeply troubled marriage of five years to actress Mayo Methot. Their much-publicized fighting had led amused reporters to call them the Battling Bogarts, but there was nothing funny about their home life. Mayo, alcoholic and mentally unstable, had stabbed him in a rage one night in 1942 while he was making *Across the Pacific,* an incident that was kept secret from the press and from the police. But Bogart, whom his friend John Huston, the director, described as "morbidly faithful," persisted in the marriage.

On the set of *Passage to Marseille* a few polite words were exchanged between Bogart and Bacal. A slight figure in his convict's uniform of loose trousers and cotton shirt, Bogart seemed friendly enough, but "there was no clap of thunder," she later wrote. He would remember seeing a pretty walking prop that could either help or ruin a film, and he wondered if she could act.

A couple of weeks before shooting on *To Have and Have Not* began, five months later, Bogart met his co-star at the door of Howard Hawks's bungalow on the lot. This time she registered: a lovely young woman with blue-green eyes, as tall as he was, maybe

"She courted him as much as he courted her."

I REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL
Bogart and Bacall filming *Key Largo* in 1948. *Opposite:* on Bogart's 54-foot sailboat, the *Santana*. When they were courting, the couple would meet on Bogart's previous boat, the *Sluggy*, in order to evade his wife.

"I like her animal-like behavior and don't-give-a-damn attitude."

AS TIME GOES BY
Left: **Bogart and Bacall at home in Beverly Hills, 1947.** ***Inset:*** **childless in his first three marriages, Bogart had a son, Stephen (here aged three, with his parents in Beverly Hills, 1952), and a daughter, Leslie, with Bacall.**

taller. He told her he had seen her test, and she would always remember his verdict: "We'll have a lot of fun together."

The fun began at nine A.M. on February 29, 1944, a leap-year Tuesday, when the company of *To Have and Have Not* gathered at Warner's. The first day started with the lead-in to Bacal's entrance: a hotel hallway, an open door, and the first of her two opening lines, "Anybody got a match?" She later wrote that during rehearsal she shook with fear—her head, her body, the hand holding the cigarette. "Hope we don't hear her knees knocking!" the sound mixer whispered to Bogart. The cameras rolled. The first try was a false start. So was the second. Bogart tried to joke her out of her nervousness. Then she "realized that one way to hold my trembling head still was to keep it down, chin low, almost to my chest, and eyes up at Bogart, [which] turned out to be the beginning of 'The Look' "—the tag that studio publicists would invent for Bacall. The third take was a print. The dailies showed none of the nervousness. Instead, there was the enduring image of the beautiful young woman in the doorway—coolly appraising, supremely self-assured.

Regardless of her youth and anxiousness, Bacal's strong showing in the dailies marked her immediately as a talent of stature, a strong personality and performer who could hold the screen. "Betty *was* special," Dan

Seymour, an actor in the movie, agreed. "She had a sense of timing. And, of course, Howard Hawks knew exactly what to do with her." Marcel Dalio, the croupier of *Casablanca* now playing a Martinique hotel owner, followed her every move and intoned with Gallic appreciation to those nearby, "O-o-o-oh, watch out for her."

She had a combination of naïveté and knowing, of sugar and steel, and Bogart, intrigued, tested her sense of humor and capacity for being teased. On one occasion Bogart and Seymour handcuffed Bacal to one of the portable dressing rooms and then made a great show of trooping off to lunch. "Of course we came back and took them off again, but she played along. She was a good sport, and she was smart," Seymour recalled. But the actor sensed something else behind the foolery. "I think Bogie wanted to make her feel at home. Here you're a leading woman to Humphrey Bogart—but you're 19 years old, you've got the lines to think about, and you know you have to get a characterization; it's a rough deal. So I think he took the pressure off her, making her one of the bunch."

The change in their relationship was so gradual as to be unnoticed by the crew at first and possibly by the stars themselves; Bacall later called it "almost imperceptible." Meta Carpenter Wilde, the script supervisor, who was working on her fourth Hawks film, saw no indication of a growing attraction during the first weeks of shooting. "It was all so new to Betty. She had to concentrate. So I think it was sometime after they had been acting together that the chemistry started."

In Bacall's account, she was sitting in her dressing room, joking with Bogart, when he leaned over, put his hand under her chin, and kissed her. He then pulled a matchbook from his pocket and asked her to write her phone number on the back.

Four weeks into production, they shot the "You know how to whistle, don't you?" scene. "The way they did that scene, we knew things were happening," Dan Seymour said. "He had that sort of smile you can still see on the screen."

To Walter Surovy, who under the name Walter Molnar played Paul De Bursac in the movie, "it was like an explosion. They looked at one another like—well, did you ever go into a party and across the room there was somebody was fascinating to you and it was fatal, happens. So I believed from the beginning that this was going to work."

Bogart was not the only one on the set to fall for her. "She was different-looking, with an animal quality and great eyes," according to Fred de Cordova, who went on to a career as a prominent television producer but in 1944 was a young dialogue director just in from New York. He had called her at the home number wheedled out of a friend in the contracts department and asked her to dinner. It was not a good night, she told him. Ten days later he called again. Once more it was not a good night. He called a third time, "not giving up easily in those days. And a male voice answered the phone. I said, 'Hello, this is Fred de Cordova,' and Bogie said, 'Isn't there any way you're going to get the hint that Betty and I are together, and to stop bothering us with these silly phone calls?'"

On the set, the two became inseparable, walking hand in hand for all to see. "They really were smitten with each other," Joy Barlowe, a Warner's dancer taken on for the café scenes, said. "You could tell by the looks. He always had his hand on her shoulder. And he called her Baby. . . . They were always disappearing. That was when directors told the company, 'O.K., take a break, be back in 15.' And the rest of us, we'd be right back there. . . . But they would disappear into one or another of their dressing rooms, and sometimes 15 minutes ran a little longer. But we just thought, Oh, what the heck. And they'd come out looking very happy, a little mussed up, but nothing that you couldn't fix. I mean, they weren't obscene about anything."

To Barlowe, "Bogie was more serious. Betty was pretty giggly—and silly. But cute. And funny. And Bogie got a little more giggly because of her." On the set, Meta Carpenter Wilde added, Bogart would swing along singing the nonsense hit "Mairzy Doats" in a raspy cigarette baritone, certainly not minding anybody's seeing that he was in love with Betty and that she was in love with him.

Mrs. Hawks, a tall, elegant presence, beautifully dressed, would come almost every day, always in the company of her dark-gray poodle. Its fur had black highlights, and its nails were done in a bright red. Dan Seymour thought it "very handsome-looking. And the biggest ham there was. She would put it on the [café] bar and it would walk up and down, sort of showing off. The nails were so long, you'd hear them tapping. She would talk with her husband first, then she'd go over to Betty and they'd go somewhere and talk. They were very thick, though Betty was her own gal."

The budding affair with Bogart and its intimation of divided loyalties threatened to alter Betty's estimation of Howard Hawks. On the set, he was a patient mentor, creative and understanding in his use of fresh talent. But he was also proprietary, a latter-day Pygmalion who was not about to permit any interference with what he considered his creation.

For the first several months, Betty Bacal knew only his beneficence. Then one night in late April, about two weeks before the end of production, she was commanded to come to the Hawks home. In her memoirs, the mature Bacall relived the terror of that confrontation: her mentor telling her in his quiet voice that she meant nothing at all to Bogart; that she was throwing away her big chance; that he, Hawks, was washing his hands of her; and that he would send her to Monogram, a B studio on Hollywood's so-called Poverty Row that ground out product with titles like *Sarong Girl* and *Women in Bondage*. She tearfully assured him that she would do better, then drove home and cried all night.

The next day, Bogart picked up the pieces and quieted her fears. Howard was simply jealous, that was all. Bogart also assured her of his own feelings for her. She calmed down, but Bogart did not. What followed, according to studio records, was an angry confrontation between the two men that threw the production into jeopardy amid clear indications that Bogart was threatening to walk. Jack Warner, called in as the peacemaker, asked Bogart to his office for a "personal talk to smooth over everything."

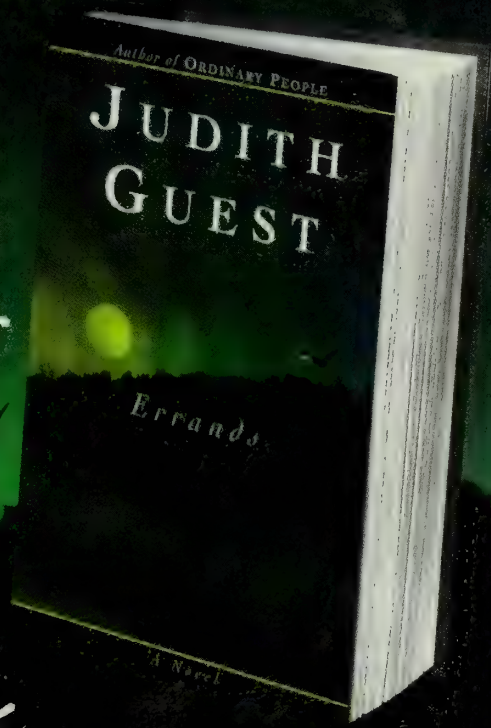
Filming continued. The following Monday, the first of May, Bacal, in a clinging black satin sheath held together at the bare midriff by a single plastic ring, stood beside Hoagy Carmichael at the piano and sang "How Little We Know," the song that he and Johnny Mercer had written for her.

> Maybe I'm only supposed to stay
> in your arms awhile,
> As others have done.
> Is this what I've waited for?
> Am I the one?

Some later accounts alleged that the actual singing was done by a very young Andy Williams, dubbed in for Bacall. But studio memos and production reports make it clear that she did her own singing.

As she sang, across the lot in the executive building, the last touches were being put to the agreement converting Howard Hawks's discovery into the newest Warner's star. In a final step, her

Today is April Fools Day and I short-sheeted everyone's bed. Mom's, too, but she probably won't even laugh. Every year she used to sew up our pjs, but she never does stuff like that anymore, all she does is sleep and work.



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backers granted legal permission to change her name: "In this connection her professional name is now Lauren Bacall."

That same April, Bogart's wife, Mayo Methot, turned 40. Methot had been a pretty blonde ingenue on Broadway and in films, but by this time the last vestiges of her beauty were gone. She had let herself go, the cardinal sin in the movie colony, and was a squat, unkempt figure with lackluster hair pinned carelessly back with a cheap barrette. Stately, thin Lauren Bacall was the disaster for her that had been waiting to happen.

The studio publicity department kept churning out stories about the happy, scrappy Bogarts in an attempt to shore up the image of the faithful husband in the face of rising, though still discreet, gossip. When it became clear that something had to be said about Bacall, Warner Publicity head Alex Evelove and his staff dished up the relationship as an on-the-set flirtation.

Bacall has written of furtive meetings on street corners, at the trailer home of boating friends of Bogart's, even at her apartment while her disapproving mother, Natalie (who had moved in to be close to her daughter), kept her distance. The company always knew when Methot was on the lot. It took only one ring from the gate saying she was coming through to make the two leads quickly unclasp their hands and move just a bit apart. Mayo, fighting back, tried to use the telephone as a weapon. Bogart told Joe Hyams, his friend and biographer, about being called to the phone on the set to hear Mayo, her voice dripping acid: "Hello, lover boy. How're you doing with your daughter? She's half your age, you know."

Bogart's tardiness and absences from home increased, and whether Mayo called friends, agents, or the studio, she always got the same answer: "He's out with the cast." On the set, wags began to refer to Bacall as "the Cast."

After 62 days of production, *To Have and Have Not* wrapped shooting on May 10. The company worked through dinner, ending with the closing scene of the café orchestra playing as Marie and Harry—"Slim" and "Steve"—walk out the door to the waiting boat and happiness together. Bacall and Bogart, however, went off in separate directions—Bacall to dinner with the Hawkses, Bogart presumably home to Methot. Bacall would later write of the feeling of emptiness, watching him drive away.

But they continued to see each other in secret. Film and real life had melded. They called each other Slim and Steve, the nicknames of their characters, taken from the nicknames Howard and Nancy Hawks used for each other.

"Bogart was enchanted with her," a friend told Joe Hyams. "I think he was fascinated by this unformed thing which he could make into the perfect wife. And she wanted to be Mrs. Bogart." As Mary Baker, one of Bogart's agents and a close friend, put it, "She courted him as much as he courted her."

Bacall has written of driving at any hour to meet him on his boat or at a spot on Highway 101. She had, she said, so much to give—"all the love that had been stored inside of me all of my life for an invisible father." Age mattered not at all. "I was older than nineteen in many ways, and he had such energy and vitality he seemed to be no particular age." Bogart wrote her letters that were touching in their tenderness and vulnerability. She was his last love, he wrote, and even if he lost her, he would love her and watch over her all his life.

At the same time, his sense of obligation held him back. Methot was, after all, his wife, and she was physically and mentally disintegrating. "I don't want to break this marriage up," he told a friend, "but I like [Betty's] youth, her animal-like behavior and don't-give-a-damn attitude."

Audience reaction to previews of *To Have and Have Not* exceeded all expectations. Charles Einfeld, the studio publicist, was calling Bacall a combination of Garbo and Dietrich. Publicists knocked out releases that reinvented her past: "She is the daughter of parents who trace their American ancestry back several generations," the copy ran, hinting at society connections and presumably taking the curse off her real origins.

That fall, Warner's prepared for its biggest release since *Casablanca.* Bogart's fast-unraveling marriage was being peddled to the press as a model of contentment by a studio desperate to apply damage control.

"In five years," Methot told a reporter from *Life,* "we're going to retire and become beachcombers." Then, looking at Bogart, she added, "That is, if Pa can keep his hair and teeth that long." She was smiling as she said it, but in fact it was a declaration of war.

There was a flimsy cease-fire between the Bogarts before the hostilities started to crescendo in mid-October 1944, following the start of production on *The Big Sleep.* Hawks, anticipating the huge success of *To Have and Have Not,* had cast Bogart and Bacall for a rematch in this movie from the novel by Raymond Chandler. By mutual agreement the affair had been suspended in late summer, contact limited to the flowers that arrived on Bacall's doorstep on September 16, the day she turned 20. Methot, tearful and abject, had sworn to cut out her drinking. Bogart, though restless and resentful, finally agreed to one last attempt to save the marriage.

He explained his reasons to Bacall when they met again on October 10, the first day of shooting on *The Big Sleep.* He professed his love for her and told her how many times he had wanted to call, but Methot had promised to reform, and he owed her the chance.

"I said I'd have to respect his decision," Bacall wrote, "but I didn't have to like it."

Shooting began on a Tuesday. By Wednesday of the following week, Bogart had packed his bags and moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel on Sunset Boulevard.

On October 19, 1944, Warner Bros. announced in a statement carried nationwide by the Associated Press that Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bogart had decided to separate after six years of marriage. Methot dialed the hotel incessantly, but Bogart refused her calls. Isolated and fighting her addiction to alcohol, she had as her only trump card her rapidly deteriorating physical condition, and she played it in a telegram a few days later to Bogart's and her close friend Louis Bromfield, the novelist, at the Gotham Hotel in New York. SIT TIGHT was the response, and Bromfield and his secretary, George Hawkins, set about contacting Bogart. Hours later, husband and wife were on the phone. She promised to enter a hospital. By mutual agreement, a few days afterward a cleaned-up and sober Methot went to the Beverly Hills Hotel and presented herself at Bogart's door, a penitent seeking absolution. Ken Leffers, a bellboy making a room-service delivery sometime later, found the couple seated at a small table on which was a miniature wedding cake.

On November 1, less than two weeks after the Bogarts had separated, the press announced their reconciliation. News photographers snapped the couple at a nightclub on the Sunset Strip—Bogart in his usual pinstripes, smiling his crinkly smile, lifting a glass with a here's-looking-at-you-kid flourish, and Methot in flowered silk, blushing, her hair waved and burnished, a cluster of white flowers on either side of her face.

On the set of *The Big Sleep,* Lauren Bacall applied ice packs to eyes swollen from crying. After a week with no scenes

to play, she had returned the last day in October and was sitting in Makeup when Bogart came to tell her he'd moved back. Methot, he explained, was ill and needed him.

Up to that point, filming had gone reasonably well. Bogart had slipped easily into the character of the world-weary, hard-boiled detective Philip Marlowe, in command of his role from the first line on: "My name's Marlowe. General Sternwood wanted to see me." Domestic chaos notwithstanding, he turned up ready to go every morning at nine, showing the professionalism that always commanded the respect of his directors.

But Methot grew complacent following Bogart's return. Mistaking a skirmish for the entire war, she quickly slid back into her old drinking habits. One morning at three o'clock, Bogart stumbled to the phone and called Bacall. "I miss you, Baby," he said before the receiver was torn from his hand. Bacall stood paralyzed as Methot's voice suddenly pierced the line—"Listen, you Jewish bitch, who's going to wash his socks?"—and screamed obscenities at her rival.

On December 4, the news media announced that Humphrey Bogart had again left home. "This time, he says, his separation from his wife of six years . . . is final."

In the tumultuous weeks between his first and second flights from home, he was punctilious about meeting his obligations on the set. Only after he moved out again and was alone in his hotel room, able to mull over the past and future without distraction, did the doubts and fears surface.

For Bogart the future of marrying a woman 25 years younger was even more intimidating than the past and all its problems. In their stolen moments together, Bacall found him "hypersensitive," his usual humor replaced by a flaring temper. She was in love with a man, as she later put it, who "was turning his life upside down." And about to do the same to a film.

The last Friday of the month, unit manager Eric Stacey made a note for production head T. C. Wright: "Mr. Bogart overslept this morning."

He came in nearly an hour late, hollow-eyed and bleary, starting a pattern documented in the unit manager's reports.

Dec. 14th. . . . Company waited for Mr. Bogart one and a half hours, from 9:00 to 10:30 a.m. . . .

Dec. 15th. . . . Mr. Bogart delayed the company for one full hour in the morning. . . .

Dec. 20th—Thirty minute delay. . . . It was necessary for Mr. Hawks to speak with Mr. Bogart for a half hour and straighten him out relative to the Bacall situation, which is affecting their performances in the picture.

The Warner's front office was unable, for once, to handle the problem. This wasn't Errol Flynn or John Barrymore, who had reputations for being unprofessional. This was Humphrey Bogart, their workhorse. Ironically, the success of the October release of *To Have and Have Not* in New York compounded the difficulties. The film had broken records at Warner's Hollywood Theater at 51st Street and Broadway in New York. FUROR CREATED BY NEWCOMER LAUREN BACALL, the New York office wired back to Charles Einfeld. She was, Jack Warner said, a "box-office sensation."

> Bogart and a fellow actor handcuffed Bacall to a portable dressing room and made a great show of trooping off to lunch.

But it was by no means easy for a youngster barely out of her teens to be catapulted into the glare of stardom. A writer for *Silver Screen,* on the *Big Sleep* set for an interview, watched a studio publicist walk over to the new sensation and try to make the introductions. Bacall "gave this woman a tolerant glance and asked, speaking pure Bogart, 'Well, what creep wants to talk to me now?'"

Bogart rested a hand gently on her shoulder. "Look, Baby, don't get to be a character quite so fast."

On the day after Christmas, everything came to a head.

The cast had worked until noon on Saturday, December 23, before closing down for the holiday. Tuesday, everyone was back on the set, except Bogart. That morning, Methot had gotten her wish. Her husband had come back home. Though not in the way she wanted.

On Christmas Day, he'd given Bacall her present—a gold watch—but spent the day alone. It was his 45th birthday. No one knows just how long he drank that Christmas night or if he stopped off anywhere before arriving at the door of his and Methot's home at 1210 North Horn in West Hollywood.

On Stage 19, the company waited for Bogart. When assistant director Bob Vreeland phoned the Beverly Wilshire a little after nine, the room clerk said Mr. Bogart had left. Fifteen minutes later, a frantic phone call came from Methot. Her husband had shown up at the house, "very drunk." Bogart drunk was nothing new; not so Methot sounding terrified. After informing the front office, Vreeland and Stacey raced off for the Bogart house, followed by Warner's top cop, Blayney Matthews, and his second-in-command.

Others, notified by Warner's, were called to the house, including a discreet doctor who was to go over to administer a sedative. Bogart, however, had passed out—"in a very bad condition and sleeping by the time we arrived," Stacey noted euphemistically in his report to T. C. Wright. While everyone was waiting in the living room for the doctor to come, Bogart suddenly appeared, red-eyed and unshaven. "The atmosphere," Stacey reported, "became extremely strained. . . . Bogart himself kept asking, 'Are we holding a wake?'

"I really do not feel that Bogart's condition can be straightened out overnight," the report to Wright concluded, "since he has been drinking for approximately three weeks. . . . I would imagine that the smart thing to do would be to have a psychiatrist handle Bogart . . . "

THANKS FOR NOT SHOWING UP TODAY, a furious and frustrated Jack Warner wired Bogart.

Wednesday morning, Hawks faced an empty set. The otherwise blank production sheet has a single line: "The company did not work today . . . account illness of Mr. Bogart."

If Hawks never forgave Bogart, the studio did. Bogart made things easier by going back to work on December 28 af-

ter only two working days away, "apparently in good shape." The events of that lost Christmas weekend had been a catharsis, and he was now on his second wind—if not relaxed, at least recovered.

The Christmas weekend had shattered the last of Methot's illusions of a reconciliation.

In later years, friends who asked Bogart about the happiest time in his life would always get the answer: "When I was courting Betty." He moved back to the Garden of Allah, where he had lived as a young movie actor. It was still populated with the companions of his younger days: writer Arthur Sheekman and his actress wife, Gloria; writer Robert Benchley; actor Louis Calhern and Calhern's ex-wife Natalie Schafer; and actress Shirley Booth, with whom he'd played in *Hell's Bells.* Dorothy Parker was also there, along with the rest of the brilliant, boisterous writers' group that made the place part literary circle, part college dormitory.

The Sheekmans' daughter, Sylvia, was the Garden's "resident child." The 10-year-old was adept at mixing martinis for guests who came to her parents' bungalow for gourmet dinners. During the second week of March, over a dinner of chicken potpie and guacamole with tortillas, the man she called "Uncle Bogart" introduced a new friend, someone who seemed terribly glamorous and mature for her age. Sylvia suddenly felt awkward. "The way she moved, everyone fell under her spell."

Always polite and mindful of her duties, the young hostess asked the newcomer how she liked her martinis. "She gave me that wonderful look and said, 'Just pass the vermouth over the glass.' And I thought that was so stylish. She treated me like an equal. She didn't condescend, she didn't patronize me. I adored her from that moment on."

The 10-year-old was not alone in her feelings. Dorris Bowdon, another friend from the past and the wife of screenwriter Nunnally Johnson, agreed that "everybody adored Betty. She was pretty, she was quick-witted and sharp."

Bogart took Bacall down to Balboa for a weekend on his boat. An enthusiastic letter on yacht-club letterhead to his friend Louis Bromfield—"Dear Father Bromberg," it began—showed a newfound exhilaration and an un-Bogart-like joy in living. He had felt that something was wrong in his relationship with Bacall, he wrote in mock seriousness, and now it was all clear: "She's too old for me—and I'm too young to be married."

On May 10, wearing dark glasses, a sober suit, and the ever present white flower in her hair, Mayo Methot Bogart appeared before a deputy county clerk in Las Vegas. After charging "great mental suffering" in the otherwise boilerplate complaint that was heard in private and then sealed, she was granted a divorce from Humphrey Bogart, who had offered no contest. "Bogie and I are the best of friends," she told the waiting press. "He is a very nice guy. It was a very pleasant marriage."

That spring, by contrast, Lauren Bacall's life was the embodiment of a fairy tale: she was universally acclaimed as one of the brightest new stars in Hollywood. Even the most hardened industry observers were impressed. "A situation which happens once in a lifetime," Warner's general counsel Roy Obringer wrote to his associate Ralph Lewis, "where you have a personality develop overnight and become a terrific box-office value."

"Look, Baby, don't get to be a character quite so fast," Bogart said.

The wedding date was set for May 21 at Malabar Farm, the Ohio residence of Louis Bromfield. Columnist Earl Wilson, visiting Hollywood, found Bogart afflicted with last-minute jitters. "Something terrible's going to happen. Maybe the guy that's supposed to marry us won't show up. . . . Or I'll louse it up by dropping the ring."

"Baby," he continued to Wilson, "isn't a bit nervous. She comes up to me every day and crouches and holds up four fingers, three fingers, whatever it is, and says, 'Only four more days,' 'Only three more days!' That tigress, I have the feeling of a mouse that's going to be torn up by a rabbit."

The ceremony in Ohio was a simple, three-minute affair. The judge, reading the improvised service from a loose-leaf notebook, addressed the couple as "Humphrey" and "Betty Joan." Bogart, wet-eyed, spoke his responses softly but with precision. The bride's low voice was even huskier than usual. After they were pronounced man and wife, the groom swept the bride into his arms and kissed her lightly on the cheek. A wire-service report notes that the bride said, "Oh, goody!" and returned the kiss.

Outside, the battalion of reporters waited impatiently. "Every photographer in the world was there," said *Life* photographer Ed Clark, who had flown in from Los Angeles that day. "And everybody was griping because we couldn't get in—like, 'Who the hell do they think they are?'"

Clark, a soft-spoken man and master photographer, knew Bogart slightly. To his surprise, when Bogart opened the door after the ceremony, he called Clark over and asked him in. "The other guys, they were livid. Especially the guy from *Harper's Bazaar.*"

Clark found the atmosphere inside the house relaxed. "Bacall was coming down the stairway; Bogart was cool, smoking one cigarette after another, drinking one martini after another. But very calm, collected. He knew exactly what he was doing." So did Clark. "Hell, I'd covered 10,000 weddings. I just said, 'Stand here, give him a bite of cake,'" and in minutes *Life* had its wedding shots.

Bogart would go on to make some of his best movies: *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1948), *Key Largo* (1948), *In a Lonely Place* (1950), *The African Queen* (1951, for which he won an Oscar for best actor), *The Caine Mutiny* (1954), *Sabrina* (1954), and *The Harder They Fall* (1956). Bacall worked sporadically in Hollywood, then turned to Broadway, where she won a Tony Award for *Applause* in 1970. She has once again attracted attention in films, for her performance in *The Mirror Has Two Faces.* The Bogarts had two children: Stephen, born in 1949, and a daughter, Leslie, born in '52. Bogart died of cancer of the esophagus in January 1957, three weeks after his 57th birthday. A lifelong sailor and an excellent one, he had hoped his ashes could be scattered at sea, but the law at the time forbade it. Instead of a casket at his memorial service, there was a model of his 54-foot yawl, the *Santana,* the only rival Bacall ever had. □

Fuhrman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119 anything. . . . I'm sure the defense team sat there and said, 'Well, this is gonna ruin his whole life,' and I'm sure [the response] was 'Fuck him, we gotta get O.J. off.' I'm sure there were comments in editors' offices: 'This is gonna fuck this guy's life up. You know he didn't plant anything.'

"All the specific people that did things that caused me heartache, embarrassment, humiliation, whatever. I mean every one of 'em. Every single one. If right now I had the choice to ruin their lives in the same way, I wouldn't do it.

"Maybe I'm just too damn stubborn to give in to these cowards—and that's what they are. They're cowards. They'll stand behind these lies, stand behind this murderer O. J. Simpson, and sling their mud. They'd never do it to me one-on-one, face-to-face, 'cause they're cowards.

"They don't have the moral fiber to stand toe-to-toe verbally or mentally with somebody that they know did nothing wrong, and they're standing in the shoes of a murderer."

Look at the shows that were the standard for what it should be. Ozzie and Harriet. Leave It to Beaver. Father Knows Best. The Donna Reed Show. . . . *Father works, has a suit, comes home, kids are happy, mother's in a dress giving 'em cookies and milk. You know, most of my life was come home, mom's at work, I got to do the dishes, take care of my younger brother, clean up the house.*

—Mark Fuhrman

Billie Fuhrman and her two sons, Mark and Scott, worked parts of Washington, Nevada, and California a little bit like a road show, moving through Eatonville, Gig Harbor and Parkland, Spokane and Reno and Vegas. Billie's husband, Ralph, once described by Mark as an "insensitive and irresponsible bullshitter" who "doesn't mind hurting people that are close to him," left in 1959, when his oldest son was seven. The boy was too young to know why his parents divorced, but it became "a foregone conclusion at some point that we were kind of by ourselves." He didn't go to the same school more than two years in a row; his memories are in snippets, a series of fleeting postcards from constantly changing addresses, places he liked and wanted to stay in, but Billie always decided it was time to move on.

There was the guesthouse on the little sheep ranch in Reno, with a stream out back filled with trout, and jackrabbits that made for good hunting. It was a young boy's dream, that setting. They were there a year, maybe less, before they hit the road.

There was the house in Eatonville, in Washington, a tiny one behind the place his great-grandmother had lived. Billie was working at Babe's, a café in town, and at night when she got home, Mark would stay up with her and roll the change from the tip money so they could make the rent. The only source of heat in that little house was a wood-burning stove, but the place still had what he wanted—stability, security, a sense of belonging somewhere. "I probably would have liked to have stayed in that little cabin the rest of my youth, I suppose. Just wasn't happening."

"I always felt I had to do better," says 73-year-old Billie Fuhrman from a hospital bed in Las Vegas, where she was recovering from hip surgery. "I had to do something better to make them better. I wish I could have given them a more solid and secure path."

By the time he was 12, Fuhrman had his first job. Around the same age, he warded off one of his mother's suitors with a gun. He also played father to his younger brother while their mother was working, usually waiting tables. He started worrying about things that maybe he should have left alone: how to make the rent, whether there would be enough money for school clothes—two pairs of jeans, shirts, shoes. "He did assume responsibility," his mother says. "He tried to put himself in bigger shoes than he should have mentally at the time."

He showed innate ability as an artist. But he was unable to reconcile his talent with his more macho impulses—hunting and fishing, being tough. He felt he was being watched, he sensed people were wondering, waiting to see just how this boy without a father would turn out. "Maybe it's almost paranoia," he says, "but you feel like there's a standard that's different from everybody else." He spent his junior year and most of his senior year at Peninsula High School in Gig Harbor, and then left before graduating. He took a job at Buffelen Woodworking in Tacoma. He ran a jointer, shaving the edges of slabs of wood so they could eventually be turned into doors. The work was grim and monotonous. Morning after morning, the 18-year-old grabbed a cup of coffee and pulled the splinters out of his hands before returning to repeat the same tasks he had done the day before and the day before that. His life had no direction, the web of western Washington was encircling him, and he knew he had to get out.

What's important to him . . . the Marines.

—Mike Sillers, friend and former L.A.P.D. officer.

The more brutal it was, the more he seemed to enjoy it. The harder and more abusive boot camp was, the more he seemed to like the primitive system of rules, retaliation, and right and wrong, a *Lord of the Flies* logic that worked for him. The squad screws up. The squad leader gets beaten. He in turn inflicts punishment on the squad.

"I loved it," he said.

"They strip you of everything. They humiliate you," he remembers. "They beat you into the ground and then they build you up to be a machine, a thinking machine, a passionate, fighting machine. You're so proud of withstanding their standards of what a Marine is, of what a man is, and them accepting you into their brotherhood. From that point forward, if you embarrass yourself, you've embarrassed your fellow man, your Marine Corps, your God, and your country."

One day the drill instructor draped a Marine blanket over two footlockers to

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form a makeshift lectern and gave a little speech about life. Fuhrman listened to it as if it were a passage from the Bible:

"If you can't do it here, if you can't withstand it here, can't withstand the punishment, can't withstand the physical abuse, can't stand the physical pain, you don't understand one thing—that, no matter what, your mind is always stronger than your body—and you'll never make it up here at boot camp, you'll never make it in combat, and you'll never make it in life."

Perhaps the proudest day of his life came when he graduated from boot camp and became a full-fledged Marine. "You're being accepted into a brotherhood that is without equal," he says, and later on, when life was not so good and he was trying to explain to a psychiatrist why he could no longer handle the stress of being a policeman, he would point to the one negative thing about the corps, not the work or the discipline or the routine, but how he "got tired of having a bunch of Mexicans and niggers that should be in prison, telling [him] they weren't going to do something."

He was assigned to a helicopter ship off the coast of Vietnam in the waning days of the war, but he never saw any combat. He returned to Washington to the gray monotony of the job he had at Buffelen Woodworking before he left, and signed up for another hitch in the Marines. Although he loved the service, he did not find it challenging, and when the Los Angeles Police Department came to the base at Camp Pendleton to recruit soldiers, he signed up.

You couldn't get away from it. Maybe I just couldn't get away from me. Couldn't sleep right anymore. Started having nightmares, same nightmare. I'm in an alley, young gang member shoots me with a shotgun, single-barrel shotgun, in the small of my back, and I go down. I remember lying in this disgusting water in this alley. You could smell it. I could smell the garbage and I'm looking back and he's reloading the shotgun and I see the muzzle blast and I wake up.

—Mark Fuhrman

He loved it in the same [illegible] he had loved being a Marine, at least at first. If you wanted to be a proacti[illegible] and hit the streets with full force, nothing was better than the 77th Street stati[illegible] in the mid-1970s. "[We were] two yo[illegible] dumb, scared policemen in the middle of all the insanity and chaos." This is how Fuhrman's friend and fellow officer Mike Sillers described it. "It was like being a surgeon in an emergency room." The area was impoverished and certain cops seemed to enjoy goading suspects by calling them "niggers," setting off fights.

After 16 months in the 77th, Fuhrman went to the Hollenbeck station, in East Los Angeles, and started working gangs. He was there for roughly three years, and during that time two distinct patterns emerged in him: an increasing dislike of the supervisory layer of the L.A.P.D., which did not see fighting crime the way he did, and a simmering resentment for the motives of virtually everyone.

"We collect human garbage for a living. Who else wants to do it? What are we doing out there? You're doing what other people don't want to deal with. . . . They want you to do everything. The first time somebody makes even an innocent mistake, they're on you like stink on shit."

His performance during his early years was inconsistent. Supervisors found him exemplary one day and nonproductive and complaining the next. He was given a five-day suspension for becoming aware while off-duty of an act of misconduct by another member of the department and failing to take action. In one evaluation, he was found to be "immature" and unable to work with partners whose style was different from his. He was said to be more intent on making "the big arrest" than on handling other responsibilities.

She outgrew him, which wasn't hard to do. He's one of these guys that went out to the garage and worked on his car. She was always hoping that he would mature a little bit. . . . He had missed the signs they were falling apart. By the time he realized it, there was nothing he could do about it.

—Friend and L.A.P.D. sergeant Paul Partridge.

They had met out at the Jacuzzi of the apartment complex in Seal Beach where both of them were living in the mid-1970s. Her name was Janet. She was a schoolteacher, smart and sassy, and he seemed to like that. They got married in 1977, and for the first time he seemed to have what he wanted—stability, security, no longer a life on the run. It was already his second marriage. The first, which had occurred during his Marine days, had failed quickly. But this time he was convinced it would work.

"Jan was somebody I fell in love with," he says. "It sounds a little silly, but for the first time in my life I had a home, we had money in the bank. We had a dog. I had a Corvette and a station wagon. For the first time in my life I was actually kind of like *Leave It to Beaver.* Then it seemed like in the snap of a moment I'm back in an apartment.

"Jan just couldn't deal with me. I mean, who could . . . ? Somebody who's angry at things he doesn't know he's angry about, disturbed about things he doesn't want to talk about."

It was in August 1981, after the marriage broke up, that he went on temporary disability from the police department. He was granted workers' compensation and subsequently filed for a disability pension from the L.A.P.D. on the basis of stress. Stress-related pensions were becoming more and more common within the department. They were potentially lucrative, with the possibility of being paid up to 50 percent of one's salary tax-free until death. "It was a game," he now admits, a battle of adversaries where he was trying to show that he could no longer be a police officer because of the extreme stress of the job, and the city was trying to show that the job had not created any undue stress.

"I'm really capable of violent things," he told one psychiatrist. "I feel like I'm out on a limb and somebody's sawing it off. I have this urge to kill people that upset me." Paul Partridge, who had worked with Fuhrman in the 77th, believes that Fuhrman's concerns were genuine. But Sillers believes that Fuhrman was completely exasperated with the bureaucracy of the police department and figured that the best way of getting out while retaining his benefits was to say he was having "dreams about shooting niggers."

The court records of the proceeding revealed a divergence of psychiatric findings about Fuhrman, as if two different men were being examined, one credible, one incredible. He traced his feelings about violence to Vietnam, although he had never seen any combat. He said he needed to carry a gun everywhere, yet his regimen while on disability consisted of getting up between 9 and 10 A.M., eating a leisurely breakfast, working out for two hours in the gym, taking art classes, and seeing a woman who was a competitive bodybuilder. "Heightened need to demonstrate virility," "highly suspicious," "seems to be immature," "overly dramatic," "underlying feelings of inadequacy," "narcissistic, self-indulgent, and somewhat emotionally unstable" were just some of the conclusions that the psychiatrists reached.

"I would consider Mr. Fuhrman to be unsuitable for return to police duty of any sort and would also consider him to be unsuitable to perform, or work, in any

occupation in which dangerous weapons are utilized," wrote psychiatrist Ira M. Brent in his report.

"It appeared to me during the evaluation that he was deliberately exaggerating his preoccupation with violence in order to make himself appear unsuitable for police work," wrote psychiatrist Ronald R. Koegler in his report.

The board of pension commissioners unanimously denied Fuhrman the disability pension on the basis that he was "not truthful to the doctors when he described his alleged 'violent behavior.'" Despite his assertions, the board found no formal complaints of excessive force, no reported shootings, and no personnel complaints.

"One problem Mark has, he's a bullshitter" was the way Mike Sillers put it, with far more clarity than any psychiatrist.

Fuhrman himself wonders now about the degree to which he might have been trying to blame the police department for what was really gnawing at him—a life that was in shreds. "I had to say, for the first time in my life, I was a complete failure" is the way he puts it. And in the pages of the evaluation proceeding a voice of angry and almost desperate disappointment did emerge, a voice which expressed itself by railing at others with all the fury and vitriol that a man could muster.

"I've given 11 years of my life for this fucking public that doesn't give a shit if I live or die. I've had it. I have a mind. I'm intelligent. I have ideas. I have opinions. I'm the one working the street. All the department responds with is beefs and ridicule. I'm a pawn, a stepping stone for someone's political career."

I'm a rock here. You either believe I'm here with you or get out. I'm not going to be treated like a suspect.

—Caroline to Mark Fuhrman when they were dating.

He met Caroline in the mid-1980s in Redondo Beach at a bar called Hennessey's, where she was a waitress. He visited there regularly, along with some of his friends from the L.A.P.D. Once, he had his feet up on the table and she knocked them off, telling him this wasn't his home. A few fellow waitresses expressed concern when she started going out with him. She could feel his need to control her, his insistence that things be done precisely his way. He seemed suspicious of everyone and was very uptight and didn't appear to be compatible with anyone but cops.

"Not everyone is bad," she remembers telling him, and at one point they broke up for a while. But bit by bit he began to soften and change. She started to understand him more and more, saw how the machismo and the need for control and the pursuit of perfection were in some ways little more than putty in massive cracks. "He has a need to be perfect, because he's felt inadequate in his life," she says. "Why did my dad leave? Was I a shitty kid? Why did my wife leave? Was I a shitty husband?" She began to see that he acted tough at times because others expected him to act tough. She began to see that he lashed out most often when he felt hurt. "I won't say he's easy," she says. "He could be difficult." But she saw things in him that others did not, a man far too complex to be dismissed as merely a surly and suspicious cop who lifted weights.

They got married in 1988. It was around this time that he finally became a detective trainee in the West L.A. division of the L.A.P.D. It was not a promotion that came easily, for Fuhrman's reputation in the department was checkered because of his attitude and outspokenness and "cowboy" image. His friends on the force were men much like him, men who liked to be proactive on the job and outside of it drove racecars and rode rodeo and earned black belts in judo.

He and some others allegedly became involved in a group called Men Against Women. One of its members said that it was a joke and that female police officers knew it was all in fun. (The women retaliated by forming a group of their own called Women Against Men.) But some in the department didn't see any humor in it, and as a condition of his eventual promotion to detective, Fuhrman says he was assigned to work with a black female officer for several months.

When he believed he had been wronged or slighted, he spoke out about it regardless of the consequences and without concern for rank. He felt the L.A.P.D. was slipping downward, throwing standards out the window in its effort to become a more diversified force. He says that scores on written exams were ignored, and that people with arrest records were hired into the department. The height standard was lowered, he says, and physical-fitness guidelines also became almost absurd. The city, he says, argued that those being hired as police officers were as qualified as anybody, but he says that was "horseshit."

After a month as a detective trainee, he found himself in the bathroom with a lieutenant who hadn't wanted him promoted. The lieutenant asked Fuhrman if he was aware that he had arrested more people through investigations in the last month than all the other detectives on the floor combined.

"Yeah, I know, sir. I had a slow month. Sorry."

Fuhrman knew that the lieutenant loathed him even more as a result of that comment, but the zealous cop seemed pleased by this.

"That's what he hated about me, because he knew I was really telling the truth."

Officers who worked side by side with Fuhrman considered this a typical exchange. "Mark was always very outspoken," says former partner Tom Vettraino. "He said what was on his mind. Some people loved it. Some people hated it."

By virtually all accounts, Fuhrman was a gifted investigator—meticulous, inexhaustible, always able to find things that others could not, such as a flat piece of steel from a street sweeper (pulled out of a keyhole, it turned out to be the method of entry for a burglary). There was the time he spent a half-hour with a flashlight roaming up and down the street looking for a piece of rock cocaine, or the time he seized upon the realization that the Rolls-Royce whizzing by on Sunset Boulevard was an illegal "gray market" car, purchased overseas to save a few bucks and

never brought up to American standards. "No matter what Mark did, whether it was cars or narcotics or robberies, he was the best," says Vettraino, who first met Fuhrman in 1983 in the West L.A. division and became his close friend and roommate before he married Caroline. "When he was interested in something, he just absorbed it like a sponge."

Fuhrman went from burglary to robbery and eventually to homicide. He worked on the Rolex robberies, where people were being robbed for their fancy watches. He also worked on the investigation of two U.S.C. football players who started doing robberies. He came into his own as a detective, and finally put his battles with the department behind him. Latino and black officers who worked with him attested to his skill and said later in interviews that they saw no racist underpinnings in him. Even those who were inclined to hate him for his bluster and arrogance could not deny his skills. At the beginning stages of the Simpson trial, when word circulated like wildfire that Fuhrman was a racist, prosecutor Darden called black officers he knew and discreetly asked if there were any recent stories that he should know about. "Nobody had anything *bad* to say about him," wrote Darden in his book, *In Contempt.* "The black cops who worked with him now couldn't believe he was a racist. They had never seen any indication of that. If he was that way ten, eleven, twelve years ago, the black officers said, he'd gone through a transformation since then. A drastic change."

In his personal life, Fuhrman finally seemed to have reached a sense of fulfillment: a wife who wasn't going to leave, a family, a house that became an image of his compulsion for perfection as he stripped it to the bare beams and rebuilt the place tile by tile and panel by panel from the roof to the redwood siding to the wood-core doors with their egg-shaped knobs of solid brass.

But there were still components of his life that were missing, pieces whose absence would prevent him from really becoming whole.

In 15 years he hadn't seen his father more than a handful of times. When he went up to hunt with his young [illegible] in western Washington, he wou[illegible] at his dad's hunting [illegible] or grab a stack of pancakes, but that would be the extent of their interchange. There had been a falling-out in which angry words had been traded and never forgiven. Ralph Fuhrman was a manager for Boeing, and it wasn't until his retirement in 1993 that he became truly determined to find his son and face the consequences of everything that had passed between them. "I'm either gonna get accepted or thrown out."

Armed with an address, Ralph drove down to Redondo Beach and parked on Emerald Street. When he knocked on the door of his son's spotless white-trimmed house, Caroline Fuhrman answered. He thought she was the baby-sitter. She had no idea who he was.

"I'm Mark's dad."

"Oh my God," she whispered.

She called her husband at work. He got quiet, very quiet, and said he would be home right away. In the time that she had known him, he had never said a good thing about his dad. She had no idea how her husband would react now, and when he came into the house that he had built, a monument to all the stability he had never had as a child, he did something that stunned and gratified her.

He embraced his father. Instead of clinging to the anger, he let go of it.

"What's done is done," he said to Caroline in explaining why there was no explosion. "What's in the past is in the past. He's trying to make up and I'm gonna let him."

He was talking about his dad, but in another way he could have been talking about himself, a recognition that perhaps it was time to put away what had shaped him in the past—anger, suspicion of everyone, self-aggrandizement, feelings of persecution, a view of the world clenched like a fist.

He seemed to become almost regular, a man whom, as next-door neighbor Mark Nylen put it, "you envied. He had his life in order. . . . He's all organized. He works with tools. He's having kids. Why wouldn't you want to be like that? It's the American Dream."

Until that phone call at 1:05 in the morning on June 13, 1994, when he was told to come to the station house to help investigate an apparent double homicide at 875 South Bundy in Brentwood. Then, with each step he took and each piece of evidence he discovered and each meticulous note he wrote, he may have thought he was doing his job, but he was making himself indispensable to those being paid to defend O. J. Simpson.

"What do you think would have happened if I was an Eagle Scout and I went to Yale and played football and then I got a graduate degree in sociology and came on the department? I was this perfect human being. I didn't even jaywalk. What do you think would have happened? 'Oh, it's O.K., he found all the evidence, he's a great man, let's just leave him alone.'

"I found the crucial evidence."

It didn't sound like Mark. It was not Mark. I just remember thinking, Oh shit, this is gonna look so wrong.

—Caroline Fuhrman on the issue of the tapes.

It was different things at different times for Caroline Fuhrman: a roller coaster, a bizarre dream, a series of moments that just seemed to get stranger and stranger. It began in July of 1994, around the time an article in *The New Yorker* by Jeffrey Toobin revealed that it would be the strategy of the Simpson defense to depict Fuhrman as a rogue cop who had framed Simpson for the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman because of racism. It was in the article that records from Fuhrman's disability-pension claim were revealed. To a world that had been transfixed by his testimony at the preliminary hearing several weeks earlier, Fuhrman was now revealed in a totally different way—violent and conflicted, a man who hated blacks.

Caroline Fuhrman and the kids went to Northern California for a little while. Then, in March 1995, right before Fuhrman took the witness stand at the trial, he moved his family to Sandpoint, to a handsome white house at the corner of Euclid Avenue in the center of town. For much of the time, they were like prisoners in that house, unable to venture outside without cameras and reporters besieging them. The kids were too young to really understand what was going on. But Caroline Fuhrman worried about them. She didn't want them exposed, and she figured and hoped that reporters would understand that, and keep two kids who were less than five years old off-limits, but she quickly discovered "they don't give a shit." She had a big mutt outside named Bojay, and she knew of instances where reporters told teenagers in the neighborhood to go and provoke him, piss him off, so they could get pictures of him snarling and barking across the fence as if he were an attack dog.

She left the house one day with the kids when her husband wasn't there. She saw the Suburban parked across the street, and she knew it was filled with reporters, but she figured it was safe. Haley was four and Cole was two at the time. She put their coats over their heads and

they went out through the front door and everything seemed fine and she got them into the front seat and hoped she would get them into their car seats once they were in the clear.

"Mrs. Fuhrman! Mrs. Fuhrman!"

They were on her before she knew it, a camera jammed up against the windshield.

"Keep your heads down!"

She yelled that at the kids, as if they were under fire. Then she put the car into reverse and may have hit one of the reporters in her fear and panic.

This was the worst moment, the one she remembers most vividly, but there were other ones, like the time she sneaked the kids out through a side window so they could go to a children's concert, or the way diversions were created with speeding cars, or the way neighbors called using a secret code of rings so she and her husband would know they were "friendlies." Most neighbors were supportive, in particular 70-year-old Sherry Colepaugh. She lived around the corner and referred to reporters as "slimy bastards" and flipped them the bird whenever she got the chance. But, according to Colepaugh, another neighbor was not so supportive, renting out space to a television crew so it would have a nice vantage point from which to shoot the policeman's house, across the street.

On March 9, 1995, Fuhrman returned to the witness stand for the first time since the preliminary hearing. Given the media buildup, he admitted to being nervous. But his testimony was seamless, his cool impenetrable. His parrying with defense attorney Bailey during cross-examination was considered something of a masterpiece, an ex-Marine detective facing down an ex-Marine defense attorney whose greatest weapons were his bluster and old press clippings.

"Do you use the word 'nigger' in describing people?"

"No, sir."

"Have you used that word in the past 10 years?"

"Not that I recall, no."

"I want you to assume that perhaps at some time since 1985 or 1986 you addressed a member of the African-American race as a nigger. Is it possible that you have forgotten that act on your part?"

"No, it is not possible."

"Are you therefore saying that you have not used that word in the past 10 years, Detective Fuhrman?"

"Yes. That is what I'm saying."

"And you say under oath that you have not addressed any black person as a nigger or spoken about black people as niggers in the past 10 years, Detective Fuhrman?"

"That's what I'm saying, sir."

"So that anyone who comes to this court and quotes you as using that word in dealing with African-Americans would be a liar, would they not, Detective Fuhrman?"

"Yes, they would."

As if writing blurbs for a movie, the media gave him four stars for his performance. "Best witness to date," raved *The Boston Globe.* "Fuhrman managed to elude capture," said *The Washington Post,* although in hindsight he had done just the opposite. Because of his book, Fuhrman is reluctant to give details of what was going through his mind at that moment, but when asked if he now wishes he had given different testimony, he responds by saying, "Do you really think there was a right answer? That's why it was asked."

"Damned if you do," says Fuhrman, "damned if you don't."

"Ooh," was the reaction of Lissette Sillers, the wife of Mike Sillers, when she heard Fuhrman's testimony emphatically denying the use of the word. "I've heard him say it a million times."

Born in the Dominican Republic, Lissette Sillers believes that Fuhrman's use of the word reflected not prejudice but rather the kind of venting that cops do when they talk about criminals. "I've heard the talk," she says, but she also points out that, regardless of her being a member of a minority, Fuhrman encouraged her friendship with Caroline. "If Mark deep down felt that way, he never would have let me see Caroline," she says. "I've been around friends who are extremely prejudiced. He never acted like that."

"I think he flipped a coin," says Mike Sillers of Fuhrman's testimony. If he testified that he had used the word, says Sillers, the trial might still be going on in an effort to pinpoint to whom he had said it and where.

Another close friend felt Fuhrman's interchange with Bailey was born out of his relentless competitive drive, his refusal to ever lose at anything, back down at anything, whether it was Trivial Pursuit or working out in the sour sweat of Kasey's over in Torrance, where he reacted to someone's doing 160 pounds on the pull-over bar by pulling 220 when it was his turn. "Knowing Mark, I know why he said it," says Phil Keenan, a Redondo Beach police sergeant. "They were in a competition. Every time F. Lee moves his chest, Mark moves his chest. . . . Mark definitely won the battle and he definitely lost the war."

After his testimony, things got relatively quiet for a couple of months. And then came the tapes that Fuhrman, in his role as a technical adviser, had made with unpublished author/screenwriter Laura Hart McKinny over a period of nine years beginning in 1985. They were working together on a screenplay about the difficulties faced by women officers in police work, and Fuhrman's job was to give McKinny a raw and up-close feel for what it was like to be a police officer. It was a work of fiction, he notes, inspired by Inspector Callahan in *Dirty Harry* and the police books of Joseph Wambaugh. The word "nigger," used 41 times in those tapes, was supposedly employed as a form of dramatic license to create a similar kind of police character. "Why do we use the word 'fuck' in drug movies?" Fuhrman says, in an attempt to explain. "Why do we use the word 'cocksucker' . . . ? You want to sound tough, you want to make your characters sound tough. . . . Name a cop movie, name a cop book, that's hard-hitting about street police work that doesn't use profanity, racism, and extreme violence.

"I'm terribly ashamed of the way I sounded in those tapes. I feel guilty," he says, yet he adds, "But I'm not the creator of the language. I'm not the creator of the original sin here. I'm not the caretaker of the media or movies or books. I mean, the world acted like I was the first person trying to do anything in a book or a screenplay or a movie that ever used that word."

As for Laura Hart McKinny, he will say only this: "I considered her a friend. I wouldn't even do that to a suspect."

Prosecutors argued that the tapes had no bearing on the case whatsoever, or on Fuhrman's conduct the night of the investigation. But on August 29, 1995, out of the presence of the jury, Judge Lance Ito allowed the tapes to be played, the words spinning in a courtroom largely silent except for the vain objections of the prosecution, one tape after another. By any measure, his statements were beyond belief:

"I used to go to work and practice movements. Niggers. They're easy. And I used to practice my kicks. . . .

"How do you intellectualize when you punch the hell out of a nigger? He either deserves it or he doesn't. . . .

"Nigger drivin' a Porsche that doesn't look like he's got a $300 suit on, you always stop him."

It was over for him after that, the circle complete in 14 months from hero to the most loathed and hated man in America.

He returned to court one final time, at the beginning of September 1995. Leaving

Sandpoint at three in the morning, he and his friend Jeff Free made their way south on U.S. 95. Free and Fuhrman were outdoorsmen and hunters, with a vision of life fixed more in the 1890s than in the 1990s. They both admired stoicism and independence, and the sharing of raw emotion was not something that came easily to either of them. But Fuhrman did not know what he would face in Los Angeles.

When they arrived at the Spokane airport for the flight, Free asked Fuhrman if he wanted him to accompany him to the gate, but Fuhrman said no, because he didn't want to subject him to the possible onslaught of the media. They shook hands good-bye, and Fuhrman passed something to Free. It was a badge he had been given upon his retirement from the Los Angeles Police Department, No. 874, with an illustration of City Hall on the front, and he asked Free to hold it.

"If I don't come back," Fuhrman told Free that night, "tell my son I was a good man."

He arrived at the Criminal Courts Building in downtown Los Angeles in a van with its windows blacked out. He was accompanied through its stale and overworked innards by three bodyguards. When he walked into the courtroom, the emotional toll that this had taken on him was obvious: apparent loss of weight, circles under the eyes. To one observer that day, he seemed like the most isolated man she had ever seen.

He was asked about his testimony at the preliminary hearing and he took the Fifth. He was asked if he had ever falsified a police report and he took the Fifth. He was asked if he had planted or manufactured any evidence in the case and he took the Fifth. All that seemed left of him was the military bearing that he had learned in the Marine Corps, and it was hard to believe that he could go back to northern Idaho, or go back anywhere.

Deputy Attorney General John Gordnier: Do you realize, sir, that by entering the plea of no contest to this charge that you are incriminating yourself with respect to the charge?
Fuhrman: Yes.

The People of the State of California v. Mark Fuhrman, October 2, 1996.

He is on the road to Bonners Ferry and he seems in [illegible] sive mood, the clouds of [illegible] mentarily lifted.

The media don't hover at the home on Euclid the way they used to, and he and his family have moved anyway, to a 20-acre farm with a grand view of the mountains in back and a long driveway in front that makes the presence of strangers immediately conspicuous. He is learning to be an electrician, and Caroline watches the kids and takes care of the animals—chickens and horses and goats. He has $17,800 in legal debts, but his income is ample enough to give his family a comfortable life. He draws a pension and other benefits from the police department. He makes roughly $1,000 a month from electrical work.

The tension the Fuhrmans went through at times was enormous, to the point where some close friends wondered if they were going to make it. But Caroline Fuhrman has been the "rock" that she promised when they were dating. "I refuse to go crazy and get depressed," she says. "They're not going to get the better of us." They do what families do, play cards, watch videos, make sure the kids get off to gymnastics classes and ballet classes. They have a tight and enormously loyal circle of friends who feel that he has suffered painfully and undeservedly. They see in him rare qualities as a father and friend, and that means a great deal to him. "If they can get through this and they're still my friends, what can't they get through? Death is almost laughable."

As for what he will tell his children as they grow older and begin to read what has been written about him, he switches to the other Fuhrman. "I'll talk to them. . . . I'll tell 'em the way it is. I mean, writing my book will help. But I'll also tell 'em, 'You take no crap off of anybody. Somebody wants to get in your face, you don't have to turn the cheek. You do whatever you gotta do.'

"I got nothing to be ashamed about what I did in the case. . . . The only people that [should] be ashamed in this case are most of the attorneys involved with it. I mean the defendant, of course, but he's in la-la land somewhere. He still wants to be an actor and play Chris Darden in the movie."

There has even been some measure of vindication for Fuhrman. A review of 35 of his cases by the Los Angeles County public defender's office last year revealed no indications that he had lied, planted evidence, or engaged in racial slurs. Last October, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that the L.A.P.D., after an investigation involving 224 interviews and a review of more than 250,000 documents, determined that virtually all of Fuhrman's boasts of officer misconduct and excessive force made on the screenplay tapes were exactly that. The department's civilian bosses questioned the analysis, however, and directed the L.A.P.D. to review some of its findings. Vindication isn't enough for Fuhrman anyway. He sees his book as a way not only of clearing his name but also of getting even.

"Is he a racist? Yes. Is he the worst L.A.P.D. has to offer? Yes."

"I'm not even going to call him Detective Fuhrman if I can help it, because he doesn't deserve that title."

"A lying, perjuring, genocidal racist."

Now it's his turn.

"[The book] shows a lot of things and none of them are flattering. . . . And every one of these people in my book that made all these mistakes . . . be woman or man enough to just admit some of these things or at least just keep your mouth shut about blaming me . . . slinging mud at me, putting another rock on my back—'Let him carry the burden; he's already got a lot of heat—everybody already hates him. Let him take the heat [because] I'm not taking it. I'm gonna do a speaking tour—I'm making money. Ha. Ha. Ha.'

"Well, I'm sick and tired of it."

Despite the majestic glimmer of the mountains, the road from Sandpoint to Bonners Ferry is strangely barren, ramshackle homes stuffed into clearings between towering trees, the sense of a place so deep in isolation that it feels like a moon crater, but Fuhrman luxuriates in it. "If I could have just been an adult between my 20s and 40s between 1880 and 1900, I think I would have been a very complete person," he says. "There was a simplicity back then. Handshakes sold land. Your word was everything. Right and wrong. Black and white. Good and evil. Yes and no. Now we live in the area of gray. Travel a hundred miles and what was right in one place is wrong in another."

The road travels past Colburn and Elmira, running almost parallel to the tracks of the Burlington Northern. It goes past McArthur Lake and then past Naples. A little beyond Naples is where you turn off the road to get to Iron Mountain. You drive in, and then you ride in on horseback, and it is here in the mountains where Mark Fuhrman seems to feel the most comfortable, nobody trying to photograph him, nobody trying to talk to him or watch him. Here the world is all his own, so very private, so very perfect, without conflict or contradiction as long as it remains in a frame of his own construction. □

Depp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 firing up one of his ever present cigarettes. "I don't know if I want to get rid of them altogether, but I would like to experience them in a different way. Maybe go face-to-face with them. I've never really had the time to go to therapy. Well, here and there. But not enough to help."

Upstairs, a rock group cranks up its rehearsal for a performance later tonight. Depp tilts an ear at the pounding and muses on how music has always guided his life. He drives a Porsche Carrera or his '58 Chevy Apache truck when tooling around L.A., but when he wants to get away from it all he climbs into his '51 Mercury and turns up the volume. "It looks like a 50s rocket ship, my old Mercury. I got five inches chopped off of it. It's great to get in it and get on Interstate 10 and just head east. That's when I'm in a 50s kind of mood and want to listen to Chuck Berry. I do get into moods by periods. I'll go through a couple of months when I listen to nothing but old 20s and 30s stuff—Cab Calloway and Jelly Roll Morton and Fats Waller. Then I'll come back and listen to modern stuff—Oasis or Iggy Pop," he says, the latter a good friend of his, who is composing the sound track for *The Brave*.

At seven, Depp left Kentucky with his family and headed for Florida. By the time he was a teenager, he, along with his brother and two sisters, had called more than 30 houses home. An infamous denizen of the world's finest hotels, Depp has finally bought a house he can call his own, a 1930s mansion in the Hollywood Hills. It has taken more than a year for him to restore the $3 million estate—a place where, legend has it, Bela Lugosi once lived and scenes in *The Wizard of Oz* were shot—to its original glory. Depp now has space to display the disparate collections he has acquired over the years. An amateur entomologist, he has purchased many of his finest specimens in a shop off Paris's Boulevard St.-Germain. Other collections include original Jack Kerouac manuscripts, as well as some of the writer's old clothes. He's also got a lot of guns.

Depp's early nomadic existence may have played havoc with his sense of security, but it only strengthened his bond with his mother, Betty Sue, a waitress who was divorced from his father when Depp was 15; he's even got her name tattooed inside a heart on his left biceps. After he settled in California, he bought a house for Betty Sue and moved her from Florida to Palm Springs. "It's a very Elvis-and-his-mama kind of thing," says John Waters.

"Somehow it all leads back to family," Depp insists. "I mean, in a town like this, you become on some level a commodity. But when you get back to your family, that all goes away. You're Johnny again. At a certain point I wasn't Johnny Depp anymore. I'd become 'Johnny Depp.'" He stops for a moment, steeped in himself. He closes his eyes. "I remember picking tobacco with my grandfather back in Kentucky," he finally says. "We were inseparable, me and Pawpaw. He died when I was seven, and that was a real big thing for me. But somehow I believe that he's around. I believe in ghosts. I hope *I'm* a ghost someday. I think I'd have more energy. But I'm sure my Pawpaw is around—guiding, watching. I have close calls sometimes. I think, Jesus Christ! How did I get out of that? I've just got a feeling that it's Pawpaw."

> "Kate makes me laugh. And, man, you can't beat that South London accent."

Soiled green Astroturf surrounds the murky pool in the center of the Hollywood Suites Motel. Depp's makeshift production office for *The Brave* is located in this seedy hangout on the western end of Hollywood Boulevard. Though the subject matter of the film—it involves "snuff" movies, in which people are tortured and murdered in front of the camera—is quite disturbing, Depp seems downright jaunty. Taking a break from a location meeting, he busily slurps on the straw sprouting from his McDonald's soda cup. On his face is a bemused grin. On his head, a white nautical cap. Inside it, on the band, is printed one of Depp's nicknames for himself: MR. STENCH.

"I've had this skipper cap forever," he says. "Worn it since I had a weird dream about the Skipper on *Gilligan's Island*. He was chasing me around, kind of evil-like. But he never did catch me. I ran into this hideous little apartment building and into a kitchen. I looked over to my right, and there was this overweight Hispanic woman in a nightgown. She lifted her nightgown, squatted, and peed on the floor." Depp sucks up the rest of his soda. "That dream's really stuck with me."

"Are you surprised that you and Kate are still a couple?" I ask, taking this as a warped cue to ask him some woman questions.

"I am amazed," he admits. "I am doubly amazed at how great it still is. It's still new. It's still fun. It's still very naïve—even though we have all this history together now and all this luggage. But it's still a good time. She makes me laugh. And, man, you can't beat that South London accent."

Depp and Moss met in February 1994 at Cafe Tabac, the trendy downtown-Manhattan spot. Though they've had their public ups and downs, both have claimed that it was love at first sight. They certainly still seemed very much the couple at the Halloween party Moss tossed a few months ago, where she came in what appeared to be a Mortimer Snerd mask, he as the F.B.I. sketch of the Unabomber. Disguised though they were, their regard for each other was not. Depp told Moss that he would not mind if she talked to me publicly for the first time about their relationship—it has even been rumored that the two are secretly engaged—but she said through a spokesman that this is the one area of her life that remains private, and she did not feel comfortable commenting upon it.

"All the women you've been serious about—Jennifer Grey, Sherilyn Fenn, Winona Ryder, now Kate—are quite white," I tell Depp, who was married for less than a year when he was 20 to a make-up artist, Lori Allison. "You pride

Depp

yourself on being in touch not only with the ethnicity inside you but also with the ethnicity that enriches our culture. How do you then explain this fixation on white women?"

"The ones that have been highly publicized are white, yeah. That just says more about the press than my tastes. I ain't fucking 'white,' that's for sure. Kate's definitely not. She's about the furthest thing from 'white' there is. She's got that high-water booty," he brags. "A high-water booty is important. . . . And feet. Feet are very important."

Back at the Viper Room, a security video monitor flickers on above Depp's head as he squirts himself some ginger ale from the soda hose behind the downstairs bar. Divided into a grid of four equal parts, the monitor displays the areas of the club where trouble is most likely to occur. One of the quadrants offers a perfect view of the part of the sidewalk in front of the club where, in 1993, River Phoenix collapsed and died from a drug overdose. "It was a fucking wake-up call for everybody for sure," Depp says. "They tried to drag the club through the mud. They tried to drag me through the mud. But I don't give a fuck what the tabloid press writes. Forget about me. Forget about the club. This club is going to go away at some point. It's just a piece of real estate. But to drag River's name through the mud and turn the incident into a fucking circus was such a horrible thing. It was unforgivable."

"Did you go through your own drug phase?" I ask.

"Yeah. I experimented—especially when I was a kid. I remember when weed was $25 an ounce! And they don't have nickel bags anymore! Remember nickel bags?"

"Did River's death make you question your own temptations? You've been arrested a few times for rowdy behavior. You've admitted in the past you've had a few drinks in your life."

"No, a few drinks have had me. It's just kind of pointless. I mean, some people can drink—you know, a few whiskeys or vodkas. But I just keep going."

"Many of the characters you choose to play carry around a lot of sadness with them. But there have been times during your career when you appear exceedingly sad yourself. Watching *What's Eating Gilbert Grape,* for example, one gets this sense of a kind of refracted sadness—your own looking back at us through Gilbert's eyes."

"Oh, man, yeah. Johnny was unhappy then. . . . It was a pretty dark time for me. I don't know what was going on. Well, I was poisoning myself beyond belief." He points to his soda. "I'd eat that glass, man. There was a lot of liquor. A lot of liquor. I was pretty unhealthy."

"Were you doing heroin?"

Depp takes a deep breath. "Oh, let's not talk about that. . . . It was a very sad time for me. I've never seen *Gilbert Grape,* actually. I can't watch it."

"I think a lot of drug use is based on redemption," I venture. "It's about getting your life back together after an episode of using. It's the redemption that's addictive."

"We chase our tails for so long," Depp softly says. "Getting high is about fucking trying to numb something. Getting loaded and trying to destroy yourself. . . . Well, you just get to a point and you go, Fuck! What am I doing? What the fuck am I trying to do to myself? . . . It's not so much redemption as it is clarity. This really shows I'm getting older. I'm sounding like John Denver or something. But I look forward to having a kind of peace of mind. I know that we all get there eventually, but it entails—at least for me—going through a lot of chaos."

Depp the director decides to call it a day, and the hubbub on the Mojave movie set increases. One of the film's animal wranglers leads a sow toward a trough filled with slop. Depp grins at another wrangler, who is trying to throw a rope around Skippy, a goat that has a featured role in *The Brave.*

"Did you get to hang out with Red Crow?" Depp asks as we head for his trailer.

"Yes."

"That's good. The first day, before we started shooting, I had him perform a Lakota Sioux sunrise ceremony to bless the film. Right after he finished, just as the sun was coming up and I was sitting down in my director's chair for the first time, I got a call on my cellular. It was Brando telling me he'd do the role," he says, referring to the character who is the sadistic purveyor for the "snuff" film in his movie. "Can you believe that? Marlon's an angel, man," says Depp about the legendary actor who also co-starred with him in *Don Juan DeMarco.* "He's my angel."

Depp climbs into the back of the Ford Bronco parked in front of his trailer and opens a cooler stocked with Coronas. He sticks a slice of lime down a Corona's neck and quickly chugs half the bottle. Wiping his mouth, he grins and grabs a box hidden behind the cooler. "The animal wranglers—they've never worked on a movie before—gave me these as a present," he says as he pulls from the box salt and pepper shakers in the shape of white and black penises.

He quickly hides them again when a little boy, one of the film's extras, timidly approaches with his mother and asks Depp for his autograph. He good-naturedly obliges. "Can I get a picture of the two of you?" the mother asks. "Sure," Depp says and gently puts a tattooed arm around the kid, who is astonished by his good fortune, too flustered even to look at the lens pointed their way. That's O.K. Depp looks back for both of them. □

Clinton

CONTINUED FROM [illegible] [illegible] about the Clintons is that they brought the political mores of Arkansas with them to Washington. But the truth is the [illegible] a kind of dubious [illegible] spinning, cutting corners, and [illegible] stand by their friends. If Clinton's second term ends up being remembered as a time of investigations and accusations, a large share of the blame will belong to the Clintons and their self-righteous attitude toward troubles of their own making.

Whitewater itself may soon be regarded as having been an enormous waste of time and energy. After four years of investigation, no Clinton-administration official, and neither of the Clintons themselves, has been shown to have done anything illegal or even decisively unethical. The original focus was on the wretched deal in which Clinton's friend James McDougal tried to help a promising young political couple make some easy money on what turned out to be a bad land-development deal. This kind of favoritism was sleazy, to be sure, but also pathetically common in political life, and, absent any direct exchange of favors, not criminal.

Despite their suspicions, Republicans were never able to make a case that there was a quid pro quo, such as an effort by Clinton to get Arkansas bank regulators

to go easy on McDougal's financially troubled Madison Savings and Loan. The next Republican undertaking was to demonstrate that even if there had been no initial crime, there was a subsequent cover-up. But that theory, too, failed to transcend wishful thinking: the independent Pillsbury report concluded that the Clintons had done nothing wrong, and a report by the Office of Government Ethics ruled that the much-decried "contacts" between White House officials and officials of the Resolution Trust Corporation weren't a problem after all.

With those trails at a dead end, conservative hopes have turned to Starr's investigation. The best remaining direct shot at Clinton is the charge that as governor he pressured former Arkansas judge David Hale into making a $300,000 Small Business Administration loan to McDougal's ex-wife, Susan, some of which was used to bail out Whitewater. This is Hale's story, and according to tidbits leaking out of the special prosecutor's office in Little Rock, it may now be James McDougal's as well. The problem is that both of these men are felons convicted of bank fraud, each of whom has changed his story. McDougal, who has the added problems of memory loss and mental illness, may be changing his story yet again with the incentive of avoiding a jail term. He has gone from being a Clinton accuser in 1992 to a Clinton apologist after the election, to an accuser again in James Stewart's book *Blood Sport,* to an apologist during his own criminal trial in early 1996, to a reported accuser again. It would be hard for a jury to take him seriously.

"I categorically do not believe they will be indicted, because there is nothing to be indicted for," says George Stephanopoulos, the former Clinton aide. "The only way this reaches the Clintons is through a series of improbable circumstances—Jim McDougal needs to change his story and be believed." In reality, Starr's only hope of getting at the president is to get Susan McDougal to back up her ex-husband Jim's latest story. However, Susan has been so antagonized by Starr's tactics that she would rather sit in jail on a contempt citation than do anything to help him, despite a grant of immunity. Conservatives believe that Susan is angling for a presidential pardon that would cover charges unrelated to Whitewater—of embezzling money from conductor Zubin Mehta and his wife. Susan has convincingly maintained in jailhouse interviews, however, that she knows a pardon would be out of the question, and says she thinks Starr wants her to lie to get the president.

The issue of Hillary's involvement seems to have come down to an even more recondite set of circumstances: whether she lied about her knowledge of the sale of a glorified trailer park called Castle Grande, which turned out to be a crooked deal. After she told Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation investigators that she knew nothing about Castle Grande, the mysteriously rediscovered Rose Law Firm billing records showed she had had 12 phone conversations about the project with Seth Ward, the father-in-law of the convicted Webster Hubbell, a principal in the deal. But the First Lady claims she knew Castle Grande by another name, "IDC," which is not beyond the realm of plausibility. "Perjury takes intent, it has to be material, it has to be stark," says Stephanopoulos. "Simply describing plots of land by a different name when both names were in common usage is not perjury by any stretch."

One other possibility is that Starr might try to build an obstruction-of-justice case against the First Lady on the basis of the Rose Law Firm billing records that turned up in the White House Book Room with her fingerprints on them. The D'Amato-committee report, issued over the summer, essentially convicted the First Lady of putting them there. But the evidence for this was derived from a dubious process of eliminating the hundreds of people who had passed through the Book Room over a period of months. Since they were the First Lady's records before they were lost, her fingerprints prove very little.

If Starr, who was on George Bush's shortlist for the Supreme Court, is as ambitious as most people seem to think, the last thing he would want to do is bring a weak legal case against the First Lady. Indicting Hillary Clinton on shaky evidence would leave him looking hopelessly partisan; her acquittal could turn him into a national laughingstock. A shrewder course for him would be to hit the administration with a tough report and get to work rebuilding his old reputation for fair-mindedness.

The Clintons excel at a kind of dubious Washington morality—spinning, cutting corners, and failing to stand by their friends.

The Paula Jones case looks like an exception to the general rule that Clinton's faults lie less in his Arkansas misdeeds than in his Washington spinning. A recent article in *The American Lawyer* makes a compelling case that Jones's tale about her unpleasant meeting with Governor Clinton in 1991 is credible. According to former *New York Times* journalist Stuart Taylor Jr., the author of the piece, several friends of Jones's say that immediately after the alleged incident at Little Rock's Excelsior Hotel, Jones told them exactly the same story she now tells in her suit—crucial corroboration in a case of this kind. Taylor contends that the press has failed to take Jones's charges as seriously as they warrant because of class prejudice against a "woman with big hair coming out of the trailer parks," and liberal media bias.

In fact, the media neglect of Jones's story is probably as much a result of its sheer seediness as of other factors. She says that when she was a bottom-level state employee Clinton came on to her with all the suavity of a drunken frat boy. Whether or not what she says happened actually happened, it is truly unfit for print. As a legal case, Jones's claim is also weak, because she was not punished for rebuffing the governor's alleged advances. In fact, she got a raise after the incident is supposed to have occurred.

Nonetheless, this may be the sharpest sword hanging over the president's head. Assuming some part of Jones's story to be

Clinton

true, which even many Clinton defenders privately concede to be likely, a trial, covered by all the networks and replete with discussion of the "distinguishing" marks Jones claims she glimpsed below the president's belt, would be a grotesque humiliation. There would surely be testimony as well from women whom Jones's lawyers would call as witnesses in an attempt to demonstrate a "pattern" of behavior on the president's part. He loses even if he wins.

A year ago, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit ruled that the suit could go forward. Clinton won the most crucial victory in the case last June, when the Supreme Court agreed to hear oral arguments on the issue of whether private citizens like Jones should be able to sue a sitting president. This had the effect of putting off discovery in the civil trial until after the election. But it was only a stay of execution; the court hears the case on January 13. Clinton's lawyer Robert S. Bennett will try to persuade a potentially sympathetic Clarence Thomas and eight others that political enemies should not be able to waste a president's time with frivolous lawsuits. "I can't see the Supreme Court issuing a ruling that would enable anybody to file a suit in any state court and drag the president there," Bennett says.

In the worst-case scenario for the president—a ruling late this spring allowing the suit to proceed—Bennett can be expected to bring a number of motions, arguing that the complaint is defective, that it fails to show a pattern of harassing behavior, and fails to show damages. These motions may have the effect of delaying the case a good long while. But they won't delay it four years.

Certain other matters which loomed large only a few months ago are now mostly defunct. One such is Travelgate. Hillary Clinton clearly lied when she told the General Accounting Office that she "had no role in the decision to terminate the employees" fired from the Travel Office in the early days of the new administration. But she made the statement through an intermediary: former White House associate counsel Neil Eggleston, who wrote it on a questionnaire. For Starr, pursuing this fib would be dicey. Since the White House was within its rights to fire the political appointees running the Travel Office, he would be prosecuting a lie made merely for public-relations purposes.

The other imbroglio which is pretty well played out is Filegate. At its height, the requisition of F.B.I. files on Republicans by security goons Craig Livingstone and Anthony Marceca was the brightest hope of the Republicans. But once the investigation failed to find Hillary's fingerprints—or those of any other White House official outside the security office—on the files themselves, the story ran out of gas. "It was a bureaucratic fuckup by two morons," says Stephanopoulos.

That leaves Indogate, the latest feeding frenzy. Republicans are being wildly optimistic again in thinking this will reach the president. It does seem probable that Democratic National Committee officials turned a blind eye to such potential violations of campaign-finance law as contributions by foreign nationals. There's also a strong circumstantial case that John Huang, the D.N.C.'s Indonesian-connected fundraiser, took advantage of his previous position at the Commerce Department to help with Democratic fund-raising. But while the whole mess makes a convincing case for campaign-finance reform, it diverges little from similar cases in the past involving Republicans. Before Huang and Ron Brown exploited the Commerce Department to dun businesses for campaign cash, Robert Mosbacher, George Bush's campaign finance chairman and subsequent commerce secretary, did the same thing for the G.O.P. And skirting the rules about soft-money donations is old-hat for both parties.

It would be much more shocking—and truly scandalous—if contributions from the Indonesian Riady clan had some effect on American relationships abroad. "Anybody who thinks foreign policy was changed as a result of this just doesn't know how the government works," says one senior administration official involved in international relations. As for the illegal-fund-raising angle, it will be all but impossible to trace knowledge up the chain of command at the D.N.C., let alone to the White House.

Of course, there's every reason to expect new scandals—and for them to follow the familiar pattern of minor wrongdoing compounded by major shiftiness. The latest, breaking at press time, was the bizarre tale of the bathwater-drinking disciples of Zen master Ching Hai's funneling contributions to Clinton's legal-defense fund through Arkansas restaurateur Charles Trie. Why haven't the Clintons learned a lesson in damage control that seems almost unavoidable? "For him, it's spin, and an unwillingness to face unpleasant tasks," says one former administration official. "For her, it's an inability to say she's done anything wrong—her inability to admit she even created a bad appearance."

"Arrogance, arrogance, arrogance," mutters another senior administration official suffering from a spasm of disenchantment. "You have people here who were involved in Watergate, on the right side [Hillary was on the staff of the congressional Watergate committee], and they learned nothing. They learned nothing about behavior, and they learned even less about dealing with the press." □

Jewell

FROM PAGE lost up there, you might find a guy with a bow and arrow," the lawyer said.

Recently, Jewell and I took the 90-minute drive from Atlanta to Habersham County, which has a [illegible] orchards. The leaves were turni[illegible] the roads were mostly deserted. In the towns, however, were stores, apple stands, and even a good Chinese restaurant. As Jewell's blue pickup truck turned into the parking lot of a shopping center, several people came out to greet him.

Jewell had lived in a small yellow house up a steep rocky driveway. On the day we visited, the current resident's Halloween decorations were still up, as were faded white satin ribbons hanging from many trees, remnants of a campaign to clear Richard Jewell organized by area friends. Jewell had lived 50 yards from the Chattahoochee River near a kayak-and-canoe tourist concession on a main road—not in a "cabin in the woods," as several reports stated after the bombing. He worked the night shift, and when he would arrive home at dawn, he told me, he could look up and "see a sky filled with stars."

He was not a loner; he made friends with several local families. He would often leave a box of Dunkin' Donuts

on friends' porches at four A.M. During the O. J. Simpson trial, he and the other deputies would meet in the turnaround on Highway 985 in the middle of the night and review the day's events and the bungling by the Los Angeles Police Department. Jewell would later be annoyed that the F.B.I. confiscated his copy of former prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi's account of the trial. Jewell dated a local girl, Sheree Chastain, and had a close relationship with her family.

Jewell had a complex history working at the Habersham County Sheriff's Office. When he was still a jailer, he arrested a couple making too much noise in a hot tub at an apartment building where he did part-time security work. He was arrested for impersonating an officer and, after pleading guilty to a lesser charge, was placed on probation on the condition that he seek psychological counseling.

By his own estimation, Jewell's strength as a cop was "working car wrecks." He had his mother's diligence; he worked 14 hours a day and organized a safety fair. Later in 1995 he wrecked his patrol car and was demoted to working in the jail. Rick Moore, a local deputy, advised him to accept the job, but Jewell despised the jailhouse atmosphere. He told me, "It was a small room filled with cigarette smoke. I couldn't take it." He resigned, and in a short time he moved to a police job at Piedmont College, a liberal-arts school with approximately 1,000 students on the main road in Demorest. The college police had jurisdiction only on campus and in an area extending out 500 feet. Jewell chased cars speeding down the highway and had arguments over turf with other officers. He was instrumental in several arrests, including that of a suspected burglar he discovered hiding at the top of a tree. For his work on a volunteer rescue squad, he was named a citizen of the year.

According to Brad Mattear, a former resident director, Piedmont was a school of "P.K.'s"—preachers' kids. It was 80 percent Baptist with a strict no-drinking rule. The college had many rebellious students, according to Mattear, kids who were "away from home for the first time and wanted to party and drink." Mattear knew Jewell well and recalled his good manners and playful nature. "It was always 'Yes, sir' and 'Yes, ma'am.'" Jewell would tell students, "I know y'all are going to drink. Don't do it on campus."

Jewell felt confined by his boundaries and could be heavy-handed when it came to writing out reports on minor infractions. Once when we were driving by the campus, he pointed to a small brick dormitory. "That was where all the partying would go on," he told me. Jewell would raid dorm rooms and report drinking violations. "I did not hesitate to tell the parents—in no uncertain terms—what their kids were up to," he said.

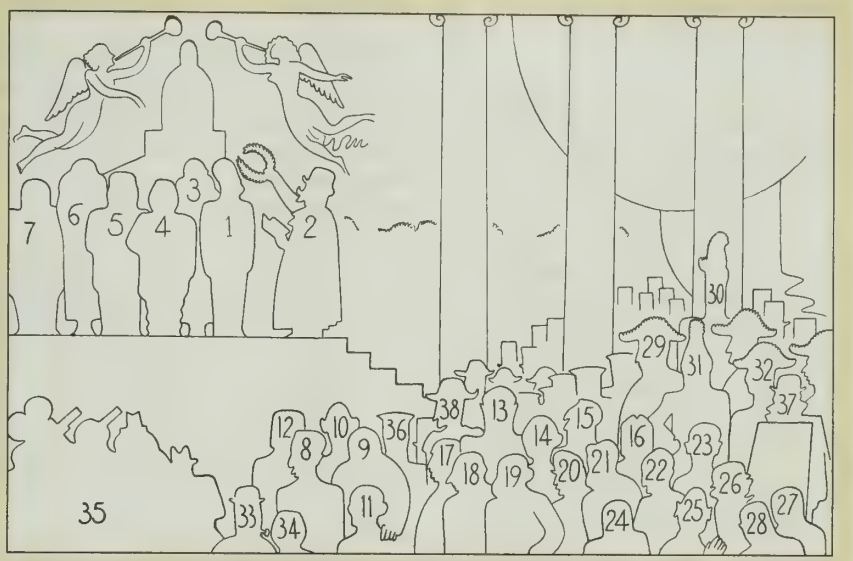
He soon made enemies at the school. "Three or four times a week," Mattear said, Piedmont students were in the office of Ray Cleere, the president of the college, complaining about Jewell and other Piedmont police. After Jewell was admonished for a number of controversial arrests, he resigned.

Jewell had an out: his mother was going to have an operation on her foot. He would go home to Atlanta for the Olympics and look for a new job. He called his mother: "Is it all right with you if I stay with you while you have your surgery?" He hoped he might get a job with the Atlanta police or, failing that, work security at the Olympics. "I thought, Working at the Centennial Olympic Park will look really good on my résumé."

At the age of 33, back in his mother's apartment, he was at first treated like a wayward teenager. Bobi was sharp with him about his slovenly habits, his weight, and his driving. Bobi had carved out a life for herself; she arrived at work by eight A.M. each morning and had many friends. Trim, with short-cropped hair, Bobi Jewell is the kind of woman who labels her clothes and spices and spends much of her spare time baking cakes and babysitting for extra money. She carries on telephone friendships with claim adjusters at other companies. It was somewhat unsettling for her, she told me, to have Richard at home after she had grown used to living with only her dog, Brandi, and her cat, Boots. Bobi was annoyed that he had wrecked a patrol car, and worried about his safety. "Every time he leaves the apartment, I'll say, 'Richard . . . ' And he'll say, 'Yes, ma'am. I know. The person that I am going to see will be there when I get

Hail to the Chief

Washington gathers as F.D.R. takes the oath, March 4, 1933. The key:



1. President Franklin D. Roosevelt. **2.** Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. **3.** Eleanor Roosevelt. **4.** Vice President John Nance Garner. **5.** Outgoing president Herbert C. Hoover. **6.** Lou Henry Hoover. **7.** Outgoing vice president Charles Curtis. **8.** 1928 Democratic nominee Alfred E. Smith. **9.** Postmaster General James Farley. **10.** New Deal economist Professor Raymond Moley. **11.** Presidential confidant Louis Howe. **12.** Arkansas senator Joseph Robinson. **13.** Presidential adviser Bernard M. Baruch. **14.** Chairman of the General Electric Company Owen D. Young. **15.** California senator William Gibbs McAdoo. **16.** Maryland governor Albert Cabell Ritchie. **17.** Virginia senator Claude Swanson. **18.** Mississippi senator Pat Harrison. **19.** New York governor Herbert Lehman. **20.** Montana senator Thomas Walsh. **21.** 1924 Democratic nominee John W. Davis. **22.** Virginia senator Carter Glass. **23.** Diplomat Norman Davis. **24.** Statesman Newton D. Baker. **25.** Presidential adviser Henry L. Stimson. **26.** Ambassador to Great Britain Andrew Mellon. **27.** Presidential adviser Ogden L. Mills. **28.** J. P. Morgan. **29.** French ambassador to the U.S. Paul Claudel. **30.** British ambassador to the U.S. Sir Ronald Lindsay. **31** and **32.** Far Eastern ambassadors. **33.** Journalist Mark Sullivan. **34.** *New York Herald Tribune* columnist Walter Lippmann. **35.** Members of the press corps. **36.** General John Pershing. **37.** The Forgotten Man. **38.** Officers of the U.S. Navy. Above the Capitol, as winged sylphs, Clare Boothe Luce and an unidentified beauty.

there.'" she said. On one occasion Bobi talked about Richard's return to Atlanta. "What is wrong with trying to revamp your life?" she asked me. Her eyes filled with tears. "Why does everyone in the media think it is so strange?"

On Friday, July 26, Bobi Jewell was home waiting for her niece to arrive from Virginia for the Olympic softball competition the following week. In preparation, she had stocked her apartment with food. It was a clear Georgia evening, not as hot as had been expected. As usual, Richard left for the park at 4:45 P.M. and arrived at the AT&T pavilion about 5:30. His stomach was bothering him; he was convinced that he had eaten a bad hamburger the day before. Lin Wood and Wayne Grant had arranged to take their children to Centennial Park that night. The park, in downtown Atlanta, stretches over 21 acres. There were air-conditioned tents, concerts on the stage, and hot-dog and souvenir stands. Downtown Atlanta was usually deserted in the oppressively hot, humid summer, but this year thousands of tourists filled the sidewalks, or sat on benches in the shade of some crape-myrtle trees, or cooled off by a fountain. Tour buses clogged the main arteries, and everyone complained that it took hours to get anywhere; stories were traded about athletes' getting to their competitions late because of the poor planning of the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games.

As always, Jewell was working the 12-hour night shift near the sound-and-light tower by the stage. He was pleased because one of his favorite groups—Jack Mack and the Heart Attack—was going to perform at 12:45. Jewell had a routine: he would check in and fill the ice chest he kept by a bench at his station. Jewell liked to offer water and Cokes to pregnant women or policemen who stopped to rest.

After he arrived at the park, his stomach cramps grew worse and he had a bout of diarrhea. At approximately 10 P.M. he took a break to go to the bathroom. The closest one was by the stage, but the security staff was not allowed to use it. "I really have to go," Jewell says he told the stage manager. "And he said, 'Well, O.K. this tim[illegible]'"

When Jewell came out, he noticed that it was "real calm" and there wasn't much wind blowing. At that time of night the crowd from Bud World became a little more raucous. Jewell was annoyed when he saw a group of drunks near his bench and beer cans littering the area beside the fence nearby. As he went to report the trash and the group that was carousing, he spotted a large olive-green military-style backpack, known as an Alice pack, under the bench. There had been a similar bag found the week before. Jewell later told an F.B.I. agent that he was annoyed that one of the drunks had tried to get into the lens of a camera crew. Jewell had told them to cut it out. "They were running off at the mouth," Jewell would later tell Larry Landers of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (G.B.I.).

"I was light about the package at first," he told me, "kidding around with Tom Davis from the G.B.I.: 'Well, are you going to open it?' At that point, it was not a concern. I was thinking to myself, Well, I am sure one of these people left it on the ground. When Davis came back and said, 'Nobody said it was theirs,' that is when the little hairs on the back of my head began to stand up. I thought, *Uh-oh.* This is not good.

"I never really had time to be frightened. My law-enforcement background paid off here. What went through my head was like a computer screen of this list I had to do. I had to call my supervisor. I have to tell people in the tower that something was going on. I have to be firm with them, stay calm, and be professional."

Almost immediately, Jewell and Tom Davis cleared a 25-foot-square area around the backpack; Jewell made two trips into the tower to warn the technicians. "I want y'all out now. This is serious."

Two blocks away on Marietta Street, approximately 300 editors, copywriters, and reporters from Cox newspapers around the country had taken over the extra desks in the new eighth-floor newsroom at *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* to prepare the special Olympics edition they put out each afternoon. The paper had gone "Olympics-crazy," according to one reporter. The editor, Ron Martin, and the managing editor, John Walter—"Wal-Mart," as they were called—had let it be known that no expense would be spared. Ann Hardie, who normally covers science, had been sent around the world to master the fine points of beach volleyball; Bill Rankin, officially on the federal-court beat, was assigned table tennis. The paper intended to set new standards in its hometown during the games, but in addition there was a hint of redemption in the air.

Since Cox newspaper executives had forced the resignation of the distinguished editor Bill Kovach in 1988, the paper had suffered a severe loss of reputation. "We all felt just kind of beaten down," one reporter said. Kovach had been brought to Atlanta from *The New York Times* to elevate *The A.J.C.* into being the definitive paper of the New South, but eventually he irritated the local powers. Atlanta was inbred, a city of deals, and he resigned in a blaze of press outrage. Kovach now ran the Nieman journalism-fellowship program at Harvard, and the movie rights to his turbulent years in Atlanta—reported in these pages by Peter J. Boyer—had been sold to Warner Bros.

Within the profession, *The A.J.C.* had become something of a joke. More and more, its emphasis was on what John Walter called "chunklets"—short bits in a soft-news style known as eye-candy. The paper published features on couples massage and how mushrooms grow in the rain. Walter had fired off several terse memos to ensure that there would be no more jumps of news stories to back pages and no more unsourced news stories, except on rare occasions. "I don't see any reason why you can't report hard news in a short form," one editor told me.

The *A.J.C.* style of reporting in declarative sentences had a name, too: the voice of God. It was omniscient, because it allowed no references to unattributed sources. Subjects such as AIDS, which often required confidentiality, could not be covered properly in the paper, in the opinion of several reporters. *The A.J.C.* picked up news stories with unnamed sources from *The New York Times*, however, and reporters groused about the hypocrisy of the double standard.

On Saturday morning, July 27, Bob Johnson, the night metro editor, left the newsroom at one A.M. The sidewalks were still crowded; Johnson sat on a wall outside waiting for an *A.J.C.* shuttle bus to pick him up. About 1:25 he heard a strange noise. "It sounded like an aerial bomb at a fireworks show," he said. He recalled thinking, Damn, that is sort of foolish. Then he heard screams and saw people running. Johnson rushed back upstairs to the almost deserted sixth-floor newsroom. Lyda Longa, a night police reporter, was still there. Johnson sent her down to the park and turned on the news but nothing had moved across the wires. Just after two A.M., Longa called from the park. She told Johnson that one person had been killed and dozens were down—it was absolute chaos. Johnson could hear the sirens and the screams through the telephone; he began to type into his computer. "We were trying to get a bullet into the street edition," Johnson recalled. In the crisis, it took only minutes for re

porters to return to the newsroom; several had been at the park when the bomb went off. Rochelle Bozman, an Olympics editor, appeared and took over for Johnson. Soon John Walter was there, as was Bert Roughton, who would assist him in supervising the *A.J.C.* coverage of the bombing.

At the park, Jewell spoke with the first F.B.I. agents to arrive on the scene. The smell and the noise, he remembered, were overwhelming, and sensations blurred together. "It was hard to describe the sound," he said. "It was like what you hear in the movies. It was, like, KABOOM. I had seen an explosion in police training. We had ear protection when it went off. It smelled like a flash-bang grenade. The sky was not filled with black smoke, but grayish-white. All the shrapnel that was inside the package kept flying around, and some of the people got hit from the bench and some with metal."

Bobi Jewell had just gone to sleep when the telephone rang. It was Richard. "Mom, they had a bomb go off down here, but I am O.K. regardless of what the TV says." He could hardly speak; he seemed paralyzed. Jewell did not mention to his mother that he had found the backpack and alerted Tom Davis. Bobi was perplexed. "I thought, What does he mean?" All night long she stayed on the foldout sofa watching the news reports. She was frightened by the ambulances, the noise, the bodies in the park.

Soon veteran homicide detectives in the Atlanta police arrived at the bomb site. One sergeant was trying to make his way through the crowd when an Olympics official stopped him. "Tell these cops to get the hell out of here," he said, according to a captain in the homicide division. "Well, *you* get the fuck out of here. Who are you?" the sergeant demanded. Agents from the Atlanta F.B.I. office and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms were in a shouting match over jurisdiction. "We are handling this!" one said. "No, this is ours!" an F.B.I. agent snapped.

In the command center at F.B.I. headquarters in northeastern Atlanta, there was complete pandemonium. The Olympics were a national convention for law enforcement. Some 30,000 security personnel were on hand. Over the next few days, there would be an internal debate: Who was going to be in charge of the bombing investigation? In Atlanta at that time were three veteran investigators with executive experience: Tom Fuentes, who is credited with helping to bring John Gotti to heel; Barry Mawn, who has worked extensively in organized-crime probes; and Robin Montgomery, the head of the critical-incident unit at Quantico, who at Ruby Ridge in 1992 questioned the disastrous "rules of engagement" which led to tragedy.

In the early-morning hours, F.B.I. agents picked up several suspects, including one referred to as "the drunk in the bar." According to F.B.I. sources, Louis Freeh himself got on the telephone to Barry Mawn. Freeh, a former F.B.I. agent, was personally monitoring the initial investigation by means of a series of conference calls from the command post at F.B.I. headquarters. He focused on "the drunk in the bar," who had been making threats the night before, and within hours the information was leaked that the F.B.I. had a suspect. From Atlanta, Barry Mawn contacted his superiors in Washington. "This suspect is not the bomber," he reportedly said, according to a former high-level F.B.I. executive. Freeh allegedly lost his temper and belittled Mawn's professional abilities. He is said to have told Mawn that he "had handled this all wrong." The words one hears characterizing Freeh's telephone calls to the agents on duty in Atlanta are "abusive," "condescending," and "dismissive." A story went around the command center that Freeh was already saying, "We have our man," according to a source in the bureau.

Freeh made a decision: however experienced Montgomery, Fuentes, and Mawn were, this investigation would be run by Division 5 of the F.B.I., the National Security Division, a former counterintelligence unit that has been looking for a purpose since the Cold War ended. Trained in observation, division members rarely made a criminal case—their strength was intimidation and manipulation rather than the deliberate gathering of evidence to be presented in court. The F.B.I. promptly declared the bombing a terrorism case and placed it under the authority of Bob Bryant, head of the division. David Tubbs of Division 5 was sent to Atlanta to be the spokesman and to augment Woody Johnson, the Atlanta special agent in charge (S.A.C.), who had been trained in hostage rescue and who was awkward in press briefings. Tubbs was not as experienced in criminal cases as Mawn or Montgomery, who returned to Newark and Quantico, respectively, "to get out of the line of fire," according to numerous F.B.I. sources. But Bryant and Freeh were reportedly micromanaging the S.A.C.'s and, later, the case agents Don Johnson and Diader Rosario.

> Watson Bryant was thinking, I cannot believe that I know anyone who throws pipe bombs into gopher holes.

On the morning of the bombing, Watson Bryant's alarm went off at six A.M. He was going to the Olympic kayak competition on the Ocoee River with Andy Currie, a friend from his Vanderbilt University days. He learned of the bombing on the radio as he was getting ready to go to Currie's house. "Whoever has done this should be skinned alive," he told Currie. He spent the day in the country, and on Sunday he went out to run errands. When he got home, there was a message on his answering machine: "Watson, this is Richard Jewell. You may have heard that I found the bomb and people are calling me a hero. Somebody told me I might get a book contract." It had been years since Bryant had spoken to Jewell, but he did not immediately return the call; he was busy finishing up some contracts so that he could take a few days off to enjoy the Olympics.

In addition, Bryant was annoyed with Jewell. After Bryant had befriended him in their days at the Small Business Ad-

ministration. Jewell had borrowed his new, $250 radar detector and never returned it. He had promised to pay him $100 for it, but he never had. In the meantime, Bryant's life had changed; he had set up an office as a solo practitioner. Bryant despised corporate politics and had no gift for them. His penchant for taking on pro-bono work for friends annoyed his wife, however. Bryant believed that Richard Jewell had attached himself to him years earlier because he lacked a father, but nevertheless Jewell could get on his nerves. By the summer of 1996, Bryant was preoccupied; his marriage had come apart two years earlier, and he was trying to sort out his life.

When he finally returned Jewell's phone call, he said, "Well, damn it, where's my $100?" Jewell laughed uneasily and told him about discovering the green backpack that contained the bomb. "Didn't you see me on the news?" Bryant reminded him that he rarely watched TV. "I am proud of you, Richard," he said. "About this book contract, I think it's far-fetched, but don't sign anything unless I see it first."

In the *Newsweek* cover story detailing the bombing, published Monday, July 29, there was no mention of Richard Jewell. It said only that "a security guard" had alerted Tom Davis of the G.B.I. that no one had claimed the backpack under his bench. By the time *Newsweek* was on the stands, however, Jewell had been interviewed on CNN. The AT&T publicity department had booked him on TV and told him to wear the shirt with the AT&T logo. Jewell reluctantly agreed. "The idea of going on TV made me nervous," he told me. "I was not the hero. There were so many others who saved lives."

In Demorest, Ray Cleere, the president of Piedmont College, was home on Saturday, July 27, watching CNN. Cleere had at one time been Mississippi's commissioner of higher education, but he was now posted at the rural Baptist mountain school. He was said to feel that he had suffered a loss of status in the boondocks, where he was out of the academic mainstream. He called Dick Martin, his chief of campus police. Shouldn't they call the F.B.I. and tell them about Richard Jewell? he asked. Cleere had had a strong disagreement with Jewell when one of the students was caught smoking pot. Jewell wanted to arrest him; Cleere said no. Cleere, Brad Mattear recalled, "worried constantly about the image of the college." According to Mattear, "Cleere loved the limelight. He wanted public attention"—the very trait he reportedly ascribed to Richard Jewell.

Dick Martin, who was fond of Jewell, suggested a compromise, according to Lin Wood: he would call a friend in the G.B.I. Cleere then called the F.B.I. hot line in Washington himself. Wood says Cleere later complained that no one had seemed to want to listen to what he had to say about Richard Jewell. But his telephone call would trigger a complex set of circumstances in Habersham County, where F.B.I. investigators fanned out over the hills, attempting to uncover evidence that could lead to Jewell's arrest. "The F.B.I. took his word, and what it actually did was get them both in a bunch of trouble," Mattear said. (Cleere has declined to comment.)

For Richard Jewell, Tuesday, July 30, would become a haze in which his life was turned upside down. "The hours of the day ran so fast it is hard to remember what all happened," he told me. He started the day early at the Atlanta studio of the *Today* show. He was tired; the evening before he had had his friend Tim Attaway, a G.B.I. agent, for dinner. He had made lasagna and had drawn Attaway a diagram of the sound-and-light tower. Jewell had talked into the night about the bombing; only later would he learn that Attaway was wearing a wire.

Despite the late evening, Jewell was excited at the thought of meeting Katie Couric and being interviewed about finding the Alice pack in the park. His mother asked him to try to get Tom Brokaw's autograph. "He was a man my mom respected a great deal," he said.

When he got back to the apartment, he was surprised to see a cluster of reporters in the parking lot. "Do you think you are a suspect?" one asked. Jewell laughed. "I know they'll investigate anyone who was at the park that night," he said. "That includes you-all too." Jewell did not turn on the TV, but he noticed that the group outside the door continued to grow. At four that afternoon, Jewell received a phone call from Anthony Davis, the head of the security company Jewell worked for at AT&T. "Have you seen the news?" Davis asked. "They are saying you are a suspect." Jewell said, "They are talking to everybody." According to Jewell, Davis said, "They are zeroing in on you. To keep the publicity down, don't go to work."

Within minutes, Don Johnson and Diader Rosario knocked on Jewell's door. They exuded sincerity, Jewell recalled. "They told me they wanted me to come with them to headquarters to help them make a training film to be used at Quantico," he said. Johnson played to Jewell's pride. Despite the reporters in the parking lot and the call from Anthony Davis, Jewell had no doubt that they were telling the truth. He drove the short distance to F.B.I. headquarters in Buckhead in his own truck, but he noticed that four cars were following him. "The press is on us," Jewell told Johnson when they arrived. "No, those are our guys," Johnson told him. This tactic would continue through the next 88 days and be severely criticized: Why would you have an armada of surveillance vehicles stacked up on a suspected bomber?

It was then that Jewell started to wonder why he was at the F.B.I., but he followed Johnson and Rosario inside. Rosario was known for his skills as a negotiator; he had once helped calm a riot of Cuban prisoners in Atlanta. Johnson, however, had a reputation for overreaching. In Albany, New York, in 1987, he had pursued an investigation of then mayor Thomas Whalen. According to Whalen, the local U.S. attorney found no evidence to support Johnson's assertions and issued a letter to Whalen exonerating him completely, but Whalen believed it cost him an appointment as a federal judge.

As Jewell sat in a small office, he wondered why the cameraman recording the interview was staring at him so intently. After an hour, Johnson was called out of the room. When he returned, he said to Jewell, "Let's pretend that none of this happened. You are going to come in and start over, and by the way, we want you to fill out this waiver of rights."

"At that moment a million things were going through my head," Jewell told me. "You don't give anyone a waiver of rights unless they are being investigated. I said, 'I need to contact my attorney,' and then all of a sudden it was an instant change. 'What do you need to contact your attorney for? You didn't do anything. We thought you were a hero. Is there something you want to tell us about?'" Jewell grew increasingly apprehensive and later recalled thinking, These guys think I did this.

When the agents took a break, Jewell asked to use the phone. "I called Watson four times. I called his brother. I told his parents that I had to get hold of Watson—it was urgent. I was, like, 'I have to speak to him right now.' What was going on was that Washington was

on the phone with Atlanta. The people in Washington were giving them questions." Jewell said he knew this because the videotapes in the cameras were two hours long and "Johnson and Rosario would leave every 30 minutes, like they had to speak on the phone." The O.P.R. report, however, would assert that no one at headquarters knew about the videotaping or the training-film ruse. Lying to get a statement out of a suspect is, in fact, not illegal, but clearly Johnson and Rosario were not making decisions on their own. Even the procedure of having a fleet of cars follow a suspect was an intimidation tactic used by the F.B.I. Later, according to Jewell, Johnson and Rosario would both tell him privately that they believed he was innocent, but that the investigation was being run by the "highest levels in Washington."

Within the bureau, the belief is that during one of the telephone calls Freeh instructed Johnson and Rosario to read Jewell his Miranda rights. Freeh is said to have learned of Johnson's history from a member of his security detail, who had worked in Atlanta. He told Freeh that "Johnson had a reputation for being obnoxious and a problem." In addition, a week after Jewell's interview, Freeh reportedly received a call from Janet Reno, who had learned about the ruse from Kent Alexander, the local U.S. attorney, and Deputy Attorney General Jamie Gorelick. Freeh wondered aloud how it was that, of all the agents in Atlanta, Johnson had been selected to work on the Jewell case. Like Jewell, Johnson had wound up in Atlanta because of his overzealous behavior—according to an F.B.I. source, the Whalen episode had resulted in a "loss-of-effectiveness transfer," an F.B.I. euphemism. (Johnson declined to respond.)

On that same Tuesday, Watson Bryant and Nadya Light closed the office early and went to Centennial Park. Light, 35, a pretty Russian immigrant, had never met Radar, Bryant's old friend, and wanted to buy him a celebratory meal. Killing time until Jewell came on duty, they went into the House of Blues and then bought some hot sauce. Walking toward his car, Bryant saw newsboys hawking the afternoon edition of *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution.* "It was like out of a cartoon. They were all yelling!" he recalled. "I caught the headline out of the corner of my eye." The headline read: FBI SUSPECTS 'HERO' GUARD MAY HAVE PLANTED BOMB.

Bryant borrowed 50 cents from Light to buy the paper and began to read: "'Richard Jewell, 33 . . . fits the profile of the lone bomber.' I could not believe it."

At that moment, Bryant's brother, Bruce, who was on his way to the diving competition, got a call from Jewell. "Where is Watson?" As Bruce Bryant walked past a Speedo billboard with a TV screen, he saw Richard Jewell's face filling the screen. "Oh, my God," he said to his wife. At the same moment, Watson was in his car a block away on Northside Drive when he too noticed the Speedo screen. He could not get back to his house—the streets were blocked off for the cycling competition. From his car he called F.B.I. headquarters and demanded to speak to Jewell. "He is not here," the operator said. From his home phone, he picked up his messages and heard Jewell's low, urgent tones. "He didn't leave a number," Bryant told Light. "Call Star 69," she said. The number came back: 679-9000, the number for F.B.I. headquarters, which he had just dialed. Within minutes, Bryant had Jewell on the phone. Jewell told him he was making a training film. "You idiot! You are a suspect. Get your ass out of there now!" Bryant told him.

Before *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* broke the story of Richard Jewell, there had been a debate in the newsroom over whether or not to name him. One block away, CNN's Art Harris and Henry Schuster had alerted the network's president that Jewell was targeted, but they held the story, because they understood its potential magnitude. At *The A.J.C.,* Kathy Scruggs, a police reporter, who had allegedly gotten a tip from a close friend in the F.B.I., got a confirmation from someone in the Atlanta police. According to the managing editor, John Walter, the first edition of the paper that Tuesday had a brief profile of Jewell. It was dropped in later editions as Walter questioned whether the paper had enough facts to support the scoop. Because of the voice-of-God style, the paper ended up making a flat-out statement: "Richard Jewell . . . fits the profile of the lone bomber."

When I asked John Walter about the lone-bomber sentence, he said, "I ultimately edited it. . . . One of the tests we put to the material is, is it a verifiable fact?" One editor added, "The whole story is voice-of-God. . . . Because we see this event taking place, the need to attribute it to sources—F.B.I. or law enforcement—is less than if there is no public acknowledgment." John Walter indicated that he had not seen a lone-bomber profile. I asked him, "Whose profile of a lone bomber does Richard Jewell fit? Where is the 'says who' in this sentence?" Walter said that he felt comfortable with the assertion.

The page-one story had a double byline: Kathy Scruggs and Ron Martz. Walter had told these two early on that they would be the reporters assigned to any Olympic catastrophe. Martz, who had covered the Gulf War, had been assigned the security beat for the Olympics; Scruggs routinely covered local crime. Scruggs had good contacts in the Atlanta police, and she was tough. She was characterized as "a police groupie" by one former staff member. "Kathy has a hard edge that some people find offensive," one of her editors told me, but he praised her skills. Police reporters are often "dictation pads" for local law enforcement; recently the *American Journalism Review* sharply criticized *The A.J.C.* for the scanty confirmation and lack of skepticism in its coverage of Jewell.

The newsroom atmosphere resembled that at F.B.I. headquarters; there was a frenzy to be first. Kent Walker, a newsroom intern, published a story in the same edition, with a glaring mistake in the headline: BOMB SUSPECT HAD SOUGHT LIMELIGHT, PRESS INTERVIEWS. Since Ray Cleere's tip to the F.B.I., the "hero bomber" theory had been circulating among Atlanta law-enforcement officers. Maria Elena Fernandez, a reporter, was sent to Habersham County on July 29. By coincidence, William Rathburn, the head of security for the Olympics, had been at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984 when a fake bomb was found on a bus—left by a policeman who sought attention.

On the surface, the story had an irresistible newsroom logic: Jewell was clearly looking for recognition. Bert Roughton, the city editor, had answered the telephone when a representative from AT&T called to ask if the paper would like a Jewell interview. According to Walter, Roughton himself typed a sentence in the Scruggs-and-Martz piece: "He [Jewell] also has approached newspapers, including *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution,* seeking publicity for his actions." But he hadn't. Walter explained, "There was nothing wrong with that sentence. That's journalistically proper. It is not common practice, to my knowledge, to ask someone you are interviewing . . . 'Are you here of your own free will?'" Jewell had *not* contacted the paper—a

fact which would have been easy enough to check. Walter became snappish when I described the sentence as "a mistake." "It was not a mistake," he said angrily. Scruggs and Martz quoted Piedmont College president Ray Cleere as backup. According to Cleere, Jewell had been "a little erratic" and "almost too excitable."

There was no doubt raised by *The A.J.C.* about the value of Cleere's information or the fragility of the F.B.I.'s potential case. On Tuesday morning, July 30, Christina Headrick, a young intern on the paper, was sent to Buford Highway to stake out Richard Jewell's apartment. She phoned in that there were men doing surveillance. By deadline, John Walter had made a decision: he would tear up the afternoon Olympics edition and lead with Jewell.

Several states away, Colonel Robert Ressler was watching CNN when the *A.J.C.* extra edition was shown. Ressler, who was retired from the behavioral-science unit of the F.B.I., had, along with John Douglas, developed the concept of criminal-personality profiling. He was the co-author of the *Crime Classification Manual*, which is used by the F.B.I. He had interviewed Ted Bundy, Jeffrey Dahmer, and John Wayne Gacy, and as he watched the TV report, he was mystified. "They were talking about an F.B.I. profile of a hero bomber, and I thought, *What* F.B.I. profile? It rather surprised me." According to Ressler, the definition of "hero homicide"—a person looking for recognition without an intent to kill—perhaps emerged as "hero bomber." "There is no such classification as the hero bomber," he told me recently. "This was a myth." Later he said, "It occurred to me that there was no database of any bomber who lived with his mother, was a security guard and unmarried. How many hero bombers had we ever encountered? Only one that I know of, in Los Angeles, and his bomb did not go off." Ressler knew that something was off; profiles are developed from a complex set of evidence and facts derived only in part from a crime scene. The bomb had been deadly, which was not consistent with the "hero complex." Furthermore, he wondered, where did they get the information to put the profile together that fast? He asked himself, What came first here, the chicken or the egg? Was the so-called profile actually developed from the circumstances, or was it invented for Richard Jewell?

When Jewell returned home from F.B.I. headquarters just before eight P.M., NBC was showing special Olympic coverage. He sat on the sofa and watched Tom Brokaw say, "They probably have enough to arrest him right now, probably enough to prosecute him, but you always want to have enough to convict him as well. There are still holes in this case."

Jewell knew that Brokaw was his mother's favorite newsman; he looked at her and noticed "the color and the blood flow out of her face when she heard that." Bobi turned to him and asked, "What is he talking about?" Jewell later recalled, "Brokaw was talking about her son as a murderer. . . . She started crying, and what am I going to say to her? 'Mom, Watson is going to fix this'? What do you say? She doesn't hear anything anyway—she was in hysterics." At that point, Jewell said, he broke down as well.

The day Watson Bryant inadvertently became the lead lawyer for Richard Jewell, he was an attorney whom almost no one in the Atlanta legal establishment had ever heard of. "Who the hell is Watson Bryant?" a caption in the daily legal sheet, the *Fulton County Daily Report*, would read after he had appeared on the *Today* show. Bryant understood Jewell's vulnerability and decided on a strategy: he would treat him as a member of his own family. In Atlanta, the Bryants were a clan: Watson's father, Goble Bryant, had been a West Point tackle, on the 1949 college all-star team; his grandfather had invented a process for putting handles on paper bags. Watson had partied through Vanderbilt University and had barely gotten accepted to law school at the University of South Carolina. He had a close relationship with his brother, Bruce, and their sister, Barbara Ann, and if he lacked staff at his office, he knew he could count on his family to pick up the slack. Bruce enlisted Jewell to help coach his junior football team; Watson had a picnic for Richard and Bobi at his parents' house at the Atlanta Country Club.

When Bryant arrived at the Jewells' apartment that night, he pushed his way through the crowd standing outside in the spongy Atlanta humidity. Microphones were shoved in his face. "What is happening, Watson?" Bobi asked him. Bryant asked Jewell to speak to him alone. "I want to know if you can tell me, without any hesitation at all, if you had anything to do with the bombing," he said. "I didn't," Jewell told him. "I said, 'I am going to ask you again.' He would not look me in the eye. I said, 'Don't give me this "sir" shit.' I said, 'Richard, these people want to kill you. I cannot help you unless you tell me the absolute, unequivocal truth.' I was in his face. He said he did not have anything to do with it." Jewell was bewildered and numb, said Bryant, who left at 10:30 P.M. At midnight, Jewell called him to say, "They are massing outside the apartment, Watson."

The next morning, Bryant went from talk show to talk show, starting with NBC. With the notable exception of *The New York Times*, virtually every newspaper in the country had picked up the *A.J.C.* story and run it as front-page news. There were 10,000 reporters in Atlanta; the *Los Angeles Times* would later call the squad bearing down on the Jewells "a massive strike force . . . Tora! Tora! Tora!" Bryant was in a daze, but he held his own. "Is it true that Jewell was at some time ordered to seek psychological counseling?" Bryant Gumbel asked him. "I know a lot of people that ought to have psychological counseling," Watson Bryant replied.

By 10 A.M. he was back at the Jewells' apartment, studying a search warrant that had been delivered that day. The F.B.I., Jewell recalled, said that he could not be inside the apartment during the search. Bryant called F.B.I. headquarters: "What the hell is this? Why can't he be there?" Within an hour, at least 40 members of the F.B.I. had arrived, with dogs. "There was a physical-evidence team. There was a scientific team. There was a team for the bomb-squad people, and then the A.T.F. . . . They all had different-color shirts. Light blue for bombs, dark blue for evidence protection, red and yellow." Bryant could not believe what he was seeing. "This is like damn Six Flags over Georgia," he told them.

"I kept saying to Watson, 'I didn't do this.' And he said, 'Hey, kid, I believe you—we are doing what we can.'" Jewell was a gun collector. Bryant was sharp with him: "You get all those guns out of your closets and put them on your bed. We don't want any trouble."

For seven hours, Jewell sat outside on the staircase in what has become one of the most famous images of last summer. Bryant had to take his daughter, Meredith, to the Olympic equestrian competition, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for her. As he left, he said, "Don't do anything stupid. Just shut up and let them do what they have to do." Hours passed as Jewell sat in the heat. "Finally I decided I

would ask them if I could go in and use the rest room. They said, 'We got the order a couple of hours ago you could come in; you just can't get in our way.'" Jewell was told he had to wear rubber socks and gloves in order not to contaminate the site. The Jewell apartment is small—two bedrooms with a bathroom in between, a living room, an alcove dining room that has been turned into a den. As Jewell sat on the sofa, he thought he heard a crash in his bedroom. "I thought my CD player was on the floor, and I said, 'What are you-all tearing up?' and they said, 'You can't go in there right now; we are searching.' I said, 'I want to know what you-all just broke.'" One search warrant listed some 200 items the F.B.I. could confiscate, including "magazines, books . . . and photographs which would include descriptive information such as telephone numbers, addresses, affiliations and contact points of individuals involved in a conspiracy to manufacture, transport and . . . detonate . . . the explosive device used in the bombing at the Olympic Centennial Park on July 27, 1996."

"They had all my pictures, all the stuff that was in the drawers. My personal things. How would you like to know that 12 different guys had been in your underwear, laid it out on the floor, probably walked on it and then folded it back up like nothing ever happened and put it in your drawer? So then Mom got to go and watch it on TV: 'Live from the Jewell house, the search continues. . . . We are expecting an arrest any minute.'"

When Bobi Jewell returned home, the apartment appeared neat, until she walked into her kitchen. She looked down at her counters, where all her condiments, dog biscuits, spices, and crackers had been taken out of their Tupperware containers and placed in Ziploc bags. She began to cry. And then she went into the bedroom and "immediately started washing clothes," Jewell said.

Driving home from the equestrian events, Bryant heard the live coverage of the search on the radio. "Why are you helping this guy if he's guilty?" Meredith asked.

The next morning, Bryant received a copy of the F.B.I. inventory of articles confiscated in the apartment. On the list he was stunned to see "one hollowed-out hand grenade, ball-shaped" and "one hollowed-out hand grenade, pinecone-shaped." "What the hell is this?" he asked Jewell. "They were paperweights," Jewell said. "I bought them at a military store." "Oh, shit," Bryant said.

For the first few days, the Jewells lived on ham omelettes; a neighbor had brought them half a ham from the Honey Baked Ham Company on Buford Highway. Bobi Jewell had a vacation scheduled, so she remained at home, lying on the bed and "listening to the ball game if it was on." For two weeks, she cleaned out her bureau drawers. Richard would spend the day watching CNN or movies such as *Backdraft* and *Midnight Run*. "I would look out the window and see about 150 to 200 press people. Then it would drop to five or six on the hill. They had one person sitting up there at all times with their binoculars." Richard believed they were being monitored. "They heard everything that was going on. They were over there with high-intensity zoom lenses. They had people over there who could read lips. They had a sound dish. They could hear everything that we said. They had a person writing down everything we said. I saw them."

Once, Bobi's cat jumped on the window ledge under the curtain and the photographers began frenetically shooting pictures, believing that one of the Jewells was in the window. Sound trucks and boom microphones prevented the neighbors from getting near the apartment. Three F.B.I. agents were usually sitting near the tiny swimming pool; each time Jewell or his mother left the house, a cavalcade of unmarked cars would follow. Richard soon began to write a speech describing the horror he felt at being falsely accused. He ate grilled-cheese sandwiches, huge pans of lasagna, and can after can of Campbell's tomato soup.

"If my mom and I had something we wanted to talk about that we didn't want anyone to hear, we wrote it on pieces of paper. When she left to go to work the next day, she would take it with her, tear it up, and put it in the trash! That is how I kept my mother informed about what was going on with the case." The notes were specific: "What the Justice Department was saying, what my attorneys were hearing through the grapevine that I could tell my mom that was not privileged. It was mainly stuff like 'Keep the faith' and 'Can I borrow $10 for gas in the truck?'"

Jewell described how, when his mother would walk out the door, "they would holler obscenities at her. They would yell, 'Did he do it? Did he blow those people up?' They would yell, 'You should both die.'" According to Jewell, "The cameramen were just trying to get us aggravated so they could get it on-camera. You don't know how hard it is when they are saying stuff about my mother and me. . . . All she was trying to do was walk her dog. And she cannot do that without hearing that yelling. When someone did that to my mother, I would want to be up on the hill calling the police, because I would want them arrested. I was going to say, 'Mom, tell me which one said that!' And I was going to walk up to that person and introduce myself and say, 'Hi, my name is Richard Jewell. What is yours? Who do you work for? Who is your supervisor?' And I was going to go home and call 911 to get a warrant."

By disposition, Jewell is a night person, but he would get up early when his mother went back to work and make her breakfast. By 11 A.M. he would be playing Mortal Kombat II and listening to 96 Rock on the radio, where one of his friends is a disc jockey. Four days into his period of captivity, he called the DeKalb

When Bobi walked out the door, Jewell said, "they would holler obscenities and yell, 'You should both die.'"

County police. He recalled telling a Mr. Brown. "'This is Richard Jewell. I am sure you are aware of my situation over on Buford Highway.' He said, 'Yes, Richard, I know.' I said, 'I just want to tell you my situation. Number one: I did not do this. Number two: I am here and I am not leaving the apartment for any reason at all.' I said that all the press was doing right now was aggravating my mother and disturbing my neighbors, and I would really appreciate it if the neighbors could return to a normal life."

On Saturday, August 3, as Bryant stared at the F.B.I. agent plucking Jewell's hair, he had already made a decision. "It was, like, screw it. I had had it." The next day was the closing ceremony of the Olympics; Bryant imagined that that would be the day the government might choose to arrest Jewell. "Who is the best criminal lawyer in Georgia?" he asked a state lawyers' association. Within a day, he had brought in Jack Martin, an expert on the federal death penalty and a Harvard law-school graduate with close ties to the local U.S. attorney, Kent Alexander. "Let me tell you something about myself," Jewell told him in their first meeting. "I hate criminal lawyers." "Well, Richard," Martin said, "I don't much like cops, but sometimes I need one, and this is a time you sure need a criminal lawyer."

That weekend, watching the Olympic basketball finals, Bryant had an idea: he wanted to be prepared with his own polygraph test of Jewell if the F.B.I. arrested him. From the game, Bryant called a close friend who was a former federal prosecutor. "Try Richard Rackleff," he said. "We worked together on the Walter Moody bombing case." Rackleff had recently set up a private practice, and he agreed to test Jewell the next day. On Sunday morning, Bryant was up early, unable to sleep. He drove around town, making calls from his cell phone. He dialed 679-9000—the F.B.I. "This is Watson Bryant. I am going to pick up Richard Jewell. I just want you to know that. I don't have a white Bronco. I don't have a wig, and I don't have cash in my car. We are just going to my office."

Watson had coordinated an elaborate plan with his brother to dodge reporters; he would use a decoy and snake through a parking garage. Rackleff had been instructed to park blocks from Bryant's office, because his car could be identified easily, since he was well known in Atlanta law enforcement.

When Rackleff sat down with Richard Jewell in the conference room, he later told me, he sensed almost immediately that Jewell was innocent. Rackleff had tested many bombers before, including Walter Moody, who was convicted of killing a federal judge. "They are strange ducks—they leave their attorneys cold," Rackleff said. Although no one knew Rackleff was in the building, more than 100 reporters gathered outside to get a look at Jewell. Inside, Jack Martin, Bryant, Nadya Light, and Jewell spent 12 hours in Bryant's office. Rackleff asked Jewell a series of questions, but the test was inconclusive. "Richard is tormented. He is exploding on the inside," Rackleff said. While he was testing him, CNN's Art Harris was visible through the window of Bryant's office, but he could not see inside. Bryant was thoroughly deflated, close to despair. "You have got to try to buck Richard up," Rackleff told him. "Who is going to buck me up?" Bryant asked.

"We are not in missile range of arresting Richard Jewell, but we want him to take our own polygraph," Kent Alexander told Bryant and Jack Martin in their first meeting on the case. In the meantime, Rackleff had tested Jewell again, and he had passed with "no deception," the highest rating. By this time, it was clear that there was no damning evidence against Jewell discovered at the apartment or in his old house in Habersham County.

Alexander was only 38, but he had been groomed for politics in a fancy local family. His father was a senior partner in a good Atlanta law firm, and he had worked as an intern for Senator Sam Nunn. Bryant worried about Alexander's lack of experience, but Alexander told colleagues that he was disturbed by the lack of substantial evidence against Jewell. He was trying to operate with decency, but he was cautious and had to check every detail with Washington.

Bryant, however, didn't trust Alexander; he had had a bad experience with Alexander's predecessor. In 1990, Bryant had almost been put out of business in a tussle with the then U.S. attorney. The local Small Business Administration accused a bank Bryant represented of improper use of funds; the bank blamed Bryant, who was brought before a grand jury and over the next two years almost lost his practice. He spent $50,000 defending himself, and Nadya Light had to take another job, but eventually the case was settled with Bryant's agreeing not to do business with the S.B.A. for 18 months. Bryant had always felt that he had been manhandled by the office. "I learned everything I needed to know about dealing with this office in 1990," Bryant recalled telling Alexander. "No polygraph for Richard."

At the meeting, Alexander told Bryant and Martin, "This is all off-the-record. This is a request that is strictly confidential." Weeks later, Louis Freeh came to town to address a breakfast of former F.B.I. agents. Almost immediately, the polygraph request was reported on CNN. "Kent, I thought we had an agreement," Bryant told him. "I cannot control Washington," Alexander said.

When two of the bomb-blast victims sued Richard Jewell, Bryant brought in Wood and Grant to handle the civil litigation. Martin opposed the move. He believed in the cone of silence: "Circle the wagons and don't speak." He said that Wood and Grant had a different perspective: *Attack, attack, and if you give any quarter, it is a sign of weakness.* Martin had been reassured in private by Kent Alexander that Jewell was not in any immediate danger of being arrested, but the team disagreed about press tactics. Martin worked through the Atlanta-establishment back channels; Lin Wood was a rhetoric man. He favored "one big newsbreak a week." "You know who wrote the book *Masters of Deceit*? J. Edgar Hoover! And that was about the Communist Party in America. So now they have gone from masters of investigation to masters of deceit!" he would routinely tell reporters who called.

Three days after Wood and Grant surfaced as the two new civil lawyers, a Ford van with a tinted bubble-shaped window appeared on the top level of the Macy's parking garage which faced the conference-room windows of their offices. According to Wood, the van did not move for 10 days. "We used to sit there and wave at it." Then the lawyers placed a camera in the window, and the next day the vehicle was gone. "For sure that van had laser sound-detecting equipment," Wood said.

Jewell was annoyed that press descriptions of him always emphasized his "overzealousness"; he considers himself a man of details. Often, when he's watching movies at home, he freeze-frames in order to study props in scenes. The second weekend he was considered a suspect, he told me, "I walked in and I noticed white powder all over the telephone table in the conference room." It was a Saturday morning, and Jewell had been with his

lawyers until late the night before. He told me he was convinced that the F.B.I. "had lifted a ceiling tile," and that the white powder was "dust that came down." Bryant and Jewell made light of it and did not sweep their phones, believing that any tap the F.B.I. would use would be of a laser or satellite variety and impossible to trace. "In the beginning of every conversation, Watson would curse for about a minute and tell them what lowlives they were. And then he would say, 'By the way, this is Richard's lawyer. Y'all can cut your tape players off,'" Jewell said. "I would call them dirty scumbags," said Bryant. But the local U.S. attorney, Kent Alexander, insisted that their phones were not tapped. "There are no wiretap warrants," he said.

The F.B.I. did turn up one bit of potentially troublesome evidence in the Jewells' apartment—fragments of a fence that had been blown up in the explosion. After a telephone conversation with Watson Bryant, Kathy Scruggs quoted him saying, "Yes, he did have a sample of the blown-up bomb." Bryant accused her of egregiously misquoting him. He remembered saying to her, "Yes, Richard had souvenirs of the bombing." Scruggs had not taped their conversation. "She cut the 'ing' off of 'bomb,'" Bryant later told me, but Scruggs strongly denies this. The day the story broke, Bryant criticized Scruggs on local radio. That afternoon she appeared at his office to attempt to clear up the misunderstanding. "I don't like your reporting," Bryant recalled telling her. "I'm human, too," she said. The next day, Ron Martz inserted a quote from Bryant in an unrelated news story: "Oh, man, it's not even a scrap of the bomb—it's a piece of damned fence, for God's sake." But the quote would have little impact. Scruggs's version had been picked up; gathering force, it was eventually related by Bill Press on *Crossfire* on the evening of October 28: "The guy was seen with a homemade bomb at his home a few days before." (The next day CNN would be forced to apologize for the mistake.)

By this time Bryant had grown enraged by the media coverage. The *New York Post* had called Jewell "a Village Rambo" and "a fat, failed former sheriff's deputy." Jay Leno had said that Jewell "had a scary resemblance to the guy who whacked Nancy Kerrigan," and asked, "What is it about the Olympic Games that brings out big fat stupid guys?" *The A.J.C.*'s star columnist, Dave Kindred, had compared Jewell to serial murderer Wayne Williams: "Like this one, that suspect was drawn to the blue lights and sirens of police work. Like this one, he became famous in the aftermath of murder."

Television journalism was also a revelation to Bryant; he felt he had "landed on Mars," and spent hours channel-surfing. On CNN, one criminologist said "it was possible" that Jewell had a hero complex. Bryant told his brother, Bruce, "I know I am going to sue someone. I just don't know who." Bruce Bryant searched for Jewell's name on the Internet three weeks into his ordeal and found 10,000 stories. The tone many of the journalists took was accusatory and pre-determined, with a few rare exceptions, such as that of CBS correspondent Jim Stewart. "Don't jump to any conclusion yet," he said sharply in a broadcast at the height of the frenzy.

In his first week as Jewell's lawyer, Bryant went to the CNN studio to be interviewed by Larry King. After the broadcast, he was asked to stop in at the office of CNN president Tom Johnson. "They wanted to know what I thought of their reporting so far." Art Harris was in the room. "I turned around and I said to Art Harris, 'Who the hell are you and the rest of the media to make fun of how Richard Jewell and his mother live? Who are you to make fun of working people who live in a $470-a-month apartment? Is there something wrong with that? Who are you to say that he is a weirdo because he lives with his mother?'"

According to Jack Martin, the F.B.I. spent weeks on one erroneous early theory—that Richard Jewell was an enraged homosexual cop-hater who had been aided in the bombing by his lover. Jewell had purportedly planted the bomb; the lover then made the 911 phone call warning that it would go off in Centennial Park. The rationale behind this idea was that Jewell was "mad at the cops and wanted to kill other cops," Martin told me.

The rumor began at Piedmont College, perhaps invented by several of the students Jewell had turned in for smoking pot, but it had a chilling consequence. In mid-August, three agents appeared at the Curtis Mathes video store in Cornelia, where Chris Simmons, a senior at Piedmont, worked part-time. Simmons, a friend of Jewell's, who was engaged to be married, was a B student, but he displayed the same porcine blankness as Jewell and spoke in a slow drawl. He had a deep distrust of the government and carried a card in his pocket that read: CHRISTOPHER DWAYNE SIMMONS—CAMPAIGN SUPPORT FOR CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES.

The agents questioned Simmons in the store for one and a half hours. "They asked me if I was a homosexual. They asked me if I had accessed the Internet. . . . They later wanted to wire me. They said, 'If he is really a hero, we will find out, and if not, he has killed someone and injured a lot of people.'" Simmons was short with the agents and denied everything. They accused him of lying and CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin says it's the truth, nothing but the truth, for Aquarians

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Uranus in your sign can be quite refreshing, though it tends to make you rather wacky. While you have always tried to be utterly candid, you have now reached a point in your life where you have nothing to lose by being *completely* honest about who and what you are. It's strange that when it comes down to 86-ing superficial chatter and going for the deep and real the tongues of many Aquarians get swollen and cottony. This could be neurological, but more likely you're still just scared of being ridiculed, censured, or, horror of horrors, ignored.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Because you're the high-minded creature you are (Pisceans are usually touted as spiritual types, mainly because so many of them have been seen shedding tears while listening to *Songs of the Humpback Whale* on their Walkmans), this is the moment to elevate your consciousness and resist the pull of the Saturn–south node conjunction in your 2nd house. Such a configuration will drag you away from any uplifting experience and have you fretting over something you're not supposed to be even slightly concerned about: money.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

The astrological interpretation of your current conflicts is that the Saturn–south node conjunction is at odds with a transit of Jupiter. That could explain why you view the opportunities being offered now as a day late and a dollar short, and why you're so ticked off at the entire world. It could also be a personality trait (read defect) that compels you to chase after someone (or something) and then, when you have him, her, or it, to be withholding or rejecting. The former view is much more agreeable, though, don't you think?

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Whether your career is popping or drooping (both are possible for Tauruses now), consider a life you might prefer to the one you're currently living. Something in a tropical paradise maybe? A dreamy spot full of sunshine and sea (preferably *not* L.A.), where you could cool out and detox? It would have to be far, far away from your present existence, which has been getting pretty overwhelming lately, 12th-house transits being what they are. The only hitch is that there's no place on earth where you can get away from yourself.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Don't look back to those days when Pluto was in Scorpio, when you were focused on your life's mission, all fired up with more motivation than a televangelist. But don't attempt to look too far into the future either. As Saturn moves away from your midheaven and the south node approaches it, you are going to have to start acting like a regular old person, living a regular old life. It may indeed be hard to find a group you fit in with, and it may take some adjusting to realize you don't fit in anywhere. But then, you never wanted to be normal.

CANCER JUNE [illegible] JULY 22

Many Cancers are doing rather well these days, because they are going with the cosmic flow, pursuing their private lives and listening to their spouses, even if it means no schmoozing with high-muck-a-mucks. As for power-crazed Cancers, you may find that it's great to have Jupiter in your 7th house when it comes to gathering support, but, with your midheaven afflicted, is that really applause you are hearing, or the noise of a ghoulish crowd gathering below to see whether or not you will fall from the ledge on which you are currently teetering?

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

While New York Leos go west, California Leos are emigrating in droves. Leo women who once modeled themselves on June Cleaver now refuse to cook one more meal. Brainless Leo jocks are finding God. What's happening? With Saturn in their 9th house, Leos everywhere are looking for a new culture. Their quest is more absorbing than Captain Ahab's. Some cynics say that your search for a higher self is just your way of avoiding the fact that you're getting older. It's disgusting the way people are taking turns making fun of Leos.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Virgos are famous for their clarity of mind and spiritual efficiency, so it's got to bug you no end when certain people mess around with your money or try to sock it to you financially. In the area of sexual intimacy, though, there are still gaggles of Virgos who have lost focus. They can't seem to understand that making love is not only about good service. It's also about giving pleasure to another. But woe be to the astrologer who tries to come along and interfere with any happy Virgo's teenage fantasies.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Have you ever seen one of those life-size, inflatable dolls? It's hard to imagine how in the world they came into being. It wasn't necessarily a Libra who invented them, but whoever it was could have been experiencing a Saturn–south node conjunction in the 7th house, as you are now. It was certainly somebody who understood the need for human companionship. That somebody probably also knew how damned hard it is to relate to a real person and *not* be dragged down by his or her problems. That's *your* problem.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

If you're going nuts over work, you're in tune with the universe. That's the nature of the 6th house. You're also as healthy as the proverbial horse and are probably going to live forever. In fact, if a nuclear holocaust comes along and leaves nothing but roaches and ringing telephones, it will be a Scorpio who crawls out of the rubble. Nevertheless, this is the moment to take care of all those little knocks and pings in your motor and hammer out the dents in your fender. In many cases that will mean a little less junk food and a lot more collagen.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

One great thing about Sadges: no matter how angry or hurt you've been in the past, you were always able to paint a big red smile across your face and—voilà—seem fine. Some people, therefore, have been led to believe that you are shallow and full of denial. Can you be bitchy? Sure. But have you ever really been mean-spirited? Not a chance. With Saturn and the south node in your 5th house and Jupiter in your 2nd, it may take extra effort to hide the hurt this time, because Pluto is in Sagittarius, and throwing money at it won't make it go away.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

With Jupiter at the end of Capricorn, you should be harvesting all the goodies you planted over the last year. Despite any miscarriages of justice during that time, you should be brimming with confidence and full of caffeinated zeal. Be aware, though, that there's a conjunction of Saturn and the south node in your 4th house. This could manifest itself as a deep-seated longing for Daddy's love or fear of abandonment, either of which could lead you straight into infantile behavior. Recently one Capricorn even started wearing diapers. And he is 94.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159 said they could take him to Atlanta. The agents told someone Simmons had once worked with that Simmons might be involved in the bombing. "They kept wording questions differently. They kept saying: Do you think Richard Jewell could have done this if he believed that he could get people out in time and nobody would get hurt?" Simmons later called one of the F.B.I. agents and said, "I hear you don't believe my story." He recalled their conversation: "'I think you are sugarcoating your answers,' he said. I said, 'Next time I talk with you, it will be with a lawyer.' And he asked me if I was threatening him. Then he hung up on me." Ultimately, Simmons volunteered to take a polygraph, which he says he passed. "I was a nervous wreck," he said. "I had only seen this on TV."

What was not known outside a small circle of investigators was how deadly the Centennial Park bomb really was. It was well constructed, with a piece of metal shaped like a V, and inside, it had canisters filled with nails and screws. Jack Martin, who had spent time in Vietnam, compared its construction to that of a claymore mine, a sophisticated and lethal device. The bomb weighed more than 40 pounds. It was "a shaped charge," F.B.I. deputy director Weldon Kennedy would announce in December. It could blast out fragments from three separate canisters, but only one of the canisters exploded on July 27. Someone had moved the Alice pack slightly before the bomb detonated, causing most of the shrapnel to shoot into the sky. The composition of the bomb did not suggest the work of an amateur, Kathy Scruggs would ironically later report, after interviewing an A.T.F. chemist.

As the weeks went by, Richard Jewell withdrew into a state of psychological limbo; he began to try to analyze what the agents might think of his behavior within the small apartment. "I would be watching a spy show on TV or something like a John Wayne movie. Someone would be talking about blowing something up, and I would think to myself, My God, that is going to sound really bad if they think I am listening to that." He worried that "they would think I was some kind of a nut," and often, when he could not sleep, he would find himself consciously switching to exercise videos and soap operas.

Over Labor Day weekend, he drove up to Habersham County for a picnic with his ex-girlfriend's family, the Chastains. As usual, three F.B.I. cars followed him, but he had gotten adept at picking out the unmarked vehicles. As Jewell drove into town, he noticed that white ribbons hung from hundreds of trees; the Chastains had organized a campaign in his behalf. On the way home, Jewell drove with his friend Dave Dutchess. For the first time, he did not see an F.B.I. car following him, but he noticed an airplane flying low overhead. He drove another 20 miles, and the plane was still on him. "I said, 'Dave, do you think the F.B.I. would be following us in an airplane? It wouldn't be that hard to do, if they put some kind of beeper on the car.'" The plane followed them through Gainesville all the way to Atlanta—an hour's drive. "Just to make sure, we got off on an exit ramp and went about five miles back north. And I got out and took a picture. They followed us all the way back to the apartment! And they circled the apartment for about 15 minutes, until the F.B.I. car showed back up. I got very emotional. My cheeks got beet red. And Mom came home and said, 'What is going on? What is the matter?' It just destroyed the whole day."

On September 2, Dave Dutchess and his fiancée, Beatty, were driving to their house in Tennessee. It was raining hard, and they noticed they were being followed by several F.B.I. cars. The storm grew worse, and they stopped at a hotel for the night. The next day, while getting coffee at a McDonald's, they were surrounded by F.B.I. agents. "We just want to talk to you. We are trying to be discreet." One agent, Dutchess recalled, spoke into his radio: "We have the suspect in hand." As they walked back toward their car, Dutchess said to Beatty, "They think I am his accomplice. I heard on the news they were looking for his accomplice!"

After the interview, which lasted several hours, Dutchess spoke to Watson Bryant. "What did they ask you that concerns you?" Bryant asked him. "Well, I decided that I had to tell them the truth. Me and one of my friends used to set off pipe bombs for fun," Dutchess told him. "What?" Bryant exclaimed, incredulous. "Yeah, I told them we liked to throw pipe bombs down gopher holes when we lived out in West Virginia."

"Did Richard know this friend?" Bryant asked apprehensively. "Hell, no. He never met him," Dutchess said, but Bryant knew that this could prolong the F.B.I.'s investigation perhaps by months. "I hung up and I was thinking, I cannot believe that I even know anyone who throws pipe bombs into gopher holes."

As part of their strategy, Wood and Grant decided to mount a strong counterattack against the government. Wayne Grant had come up with the idea: Bobi Jewell should hold a press conference during the Democratic convention and make a direct plea to Bill Clinton. The day before she was to appear, Grant rehearsed her. It was difficult to work with Bobi; she was exhausted and could not stop crying. Confined under siege for almost a month, she could not see an end to it, since every day brought a new humiliation. The resident manager had threatened to take away their lease, and the manager's son was out selling pictures he took of them. A close friend from church was dying, Bobi said, and Richard could not go to see him, because of the swarm of F.B.I. agents and reporters who followed him everywhere. All of it came out in a rush in the conference room with Wayne Grant: Bobi had even had to give Bryant and Nadya Light the Olympic-basketball tickets she had won as colleague of the year, and every night she and her son were stuck together, staring at each other across the kitchen table. They were often irritable, and Richard sometimes lost his temper. "Mother, just shut up," he would tell her when she nagged him about the case. Then, Bobi later recalled, she would go into her bedroom and lie on the four-poster bed hoping that the photographers who rented an apartment across the way for $1,000 a day had no way of knowing what was going on.

Grant kept careful notes on the session. Bobi was terrified about appearing in front of cameras. She sobbed and told him, "If I go on TV Monday, I'll be embarrassed. It will be, like, whenever I go anywhere, people will be looking at me: 'Did he do it or didn't he do it?'"

"If you talked to the person who is in charge of the investigation, what would you say?" Grant asked her calmly. Bobi's voice was halting, but she was firm: "He is innocent. Clear his name and let us get back to a life that is normal."

A few weeks later, Wayne Grant went to a party for a Bar Mitzvah, and a guest cornered him. She asked him if he had told Bobi Jewell to cry at the end of her press conference, and then added coldly, "Nice touch."

The lawyers' strategy worked: after Bobi's press conference, the Jewells were deluged with interview requests. Bryant often received 100 phone calls a day. Bobi soon developed a system: letters from Oprah Winfrey, Sally Jessy Raphaël, and TV producers were stacked on the console in the living room; flowers and

baskets of Godiva chocolates and cheese and crackers from the networks were sent to the offices of Wood & Grant and then on to a children's hospital.

At the U.S. Attorney's Office, it had become increasingly clear to Kent Alexander that something had to be done about Richard Jewell. Janet Reno had seen Bobi Jewell on TV and was moved by her sincerity. Privately, Reno and Deputy Attorney General Jamie Gorelick were said to be concerned about the heavy-handed tactics of the F.B.I. "The case had become a total embarrassment," a Justice Department official told me, but Alexander was in a complicated situation. He was working closely with the F.B.I., and there was no sign that the bureau was ready to let go, despite growing consternation among the local agents that the Washington command center had mishandled the case. And there was another problem: Alexander did not trust Lin Wood.

By late September, there was a tremendous strain within the team Bryant had hastily assembled. The other lawyers accused Jack Martin of cutting private deals with his friend Kent Alexander, pulling focus, and not being tough enough. For his part, Alexander, according to Martin, admired Bryant even though he believed he was a loose cannon, but he was fed up with Lin Wood.

"Alexander would say something fairly candid to me, and I would report it to the attorneys, and the next day he would see it on TV," said Jack Martin. "Alexander had checked out Lin, and he knew that he was a take-no-prisoners guy." The lawyers often argued among themselves. Wood insisted on a full-blowout press-attack strategy. Bryant had mastered his sound bite: "The F.B.I. is a 500-pound gorilla who will kick the shit out of anyone." Martin wanted the lawyers to ease up on the hyperbole: "I would say, 'We do not need to do this.' And Lin would say, 'Let's go public with this.' He was manic about it." In one argument, Wood told him, "Goddamn it, Martin, you're like my ex-wives. There isn't anything you can say I won't object to."

There was an atmosphere of extreme apprehension between Bryant and Jewell as they drove to F.B.I. headquarters on the afternoon of October 6. They were on their way to what would seemingly be a session with conclusional overtones, but Jewell was worried: What if this meeting was a trick? It was difficult to believe that the bureau was really ending its two-month-long investigation into his life. For weeks, Jack Martin and Bryant had been going back and forth with Kent Alexander. Finally, Jewell had agreed to an unusual suggestion: if he submitted to a lengthy voluntary interview with the bureau, and if Division 5 was satisfied, then perhaps the Justice Department could issue a letter publicly stating that he was no longer a suspect. Jewell tried to imagine the questions he would be asked. "I wanted to look at everything from their angle," he told me, "trying to assess it and reassess it in my head."

On the day of Jewell's exoneration, Jay Leno apologized for having called him a Unadoofus.

Kent Alexander had set a firm ground rule: Only one lawyer representing Jewell could be in the room. It had been agreed that Jack Martin, the criminal specialist, would be the man, which enraged Lin Wood. "You could really see how these guys did not like each other," Jewell said.

"I am not comfortable with the one-lawyer agreement," Wood told John Davis, Kent Alexander's second-in-command, when they were assembled. "We have an agreement. If you attempt to renegotiate it, I will have egg on my face," Davis said, adding, "You are not a man of your word." With that, Wood recalled, he rose from his chair and started screaming, "You are not going to say that to me, you son of a bitch!" Kent Alexander interrupted, saying, "This is deteriorating We aim to stop this. Let's just regroup."

When Jewell, Davis, and Martin finally sat down for the interview, Larry Landers, a special agent with the G.B.I., and F.B.I. special agent Bill Lewis had lists of questions with blank space for answers in front of them. On the wall of the windowless room, there were extensive aerial photographs of the park and, as a prop, an actual park bench was later brought in. Martin believed that the agents intended to resolve areas in the affidavits and other questions: Had Richard ever accessed Candyman's Candyland for information on the *Anarchists' Cookbook*? Had Richard picked up any pieces of pipe when the park was under construction? Had he told anyone, "Take my picture now, because I am going to be famous"? None of this had happened, Jewell said. All he could remember telling someone was that he was off to Atlanta and "going to be in that mess down there," meaning the traffic jams. They pressed him about seemingly inconsistent statements he had made on the morning of the bombing: Why had he told Agent Poor everything was normal when he checked the perimeter of the fence? Jewell explained that he had been walking the "inside of the fence." He once again explained that he had wanted to work the sound-and-light tower so that he could watch the entertainment; he had arranged for his mother to hear Kenny Rogers four days before the explosion.

The area, he told Landers, was "a sweet site" and a great place to look at girls. During a break, Martin asked about all his references to women. Jewell said he wanted them to know he wasn't gay. On several occasions, Landers became annoyed: Why couldn't Jewell pin down the times? Had he seen the drunks on the bench between 10:30 and 11 or between 11 and 11:30? Why hadn't he looked at his watch? Jewell later recalled, "I said, 'I don't go through my life looking at my watch. I don't care about time. When the bomb went off, I did not look at my watch.' They were wanting to know what time I went to the bathroom and stuff like that. When you have the runs, you are not really concerned about what time it is. You are concerned with getting to the bathroom."

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Jewell

Jack Martin dictated a 27-page account of everything that had been said during the six-hour interview. In the last moments, Davis said, "he wanted to give Richard the opportunity once and for all to say that he didn't do it." Jewell, Martin wrote, "unequivocally and fortunately said that he had nothing to do with the bomb and didn't know anything about the bomb and if he did he would be the first to deliver the bastard to their door." When Martin walked out, he thought to himself, This really was a formality. They had nothing.

In November a rumor swept through the newsroom of *The A.J.C.* that Cox newspaper executives were rethinking their news policies. According to one reporter, "The sloppiness of the Jewell reporting and the lack of sources was the last straw." A reporter named Carrie Teegardin was assigned to write a piece examining how the media spotlight was turned on Richard Jewell. In large part, her article wound up being an examination of the role of *The A.J.C.* After Wood and Grant threatened to sue, the article was killed. "We didn't get through the editing of it," John Walter said. "The Jewells' attorney began saying, 'We're thinking lawsuit' . . . and that made us more cautious." Meanwhile, Lin Wood and Wayne Grant were busy holding meetings with lawyers from NBC and Piedmont College. At NBC, Tom Brokaw's carelessness reportedly cost the network more than $500,000 to settle Jewell's claims, although Jewell's lawyers would not confirm a figure. BROKAW GOOFED AND NBC PAID, the New York *Daily News* would later headline. In talks with Ray Cleere, the figure of $450,000 by way of settlement was first suggested, then withdrawn when Piedmont College learned that it had insurance. "This will cost them millions now," Lin Wood believes.

On one occasion I asked Richard Jewell if he had any theories about who might have placed the bomb. Jewell said he had popped "two or three theories off the top of my head" on the night he was interviewed by the F.B.I. "I have gone over that night hundreds of times in my head. You try to think, What type of person would do that? I know it is someone who wanted to hurt people. It is someone who is sick. I hope they find him so he can get the help he needs. Because I am totally torn up about what happened. Every day I think about it, and I will think about it for the rest of my life."

Jewell often speaks with Bryant three times a day. As Jewell searches for a new job, he hangs around Bryant's office, and he recently studied handwriting analysis at the police academy. He has been offered several security jobs with Georgia companies, but he is hoping he will be hired as a Cobb County deputy. In the meantime, Bryant, Wood, and Grant have become sought-after speakers on the First Amendment.

At F.B.I. headquarters in late October, Bobi Jewell broke down and cried as she identified their possessions—the Disney tapes, the Tupperware, Richard's AT&T uniforms, address books. It was a tableau of ordinary middle-class life, laid out on brown paper on a long conference-room table. "I just don't fucking believe this," Watson Bryant said angrily as he packed Bobi's videos into packing crates. "The agents tried to shake my hand," Bobi told me. "I wouldn't touch them." It took 10 hours to remove their possessions, Bobi recalled, and four minutes to return them.

The F.B.I. is working on a new and elaborate theory of who did place the bomb in Centennial Park. There is an informed opinion that the backpack discovered a week earlier had in fact been a test run to check F.B.I. procedures, and that the bomber—perhaps a member of a militia group—was quite experienced and had struck before. After a torrent of criticism in the press, Louis Freeh announced that the F.B.I. had arrested Harold Nicholson, an alleged spy for Russia, and he used the opportunity to appear on the *Today* show and *Good Morning America,* hyping his role in what was a minor arrest, according to one former F.B.I. agent.

In Australia in November, Bill Clinton was asked about his campaign contributions from Indonesia. "One of the things I would urge you to do, remembering what happened to Mr. Jewell in Atlanta, remembering what has happened to so many of the accusations . . . that have been made against me that turned out to be totally baseless, I just think that we ought to . . . get the facts out." When Jewell learned of his comment, he pulled up the transcript from the Internet and became angry: "The president is just using me, like everyone else."

What rights does a private citizen have against the government? The legal precedent for suing the F.B.I., *Bivens* v. *Six Unknown Agents,* focuses on the behavior of individual agents. Wood believes that

Jewell has a strong case against Johnson and Rosario. When Wood learned of Colonel Ressler, he hired him as a possible trial expert. In December, the F.B.I. announced that it would pay up to $500,000 to anyone who could lead it to the Olympic Park bomber.

As Jewell and I drove back from Habersham County in November, he went over the early-morning hours of July 27: "I remember all of the people who were my responsibility. I remember the guys' faces who were flying through the air. I remember people screaming. The sirens going off. I don't think I will ever forget any of that. You just kind of wish sometimes. You think, Could I have done something else? . . . What if we only had five more minutes? Then maybe nobody would have been hurt. But you are what-if-ing. I have been over it a thousand times. I think we could not have done it any better. I think that is something I will always be wondering."

He said he was not sure if he would ever get a job in law enforcement again, particularly since he had been held up as a cartoon figure. On the day of Jewell's exoneration, Jay Leno apologized for having called him a Unadoofus, and said, "If Jewell wins his lawsuit with NBC, he will be my new boss." He later said that this was "the greatest week in trailer-park history." The Atlanta radio station 96 Rock had put billboards of Jewell all over town; "Freebird," they said, a reference to the Lynyrd Skynyrd song. Jewell would later file suit against the station, but the billboard's message was clear. Jewell knows that for many people in America there will perhaps always be a subtle doubt: What if, after all, Richard Jewell really *did* do it? What if the government let him go simply because it could not make its case? Then he becomes not the innocent Richard Jewell, but the Richard Jewell who may be innocent. "You don't get back what you were originally," he told me. "I don't think I will ever get that back. The first three days, I was supposedly their hero—the person who saves lives. They don't refer to me that way anymore. Now I am the Olympic Park bombing suspect. *That's the guy they thought did it.*" □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Johnny Depp's Gucci suit from Gucci, N.Y.C.; Richard Tyler shirt from Tyler Trafficante, L.A.
Page 12: See credits for pages 92–93.
Page 26: Bottom left, see credits for cover.
Page 34: George Clooney's watch by Piaget, from the Piaget Boutique, N.Y.C.
Page 62: Renée Fleming's Fortuny dress from Mark Walsh, by appointment only, 914-963-1694; Haute Couture Givenchy by John Galliano coat by special order from the Givenchy Boutique, Paris; Fred Leighton earrings and rings from Fred Leighton Ltd., N.Y.C.
Page 64: Ruth Ann Swenson's Sarajo coat from Sarajo, N.Y.C.; Fred Leighton earrings and rings from Fred Leighton Ltd., N.Y.C.
Page 75: Jared Leto's Boss Hugo Boss shirt from Boss Hugo Boss, Washington, D.C.; Charlie Altuna for Heller Artists.
Page 78: Debbie Reynolds styled by Jeffrey Hill.
Pages 92–93: Johnny Depp's Paul Smith coat from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Page 97: Richard Tyler pants from Tyler Trafficante, L.A.
Page 108: Allegra Kent's Karinska costume courtesy of the New York City Ballet; Georgina von Etzdorf scarf from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Dana Kellin earrings and necklaces from Barneys New York stores nationwide.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Johnny Depp groomed with products from Calvin Klein cK be; Jillian Fink for Smashbox Beauty; Carol Shaw for Lorac/Cloutier.
Page 12: See credits for cover.
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Page 62: Diane Wiedenmann for Red Management Inc.; Sandy Linter for the Stephen Knoll Salon.
Page 64: Colleen Creighton for the Stephen Knoll Salon; Brigitte Reiss-Andersen for Frédéric Fekkai Beauté de Provence.
Page 75: Jared Leto's grooming by Margaret Kimura for Cloutier; groomed with products from Aramis.
Page 78: Debbie Reynolds's hair and makeup by Asia Geiger for the Crystal Agency.
Pages 92–97: See credits for cover.
Page 108: Allegra Kent's makeup from Clarins; Regine Thorre for Sarah Laird.

Photographs and Miscellany

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Page 62: Tapestry and Persian carpets from Vojtech Blau Inc., N.Y.C.
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Pages 98–99: From the Royal Academy of Arts.
Page 103: Video still from CNN.
Page 117: Bottom, from Pool/Gamma Liaison.
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Joan Rivers

From the *Tonight Show* days to the big room at Caesars to QVC, Joan Rivers has proved to be the most resilient of entertainment fixtures. This month, as she publishes her memoir titled *Bouncing Back*, Rivers demonstrates that she will always be the barbed one-liner's reigning queen

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Any issue of *Vanity Fair* without a naked Demi Moore on the cover.

What is your greatest fear?
Being poor—or, worse, having Kelsey Grammer fight with Teddy Kennedy over who is to drive me home.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Marie Antoinette—she had great style, and her last words were "Shit, just when I got my hair right."

Which living person do you most admire?
None. Unfortunately, we are in an age of antiheroes.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Gold-leafing anything that doesn't move—and taking Marlon Brando to dinner.

What is your favorite journey?
Starting at Machu Picchu, then on to the Himalayas, and ending up in the bakery where Elvis exploded.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Honesty—but I'm really lying when I say that.

On what occasion do you lie?
When it will ease a situation, avoid hurting someone I care about, or when I bump into Barbra Streisand after one of her screenings.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Relax, I'm just joking."

What is your greatest regret?
Passing on Jackie's blender at the Kennedy-estate auction.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Mel Gibson.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I would have flesh-toned varicose veins.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Something small, like a flower . . . or an autumn leaf . . . or Jackie Chan.

What is your most treasured possession?
Besides my daughter, Melissa, and my fiancé, Orin Lehman, my bee pin from my Joan Rivers Classics Collection. It was the first item I ever sold, and it opened doors for a whole new career.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Lack of hope . . . and living in L.A. without a good body.

Where would you like to live?
Eighteenth-century France, but with plumbing and plastic surgery.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Humor, intelligence, honesty, and abs.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Honesty, humor, loyalty, and if she's homelier than I am, then I'm really happy.

Who are your favorite writers?
Jane Austen!!! I've seen all her movies.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
O. J. Simpson, from his autobiography.

What is it that you most dislike?
Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens . . . if I continue, will there be a copyright problem?

How would you like to die?
Coming offstage after a five-minute standing ovation, falling into the arms of my lover, and having the doctor look at me and say, "This is impossible! She looks much too young to go!"

What is your motto?
I have two. The first is "Get on with it." The second is "Don't eat anything you pick up off the sidewalk."

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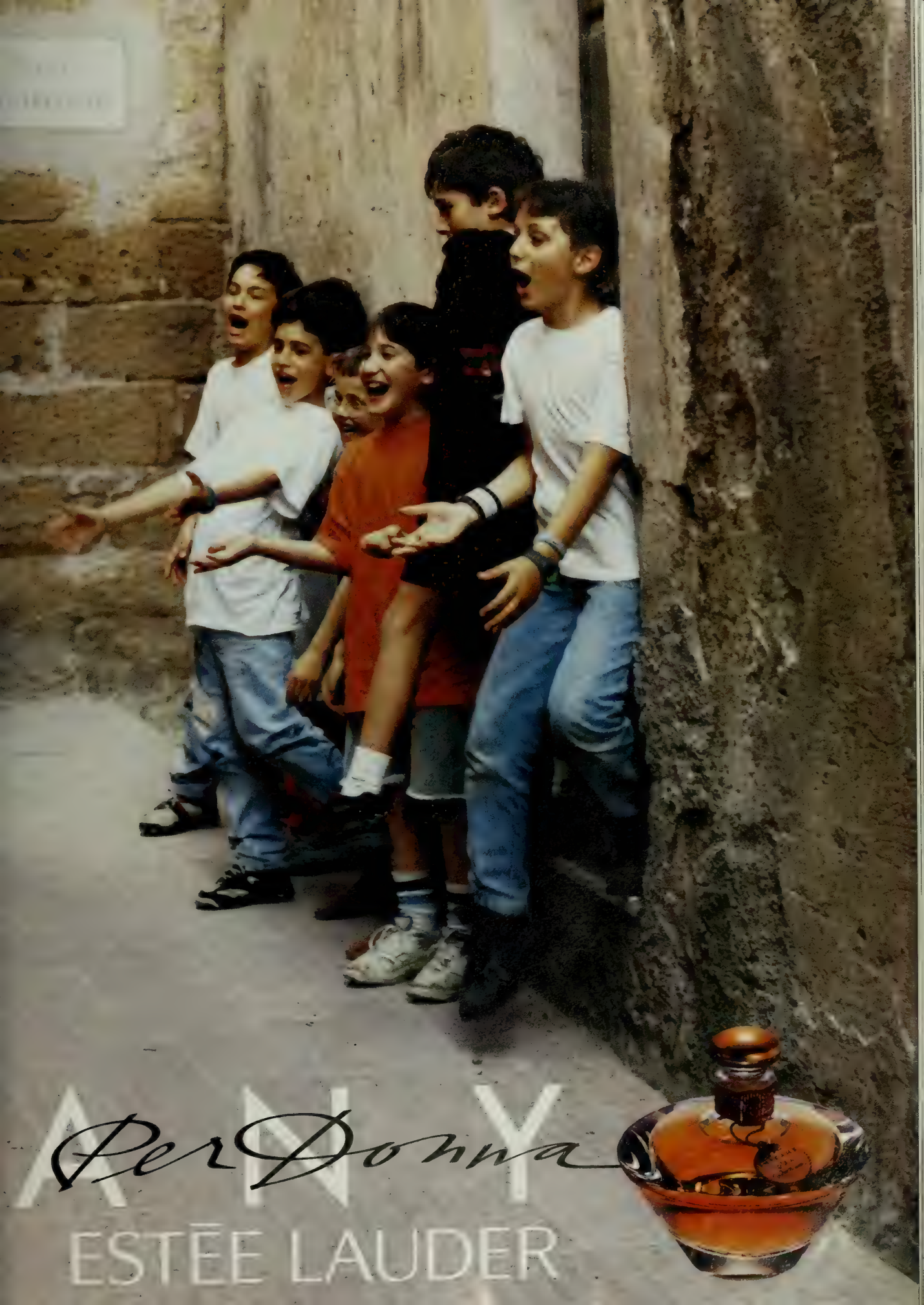
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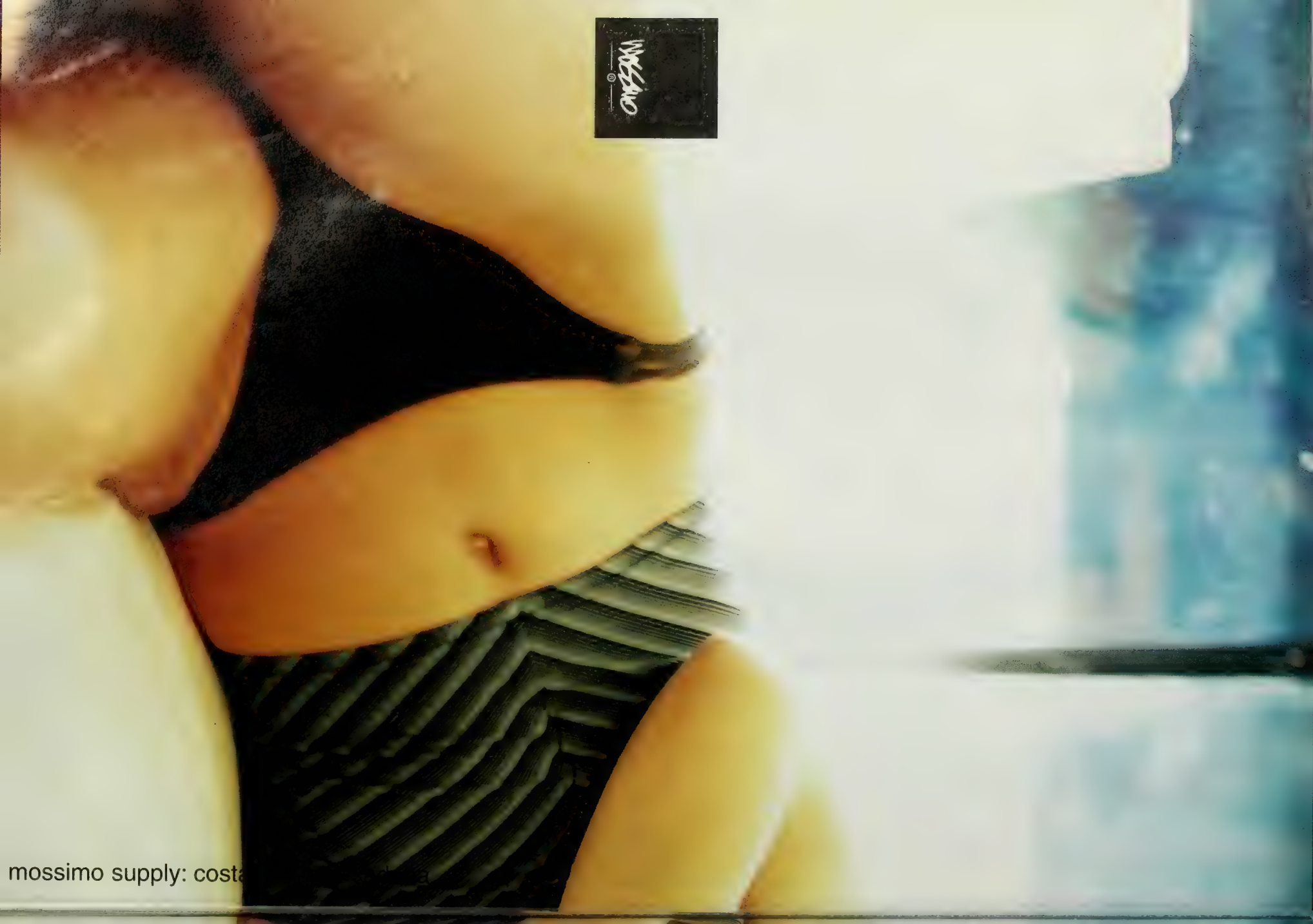
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Look Good...Feel Better for a Positive Outlook

Until as late as the 1970s, cancer was considered primarily a physical disease, and the psychological, emotional, and social responses to it were not adequately addressed by the medical community. But as more and more cancer patients have survived the disease, addressing these unseen, often unspoken issues became recognized as critical to recovery. Psycho-oncology—a psychiatric specialty focusing on the psycho social aspects of cancer—was born, and has continued to grow in depth and scope ever since.

Julia Rowland, Ph.D., the Director of Psycho-Oncology at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, D.C., believes that the most important aspects of psycho oncology are to assure the patient that he or she "is not going through this alone, and to give them permission and encouragement to address the emotional, psychological, and social aspects, to ask for help." Cancer, she says, "assaults self-confidence, self-assurance, and sense of vulnerability." Dr. Rowland's purpose is to help cancer patients regain their self-confidence. That's also the purpose of the program she calls "one of my favorites," *Look Good...Feel Better*.

Dr. Rowland's twenty years in psycho-oncology have, above all, shown her "the tenacity of the human spirit, the courage. It's marvelous...and it's humbling."

Look Good...Feel Better is a free national program to help improve the self-image and self-esteem of women experiencing appearance-related side effects from cancer treatment. Founded in 1989, *Look Good...Feel Better* is a partnership of the Cosmetic, Toiletry, and Fragrance Association (CTFA) Foundation—a charitable organization supported by the cosmetic industry's trade association—the American Cancer Society, and the National Cosmetology Association.

Look Good...Feel Better, a one-time support service, offers hands on, self-help instruction and education by volunteer cosmetologists. Providing a 12-step makeup guide and complimentary makeup kit to each group session participant as well as information and suggestions on wigs, turbans, scarves, nail care, and other program materials, *Look Good...Feel Better* is offered in three formats: group program, one-on-one salon consultation, and self-help materials. All may be located by calling the program's toll-free national number, 1-800-395-LOOK, or a local American Cancer Society office.

Dr. Rowland stresses the importance of a patient's belief that "I have control over how I'll deal with this. I don't have to look sick. I have a choice." *Look Good...Feel Better* provides "a sense of community. It's unique what a fellow traveler can share with you, especially the sense that you're not alone in this journey. *Look Good...Feel Better* sessions are permission-giving. They say it's O.K. to do something nice for yourself and feel good about it. They give hope, optimism, and tolerance to face what lies ahead. They're life-affirming....This is about *living* with cancer, not dying of cancer."

Dr. Rowland's twenty years in psycho-oncology have, above all, shown her "the tenacity of the human spirit, the courage. It's marvelous...and it's humbling." She concludes that programs like *Look Good...Feel Better* provide a sense of "sharing and caring that's really special. The sessions are a wonderful opportunity to rediscover self-esteem. We encourage women to utilize the *Look Good...Feel Better* program." It's the start of a positive outlook toward recovery and beyond.

The *Look Good...Feel Better* informational series is supported by Revlon and other generous members of The Cosmetic, Toiletry, and Fragrance Association. For more information, call 1-800-395-LOOK.

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Features

LONDON SWINGS! AGAIN! | 199

The English capital is back, ablaze with a giddy energy and youthful style not seen since the 60s. The new wave is faddish, working-class, and brazenly nationalistic. In a special 25-page report, David Kamp surveys the kaleidoscope of London life, meeting Labour Party leader Tony Blair, pop-music sensation Oasis, swank Soho restaurateurs, Portobello Road filmmakers, and Savile Row *enfants terribles,* while David LaChapelle, Lorenzo Agius, and Michael Roberts snap the emerging icons.

SUCCESS AND THE *SEINFELD* GIRL | 230

Her *Seinfeld* stardom has won her roles in upcoming movies by Woody Allen and Ivan Reitman, but Julia Louis-Dreyfus wants a life as well. The pregnant actress eats for two with Lloyd Grove, and shares her comic views on motherhood, her TV career, and a little accident with her Emmy. Photographs by Peggy Sirota.

RUNNING WITH THE BULLS | 234

Chicago's championship Bulls stand tall for Annie Leibovitz, as Susan Kittenplan spotlights basketball's version of America's team, led by the incomparable Michael Jordan.

THE SCION IN WINTER | 236

The enigmatic Michel David-Weill is trying to plot the future of his Lazard Frères banking empire and control feuding partners such as Felix Rohatyn and Steven Rattner. As Paris buzzes over David-Weill's own clash with his son-in-law and heir apparent, Suzanna Andrews gets an unprecedented audience. Photograph by John Stoddart.

EVERYBODY GOES TO KEN'S | 242

David Halberstam visits Ken Aretsky, who serves up effortless comfort along with cigars, Cosmopolitans, and steaks in the club-car elegance of his new saloon, Patroon. Photograph by Jonathan Becker.

TO DIE LIKE A GANGSTA | 244

Son of a Black Panther and fiancé of Quincy Jones's daughter, platinum-selling gangsta rapper Tupac Shakur had dreams of changing the world even as he waited for his death. Robert Sam Anson charts the inevitability of the bullets that killed him. Photograph by Jonathan Becker.

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Bruce Weber and Christopher Hitchens spotlight Edna O'Brien, who revisits an Irish tragedy in her new novel, *Down by the River.*

EDGAR'S LIST | 254

Seagram mogul Edgar Bronfman Sr. is tracking billions in Nazi plunder, including the Swiss bank accounts of Holocaust victims, Ann Louise Bardach reports, and shaking the land of watches and chocolate to its questionably neutral foundations. Photographs by Nigel Parry and John Stoddart.

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Christopher Hitchens cocks an ear to the Ebonics debate: rich idioms notwithstanding, Black English stigmatizes its speakers.

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James Wolcott hits Michael Kinsley's Webzine, *Slate,* judging it more than a micro soft and written by an all-too-familiar cast of Harvard–*New Republic*–Beltway insiders.

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Before she died last year, the doyenne of muckraking, Jessica Mitford, updated her classic 1963 exposé, *The American Way of Death,* taking a second skewer to the U.S. funeral industry.

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Bob Colacello checks out Park Avenue–bred bohemian-scholar Fernanda Eberstadt's latest book, a deft fictional portrait of the 1980s New York art world. Photograph by David Seidner.

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Paranoid and profane, Madalyn Murray O'Hair rose to infamy as the head of American Atheists and then mysteriously disappeared in 1995 with her son, granddaughter, and more than $625,000. Mimi Swartz follows the unholy trail. Photographs by David Barry.

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As England prepares to relinquish Hong Kong to China, Andrew Neil finds the island's billionaires fattening their golden geese, and its people keeping a twitching but stiff upper lip.

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George Wayne pulps Jarvis Cocker; Divine Comedy routine; revival of the hippest—Swinging London past and present.

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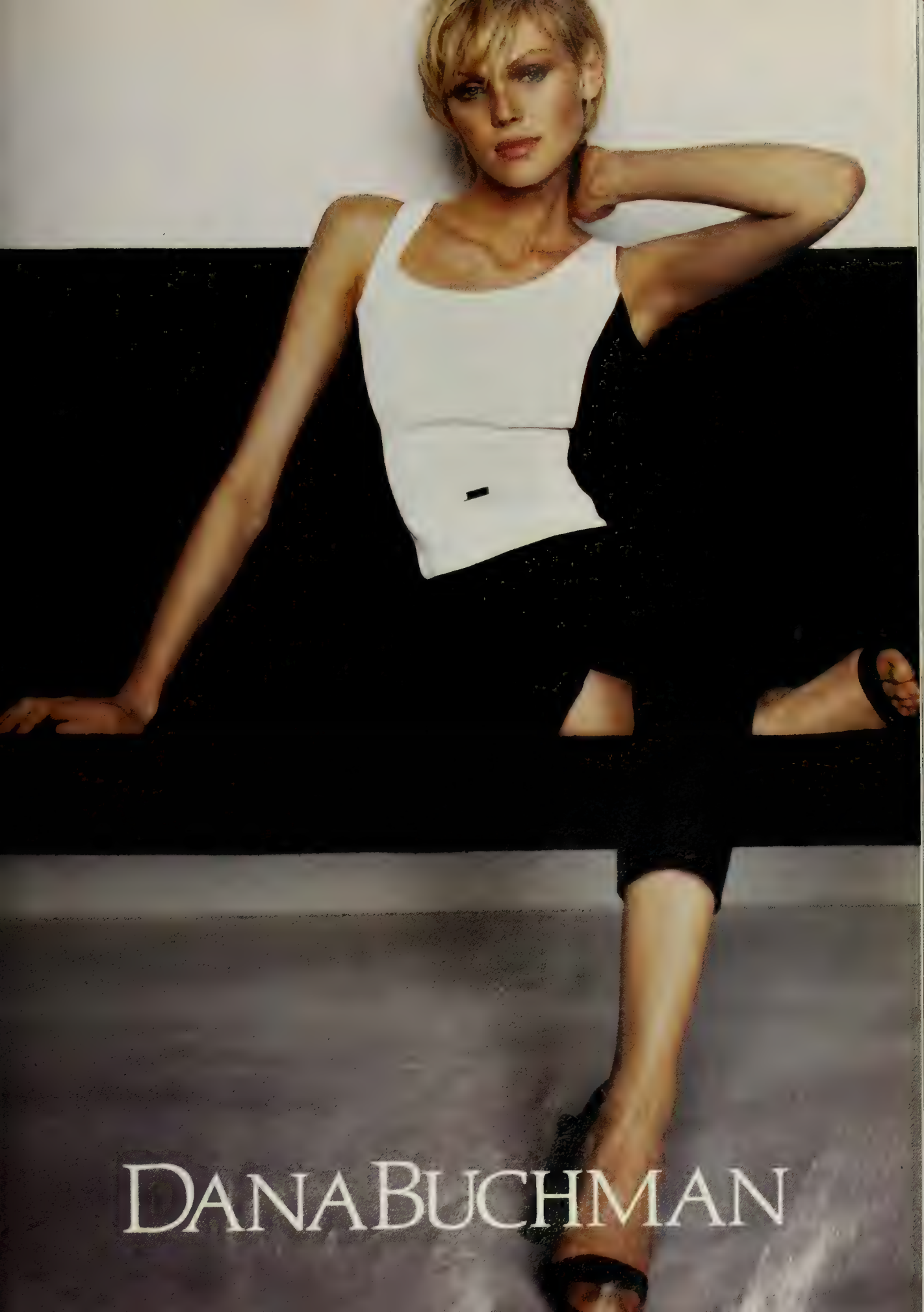
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Jest Fest

dney Dangerfield gets some respect when **HBO** and the **Third nual U.S. Comedy Arts Festival** toast his 75th birthday. Join HBO ruary 27-March 2 for this and other festivities when it broadcasts highlights of this year's festival, showcasing performers, ters, directors, artists and others breaking ground in comedy.

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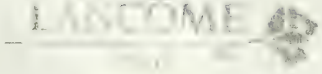

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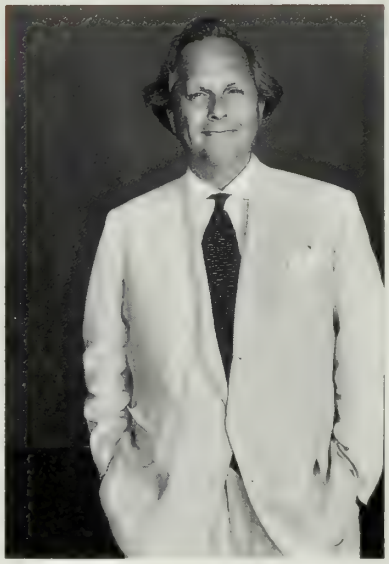
Editor's Letter

The Last Crusade



From the Nuremberg Trials, on through the dramatic kidnapping and 1962 hanging of Adolf Eichmann and the 1987 trial of Klaus Barbie in Lyons, France, many of the high-ranking war criminals who executed Hitler's plans for a Final Solution have been brought to justice one by one. In the last two years, Edgar Bronfman Sr., the powerful chairman of Seagram and president of the World Jewish Congress, has been taking significant steps toward another kind of justice. He is demanding that the assets of Holocaust victims—untold billions in art treasures, land, and money plundered by the Nazis—be returned to survivors and relatives. As Ann Louise Bardach reports in "Edgar's List," on page 254, much of the missing money was stored during the war in Swiss bank accounts, and Bronfman's crusade poses a serious threat to the secrecy laws that have made Switzerland a financial haven—and the second-wealthiest nation on earth. As the Swiss appear to stall, the number of Holocaust survivors dwindles each year. By 1996, there were only 50,000 survivors left in the U.S.

In the hunt for the Gestapo's loot, Bardach argues, the banking scandal "is just the tip of the iceberg." The myth of Swiss neutrality during the war is giving way to a picture of outright treachery and collusion with the Nazis in what may well be the biggest robbery in history. Bardach predicts the trail will lead next to South America and to "that tango-loving couple the Peróns," who took in fugitive Nazis after the war and protected their plunder.

In a wildly different context, *Vanity Fair* has just recovered a missing asset of its own: James Wolcott, who this month rejoins the magazine as a contributing editor after a five-year absence. Wolcott wrote *V.F.*'s "Mixed Media" column from 1985 to 1992, handing down bracing, knowing judgments on everything from John Cheever's fiction to the 80s TV hit *thirtysomething* to Clint Eastwood to Michael Kinsley's *New Republic,* which Wolcott deemed in 1988 to be "the most entertaining and intellectually agile magazine in the country." Nearly a decade later, Wolcott kicks off his new monthly column on page 98 by turning a gimlet eye on Kinsley's reincarnation as editor of the Microsoft-backed on-line magazine, *Slate.*

Graydon Carter

Funny Girl

ON THE COVER
Julia Louis-Dreyfus wears a coat by Jil Sander. [illegible] Scarf by DKNY. [illegible] by Hermès. Hat by Enzo Angileri. Makeup by Kim Carrillo. [illegible] products from [illegible] Mitchell. Makeup from Christian Dior Style, by Jonathan Skow. Photograph exclusively for *[illegible]* by Peggy Sirota.

Seinfeld's single girl pays comedic tribute to Buster Keaton on this month's cover. *Above,* in action with photographer Peggy Sirota, Louis-Dreyfus sits astride a 1932 AJS Twin Port motorcycle.

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GASPER TRINGALE

As a high-school student in New Jersey, contributing editor **David Kamp** saw London as the source of all music worth listening to. He spent his first visit there, at age 15, buying up every Madness album he could find. Fifteen years later, after his stints at *Spy* and *GQ*, London fascinates Kamp for its art and design as well, but while he was reporting this issue's story on the city's resurgence, he met Madness's lead singer, Suggs. It was, he says, "just short of meeting John Lennon."

JESSE FROHMAN

One of England's renowned Mitford sisters—along with Nancy, the novelist; Deborah, the Duchess of Devonshire; Unity, the Hitler acolyte who attempted suicide when World War II broke out; and Diana, wife of British Fascist Oswald Mosley—**Jessica Mitford** moved to California in 1943 and became a proud muckraker until her death last July.

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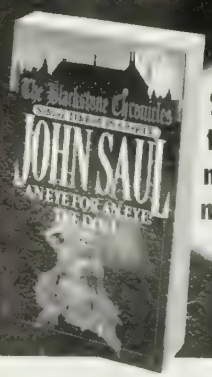

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DANA BROWN

James Wolcott is back, on page 98, with an astringent assessment of Michael Kinsley's on-line magazine, *Slate*. Wolcott wrote the "Mixed Media" column for *V.F.* from 1985 to 1992, and his return means that he and his wife of two years, contributing editor Laura Jacobs, are united both legally and professionally. (There's an NBC situation comedy in there somewhere.)

ALOMA

She technically lives in California, but contributing editor **Ann Louise Bardach** is always on the trail of *something*. After locating America's most famous fugitive, Robert Vesco, for the March 1995 issue, she has now investigated the scandal over Nazi plunder deposited in Swiss banks, in a report that took her to Zurich, Geneva, and Berlin. The Kennedy/Marshall Company has optioned the movie rights to Bardach's Vesco story, and Jersey Films has optioned her three-part *V.F.* series on the bizarre body-double murder masterminded by hustler John Hawkins.

A veteran observer of international politics, contributing editor **Andrew Neil** has just published *Full Disclosure*, his memoir of 11 years at the helm of Rupert Murdoch's *Sunday Times* of London. He is now settling into new posts as editor in chief of *The European* newspaper in London and *The Scotsman* in Edinburgh. His sharp eye turns to Hong Kong on page 158, as the island faces a Communist China–dominated future after 156 years of British colonial rule.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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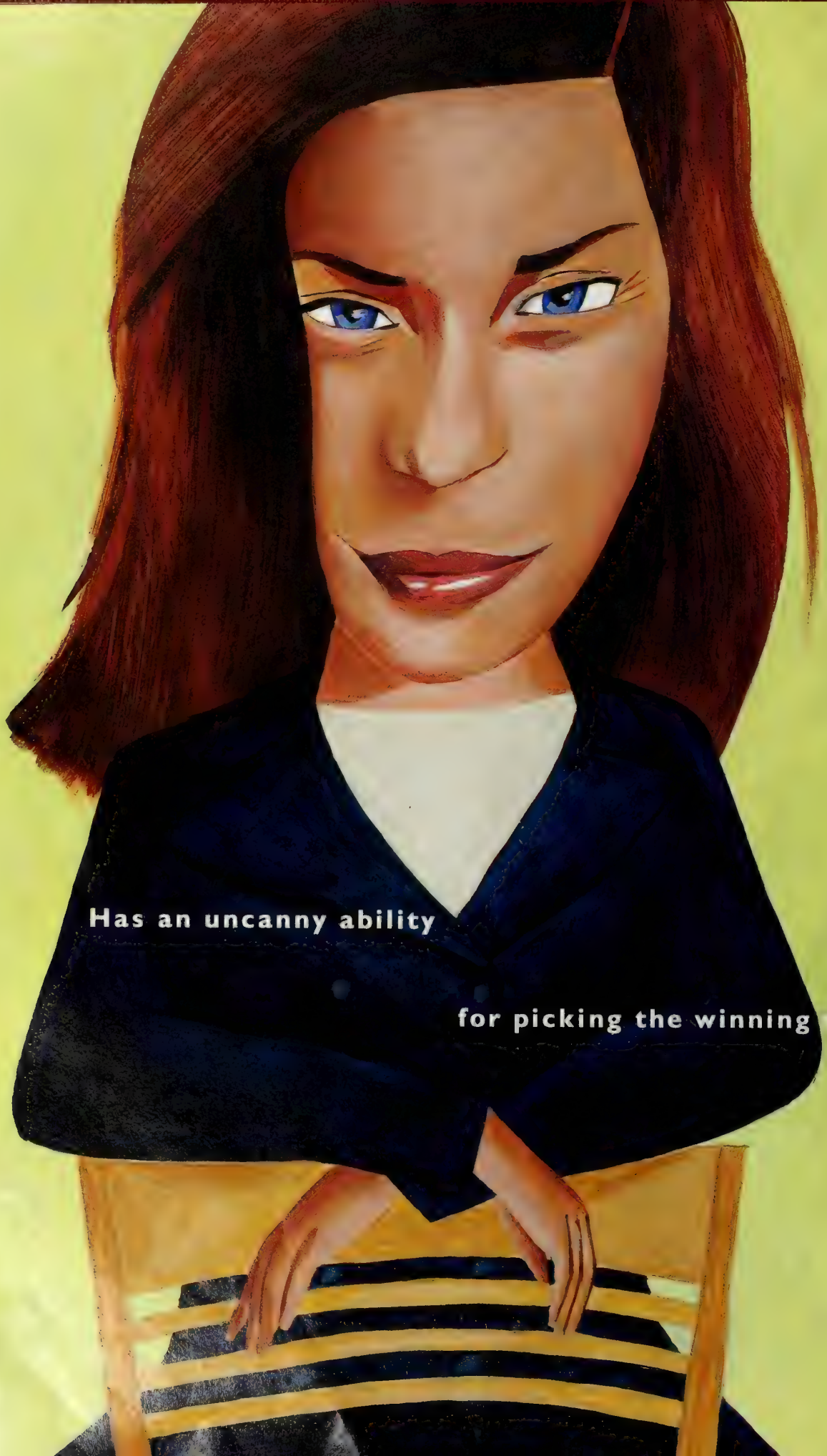
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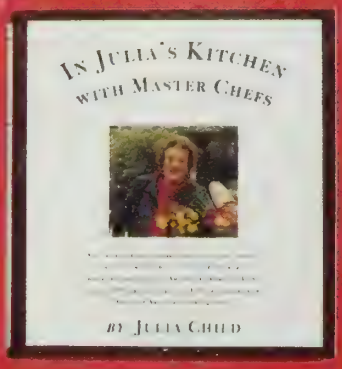

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"In America, they'd never let you near one of their monuments. In England, they're like, 'Whatever,'" says photographer **David LaChapelle,** who set a castle on fire for his portrait of designer Alexander McQueen and muse Isabella Blow on page 212. "After we finished, there were singe marks on the castle, and the owners said, 'Wow! Leave it! It looks better that way!'"

MELANIE STETSON FREEMAN

Her 1996 *New York* magazine report on the feud between two Lazard Frères partners, Felix Rohatyn and Steven Rattner, was the talk of the city, but **Suzanna Andrews** was most intrigued by the man pulling the strings: Michel David-Weill, enigmatic ruler of the Lazard banking empire, who granted her a four-hour interview for her profile on page 236.

SARA BARRETT

Of the characters on the NBC hit *Seinfeld,* the one **Lloyd Grove** identifies with is George. "He's the outward expression of my nebbishy soul," admits Grove, author of this month's story on the show's Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Grove, who writes regularly for *V.F.,* is a long-standing "Style"-section reporter at *The Washington Post.*

NICOLAS RUSSELL

Long fascinated by American Atheists leader Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who fought all the way to the Supreme Court to eliminate prayer from public schools, **Mimi Swartz** spent four months investigating O'Hair's 1995 disappearance. A senior editor at *Texas Monthly,* Swartz won the 1996 National Magazine Award in Public Service for her story on managed health care.

BRUCE PLOTKIN

At Ken Aretsky's new restaurant, Patroon, contributing editor **David Halberstam** found the ambience of a first-class club car and an impressive cross section of New York's great and good. Halberstam, the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Best and the Brightest,* is at work on *The Children,* about the young civil-rights protesters he covered 37 years ago as a cub reporter in Nashville, Tennessee.

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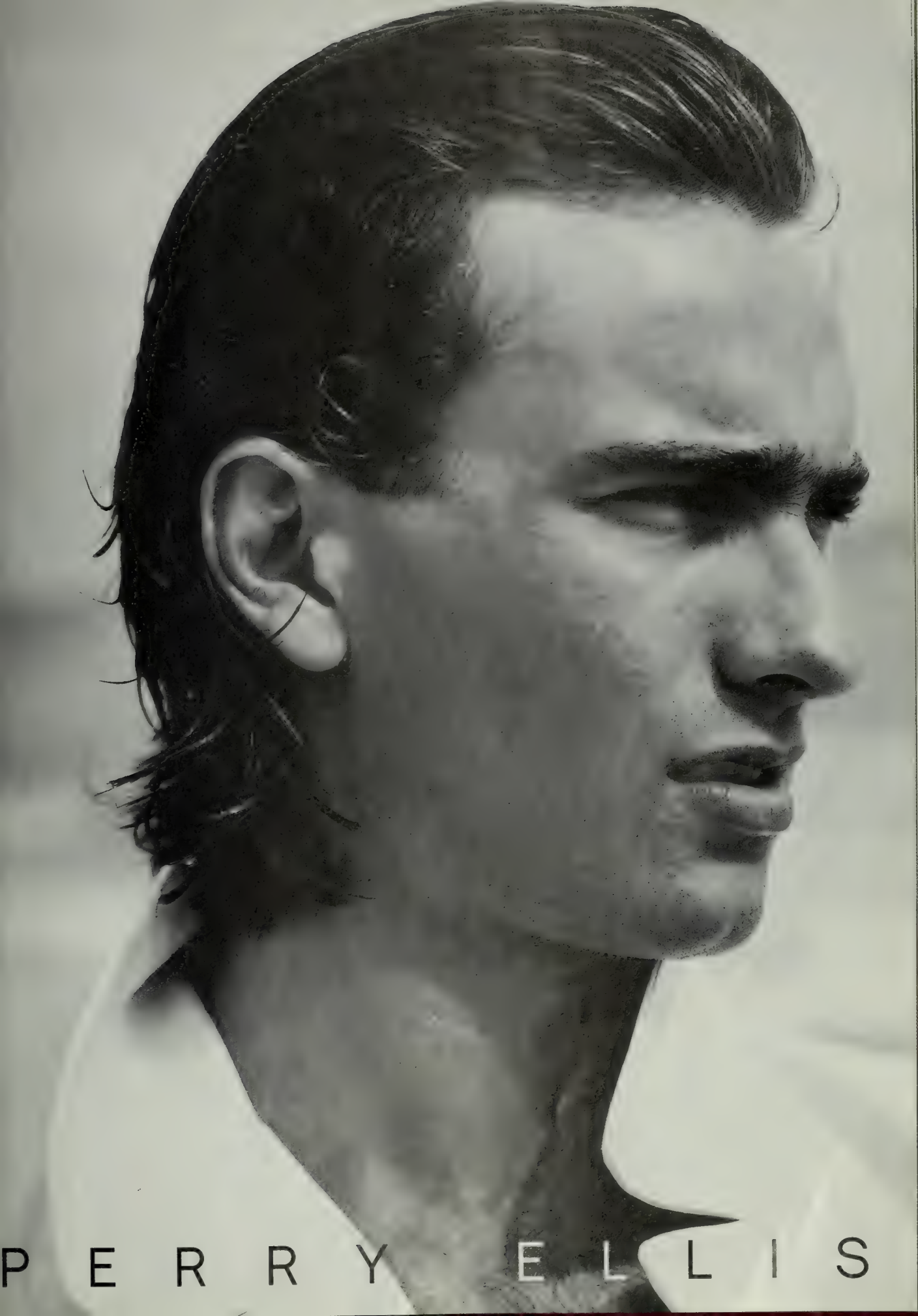

PERRY ELLIS

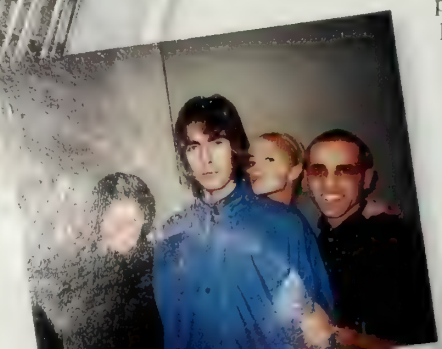
From left, Jodie Kidd, Iris Palmer, Jasmine Guinness, and Honor Fraser at Blenheim Palace.

Actor Keith Allen, bassist Alex James, and artist Damien Hirst at the Groucho Club.

BIRDS AND LADS

On the trail of England's wild life

How utterly unlike *Funny Face* it was, the production of this issue's "London Swings! Again!" portfolio. Whereas Stanley Donen's 1957 film portrayed a photo shoot as a simple matter of Audrey Hepburn skipping, Fred Astaire clicking, and Kay Thompson dementedly shouting "*Bonjour,* Paris!," the all-star photographic team of David LaChapelle, Lorenzo Agius, and Michael Roberts—abetted by *V.F.* senior editor Aimée Bell and contributing editor Toby Young—had to overcome a variety of peculiarly English obstacles. Shooting four wellborn models at Blenheim Palace, Winston Churchill's birthplace, LaChapelle received a tongue-lashing from the current tenant, Lord Marlborough, for letting the girls invade one of his beloved gardens (above). Agius was asked to push back his session with Liam Gallagher and Patsy Kensit to allow the Oasis singer to recuperate from his high-profile drug bust. And Roberts had all of 10 minutes to capture the toothy dynamism of Labour Party leader Tony Blair. Fortunately, the results, starting on page 199, are right corking! □



Above, **Oasis lead singer Liam Gallagher and actress Patsy Kensit at Glasshouse Studio.** ***Right, V.F.*** **senior editor Aimée Bell, Gallagher, Kensit, and photographer Lorenzo Agius.**

BOTTEGA VENETA

BOTTEGA VENETA
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL

"You don't hit a home run every time," says Goldie Hawn, who recently rounded the bases in The First Wives Club. *"Particularly if you're a woman and you've crossed boundaries. More is expected of you."*

SOLID GOLDIE

Goldie Hawn is a big splash in the endless sea of entertainment, not a big fish in a small pond, as your cover picture suggests ["Good as Goldie," by Judy Bachrach, January].

DAVID LAMPKE
West Hills, California

ONE AFTERNOON in 1968, I saw Goldie Hawn eating at a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood. She asked for a telephone to be brought to her table. One couldn't avoid overhearing the giggly, bikinied *Laugh-In* nymph doing some very straight, levelheaded real-estate business, chopsticks in hand. She hadn't slipped out of one persona into another. The lilt and enthusiasm were still there, just channeled from showbiz into real biz. I hope her life and career have supplied her with as many helpings of sincere, generous exuberance as she has given her public. Long may you fly, Goldie!

THE FACT THAT Gol[illegible] es are run by the pres[illegible] money is a clear indication [illegible] though her "deeply joyful sona is not dumb she certainly is missing some kind of anchor. And though she is still adorable, is the wide-eyed prepubescent look in the fishbowl the only available expression? She can be sexy, desirable, and adorable as a 51-year-old woman. It would be great if she could join the actresses who are bringing confidence to women over 40 and are accepting of the natural changes that come with age.

KEREN BYCK
Los Angeles, California

IT IS A WEAK man who cannot commit to one woman. C'mon, Goldie, trust me, you deserve more. Kurt could never have it better than having you for his wife and eternal companion.

MOLLIE CARMAN
Shorewood, Wisconsin

IT WAS WITH great interest that I read Goldie Hawn's quote "All I ever wanted to do was run a dance school and marry a Jewish dentist." Please tell Miss Hawn that there is still hope. I will marry her [illegible]time. But call me at the office so [illegible] wife doesn't find out.

JASON BIRNBAUM, D.D.S.
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

AFTER READING "Good as Goldie," I find it depressing as hell that a woman as spectacular as Ms. Hawn is still involved with Cro-Mag Kurt Russell. "Society values wisdom in men, youth and beauty in women." I wish Courtney Love would kick his ass around the block.

SUE McCONNELL
Chicago, Illinois

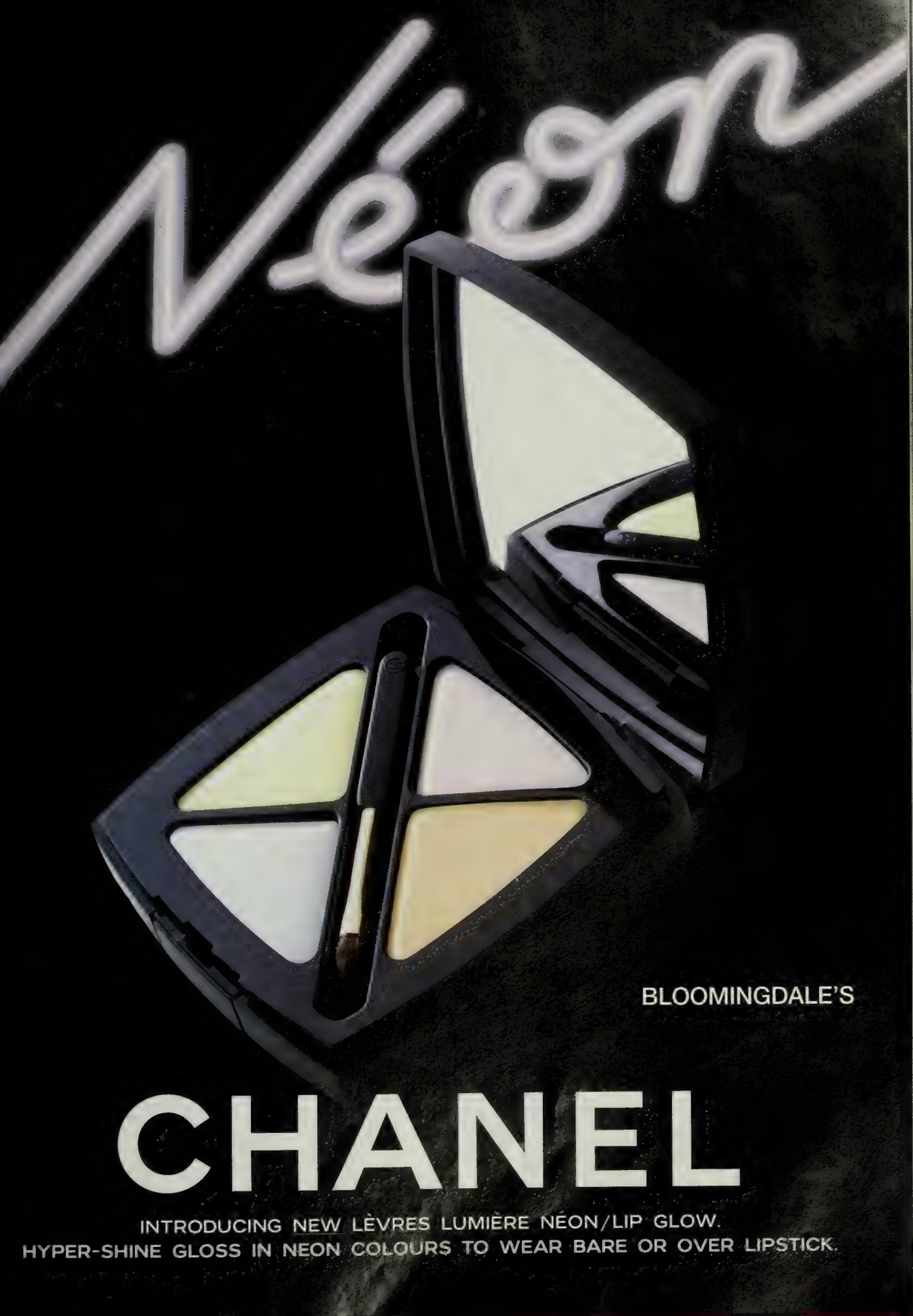
Laura's Theme

AS A CLASSMATE of Laura Ingraham's ["Laura, Get Your Gun," by Marjorie Williams, January] at the University of Virginia law school, I remember with disgust the routine catcalls and hisses that she received from classmates after voicing opinions that were utterly acceptable when touted by men.

Just as conservative blacks face a backlash from other blacks for not "thinking black," Miss Ingraham was jeered by her peers for not "thinking like a woman." To her considerable credit, she stuck to her ideological guns.

The intimation that Miss Ingraham got where she is today—that she was an editor of *The Dartmouth Review*, made law review at U.V.A., clerked for Supreme

PEGGY SIROTA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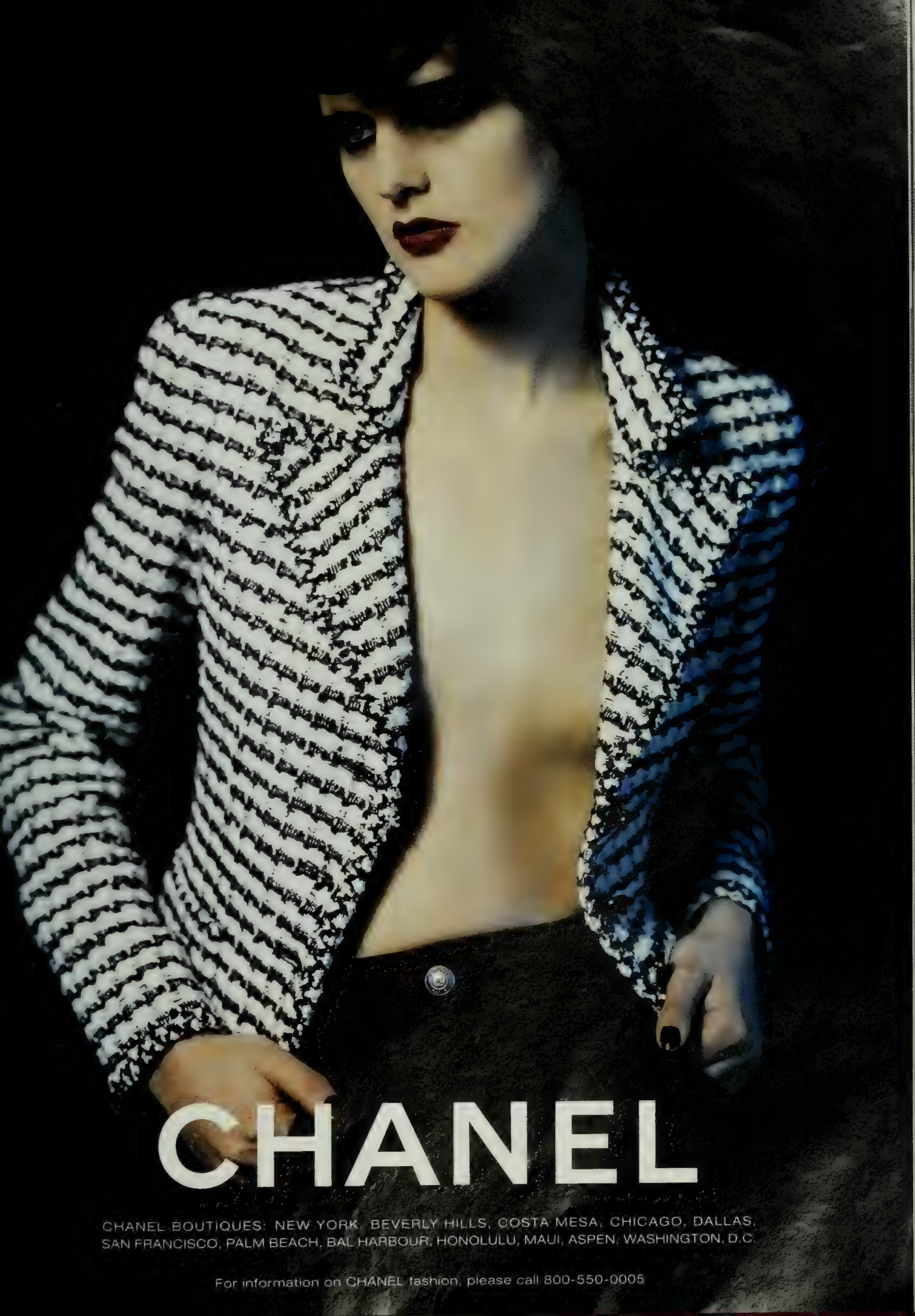
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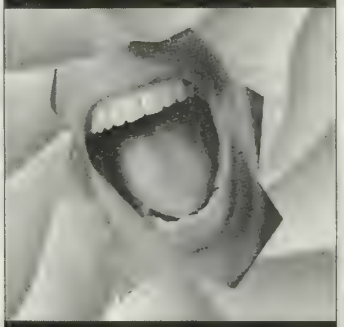

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Laura Ingraham commenting on the presidential election on November 5, 1996, on MSNBC, where Tom Brokaw had seen her and thought "she kind of held her own and was quite fearless."

Court justice Clarence Thomas, was an associate attorney to ace Bill Clinton lawyer Bob Bennett, and was a commentator on *The McLaughlin Group*—because of shameless networking and good looks is as sexist as it is untrue and a slight to all hardworking, accomplished women.

I'd rather see Laura in a leopard-print skirt than Jack Germond any day!

LEE HABEEB
Dumont, New Jersey

WHILE IT'S DELIGHTFUL to think we might actually be able to return to a time when women could be wenches and animals could be tortured freely, without all this pesky moralizing, I don't think it would be possible for Ingraham to be Ingraham posing as Ingraham without all the work those silly feminists did to create the environment in which she excels.

To wit: the leopard-print miniskirt. In the 1950s, which she pretends to think we'd all be happier returning to, the skirt would have relegated her to the position of bimbo/curiosity/whore. Thanks to Feminism, capital *F*, 70s-style, the skirt is now able to vault her almost single-handedly into the lofty realm of political pundits, even though her "message" is as stale as a 1955 Twinkie.

HELEN ADAMS
New York, New York

I SALUTE Ms. Ingraham for her success in the primarily male-dominated Republican Party, but I suggest to her that playing on the boys' team doesn't mean you have to make fun of the girls' team. Who knows when she'll need us?

LOTTIE HOLDEN
Cannon Beach, Oregon

AS LAURA INGRAHAM swirls to the top, buoyed by the energy of others who have relinquished their ability to think humanely, she grows heady on attention gotten at any cost. Her motivation for each speech and action is obvious: act out of fear, and remember that the best defense is a good offense. I think it's time the bowl in which she swirls be recognized for what it is.

JEFF WILSON
Los Angeles, California

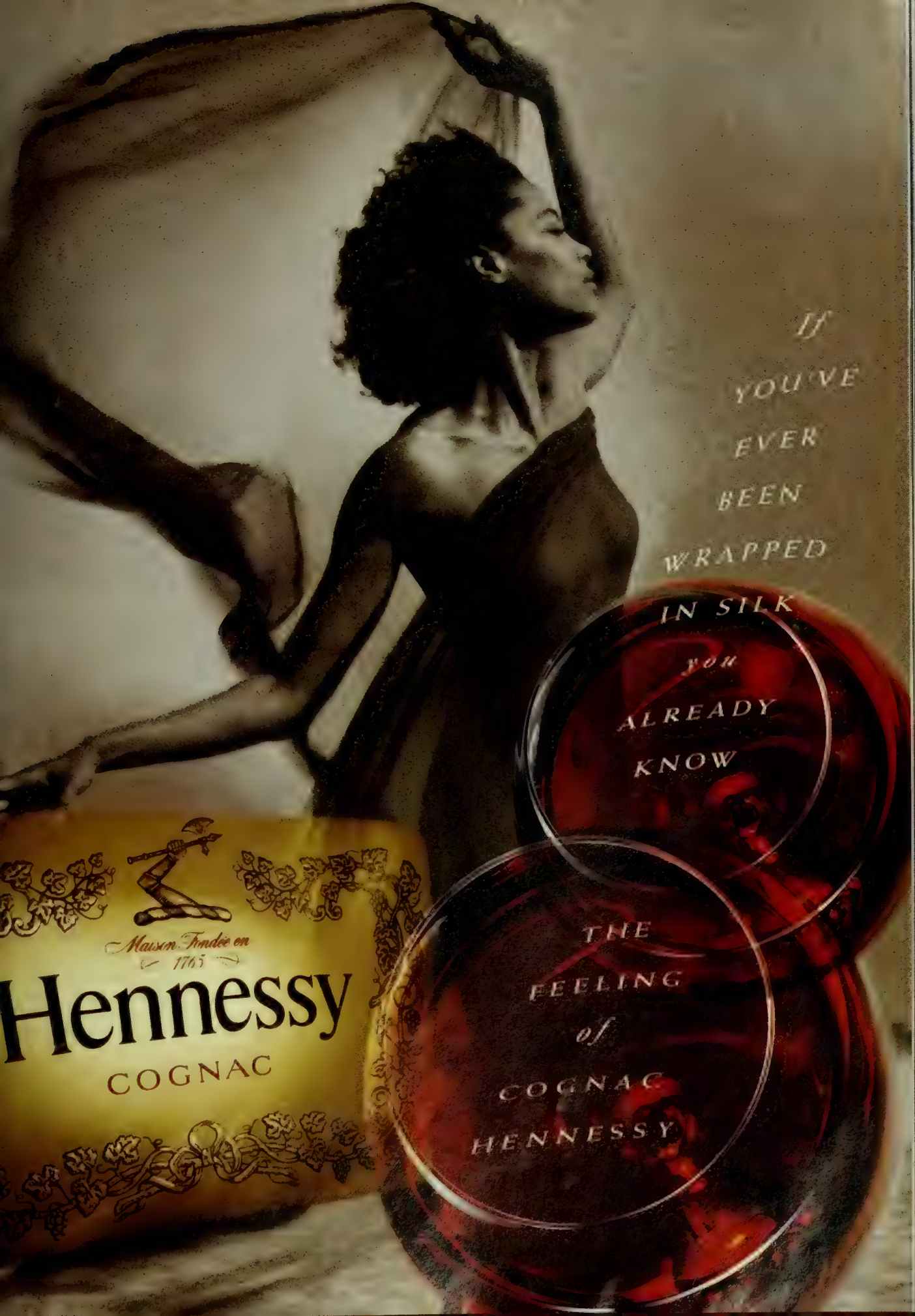
IF LAURA INGRAHAM'S conservatism is mostly drama, then there are much better venues for one to grab the spotlight. She could hone her acting in a villainous role on *Melrose Place*. I don't agree with many conservative views, but I do respect many conservatives (Sandra Day O'Connor, Bob Dole, Pat Buchanan) who earnestly believe in their own ideas and wish to make our nation a better place. I have no respect for a person who chooses to espouse the extreme while living the moderate.

DARRIN POCHAN
Amherst, Massachusetts

OH, THE DIVINE Ms. In.! What an inspiring role model Laura Ingraham is for today's girls. Someone whose arrogance exceeds her wisdom, whose sense of entitlement is legendary in Charlottesville, and whose suck-up skills are exemplary. How easy for this self-anointed talking head to shower contempt on those who have lacked her opportunities—or her ability to show her rear end in a faux-leopard skirt.

JEFFREY C. FRACHER
Charlottesville, Virginia

LET'S ASSUME, just for fun, that Laura Ingraham believes at least some part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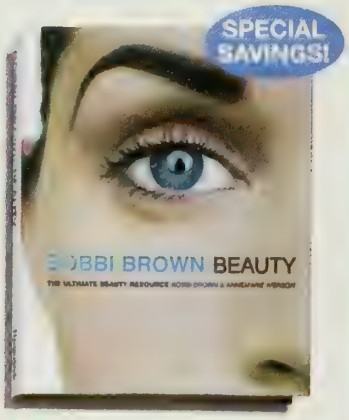

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of what she says—in which case she should think about revamping her post-election act. Her sad little attempts to shock, about as jolting as a G-string on a stripper, hardly qualify as tools of communication (unless she'd be happy playing Annoy the Liberals and preaching to the converted for the rest of her days).

HELEN HUDDLESTON
New York, New York

MAYBE YOU have to be a Dartmouth alumnus to realize that *The Dartmouth Review,* Ingraham's proving ground, is not so much mean-spirited as it is sophomoric, feeble in its arguments, and abysmally written. And in the many media appearances I've seen Ingraham make, she has yet to offer a convincing argument of any kind. She operates under the impression that the heartless, selfish social policies she favors—but can't logically defend—are universally perceived as virtues.

Ingraham's is one of those stories that would have been inexplicable 15 years ago but seem all too abundant today. What's the female equivalent of "empty suit"?

JAKE ALEXANDER
New York, New York

LAURA INGRAHAM'S story reeks of testosterone. Yawn . . . another party hound with a miniskirt, handgun, and her very own pair of testicles!

JOHN MILOVICH
Sumner, Washington

LET'S FACE IT: if Laura Ingraham were an overweight, unattractive black woman with the same I.Q. and opinions, she'd never get hired. Ingraham just reminds the captains of the newsrooms of their daughters, and they think she's adorable because she's sooo bossy. But at the end of the day, she's just another empty, wiseass middle-class white kid who figured out early in life that the way to get noticed in a houseful of men was to say things that were either bound to get a rise or to ingratiate.

CHRIS GROVE
Los Angeles, California

"IF LAURA INGRAHAM were a guy with glasses," to borrow a line from the article, would Marjorie Williams (obviously ill at ease with conservatism, especially in a woman) even have considered writing this story?

JULIE ALTMAN
Oceanside, California

YOUR PROFILE of Laura Ingraham notes that she is anti affirmative action, and quotes her as saying that feminism is "a fad of yesteryear—something to be left behind." If it weren't for affirmative action, Ms. Ingraham would be left behind. How unfortunate she does not recognize that she is savoring the hard-fought benefits of pioneer women and affirmative-action legislation.

BEVERLY WETTENSTEIN
New York, New York

CHRIS ROCK HAD it all wrong. Laura Ingraham isn't a bitch. Let's honor her aversion to affirmative action, ditch the sexist labels, and call her what she really is—an asshole.

JANICE HICKEY
Los Angeles, California

The Adams Chronicle

CONGRATULATIONS to *Vanity Fair* and to Maureen Orth for her forthright, well-researched, and substantial piece about Gerry Adams ["The Juggler," January]. Converted or not, Gerry Adams, at this time, appears to be working for peace and justice in Northern Ireland. We too need to trust, do we not?

LUCILLE SOCCIARELLI
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

ONE OF THE great tragedies of the world is the strife that goes on in the North of Ireland. It has much to do with religion, probably more to do with economics. It has been around, sadly, not for years but for centuries and seems to have little chance of a proper settlement. Surely there is much wrong on both sides, but I find it difficult if not impossible to side with the English despite my English background. The current I.R.A. is menacing, not the God-fearing group of the earlier part of the century. Still, the existence of such a group seems necessary to thousands of Irish Catholics who have known nothing but the worst types of jobs and a society that treats them as less than human. The U.N. has not dealt with this situation. Is that to protect England's sovereignty? If so, the same delicacy has not prevented the U.N.'s involvement with many other countries.

THOMAS G. McCONKEY
London, Ontario

THANKS FOR your article on Gerry Adams. Although I don't have a dog in that fight and not much is heard about it

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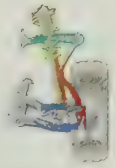

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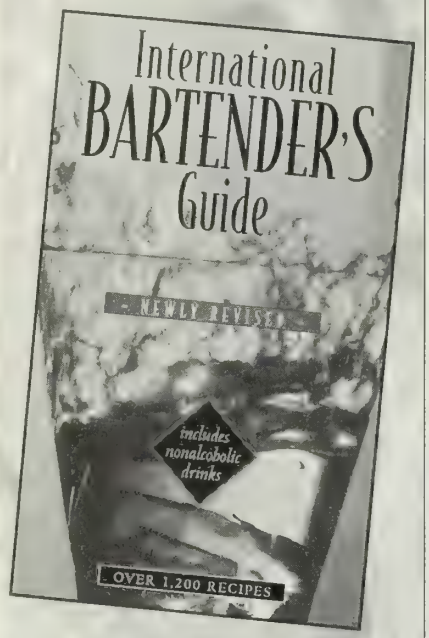

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Gerry Adams on the day before Saint Patrick's Day 1996, in New York. The August 1994 cease-fire had been broken a month earlier by the I.R.A.

where I live, I am sorry to see President Clinton and his "new" Democratic Party turn against old friend Britain.

JAMES D. NEWMAN
Houston, Texas

ARTICLES ABOUT Northern Ireland that appear in the American press usually make me cringe, but Maureen Orth's dispassionate and very accurate account of the various stages of the peace process came as a relief. The sooner that people realize that Gerry Adams is the ticket to peace in Northern Ireland, the better.

HILARY HOUSE
Seattle, Washington

WE, AS AMERICANS, are fortunate enough to be able to stand back and look at war from a distance, because we are not in the midst of one. We make judgments according to what we see in the media. In the case of Northern Ireland, as in many civil conflicts, the media choose sides. It's easier for outsiders to point fingers and lay blame than it is to try to understand. Gerry Adams is Northern Ireland, yet is labeled as a terrorist and a coward for defending his country and his people. What then should we call the British Parliament, which sends armed soldiers into Northern Irish playgrounds? Britain no longer sees Northern Ireland as a people, but rather as a symbol of its control. The British government is wiping its hands clean of Irish blood and suffering by blaming Adams. It's taking the focus off the real issue—trying to control an ethnic group that wants its freedom.

MELISSA KINSELLA
Brookhaven, New York

YOUR ARTICLE on Gerry Adams gives us little but his own romantic propaganda on Northern Ireland. Your "Editor's Letter" draws silly analogies with the shift to majority rule in South Africa, but how often does one have to point out that the Northern Ireland situation is the other way around? Adams is a spokesman for a minority (the I.R.A.) of a minority (the Northern Ireland Catholics).

YORICK WILKS
Sheffield, England

ONE QUIBBLE: couldn't an attempt have been made to balance that simplistic cliché about Sinn Fein's being the "political arm of the Irish Republican Army" with a line or two on how Ireland's oldest extant political party is considered by many to be Europe's most socially progressive party?

PADDY HYDE
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AGAINST MY natural instincts, I decided to read Maureen Orth's article on Gerry Adams. I found it to be highly influenced by the U.S. and Orth's viewpoint on matters Irish. The lead photograph showing Mr. Adams surrounded by children against a backdrop of dilapidation sets the tone. Comments such as "beaten senseless and interrogated for days at a time" continue the theme. The British are cast as mindless bigots with a tendency to unprovoked violence and an unreasonable hatred of Adams. Throughout the article, Adams is portrayed as a hardworking, sensitive man who would have "saved" Ireland had it not been for the intransigence of the British and the Unionists.

Mr. Adams has carried the coffins of

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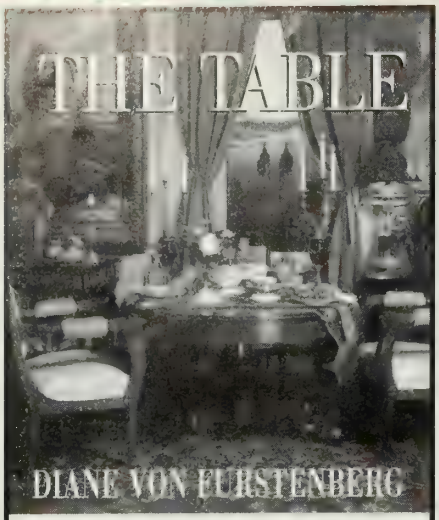

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RANDOM HOUSE

Rupert Murdoch, Jane Fonda, and Ted Turner at the Center for Communication lunch honoring Turner, in April 1994. Two and a half years later Murdoch would denounce Turner with a sky show at the World Series and portray the CNN head in a straitjacket in the New York Post.

terrorists, mouthed I.R.A. propaganda, and never once condemned the bombing of innocent civilians—and they *are* innocent, since presumably no one ever asked them where their sympathies lay. Also, in every vote on separation of Northern Ireland from the United Kingdom it has been democratically decreed by the people of Northern Ireland that they do not wish to separate—and there is no way round that fact. Do I.R.A. sympathizers really believe that the rest of the United Kingdom would tolerate, survive, and continue their day-to-day lives while being bombed if this were not the case?

CAROL A. SIMPSON
London, England

Emperors of the Air

HAVING BEEN a supervising producer at CNN for more than 12 years and being a Time Warner shareholder, I view with mixed emotions the love feast between Ted Turner and Rupert Murdoch ["Cable Guys," by Bryan Burrough and Kim Masters, January]. Murdoch claims his Fox News channel was motivated by a desire to counterbalance the leftist bias of CNN. His perception is right on target. Most of CNN's producers are young neophytes whose political leanings were shaped by their ultra-liberal college professors. Viewers seeking objective, unbiased, and balanced news programs are likely better served by Fox News and MSNBC. Give 'em hell, Rupert!

ED BLAIR
Atlanta, Georgia

PUTTING TOGETHER a cable "news" network these days means getting the most recognizable talent on as many damned sets as possible. Andy Lack's kitchen simile—comparing the offer of network news content without having cable distribution to the promise of the finest meal ever without having a kitchen to cook it in—doesn't work. The fact is that these news kitchens are all about fast food. What they really concentrate on isn't the cooking but the serving of heavily promoted morsels for everyone to absentmindedly eat at the 100-million-outlet cable franchise. Then they call it the best meal you ever had so many times you actually start believing it. But there must be some counterweight to the crushing tilt of big-money madness in the media. Too many important decisions get made based on what is most palatable to the broadest audience.

BRYAN CROLL
Washington, D.C.

Generation Exner

WHAT A PLEASURE to read Liz Smith's complete and precise story about Judith Exner ["The Exner Files," January].

MARY LAMONT
Hollywood, Florida

LIZ SMITH GOES beyond the pale when she concludes her Judith Exner homage by declaring the Kennedy years the "most decadent and indecent." One almost imagines John and Robert Ken-

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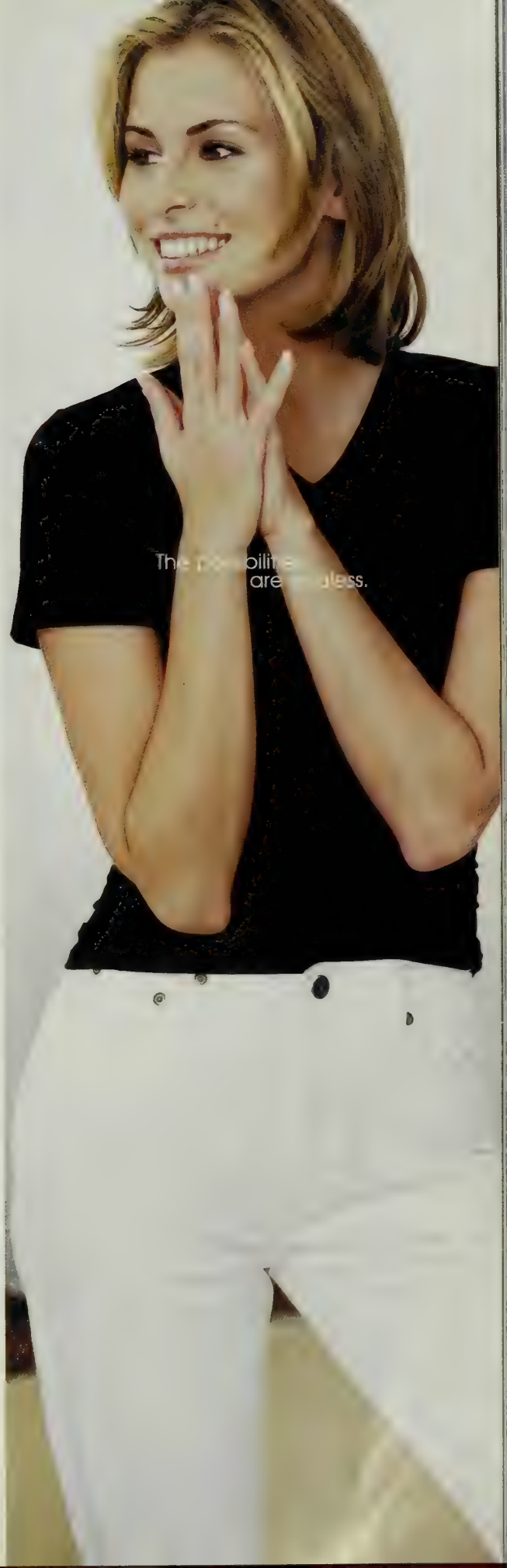

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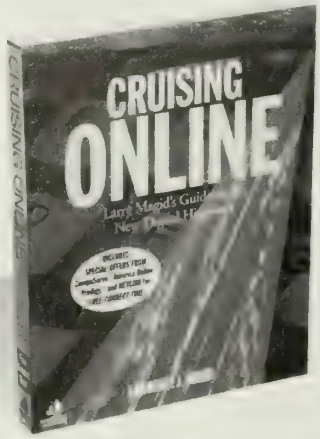

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Judith Exner, John F. Kennedy's longtime lover, flanked by her husband, Dan, and her lawyer, Brian Monaghan, at a press conference in San Diego in December 1975.

nedy languidly taking long, bored drags on cigarettes and nursing low-grade hangovers with Dean Martin types while wearily dealing with Governor Wallace on integration. Somehow, though, through the haze and whirl of girlie-girls and endless nights, J.F.K. and R.F.K. managed to lead this country through an entire world of issues, including the most-vigorous-ever prosecution of mobsters (including Giancana).

The dead Kennedy brothers are hated even today, and often by those who can never forgive them their eternal appeal, despite and maybe because of their imperfect humanity.

GENE GREMBOWIEC
Bellaire, Texas

MANY HAVE been chipping away at the Kennedy-Camelot myth in the last 20 years. Please, someone, hand me a sledgehammer!

BERNICE E. COCKRILLE
North Plainfield, New Jersey

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MARY SHEPHERD
Warren, Ohio

CORRECTIONS: The credit for the photograph of Judith Exner on page 43 of the January issue was incorrect. The photograph is by Tony Costa.

In the photograph of Nini Martin that ran on page 104 of the November issue, the man with her was misidentified. He is William Frye.

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Christopher Hitchens

HOOKED ON EBONICS

America's black children are already being "branded on the tongue." A California school board's proposal to use "Ebonics" in the classroom offends history, culture, and common sense

In the course of "the trial of the century," on July 12, 1995, to be exact, a witness named Robert Heidstra was called to the stand and asked about his dog-walking experience in the vicinity of Nicole Simpson's home. He had, it seemed, been exercising the pooches and heard voices raised at or about the material time. Christopher Darden wanted to know if Mr. Heidstra had indeed told a friend that one of these voices sounded like that of a "black man." This was altogether too much for Johnnie Cochran, who objected strenuously and said, "You can't tell by somebody's voice whether they sounded black." In case anyone may have missed his drift, he added that the very idea was "entirely inappropriate . . . in America, at this time, in 1995."

Mother tongue: Schoolchildren of Daufuskie Island—one of the Sea Islands off South Carolina—where Gullah is still spoken, study in English.

Mr. Cochran's grammar was as confused as his thought, if we agree to give him the benefit of confusion. Anybody who owns a telephone in America and has average hearing can tell "by somebody's voice," not if they "sound" black, but if they are black. (Not all corollaries hold. You can't automatically tell that someone isn't. But you can damn sure tell that someone definitely is.) What are we noticing here? It's an accent, an inflection, a set of usages, and sometimes a grammatical or syntactical giveaway. In the public-school system of the city graced by Mr. Cochran, it is effectively recognized as a separate dialect. Farther north, in Oakland, it has recently become famous under the name of "Ebonics." In Hollywood not so long ago, the makers of *Airplane!* put subtitles under a conversation between two "ji[illegible] speakers. Nobody complained tha[illegible] went over anyb[illegible]

If this p[illegible] it seems, then what's the problem with December's resolution of the Oakland School Board? Describing Ebonics as "genetically based" and derived from the tongues of the Niger-Congo, it advocated recognition of the distinct language of local black schoolchildren "for the combined purposes of maintaining the legitimacy and richness of such language . . . and to facilitate their acquisition and mastery of English language skills."

Well, there are actually three problems. The first is that the resolution itself is composed in no known language, though there are traces of bureaucratese, therapese, legalese, and business English to be found within it. The second is that "Ebonics" is a made-up term stressing two things—color and phonetics—which have absolutely nothing to do with the structure or definition of a language. The third is that language by its nature cannot be "genetically based." If the black kids in Oakland are in fact speaking a different tongue, then it's because of their real lives and not because of any notional ancestral connec[illegible]on to the Niger-Congo. The essence of [illegible]nguage is its transmissibility, which cannot be through the bloodstream. So that's that for the Oakland School Board, which seems to have been interested in picking up some "bilingual" subsidy dough and which has since hastily reversed itself, stating for the record that Black English will only be honored as part of a campaign to make it disappear.

The truth of the matter is that a number of unemployable cultural nationalists from the 1960s have found a form of employment in the educational bureaucracy of our less Athenian inner cities. One West Coast activist is Ron Karenga (now known as Maulana, which he believes to be Swahili for "master teacher"), whom I remember distinctly as the leader of an Africanist nut group called Us—later found to be partially supported by the F.B.I.—and who in 1966 gave us the exciting concept of Kwanza. Mr. Karenga's slogan in those days was "Anywhere we are, Us is!" I liked the slogan then, and I like it even more now. But if only the whole question could be disposed of with such ease.

In my native British islands, homeland of this great universal language, there dwells a population that is famously "branded on the tongue." I can "place" anyone as soon as he or she begins to utter. James Baldwin once phrased it very well:

> To open your mouth in England is (if I may use black English) to "put your business in the street": you have confessed your parents, your youth, your school, your salary, your self-esteem, and, alas, your future.

Which isn't exaggerating by very much. Margaret Thatcher had to take several courses in elocution to rid herself of bumpkin and awkward tones and to become the queenly CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

KAREN KASMAUSKI

Drew Carey found his calling in comedy. In 1991, he landed a spot in HBO's "14th Annual Young Comedians Special." He has since won several awards and recently hosted the 1996 Cable ACE Awards. This funny guy has hit his stride with his own show "The Drew Carey Show," a major hit with critics and fans alike. In 1996, he hosted Comedy Central's "Kickin' Aspen" special from the Festival.

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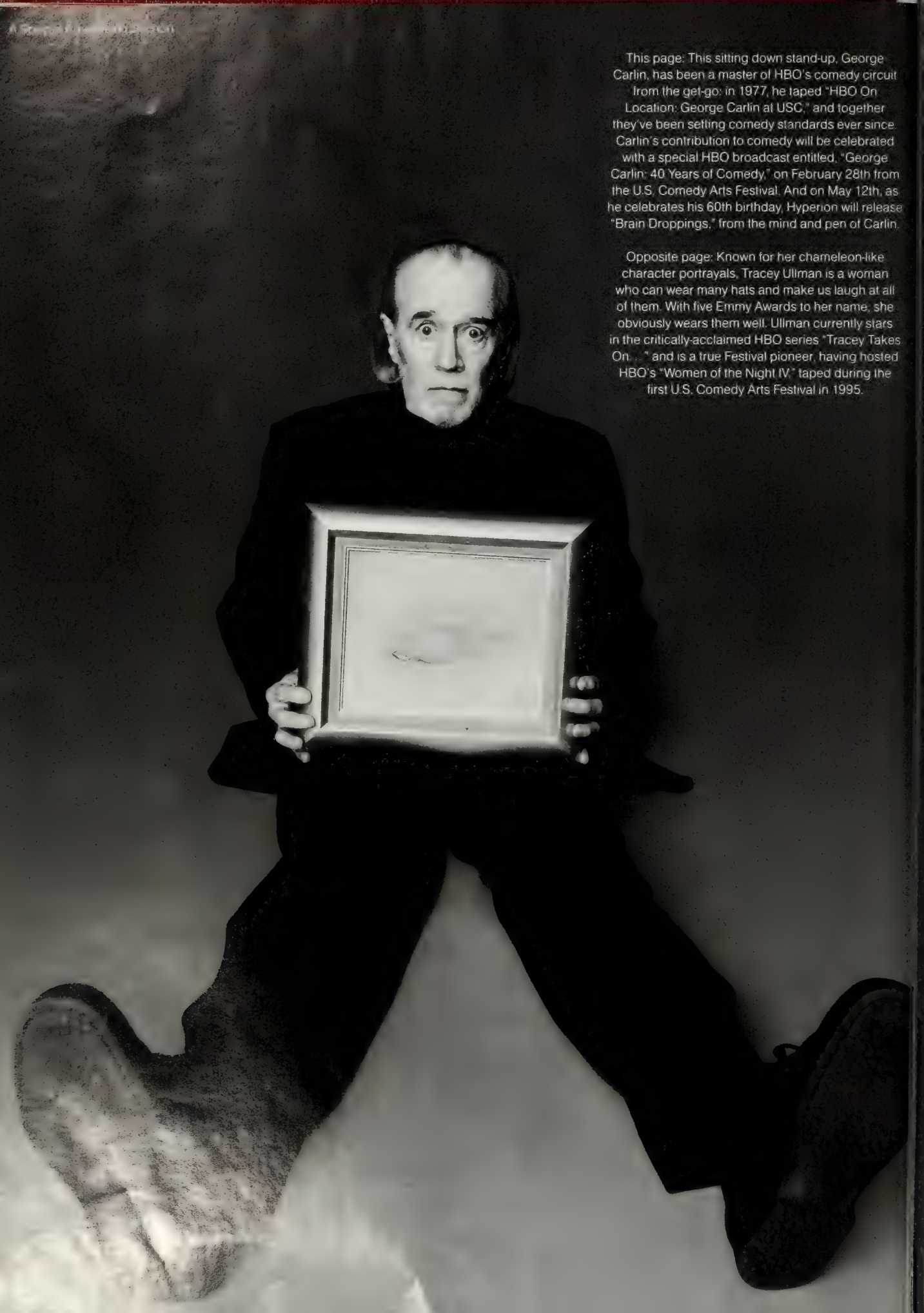

This page: This sitting down stand-up, George Carlin, has been a master of HBO's comedy circuit from the get-go: in 1977, he taped "HBO On Location: George Carlin at USC," and together they've been setting comedy standards ever since. Carlin's contribution to comedy will be celebrated with a special HBO broadcast entitled, "George Carlin: 40 Years of Comedy," on February 28th from the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival. And on May 12th, as he celebrates his 60th birthday, Hyperion will release "Brain Droppings," from the mind and pen of Carlin.

Opposite page: Known for her chameleon-like character portrayals, Tracey Ullman is a woman who can wear many hats and make us laugh at all of them. With five Emmy Awards to her name, she obviously wears them well. Ullman currently stars in the critically-acclaimed HBO series "Tracey Takes On. . ." and is a true Festival pioneer, having hosted HBO's "Women of the Night IV," taped during the first U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in 1995.

Not only does Harold Ramis move to the beat of a different drummer, he plays his own. Djembes (African drums), that is. And Ramis certainly has some serious rhythm. With cinematic hits such as *Animal House*, (a 20th Reunion of which was celebrated at the 1996 U.S. Comedy Arts Festival), *Ghostbusters* and *Groundhog Day* to his credit, this guy knows how to drum up some serious laughter. An industry standard, he's paved the way for many aspiring comedic actors, writers and directors.

These two outfits masquerading as medieval tunics are actually Bill Maher's interpretation of Love and War. As provocative host of "Politically Incorrect," (a special edition of which was conducted from the 1995 U.S. Comedy Arts Festival,) it's very fitting that Maher would would embrace such opposing themes. Maher is currently the host of award-winning show "Politically Incorrect," which now airs on ABC. Maher has also starred in four stand-up specials for HBO.

TheCoolestDaysofWinter

Vanity Fair Magazine and HBO salute some of today's greatest comedy artists, all of whom hav been featured at the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival. Paying tribute to the unique role the comedi arts has played in this country, the USCAF presents more than 60 performers each yea representing all of the comedic art forms, with a particular emphasis on new artists and th breaking genre of alternative comedy. Spotlighting the breadth of comedy in film, televisio theatre and live performance, this third annual event will offer an unprecedente opportunity for comedy's greatest innovators and rising stars to come togethe

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"James Baldwin could write a stirring justification of black speech and black code, but he could not do so by employing that code itself."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 figure that I left England to get away from. (To get away from whom, I mean to say, I left England.) And you would not have been able to see *Trainspotting* at your local multiplex last summer had it not been painstakingly dubbed. But it's a striking fact that black people born in England are not branded on the tongue, or at least not as blacks. They speak Cockney or South London or Manchester, or the BBC English, which is charmingly known as "Received Pronunciation," or "R.P." There are a few Caribbean vernacular imports in the language, and that's it. So there must be a reason why this is not true for these United States, and it certainly won't be a "genetic" one, but it may not be found just by having a free laugh at the expense of some mediocre officials in Oakland.

Baldwin made the above observation in an essay entitled "If Black English Isn't a Language, Then Tell Me, What Is?" His defense of the separate integrity of the language was a very striking one, though I think that, as a man whose favorite author was Henry James, he would have winced at terming it "Ebonics." He once wrote, in *Notes of a Native Son,* "I hazard that the King James Bible, the rhetoric of the storefront churches, something ironic and violent and perpetually understated in Negro speech—and something of Dickens' love for bravura—have something to do with me today; but I wouldn't stake my life on it." Now you're talking. For Baldwin, recognition of the language he didn't speak was a duty paid to history. Black people, he said, came to America "chained to each other, but from different tribes: Neither could speak the other's language. If two black people, at that bitter hour of the world's history, had been able to speak to each other, the institution of chattel slavery could never have lasted as long as it did." Baldwin, as it happens, was entirely correct about the deliberate policy of splitting up slaves by language group. In the mid-18th century, in his awful book *A New Voyage to Guinea,* the slave master Captain William Smith wrote that by "having some of every Sort on board, there will be no more Likelihood of their succeeding in a Plot, than of finishing the Tower of Babel."

Native son: James Baldwin, photographed in Miami, Florida, in the early 1960s. His 1979 essay "If Black English Isn't a Language, Then Tell Me, What Is?" defended a dialect he did not speak.

Once landed in America, the slaves who had survived the Middle Passage had a bit of nautical Pidgin English, the memories of their own varying tongues, and many encounters with different sorts of English speakers. Cleanth Brooks, the great scholar of William Faulkner and of southern speech, argues that the habit of saying "dis" and "dat" originates with the peasants of Kent and Sussex in southern England, who did indeed speak in that fashion and who came to colonize Virginia and the Carolinas. By this reckoning, as he puts it, poor and illiterate southern blacks "held on to what their ancestors had learned by ear and which had been passed on to them through oral tradition. In short, they rather faithfully preserved what they had heard, were little influenced by spelling, and in general actually served as a conservative force."

"Conservative," too, are the Sea Islanders, off the South Carolina coast, who as I write are still speaking in Gullah. Across the harbor from Charleston, perhaps a quarter of a million African-Americans use a dialect, or patois, that, according to Lorenzo Turner's celebrated book *Africanisms in the Gullah Dialect,* contains up to 6,000 African words and expressions. ("Baraka" is the word for "thanks," and its origin is Mandingo; "efi" is the word for "smoke," and its origin is Yoruba.) Unlike the children of Oakland, California, the Gullahs can claim a direct philological relation with the mother continent. But this turns out not to clarify much, since the mother continent is a place where languages and dialects metamorphose with the crossing of a river. I have been in the Niger-Congo, and I didn't meet a single person who spoke only one language. To speak three is quite common, very often with a European colonial one as a kind of top layer or lingua franca. Inarticulacy is not the problem. Black English, then, is a product of the Babel effect of slavery, of pidgin and Creole, and of what Baldwin rightly calls "the unprecedented tabernacle" of the black church. Without it, we would be shorn of innumerable vigorous and humorous expressions. But it is only a tributary of English and can never substitute for it. That's why the cadences of black American oratory are imperishable, and why its greatest pulpit practitioners drew from the same well that Baldwin described, and eventually silenced their white audiences into thoughtfulness.

Take the example of Yiddish, the mother tongue of many impoverished immigrants and former serfs. When I say "What's not to like?" I am using a different syntax and one I wouldn't be without. (Without which, I mean to say, I would not be.) But it's English Yiddish, not Yiddish English. Can you imagine Jewish neighborhoods mandating "Hebronics" as a way of boosting morale? I don't think so. Nonetheless, I'm still a lit-

‘In Hollywood not so long ago, the makers of *Airplane!* put subtitles under a conversation between two “jive” speakers.’

tle melancholy at the total eclipse of the language of Isaac Singer, and I don't look forward to the day when all New Yorkers routinely say “with regard to” and “as far as.” At least Yiddish was a language in which things could be written. There's effectively nothing in print that's written in Black English, and the nearest approximation—the “Uncle Remus” narrative of Joel Chandler Harris—was the work of a white man with a good ear. Baldwin, in other words, could write a stirring justification of black speech and black code, but he could not do so by employing that code itself. And this is the Information Age, buster, in case you hadn't noticed. An age that doesn't sit well with the “oral tradition.” Anyone instructing a child that this is irrelevant, or anyone prating about Homer and the Bible being “oral” too, is doing violence to that child's prospects.

Of course, violence is being done already. Not many years ago, it was predicted with confidence that Black English would die out because everyone would be watching the same television programs. (National broadcasting networks have contributed hugely to the erosion of Piedmontese in Italy, Provençal in France, and Ruthenian in the Ukraine and the Czech lands.) The use has declined, but in some areas it has also intensified. This is testimony to the persistence—or, rather, the re-emergence and consolidation—of segregation in American cities. Those who rush to say that Oakland teachers are failing the kids had better acknowledge that they had been “failed” well be[illegible]

Jive talkin': The 1980 Zucker Brothers film *Airplane!* subtitled the Black English dialogue. *From top,* what was actually spoken: “Shit, man, that honky must be messing my old lady—got to be running cold upside down his head. You know?” “Hey, home, I can dig it. No... ain't gonna lay a big rap up on you, man!”

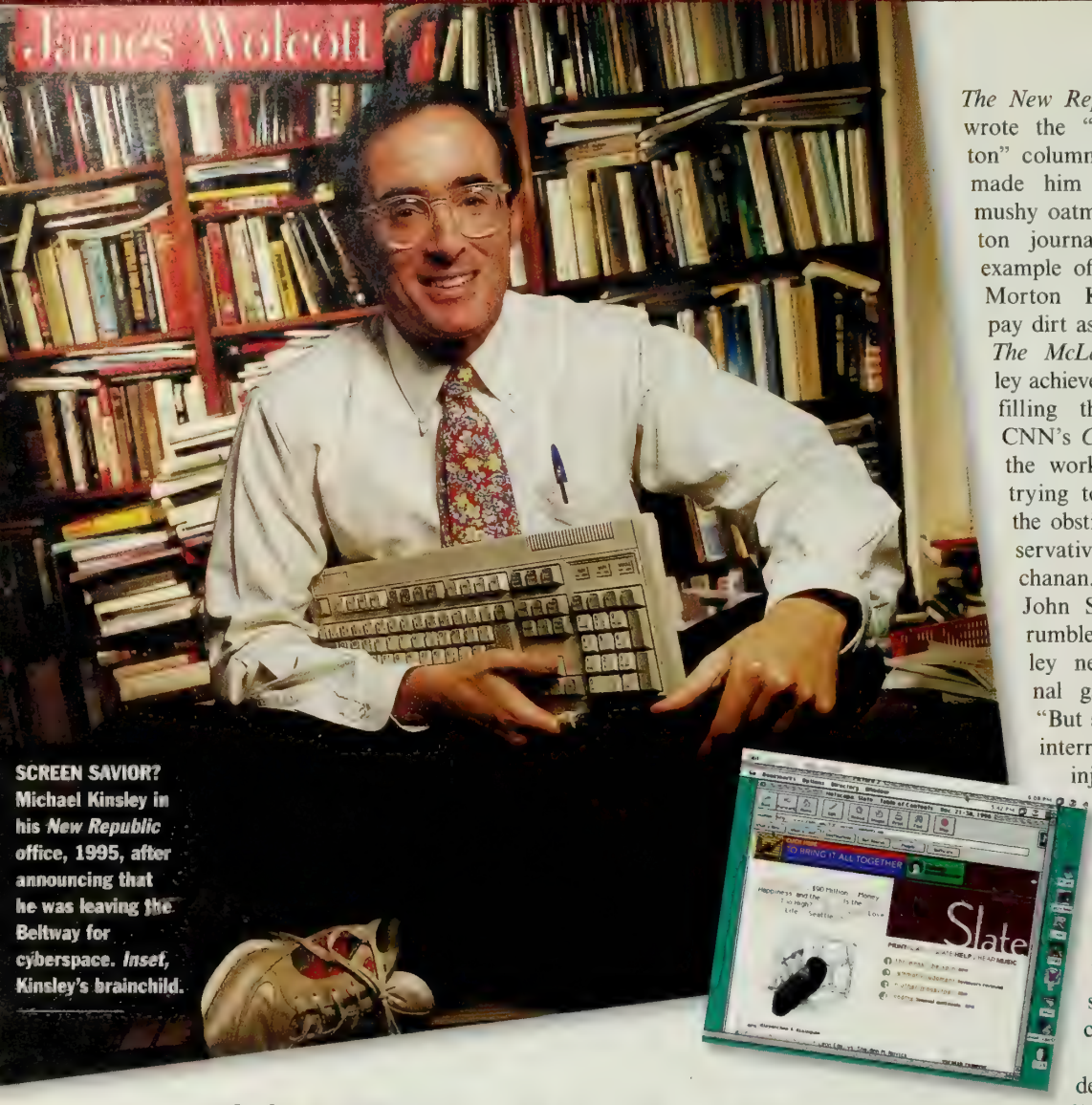
Whether we agree to call [illegible] an idiom, a vernacular, [illegible] based survival, the fact is [illegible] Black English does exist [illegible] and does define (and circum[illegible] world of many Americans. I [illegible] want to be an inner-city teac[illegible] have no ear for it. Would it be good to have a manual for educators? Quite [illegible]ly. Can physics be taught in it? [illegible]iously not. Does it have sug[illegible] crossovers with the mainstream? [illegible] it be taught? No—it's al[illegible]en taught before the child gets [illegible]hool. Would it, and its survival, make a good subject for a Ph.D. dissertation? Undoubtedly. Can its recognition help toward its abolition? That must be the hope.

But not complete abolition. I once had the amazing privilege of having Wynton Marsalis play in my apartment. (Play an instrument, I mean.) We talked later about rap and reggae, and he gave me a brilliantly lucid explanation of the no-goodness and second-rateness of it all. Finishing this up, he lapsed from the language of Chaucer and Milton for an instant and, pausing for finality, said, “It is some *bull*shit.” That last pungent cadence drove the whole thing squarely home.

I called a few trusted friends in the week of the Ebonics brouhaha. Noam Chomsky, the founder of modern linguistics, said that while there's no difference in principle between “I be” and “Je suis,” and while pre-modern and pre-technological languages can be extremely dynamic and complex, the chances of evolving one in a ghetto were distinctly slim. “If it's taught, it has to be like the way that Standard English is taught to unintelligible white kids in eastern Tennessee—as a means of making them fluent.” Adolph Reed, professor of politics at Northwestern, said that he had two reactions to the Oakland news. “The first reaction was: Oh man, I'd better check that I still have my American passport. The second reaction was to go and have a consoling drink.” Baldwin made a point of including irony as one of the necessary ingredients of the black vernacular style. And “irony,” as the great Polish-American laureate Czeslaw Milosz once put it, “is the glory of slaves.” There is tragedy and history and emotion involved in the survival of a black speech in America, and giggling at its expense is not good manners. But the worst irony of all would be to congratulate, hypocritically, the “richness” of something that threatens to imprison its speakers in the confines of a resentful, baffled, muttering serfdom. □

Beauty

James Wolcott



SCREEN SAVIOR? Michael Kinsley in his *New Republic* office, 1995, after announcing that he was leaving the Beltway for cyberspace. *Inset,* Kinsley's brainchild.

TOO LITTLE, TOO *SLATE*

Michael Kinsley and cyberspace seemed an odd, if natural, match. The star pundit's Microsoft-backed Webzine, *Slate,* is a ghostly, muffled version of his print triumph, *The New Republic,* with the usual Harvard homeboys indulging in on-line ego trips

Pointy-headed intellectuals don't come much pointier than Michael Kinsley. His keen, avian profile and Wa[illegible] him model o[illegible] brain. Even [illegible] 40s, he looks li[illegible] tain of the coll[illegible] bating team, his forehead buffed for action. A Rhodes scholar and a graduate of Harvard Law School, Kinsley sees the world in straight lines, framing arguments in neat boxes and judo-chopping through the logical fallacies of [illegible]ish mortals as if he were a junior [illegible] F. Buckley, minus the purring. [illegible] the almost absurd age of 25, [illegible]ame the managing editor of *The New Republic,* where he also wrote the "TRB from Washington" column. His crisp assurance made him a sensation in the mushy oatmeal bowl of Washington journalism. Following the example of his *T.N.R.* colleague Morton Kondracke, who hit pay dirt as a regular panelist on *The McLaughlin Group,* Kinsley achieved national recognition filling the liberal chair on CNN's *Crossfire,* where he did the work of 10 woodpeckers trying to drum daylight into the obstinate skulls of his conservative opponents Pat Buchanan, Robert Novak, and John Sununu. Unlike these rumblers on the right, Kinsley never had the intestinal gas for demagoguery. "But surely . . . ," he would interrupt, trying in vain to inject a note of reason. Over time he began to mock *Crossfire*'s tendency to reduce complex issues to barking sound bites: "John and I will be back in a minute to solve the health-care crisis . . . "

Such cheeky self-deprecation distinguished Kinsley not only from his conservative foes but from his neoliberal allies. Whereas other graduates of the Harvard/*Washington Monthly*/*New Republic* crimson triangle published heavy-lifting tomes like *The End of Equality, In Defense of Government,* and *The Promised Land,* Kinsley's first collection carried the kooky title *Curse of the Giant Muffins and Other Washington Maladies* (Summit Books, 1987). A carbonated version of a policy wonk, capable of discussing COLA adjustments and tort law without withering all life around him, Kinsley chooses to err on the side of cuteness rather than aspire to inherit the toga of Murray Kempton, journalism's patron saint of lapidary inscription. He doesn't dig in and take tough stands but, like most counterpunchers, keeps darting.

When Kinsley announced in 1995 that he was trading in Washington, D.C., for Washington State, where he would be launching a new on-line magazine backed by Microsoft, he caught the keepers of conventional wisdom flat-

KATHERINE LAMBERT

DANA BUCHMAN NEW YORK
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Wolcott

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footed. If Mike was going to have a midlife crisis, some mused, he should make like David Denby: take a brief sabbatical, ponder some big ideas, and bring forth a proper book. But to abandon the *engine throb* of the New York–Washington power grid—unthinkable! Interviewing Kinsley on PBS, Charlie Rose spoke for the consensus when he asked:

> Suppose I am in charge of your life: I am managing Kinsley's life. . . . Of our generation, you are considered the gifted pundit, columnist, because of a distinguished early career; you did a lot of things, including *Harper's,* including *The New Republic,* and a Harvard education, and an education in London, and all of that. And all of a sudden, you had a unique place—you had columns, you were on television. And then you say, "No, I'm going to leave all that. I know there was a role that everybody wanted me to play, but I'm going away to try something new and different." If I'm sort of in charge of managing your career, and I want to see you at the center, as the golden boy of my generation, should I be happy about that?

Kinsley, dumbstruck by this verbal ball of yarn, became tongue-tied himself, stammering, "Well, I, gosh, I don't know. I think your—your—your—your—your—your goal is an odd one. Why don't you want to see me have an interesting, varied life?"

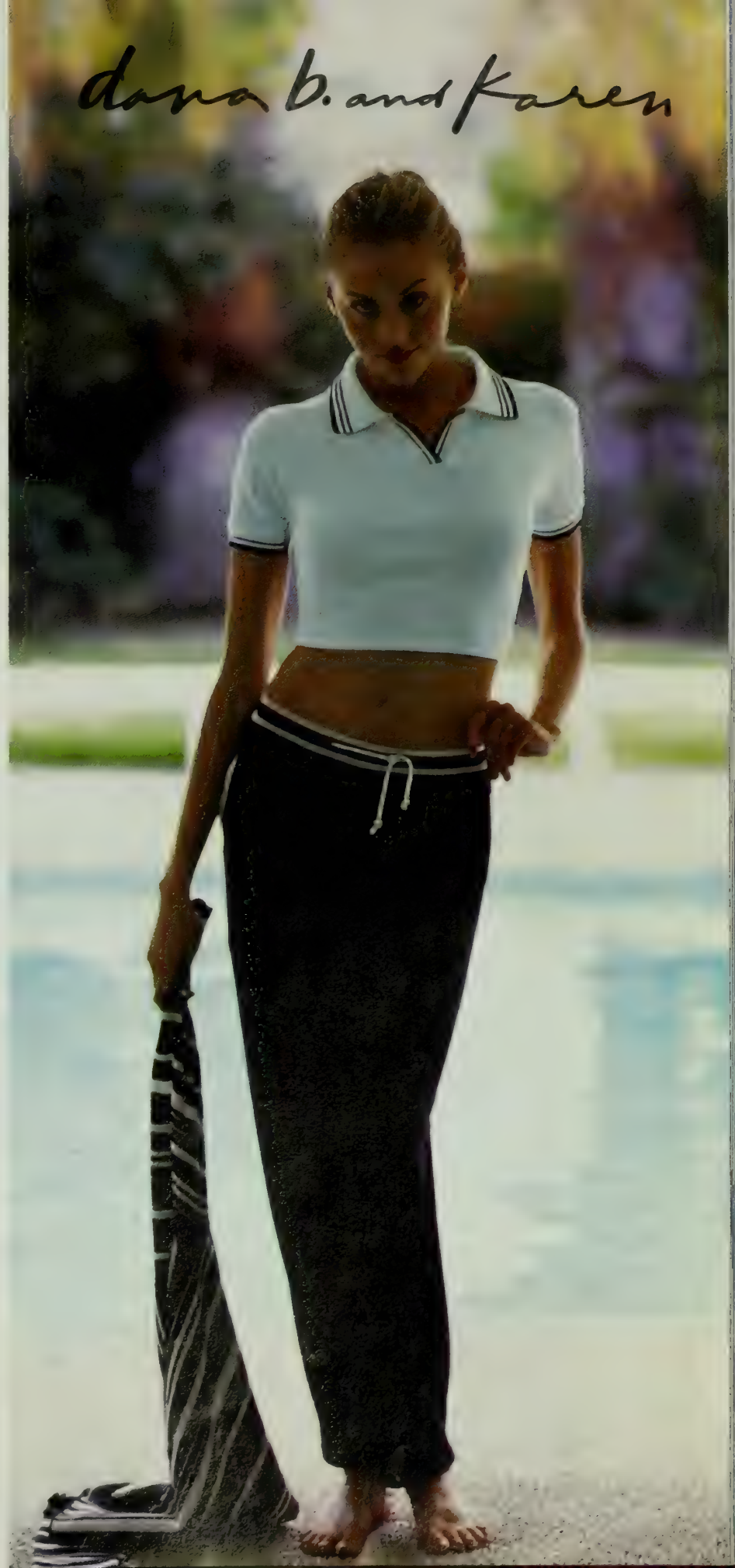
Charlie, a spreader of love, didn't want to begrudge Kinsley an interesting, varied life, but he persisted in worrying aloud that by going west Kinsley had vacated the red-hot center of punditry and disappeared into a vacuum. Never mind that since leaving Washington, D.C., Kinsley had appeared on the cover of *Newsweek* in a fisherman's slicker and had been profiled in *The New Yorker*—the question haunting media circles (according to Charlie) was "Where's Michael?"

If the cognitive elite wanted Kinsley to stay put and turn out golden-boy copy (Lassie, come home!), the cybercommunity wasn't ready to roll out the welcome wagon. Hunched over their keyboards, some of the mole people on computer chat boards such as New York's Echo and California's Well peppered the pixel waves with heat-seeking voodoo about Kinsley and his upcoming enterprise. To the dark-eye-socketed pioneer denizens of the digital age, a crusty lot capable of turning into a lynch mob at any moment, Kinsley was a slick interloper, a print snob and linear throwback who made uppity re-

marks about "computer nerds" in interviews and was cockily blasé about his lack of technical know-how. They resented all his talk of professionalism, as if everything else on the Web were just punk-splatter. To some, Kinsley was worse than an arriviste; he was the point man for Microsoft's plan to conquer the World Wide Web and civilize the rowdy natives. For all his horn-tooting of editorial independence, Kinsley was serving the larger interests of Bill Gates's Death Star, establishing an editorial base for Microsoft's colonization of Web content. Other on-line 'zines—*Suck, Feed,* and, most prominent, *Salon,* a San Francisco–based service which published notables such as Amy Tan, Mary Gaitskill, and Camille Paglia along with a regular roster of reviewers—were wary of Kinsley and oiling their guns for his first issue. They smelled hubris in the air, and with hubris comes a fall.

Theoretically.

To me, however, Kinsley and cyberspace made a perfect match. I could see him easily zipping past his detractors and becoming prince of the phantom zone. He's always given the impression of someone trying to pare himself down into pure information. I had a happy time working for Kinsley at *Harper's* in the early 80s; he was a genial, gutsy editor whose confidence never clammed into a closed system. Even then, however, it was evident that he was uncomfortable with the nitty-gritty side of life. He was verbally outgoing, but socially and physically his lid was on tight. It was as if he would shoot straight to the ceiling if anyone ever gave him a hug. (At a party, seeing the hostess embrace each departing guest, Kinsley turned to the people around him and asked, "Can we all leave in a group?") Over the years his mild, comic aversion to casual social contact and messy involvement appeared to harden into a deflector shield. He developed a finicky-bachelor persona, becoming a Felix Unger neatnik. A fellow editor at *The New Republic* told me that Kinsley's house in suburban Maryland was so antiseptic that each step you took made a squeak. His jokey comments became more curmudgeonly. One of Kinsley's more familiar remarks was that his ideal contributor was one who turned in his copy and then got hit by a bus. In *Forbes*'s "ASAP" supplement, he extolled the constant stream of E-mail at Microsoft, in part because it siphoned



dana b. and karen

off personal contact, which appealed to the misanthrope in him.

So cyberspace seemed the obvious place for Kinsley to occupy. What better hangout for a social recluse and born communicator? On-line, you don't have to see, touch, or smell other people; it's a flat, artificial, confined, dephysicalized zone. (In cyberspace, no one can hear you squeak.) He wouldn't even have to have editorial meetings in the flesh. He could run a virtual office through the magic of E-mail. The name selected for his on-line magazine—*Slate*—symbolized a clean start, for him and for journalism. It also signified that the blank slate of the future is the electronic screen.

With its news digest and guest diaries, *Slate* (www.slate.com) bears a modest resemblance to the London *Spectator,* the Anglophile's cherished model of armchair reading. The Webzine also has a regular bulletin board that does its best to be droll. "The typical *Slate* reader, we have discovered, is intelligent, discerning, and, above all, physically attractive. Also, musically gifted, witty, kind to strangers and animals, and a great cook." Once past such pleasantries, *Slate* drops the leisurely bemused-onlooker attitude of *The Spectator* for a more vigorous program. In true American fashion, *Slate* positions itself as a shrewd bystander on the cultural-political scene, a rapid-response progressive think tank that prides itself on its collective cool. Unlike some hellions on the Web, *Slate* promotes constructive dialogue and healthy debate, hosting roundtable discussions on such topics as "Affirmative Action: Is There a Middle Way?" and "Are Media Conglomerates Bad for Us?"

Proof that you can take the boy out of the Beltway but you can't take the Beltway out of the boy, Michael Kinsley's *Slate* is in fact a parallel-universe *New Republic.* It uses many of the same writers (Andrew Sullivan, Paul Krugman, Robert Wright, Jacob Weisberg, Stanley Kauffmann), and adopts some of the same editorial stances. Like *T.N.R.,* it runs predictably unpredictable "counterintuitive" pieces, from defenses of Cruella de Vil ("After watching *101 Dalmatians,*" wrote David Plotz, "I too wanted to drive to Pet Pantry to buy Dalmatian pups . . . and skin 'em") and Jay Leno ("In his own fashion, Leno has acquired something of [Johnny] Carson's Zenlike gift for charming his way through weak material"—it's hard to

think of anyone less Zenlike than the klutzy, approval-starved Leno) to Jodie T. Allen's debunking of the myth of the wise old family practitioner ("So, as the chorus of complaints about 'managed care' swells to cathedral-filling volume, it's worth remembering that much of what we like to remember never was"—i.e., Marcus Welby was a crock). Since Kinsley was perhaps the best editor *The New Republic* has had under Martin Peretz's ownership, a parallel-universe *T.N.R.* under his direction isn't a bad idea per se. Now that *The New Republic's* Clinton-bashing has become interchangeable with *The Weekly Standard's*, there ought to be a place for liberals of good faith to gather.

Time magazine struck a deal with *Slate* for reprint rights, publishing a two-page sampler of *Slate* pieces on July 1 and thus broadening *Slate's* editorial reach beyond the elite opinion-journal niche. Copies of *Slate* would also be sold at Starbucks, giving Ethan Hawke wannabes and the women who dig them something to discuss between sips.

Yet, after all the hoopla came the letdown. The actual product is oddly cold and numbing. On-screen and in print, *Slate* lies prostrate across one's eyes; much of it reads like a cross between a corporate report and a symposium transcript—C-SPAN in prose. Not only doesn't it reflect Kinsley's personality, but his own pieces for it don't reflect his personality, either. The Webzine has the heart and soul of a blank cubicle. (Kinsley's workspace at Microsoft was reported to be devoid of personal effects.) I admit, I'm baffled at how low-ebb and obvious Kinsley has played it. I expected *Slate* to be more maverick, create more fuss, tick off more people. Kinsley's decision to move to Microsoft was deduced by some as a desire to break from the pundit pack and harvest less practiced voices. Here was an opportunity to produce something individual from scratch, a publication that would not be beholden to pressure from either a difficult patron like Peretz or a board of directors, as at *Harper's*.

Instead, *Slate* rounds up the usual standbys: familiar names like Joe Queenan, Katha Pollitt, Wendy Kaminer, Louis Menand, Paul Berman, Nicholas Lemann—all-purpose oxygen-depleters who wash up everywhere ("Like Cosa Nostra, they will infiltrate anything," to borrow a line from Gore Vidal). It's probably no fluke that the primary color of the *Slate* logo is Harvard crim-

son, since the 'zine relies heavily on the Harvard homeys. *Slate* is so slanted to the inside jockeying of the eastern media that sometimes it's like watching two careers dance a sultry tango. Do we really need Jonathan Alter writing an open letter to William Powers about his cover article in *The New Republic* decrying the press for being soft on President Clinton? Doesn't Alter already have a regular gig at *Newsweek*? It's not as if we don't hear enough from him. (Extending a peace offering in a subsequent *Slate*, Powers assures Alter, "You don't know me very well. We have met briefly only twice, and spoken on the phone two or three times. If you knew me better, you would understand that I'm not in this to bring down the president." Ah, shaddup.)

THORNY ROSE
Charlie Rose, in disbelief over Michael Kinsley's move to Microsoft, tried to play on-air career counselor.

It wouldn't matter, *Slate*'s being so intramural, if its writers revealed a bottled-up passion or a stylistic freedom that their home publications make them muffle. (When Kinsley was editor of *Harper's*, he published such rampaging malcontents as Marvin Mudrick and Alexander Theroux.) Instead, *Slate*'s moonlighting [illegible] minences seem determined to prove they can be as boring in cyberspace as they can on dry land. They don't write "up," but let their fingers do [illegible] sider this coy bit of [illegible] novelist Cynthia Ozic[illegible] guest diarists: "As for [illegible] Diary, when I undertook [illegible] of addressing you, I imagined [illegible] fill you with literary and psychological musings. Instead, what is mostly in my head these days is Pipes. Not Pan's pipes—no poetry here!" No, Ozick is referring to a hot-water pipe in her house that burst. The next installment finds her fanning the wee flame of attention the plumbing saga has won her. "My daughter, who generally doesn't read me in print, even when I dedicate a book to her, is excited about reading me on a screen. (*That* should encourage the editors of *Slate*!) 'Write about the baby!' she appeals. This isn't easy for a long-distance grandmother to do." But of course she does anyway, glowingly giving us the complete goo-goo ga-ga.

The conversational drift of cyberspace loosens the elastic of even serious reporter types. Here we find *Slate*'s chief political correspondent, Jacob Weisberg, filing copy from the campaign trail. "There's a parlor game called 'I've never,' in which you go around the table and admit the most shocking thing you've never done—seen *Gone With the Wind*, read *Hamlet*, smoked pot, or whatever. My dirty little secret is that as a political reporter, I have never been to Little Rock. But on Election Day, I wake to the noise of a ringing phone in the seedy City Center Holiday Inn with the awareness that this shame is behind me." Another *Slate* contributor, Malcolm Gladwell, also files an exclusive hotel report. "I'm in a hotel room in St. Louis. Normally, I would simply say that I'm in St. Louis, except that for the past six months or so, I've been obsessed with hotel rooms—specifically, [illegible] the size of hotel rooms—since I've [illegible]come convinced that there are no ho[illegible] [illegible]naller than my apartment."

What's happening here is that writers are beginning to indulge in the kind of shoptalk on-line that they used to keep amongst themselves. Through the open mike of the Internet, they can now grace us with their off-hours, like actors lounging between performances, trotting out anecdotes. Some even share their holidays with us, like Walter Kirn describing Christmas in Montana. "When I married Maggie I was Christmas-neutral, but she likes to do it up right. Her spirit's infectious. She built a gingerbread house last week and decorated our tree with painted pinecones and strings of cranberries and tiny white lights. I love to stand in the yard and gaze inside at it." Strings of cranberries, imagine that. Such mindless chitchat works negative wonders for a writer's mystique, reducing the writer to the role of raconteur. Imagine John Hersey pausing to discuss his hotel accommodations before boarding the plane to Hiroshima, or Joseph Mitchell pausing to compare heartburn remedies before his next meeting with Joe Gould, Greenwich Village's legendary crackpot.

Slate's arts coverage, edited by Judith Shulevitz, late of *Lingua Franca* and *New York* magazine, tends to be more of a trampoline for boyish enthusiasm, be it Alex Ross trying to plant a high-minded hickey on Leonardo DiCaprio or David Edelstein getting pumped at *The Crucible*: "When the hero, John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), cries out Miller's banner line—'Are the accusers always holy now?'—we want to shout back, 'Fuckin' A!'" In another issue of *Slate*, Ross and Edelstein found themselves on opposite sides of the popcorn tub in a dispute over the achievements of Clint Eastwood. Responding to Edelstein's belittling review of Richard Schickel's biography of Eastwood, Ross wrote, "I . . . agree Eastwood is not much of an ironist, either as actor or director. If he's

> ‘*Wired* declared a "Kinsley Death Watch," a countdown to the day he would fold his laptop in defeat and slink back East.’

CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
PREMIUM SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
CHIVAS BROTHERS
12
WHISKY
You either have it
or you don't
Visit the Chivas Regal web site at
http://www.careertoolbox.com
Those who appreciate quality
enjoy it responsibly

parodying himself, he's parodying himself all the time, which means, of course, that he's not actually parodying himself at all. (In the same way, the people who think that Adolf Hitler was a self-parody are off base.)" Sloppy discourse like this makes one long for the tank battles between critics at *The Partisan Review,* where real differences were at stake and everybody didn't pretend to be buddies. Certainly nothing I've read in *Slate* carried the rude slap of Laura Miller's attack on the director John Sayles in *Salon.* The literary criticism in *Slate* also tends to be mild, written in a lukewarm spirit of appreciation. The reviews of Harold Brodkey's deathbed memoir and David Denby's *Great Books,* for example, were quite genteel compared with the depth charges set off elsewhere. Dull intelligence can be more maddening than outright stupidity.

Slate isn't all doodle. Harry Shearer's deadpan O.J. reports, its exposé of the macho posturings of *Newsweek's* Colonel Hackworth, and the fashion essays by Anne Hollander (who seems to swoon with her eyes open) have added some needed perk. The magazine also scored a worthy attention-getter with the "*Slate* 60"—a list of the 60 largest American charitable contributors in 1996. (One of the 60 was the novelist James Michener, who, *Slate* noted, "has donated more than $100 million to libraries, universities, and museums over the course of his 40-year career." Who knew he was such a mensch?)

The most distinctive piece I've read in *Slate* was a diary from Muriel Spark—Dame Muriel Spark, as she's now billed. Writing from Tuscany, the author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Memento Mori* observed,

> A young woman reviewer of my latest novel, *Reality and Dreams,* complained that some of my characters are "nasty." I should have thought they were far worse than that; they are downright insufferable, even outrageous, and are supposed to be. I don't know why it is, but even in these feminist days, there exists a body of ladylike reviewers (and perhaps readers, although I put in a query here) who feel that women writers should write novels of boring virtue. I have always marveled when people have described to me, either in fiction or in real life, a creature who "hasn't a mean bone in her body," or who is "incapable of a mean thought." Who are these freaks of the human race, and where?

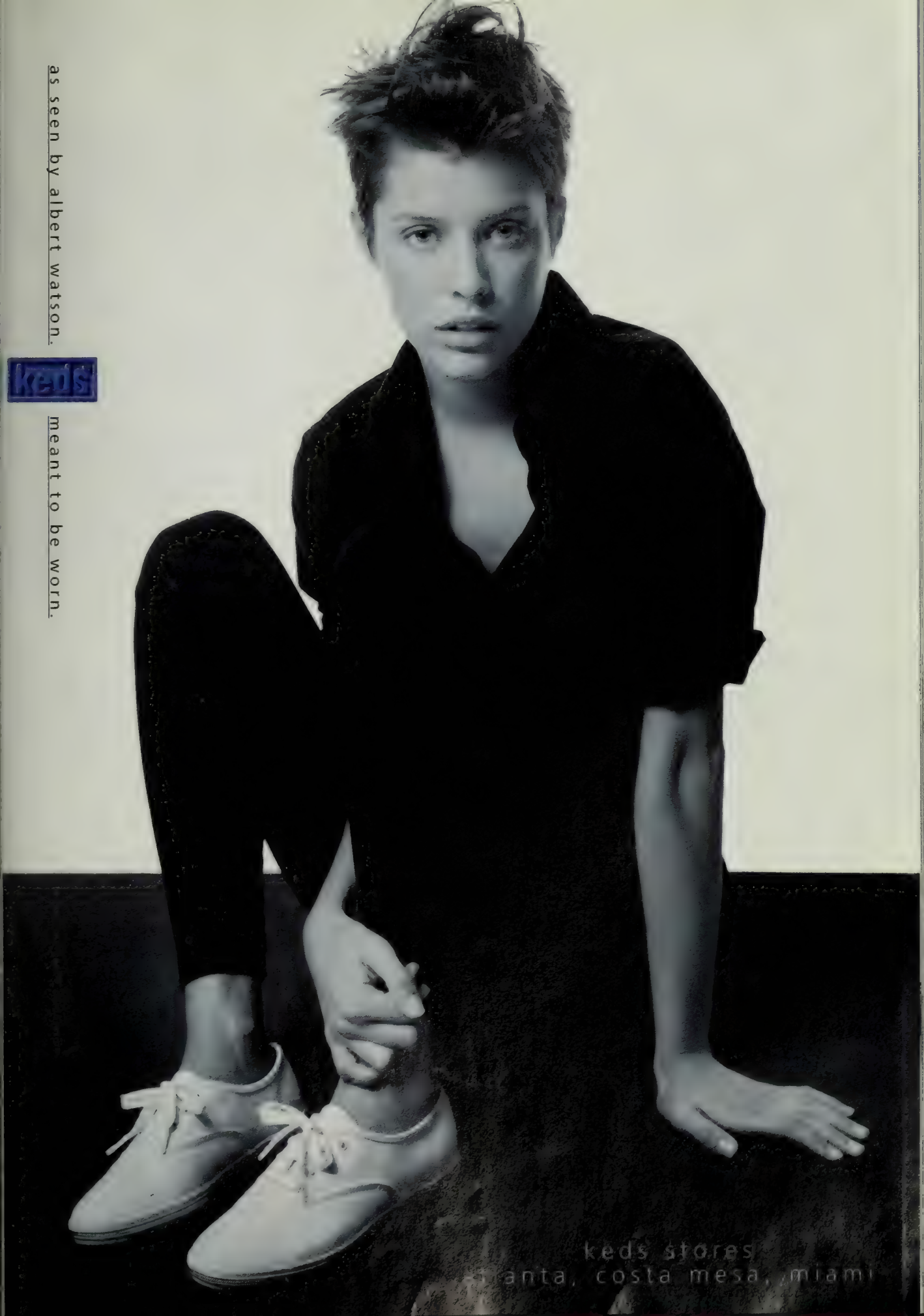
It's a message you'd like to see tacked to Michiko Kakutani's forehead. You read Spark's tonic prose, her words as natural as rain, and think, "My God—a real writer." She has an authority on the page that is uncounterfeitable. Unfortunately, her presence also underscores how many words there are on this crowded *Slate* and yet how little writing.

SLATE SCRIBES The Webzine's more interesting contributors have been from t[illegible] Muriel Spark, An[illegible] Hollander, and Harry Shearer. Others such as Joe Queenan, Cynthia Ozick, and Walter Kirn chatter on about nothing in particular.

"Michael Kinsley's *Slate* is in fact a parallel-universe *New Republic.*"

No sooner had *Slate* started than one of its on-line adversaries, *Wired,* declared a "Kinsley Death Watch," a countdown to the day he would fold his laptop in defeat and slink back East. One shouldn't underestimate Kinsley's will to succeed or Microsoft's marketing muscle, yet the fate of *Slate* does appear iffy. As a media pet, it has been outmaneuvered by *Salon,* named site of the year by *Time.* (Adding even more insult was *Time's* decision not to renew its reprint deal with *Slate.*) More significant, *Slate* has had to backtrack on its delivery plans. The Webzine had intended to start charging readers a subscription fee of $19.95 beginning this February. But in January, it suddenly "chickened out" and junked the idea for the foreseeable future, acknowledging that "there are too many people who are too damned cheap . . . er, we mean . . . too engaged by the novelty of the medium to feel the need to pay extra for specific content." (In a separate development, *Slate* will no longer be sold at Starbucks.) Earlier, *Slate* had also announced that it was giving in to lobbying from its more Gutenberg-inclined readers ("*They* don't give a hoot about links and multimedia") and publishing a paper edition to be sent by snail mail, "just like a grown-up magazine." The cost: $70 a year, about the same as *The New Republic.* So *Slate's* audience is split between a lot of Web subscribers unwilling to pay and a smaller pool of print subscribers willing to pay dear. For some, this is the problem with *Slate:* it's a literary hermaphrodite, half in cyberspace and half out. An on-line magazine that longs to sprawl across the reader's lap.

Suppose the Internet didn't exist. Suppose *Slate* had sprung from print at birth. Would it be able to succeed as a stand-apart publication? I'm dubious. It duplicates too much of what's already available, not only at *The New Republic* but at the liberal-Democratic *American Prospect,* and no one could say we're suffering a policy-wonk shortage in America. On *Charlie Rose,* Kinsley said he hoped he was helping to build "a great journalistic institution" with *Slate.* Perhaps that's the real problem, trying to create an institution rather than a fresh identity. Institutions are often the husks that are left after the initial juices have drained. There's nothing slimy or meretricious about *Slate,* but it bears little relation to the lived-in world. The magazine doesn't reflect Michael Kinsley's personality, but it does reflect his interests. Unfortunately, he has so few. □


as seen by albert watson.
keds
meant to be worn.
keds stores
atlanta, costa mesa, miami

Jessica Mitford, lovingly known as "the Queen of the Muckrakers," in a cemetery in California at the time *The American Way of Death* was published in 1963. *Inset:* Mitford's funeral procession, San Francisco, July 1996.

DEATH, INCORPORATED

In 1963, the author's best-selling exposé *The American Way of Death* detailed the scandalous practices of America's funeral industry and sparked a reform movement. In a posthumously published update, she found that now huge conglomerates are squeezing the bereaved

BY JESSICA MITFORD

On September 18, 1996, The Wall Street Journal *ran an article on a recent development in the funeral industry: "Although more than 85% of the nation's 22,500 funeral homes are still independently owned, that percentage is shrinking rapidly as small chains and individual facilities are quietly bought by the likes of investor-owned chains such as . . . Service Corp. International of Houston, which yesterday [illegible] offer to acquire Loewen Group Inc., the Canadian concern [illegible] largest compet[illegible]*

Four days later, The [illegible] *of the proposed merger. "When [illegible] ford skewered the dea[illegible] could she have imagine[illegible] Service Corporation Intern[illegible] Ms. Mitford missed it; she [illegible]*

Jessica Mitford rarely missed any[illegible] In the months before her death, she wrote the following article for Vanity Fair. *It will be part of her revised edition of* The American Way of Death, *which is now being prepared by Robert Treuhaft, her widower, Robert Gottlieb, her editor, and [illegible] ard, her longtime researcher.*

[illegible] *American Way of Death* [illegible] August 1963, I [illegible] d who would want to read a [illegible] ut funeral reform. Unitarians, earnest consumer advocate[illegible] university eggheads, and the like? To my astonishment, the response was nothing short of thrilling. The book zoomed to No. 1 on the *New York Times* best-seller list, where it stayed for several months. CBS broadcast an hour-long documentary, *The Great American Funeral,* based on the book. Clergy of all faiths reinforced the major themes of *The American Way of Death* and denounced ostentatious, costly funerals as pagan.

Most gratifying of all was the re-

TOP BY TED STREHINSKY

Oscar de

OSCAR
by Oscar de la Renta
la Renta

sponse of the funeral industry. The trade journals reacted with furious invective, devoting reams to "the Mitford menace," "the Mitford war dance," "the Mitford missile."

I was aglow with pride (which, as we know, goeth before a fall), because so many of the reforms I proposed in the book seemed to be bearing fruit. The number of Americans choosing cremation—cheap, expeditious, and ecologically sound—soared from 3.71 percent to more than 21 percent. Most heartening of all, the Federal Trade Commission (F.T.C.) promulgated a "trade rule" which threatened to curb some of the funeral industry's more outrageous practices.

But today, 33 years on, there is little left to cheer about. The average undertaker's bill in 1961 was $708 for a casket and "services" exclusive of cemetery or crematorium charges. Today the average is $4,700. The industry has put its own spin on cremation, placing burdensome obstacles in the path of the family bent on a quick and simple send-off. The F.T.C. has in important respects capitulated to industry lobbyists. The most devastating change is the unprecedented phenomenon of corporate takeovers of formerly independent funeral establishments, a development that is fast eradicating any perceived advantages to the hapless funeral purchaser.

Time was when cremation was the bête noire of the funeral trade—the cheapest and usually the most private means of disposition. The trade did all it could to discourage the procedure, referring to cremation as "burn and scatter," or even "bake and shake." The National Funeral Directors Association (N.F.D.A.) advised stressing to potential customers the concept of "immediate disposal," implying that the Loved One's remains would be treated like so much garbage.

Slowly, over the years, the cruel realization dawned that cremation was not only here to stay but also increasingly the choice of the well-to-do and well-educated—those who could easily afford the finest offerings of the mortician. The industry made a responsive U-turn. The goal now is to steer survivors to purchase what undertakers are pleased to call a "traditional funeral," meaning a full-scale service with the embalmed and beautified corpse on display in a lavish casket, all to be consumed by flame, the ashes to be placed in a suitable costly urn.

As to the F.T.C., there was rejoicing in the ranks of consumers when it announced in 1975 its proposed trade rule on funeral practices. Its provisions would require:

1. That prices be itemized. Existing industry practice was to quote a package price based on the cost of a casket plus "our full range of services." Under the new rule, a price list had to be furnished, giving the cost of each "service"—embalming, transportation, use of mortuary chapel, counseling—which would enable the purchaser to choose or refuse any item.

The trade did all it could to discourage cremation, referring to it as "bake and shake."

2. That a price list be given to the customer.

3. That prices be quoted over the telephone.

4. That permission of next of kin be obtained for embalming.

5. That funeral directors be prohibited from misstating the law. Funeral directors were known, for example, to tell customers that embalming was required by law, which is generally not true in the United States. Likewise, there is no law requiring a coffin for cremation, or an outer container, called a vault in the trade, for ground burial.

The industry reacted with unusual ferocity, denouncing the proposed rule as Communistic and atheistic, and saying that it was tampering with the soul of America. The N.F.D.A. announced a "war chest" of $500,000 to fight the rule, and later raised the amount to $1 million. Thomas H. Clark, counsel for the N.F.D.A., was able to report successful lobbying efforts: "We got seventy-three Congressmen and thirteen Senators who signed resolutions condemning the F.T.C."

The rule was adopted by the F.T.C. in 1982, but the industry was given two years to come into compliance; nothing was enforced until 1984.

Consumer rejoicing was short-lived. The F.T.C.'s record for enforcement has been deplorable. Complaints by funeral purchasers against morticians in violation of the rule are routinely ignored. The total number, nationwide, of formal enforcement actions against funeral establishments in 11 years, from 1984 to 1995, was only 42.

The rule, designed at best merely to bring funeral-trade practices into conformity with general business ethics, has been watered down over the years to

Jessica Mitford, the funeral industry's fiercest critic, visits the Sunset Mausoleum in El Cerrito, California, in 1963.

TED STRESHINSKY

the point where today it is meaningless. Its key provisions have been gutted. Funeral directors are no longer required to tell the consumer who telephones that price information is available. They may lump together under a single, "non-declinable" fee all unallocated services and staff time.

Enter the corporations that have recently penetrated the funeral scene: pioneers in the drive to upgrade and up-price cremation, and principal beneficiaries of the F.T.C.'s ignoble retreat. Of the three publicly traded major players—Service Corporation International (S.C.I.), the Loewen Group Inc., and Stewart Enterprises, Inc.—S.C.I. is the undisputed giant.

Its 1994 annual report to stockholders vibrates with pride of accomplishment: "Service Corporation International experienced the most dynamic year in its history in 1994, reaching new milestones in revenues and net incomes while establishing a solid presence in the European funeral industry." Revenues exceeded $1 billion for the first time. Holdings grew to include 1,471 funeral homes, 220 cemeteries, and 102 crematoriums. Its crowning achievement was the takeover of 15 percent of British funeral establishments, and within a year it would own 9 percent in the United States and 24 percent in Australia.

By mid-1995, S.C.I. had devoured yet another large U.S. company, Gibraltar Mausoleum, with its 23 funeral homes and 54 cemeteries, and had obtained its first foothold in Continental Europe with the acquisition of France's largest funeral chain, Pompes Funèbres Générales, comprising 900 facilities in France and others in Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, the Czech Republic, and Singapore. S.C.I.'s revenues for 1995 exceeded $1.5 billion. By 1996, its pre-arranged-funeral revenue surpassed $370 million, and its pre-need cemetery sales came to an additional $251 million.

[In January of this year, S.C.I. dropped its bid to buy Loewen, which by then had risen to $3.2 billion. But had the merger occurred, the company [illegible] have owned 3,750 funeral home[illegible] would have performed one of [illegible]ery [illegible]en American funerals.]

The crypts, stacked six-high, cost from $7,395 to $8,895—the more expensive ones "at heart level."

From top: **the late Liberace as a casket salesman in *The Loved One*, the 1965 film, on which Mitford was a consultant; a casket warehouse and a real casket salesman from the documentary *Death in America*, 1961.**

Given these outstanding accomplishments, much now depends on the level of performance of the Grim Reaper. Can he be counted on to do the job? *Mortuary Management* was gloomy on this score, noting that, due to recent medical advances in the treatment of cancer and heart disease, the death rate was bound to decline.

Not so the brokerage houses and investment analysts, who are showing much interest in the new conglomerates. Goldman Sachs, analyzing their prospects, predicts a rosy future:

> Aggregate deaths have increased at roughly 1.1% on a compound basis since 1940. . . . Going forward, the continued aging of baby boomers, coupled with an increasing proportion of people over age 65, should keep aggregate deaths rising. . . . The aging of America should enable the deathcare industry to experience extremely stable demand in the future.

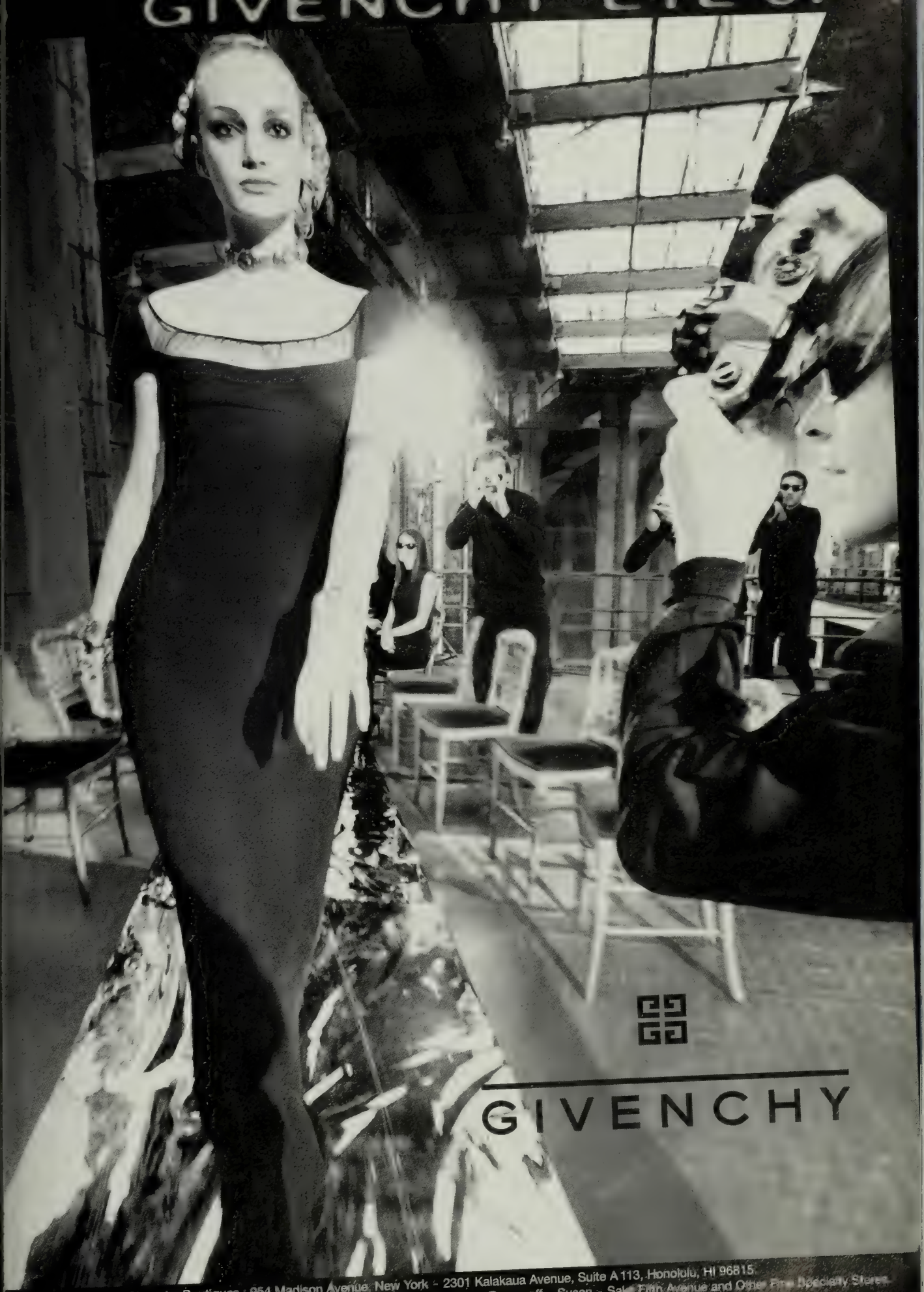
The Chicago Corporation is equally sanguine: "The addition of well-chosen death [illegible]ocks to an investment portfolio can [illegible]alue of that portfolio nicely."

Of the 22,500 funeral homes in the United States, the vast majority are small operations doing somewhere between 50 and 150 funerals a year. Critics of the industry used to attribute high prices to this factor—they pointed out that the owner who performs one or two funerals a week must nevertheless maintain a full complement of embalmers, equipment, hearses, funeral cars, and sales personnel to serve these few customers. "It's full-time pay for part-time work," as one analyst put it.

S.C.I. entered this picture with the force of a hurricane, swept away the antiquated methods of the old-timers, and substituted "clustering," the latest in streamlined mass production. Borrowing from the successful techniques of McDonald's, where food preparation and distribution functions are centralized, S.C.I. first buys up a carefully chosen selection of funeral homes, cemeteries, flower shops, and crematoriums in a given metropolitan area.

The next step is to move the essential elements of the trade to a central depot. "Clustered" in this hive of activity are the hearses, limousines, utility cars, drivers, dispatchers, embalmers, and a spectrum of office workers from accountants to data processors, who are kept constantly busy serving the needs of a half-dozen erstwhile independent funeral homes, at a vast cash savings to management. Needless to say, the savings obtained via the cluster approach are not passed on to the consumer. S.C.I. prices have risen sharply—according to some estimates by at least 5 or 6 percent a year. In markets such as Houston, where S.C.I. with its 20 funeral and cemetery businesses has a predominant position (75 percent of the market), its prices, according to a recent survey, average 60 percent higher than those of independents in the area; in Washington, D.C., 40 percent higher. Prices of Loewen

CENTER AND BOTTOM, BY CORNELL CAPA


GIVENCHY
Givenchy Boutiques : 954 Madison Avenue, New York - 2301 Kalakaua Avenue, Suite A 113, Honolulu, HI 96815.
Neiman Marcus - Romanoff - Susan - Saks Fifth Avenue and Other Fine Specialty Stores.
Holt Renfrew - Jimmy's - Mary Jane Denzer

Group mortuaries tend to parallel those of S.C.I.

The funeral customer is totally unaware of clustering, because of the immensely successful S.C.I. policy of anonymity. In general, the plan is to acquire John Doe's Chapel of Eternal Rest and keep not only the name but also Doe himself as the salaried manager, thus ensuring continuity of community recognition and goodwill. Walking into the establishment, customers are greeted by Doe, who leads them through the casket-selection room and signs them up for the funeral. Little do they know that the Dear Departed will be whisked off for embalming elsewhere, only to reappear—looking 20 years younger, having been nicely made up and elegantly dressed—in Doe's "slumber room," where friends and family may gather to say their last farewells, for a price.

Customers taken through the casket-selection room by Doe may think they are being shown some randomly placed caskets, but Doe is actually following a strategy carefully plotted by his employers. An S.C.I. directive to its Australian employees reads like a TV mini-series script, complete with stage directions:

As your arrangement comes to the casket selection stage, we would like you to use the following approach:

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, I would now like to assist you in selecting a suitable coffin or casket for ——."

ENTER SELECTION ROOM AND PROCEED TO STAND BEHIND THE CLASSIC ROYAL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. GUIDE THE FAMILY TO STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CLASSIC.

"I would like to introduce you to our Classic Royal. This design is that of a European contemporary coffin. It is elegant [*sic*] finished in Rose Mahogany gloss with fine line gold engraving on the sides. This unit combines expert craftsmanship with a fully satin lined interior. It is priced at $1595."

There are then presentations of the Classic Regal, priced at $1,995, and the White Pearl, priced at $995.

NOW PROCEED TO THE HANOVER IN YOUR RIGHT BACK CORNER AND STAND BESIDE IT.

There follows a glowing description of the Hanover, priced at $2,995. Doe or his counterpart then tells the family:

"I will be just over here (move to near the top of the stairs) if you have any questions."

The final stage

ALLOW YOUR FAMILY AS MUCH TIME AS THEY NEED BUT ENSURE THAT YOU DO NOT LEAVE THEM IN THE ROOM UNLESS IT APPEARS THAT THEY WISH TO DISCUSS THEIR CHOICES PRIVATELY. READ THEIR BODY LANGUAGE.

The casket prices quoted for Australia may be increased by a factor of three or more for their equivalent in this country. Note the use of the word "coffin"—a definite no-no in the lexicon of the American funeral trade. But Down Under, the word "casket" may mean—as it does elsewhere in the English-speaking world except for the United States—a box for jewels and other valuables.

Tucked into S.C.I.'s 1995 annual report is a detachable card addressed "To our valued SCI shareholders: . . . directed toward the more personal side of funeral service." The message:

As an owner of shares in SCI, you are probably aware that the company's name does not appear on any of our funeral homes or cemeteries. If you, your family, or friends are ever in need of the services we provide, or would like to investigate the advantages of preplanning, the 800 number below has been enclosed to help you find the SCI firm most convenient to you.

The message has a socko ending: "Please accept our sincere apologies if this message reaches you at a time of loss."

The average undertaker's bill in 1961 was $708, exclusive of cemetery charges. Today it is $4,700.

I rang the number, 800-9-CARING, and obtained the names of S.C.I. mortuaries in a number of cities across the country. Eventually I got the price lists from a dozen or so. These are several pages long, covering the costs of a dizzying variety of "services" and merchandise—caskets, vaults, burial clothing. The accompanying explanatory text is virtually identical for all S.C.I. establishments. First comes the statement "The goods and services shown below are those we can provide to our customers. You may choose only the items you desire. However, any funeral arrangements you select will include a charge for our basic services and overhead."

The crunch is in that "however." It means that no matter whether or not you choose any of the listed services, you will have to pay for all of them. And here they are:

MINIMUM SERVICES OF THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND STAFF: This fee for our basic services and overhead will be added to the total cost of the funeral arrangements you select.

Personnel available 24 hours a day, 365 days a year to respond to initial call. [That is, somebody at the funeral home will answer the phone.]

Arrangement conference. [Mortuary-speak for clinching the sale.]

Coordinating service plans with cemetery, crematory, and/or other parties involved in the final disposition of the deceased. [This would be akin to what your travel agent does when he or she reserves your flight, rental car, and hotel.]

Clerical assistance in the completion of various forms associated with a funeral. [These are forms needed to apply for money due from insurance policies, Social Security, the Veterans Administration, and trade-union death benefits.]

Securing and recording the death certificate and disposition permit. [The doctor or coroner supplies the death certificate, and any needed permits can usually be had from the local health department.]

Also covers overhead, such as facility maintenance, equipment and inventory costs, insurance and administrative expenses, and governmental compliance. [Curiouser and curiouser. The buyer is assessed for everything from upkeep of the parking lot to dusting the office furniture, and, under "governmental compliance," must pay for the funeral parlor to refrain from breaking the law.]

Aside from the fact that most of these "services" could be performed by the deceased's family and would take up at most only a couple of hours of funeral-home staff time, this is a prime example of the F.T.C.'s craven capitulation to powerful industry lobbyists. S.C.I. has here bundled together an allocation of its entire overhead, upkeep, and salaries into a nondeclinable fee.

Forest Park Westheimer Funeral Home in Houston, Texas, where S.C.I.'s world headquarters are located, in 1995 charged $1,682 for "minimum services," which is about average for the 20 S.C.I.-owned funeral homes in that city. Forest Park also has a cemetery, a mausoleum, and a lawn crypt area. Thanks

In addition to the crawl and the butterfly, I can perform a world-class chug-a-lug. With milk. It has protein for my muscles, plus essential vitamins and minerals like calcium and potassium. All of which help me get the one mineral every Olympian craves. Gold.
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Mitford with Jane Spottiswoode, a do-it-yourself advocate who planned her husband's funeral for under $320, in the 1994 British documentary *Over My Dead Body.*

"If you choose not to be embalmed, then you have to be refrigerated, even if you have direct cremation."

to Marcia Carter, a longtime resident of Houston who spent days unraveling Forest Park Westheimer prices, a fully developed picture emerged.

Carter happens to be the owner of two F.P.W. crypts, bought by her parents in 1960 for $1,705.50. When her parents died, they were cremated elsewhere, and over the years Carter had made sporadic efforts to unload the crypts. F.P.W. declined to buy them back. "I was told they had very little value because they were in the 'old, outdoor' section of the mausoleum," she explained to me. "The desirable crypts are now in a new, air-conditioned section." Carter next proposed to donate the crypts to a local church or nursing home for use by a destitute family. "The cemetery told me that transfer of the crypts to 'unknown persons' was prohibited. They said the cemetery reserved the right to have the final say as to who would be buried there."

In my efforts to interview Robert Waltrip, the founder and C.E.O. of S.C.I., in Houston in the spring of 1995 for this article, I had had many superpolite telephone calls with [illegible] Barrett, head of S.C.I. corporate communications. Eventually I got a fax from Barrett: "I regret to report that Mr. Waltrip's travel and business commitments over the next couple of months are going to make it impossible to schedule time to visit with you." The reason became crystal-clear when somebody slipped me a copy of *Inside SCI: A Publication for SCI Employees and Affiliates,* containing an article by Barrett in which he warns his colleagues, "An interview with the media is serious business. The image and reputation of your business are at stake. If the preparation leads you to conclude it is not in your best interest to do the interview, don't."

I could see that my hopes of an interview were pretty unrealistic. But then, by a stroke of luck, I got in touch with the incomparable Molly Ivins, of whose journalism I have long been an avid fan. It turned out that she had been a friend since childhood of Marcia Carter's. Together we decided that I should metamorphose into Marcia's beloved old Aunt Jessie from England.

Aunt Jessie seemed like the perfect solution. Alone in the world, she would welcome the idea of Houston as a final resting-place, close to her niece's family. Marcia phoned for an appointment, and together we repaired to F.P.W. on May 26, 1995.

A stylish young "pre-need counselor" named Sandy showed us around. Marcia said she was keen to see everything, since she might want to do some advance planning for her own family. Very sensible, Sandy said, and she should decide soon, for the prices of crypts would be going up on June 1. "You mean six days from now? That doesn't give us much time. And how much more would they cost?" Sandy said she didn't know; that would be up to the head office, which hadn't yet announced the new prices. But the prices of crypts normally double about every five years, she said.

Sandy showed us everything. As Aunt Jessie, I was especially interested in the crypts, so unlike the ones in Westminster Abbey. More like mini-mini high-rise condos, I said. These coffin-size concrete boxes, stacked six-high, were variously priced from $7,395 to $8,895. Why the $1,500 difference, inasmuch as they appeared to be identical? The more expensive ones are at heart level, Sandy explained, adding, Oh, by the way, there's an opening-and-closing charge of $660 per vault.

The following day Marcia Carter phoned the S.C.I. headquarters to inquire about the June 1 price increases. There was a certain amount of foot-dragging, in which she was shunted from executive to executive; eventually Pat Geary, then manager of Memorial Oaks, another S.C.I. mortuary-cemetery combination, rang back to say that there was no increase planned for the crypts, that Sandy had been mistaken.

For some days Marcia strove to sort out what the total cost would be for Forest Park's cheapest plan—first, if one of her crypts was used; second, for a "direct burial" or a "direct cremation," meaning no viewing of the body and no religious service.

"I must say, these people really don't like to talk prices!" she said. David Dettling, then funeral director at Forest Park, was less than forthcoming about "minimum services." "He could not, would not break it down," Marcia told me. "There's no avoiding that charge, even if we are able to perform most of the things enumerated ourselves."

Next on the price list: preparation of the body. Embalming, $425. Refrigeration, $425. "They get their $425 either way," said Marcia. "If you choose not to be embalmed, then you have to be refrigerated, even if you have direct cremation. They also CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 told me that an unembalmed body can only be viewed by the legal next of kin, and then only for a few moments. This has to do with liability of the funeral home for 'blood-borne pathogens'!" (One of the more dazzling flights of fancy; as any pathologist will tell you, viewing a body poses no health hazards. Dead people don't breathe. The only serious health risk is during embalming, a procedure which extracts blood from the corpse and exposes anyone nearby to pathogens and toxic fluids.)

After many phone discussions with various S.C.I. personnel, Marcia got some figures. First, direct cremation:

Minimum services for direct cremation	$1,252
Transportation of body from place of death to funeral home	355
Refrigeration	425
Cardboard box	275
Crematory charge	475
Vehicle for picking up certificates	100
Total	$2,882

Next, assuming that Aunt Jessie breathes her last in Houston and ends up in one of Marcia's crypts:

Minimum services	$1,682
Transportation of body from place of death to funeral home	355
Refrigeration/embalming	425
Minimum sealed gasket casket	2,598
Transferring body from funeral home to crypt	275
Open/close crypt	660
Vehicle for picking up certificates	100
Total	$6,095

[Opening/closing-crypt charges rise to $685 on Saturday before noon, $760 on Saturday afternoon, and $975 on holidays. Never on Sunday.]

"I asked why they charged $275 to take the body the 200 yards from the funeral home out to the crypt—that seemed exorbitant," said Marcia. "He said it's a fixed fee within a 50-mile radius. Even so close it's the same because of the 'cost of maintaining the vehicles, their insurance, and so forth.' Outrageous! Also, I asked why the minimum-service fee of $1,682 couldn't be discounted for immediate burial the same as it was for cremation, and he said they did that to make cremation a little cheaper than burial."

Those who are inclined to even a modicum of ceremony would have to add a few of the following items from the F.P.W. price list to the above rock-bottom minimum:

Use of facilities and staff services for visitation, per day	$ 98
Funeral service in F.P.W. chapel	725
Staff and services in other facility	725
Use of chapel for memorial service without remains present	725
Equipment and staff services for service at graveside	515
Additional charge for use of facilities/staff on Sunday or holiday	600

There is lots more—clothing, up to $192; flowers, up to $2,000—but why go on? Readers can check out the S.C.I. facilities in their own community by calling 800-9-CARING.

Where does all that money go? According to Graef S. Crystal, a corporate-compensation expert, S.C.I. is one of the 10 companies out of a total of 414 that he studied in 1995 whose directors and chief executives were most overpaid. The directors of S.C.I., he reckons, were overpaid by 95 percent, and C.E.O. Robert Waltrip, the founder and the brains behind the company, by 62 percent.

I asked Crystal how much the S.C.I. directors get. A total pay package, comprising annual retainer, meeting fees, stock options, pension benefits, and deferred compensation, of $102,000—maybe more, he said. "Fair pay, considering the size and performance of the company, would be $49,700." And the C.E.O.? "He gets a total value of $4,321,000. Using the same factors, a fair package would be $2,670,000."

The trade journals reacted to my book with furious invective, devoting reams to "the Mitford menace."

Heading the list of the high-priced S.C.I. directors is Anthony L. Coelho, chairman and C.E.O. of Coelho Associates, better known as Tony Coelho, former Democratic congressman from California. As chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee from 1981 through 1986, according to *The Washington Post*, Coelho, some say, "sold the party's soul in the process, by vastly expanding the contributions of business political action committees—and the expectations those contributors felt in return." In 1989, under a cloud of scandal, he resigned from the House of Representatives, relinquishing his powerful position as majority whip just one step ahead of Justice Department and House ethics-committee inquiries involving his personal investments. In 1994, rehabilitated by the passage of time, he joined President Clinton's inner circle of advisers.

Like the Grim Reaper himself, Coelho is a bipartisan sort of fellow: "I have great friends on the Republican side," he told *The Washington Post*. "[Lobbyist] Jim Lake and I are as close as brothers!"

All of which bodes exceeding well for the future of S.C.I.'s global village of the dead.

Jessica Mitford died on July 23, 1996, at the age of 78. She had once suggested playfully that when she died she wanted a hearse pulled by a team of plumed horses, and her family and friends arranged the cortege down Embarcadero Street in San Francisco as part of her memorial service, which included a band playing "When the Saints Go Marching In."

"Decca," as she was known, never was granted an interview by S.C.I., but she went as far as to fax the company a detailed list of questions in February. S.C.I. declined to respond to the questions, requesting instead that Mitford let the company review this article for accuracy before it was published. She declined, and made one last request, which was submitted to Robert Waltrip, chief executive of S.C.I., by Karen Leonard, Mitford's researcher: "Ms. Mitford feels that you *should pay the bill [for her burial]. In her own words, 'After all, look at all the fame I've brought them!'*

"Enclosed you will find the statement of funeral goods and services selected. I'm sure you will appreciate her frugality. I think you will particularly like the price of $15.45 for the cremation container. While looking through S.C.I.'s price lists while we were in Texas, we couldn't find a cremation container for under a couple of hundred! Think of what it would have cost you if she had dropped in Houston!'"

The total cost of Jessica Mitford's funeral, arranged by Pacific Interment Service of San Francisco, was $562.31, "sea scattering included."

FERNANDA'S HIDEAWAY

Equal parts Warhol bohemian, Oxford bluestocking, and Park Avenue aristocrat, Fernanda Eberstadt draws on all her wild and proper worlds for her latest novel, a sweeping portrait of the 1980s New York art scene

BY BOB COLACELLO

"I wanted to write about art a way to look at New York society says Fernanda Eberstadt. "Peop trade art, but they also worship it

Fernanda Eberstadt wrote her first novel at the age of 11, while taking a year off from Brearley, the upper-crust Manhattan girls' school, to read the Bible and Dostoyevsky. At the time, the early 1970s, her very understanding old-money parents, Frederick and Isabel Eberstadt, were among the hippest of the hip in a Park Avenue pack that included Gloria Vanderbilt, Lee Radziwill, philanthropists Samuel and Judith Peabody, and record mogul Ahmet Ertegün and his decorator wife, Mica. Although that first literary effort remains unpublished, the p[illegible] Eberstadt finished Brearley [illegible] college, Oxford, in 1982, with the highest honors in her year, and published two highly praised novels with Knopf—*Low Tide* in 1985 and *Isaac and His Devils* in 1991—by the time she turned 30. This month Knopf is bringing out the book it hopes will put Fernanda Eberstadt on the best-seller list, a teeming work of fiction set in the New York art world of the 1980s. *When the Sons of Heaven Meet the Daughters of the Earth* is not really a *roman à clef,* but given the life its author, now 36, has led, even the title seems intriguingly autobiographical.

Fernanda Eberstadt was named for her paternal grandfather, Ferdinand Eberstadt, a half-Venezuelan, half-German-Jewish

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SEIDNER

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banker, who helped found the C.I.A. Her maternal grandfather was the all-American poet Ogden Nash. Her father began his career in fashion photography as an assistant to Richard Avedon; more recently he earned a master's degree in social work from Columbia and set up shop as a psychotherapist. Her mother, an ethereal beauty who wore Halston by day and Madame Grès couture by night, published two novels 25 years apart. Together her parents created an atmosphere that was at once cultivated and glamorous, wild and proper. At their dinner parties, Fernanda and her older brother, Nicholas—a Harvard graduate who is one of the country's leading demographers—met the illuminati: Gore Vidal, Diana Vreeland, Andy Warhol, Diane Arbus, Larry Rivers, avant-garde filmmaker Jack Smith, choreographers Jerome Robbins and Lucinda Childs, opera singer Jessye Norman, and theater master Robert Wilson (who cast Isabel in his play *Edison*). She had after-school and summer jobs at the New York City Ballet, Vreeland's Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Warhol's Factory, and spent a year between Brearley and Oxford investigating prison suicides for New York City Board of Corrections chair Peter Tufo, another family friend. Some detect Mick Jagger, with whom she had a teenage flirtation, behind *Low Tide*'s main male character—"whose gruesome beauty is a hum in my blood."

At her parents' dinner parties, Fernanda met the illuminati: Gore Vidal, Diana Vreeland, Diane Arbus, Larry Rivers, Jessye Norman.

From top: **Eberstadt at 5, with her dog, Gig, and at 18; jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane, socialite D. D. Ryan, and Frederick and Isabel Eberstadt at a Metropolitan Museum gala, 1980; Eberstadt with Sonny Mehta of Knopf.**

Eberstadt emerged from Oxford with [illegible] for politics and reli[illegible] man Podhore[illegible] *Commen*[illegible] conservative, Zio[illegible] and studied bibl[illegible] ological Semina[illegible] Robert Gottlie[illegible] 50,000-word portrait of [illegible] the following year she mar[illegible] [illegible]s for his magazine [illegible] the Jewish The[illegible] *Yorker* editor [illegible] to write a [illegible]shed, but [illegible]anion, British political writer Alastair Bruton; their daughter, Maud, was born in 1995.

"There is nothing as beautiful as youth bursting with talent and love of life," declared Edmund Morris, the Theodore Roosevelt biographer, in his *Washington Post* review of *Low Tide,* an extravagantly obsessive tale about a trio of rich, restless, and brilliant adolescents wandering through Oxford, New York, and Mexico. In *Isaac and His Devils,* Eberstadt transcended her class and gender to create the achingly vivid title character, a half-blind, half-deaf boy-genius from the impoverished backwoods of New Hampshire. With *When the Sons of Heaven Meet the Daughters of the Earth,* she returns to the world she grew up in—and takes Isaac with her. Now a 26-year-old Harvard graduate and sometimes homeless painter—a white Jean-Michel Basquiat melded with Nicholas Eberstadt?—Isaac is scooped up by one of New York's leading culture-vulture couples, Alfred and Dolly Gebler. She's a pharmaceutical heiress from Chicago, "the aspirin queen." He runs the contemporary-art organization she funds—the Aurora Foundation for the Arts. It is housed in a Frank Gehry–designed palace, "forty thousand square feet of crystalline purity," on the Lower East Side, and chooses a small number of artists to support for life, à la the de Menil family's Dia Center for the Arts.

"I wanted to write about art," Fernanda Eberstadt says, "as a way to look at New York society and as a metaphor for our times. Unlike other forms of culture, art has become a commodity, and it has this religious side. People trade art, but they also worship it. One hundred years ago Dolly Gebler might have been a missionary. Her contemporary mission is art—she thinks artists are many messiahs who can save the world. Of course, real religious faith is about the only thing left in this age and world that people find shocking and embarrassing." □

TOP, BY FREDERICK EBERSTADT; SECOND FROM TOP, BY JOHN BRIGHT; OTHERS BY SONIA MOSKOWITZ

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THE LADY VANISHES

The woman whose 1963 landmark case helped take prayer out of schools, Madalyn Murray O'Hair disappeared in 1995, along with her son, her granddaughter, and more than $625,000. The trail she left is as tortured as O'Hair herself

BY MIMI SWARTZ

VILIFIED U.S. ATHEIST "NOT IN EXILE HERE," declared a holiday headline in *The New Zealand Herald,* as the global game of Find the Atheist advanced to Auckland and one John S. Jones. This proper accountant was maintaining the stiffest of upper lips in spite of being identified by the *San Antonio Express-News* on December 8, 1996, as the man who might have helped Texas-based Madalyn Murray O'Hair—the world's most notorious atheist—skip the U.S. 17 months ago with at least $625,000 of her organization's assets. "Rubbish," Jones would assert. True, Madalyn and her also-missing son, Jon Garth [illegible] daughter R[illegible] had consider[illegible] ago. True, Jo[illegible]

them to make investments here. But no, Jones had not spoken with them since just prior to their disappearance and was deeply concerned for their safety. The road to Auckland, he believed, was a blind alley: "People as notorious as they are could not land in New Zealand without somebody noticing," Jones stressed.

As it turned out, they hadn't and somebody had. And Jack Jones's name could be added to a very long list of people the Murray O'Hairs had befriended, exploited, and summarily abandoned.

For more than a year after Madalyn Murray O'Hair's disappearance in September 1995, you could still hear her voice, by calling the Austin number of Dial-an-Atheist. This was not a tribute; the people who were attempting to sal-

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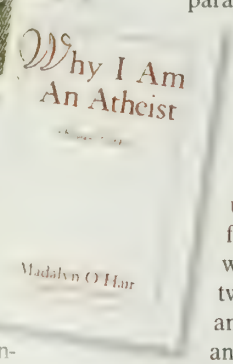
vage American Atheists, Inc., which O'Hair had founded and commanded for more than 30 years, were simply too preoccupied to replace the recording. So since her disappearance the 77-year-old O'Hair had been speaking from the void, indignant and imperious, her long vowels recasting a benevolent deity into a malevolent *Gawd*.

And nobody seemed to care. Not the Austin police, whose search for the unholy terror could best be described as desultory. Not the I.R.S., which finally folded its tent in its search for the organization's alleged hidden millions. Not even O'Hair's elder son, Bill, who had filed a missing-person report simply, he insisted, to get the press off his back.

It was the mystery, not the woman, that mattered now. Like Amelia Earhart and Jimmy Hoffa, O'Hair had joined the ranks of the eternally missing, her vanishing inspiring a spate of stories. Phil Donahue even made a public appeal for O'Hair, who had been on his first show, to appear on his last. But few who jumped [illegible] or perhap[illegible] O'Hair would [illegible] tery of who she [illegible]

Indeed, enough [illegible] her heyday that only the ba[illegible] of her saga were remembered

Sometimes in a muumuu, a very snug T-shirt, or a wool shift with a fur pillbox hat, "Mad Madalyn" had better deadpan delivery than Roseanne.



February 1963: Madalyn Murray O'Hair and sons William (center) and Jon Garth at the Supreme Court during the battle over prayer in the Baltimore schools. *Right:* one of O'Hair's many tracts.

ous America of 1963, she was the atheist from central casting: doughy and dirty-haired, with squinty eyes and pointy glasses and an immeasurable, uncontainable anger. She was foulmouthed, quick-witted, and contemptuous of virtually everyone, and long before the culture could imagine hostile feminists or Hillary Clinton she earned and appeared to cherish the title of the most hated woman in America. It is widely assumed that O'Hair won that distinction for her atheism, for forcing the Supreme Court to eliminate prayer from public schools, for urging that churches be taxed, for challenging an unwilling country to reexamine its cherished faith. "We find the Bible to be nauseating, historically inaccurate, replete with the ravings of madmen," O'Hair wrote to *Life* in the early 60s. "We find God to be sadistic and brutal. . . . We find the Lord's Prayer to be that muttered by worms groveling for meager existence in a traumatic, paranoid world." It was heresy, and she was proud of it.

But there was always another version of O'Hair's story, one of hidden fortunes, family cruelties, and the destructiveness of an uncontrollable, almost unfathomable rage. Her life was a pitched battle between her fear of anonymity and her fear of exposure, and by vanishing into thin air she successfully avoided confronting either one.

"Jewish?" the wary and weary man behind the counter at the American [illegible]ists headquarters in Austin asks [illegible] hearing my name. He is very tired of being asked about the where[illegible] O'Hair.

[illegible]n headquarters has the sci-fi feel of a place where the people have all been vaporized. Yet, inside the building, which is surrounded by barbed-wire-topped Cyclone fencing, O'Hair's deceptively charming portrait still hangs, and the bookstore remains well stocked with O'Hair's many books, and tracts such as *The Dead Hand of Islam* and the blank-paged *What God Has Revealed to Man*. But there's no one around, a far cry from the days when Madalyn, Jon Garth, and Robin could be heard screaming at one another or their subordinates. Or when the three, who also shared a home in a pricey Austin suburb, would depart for lunch in Jon's Mercedes, Madalyn's Mercedes, or Robin's Porsche, calling on the office intercom for the dogs to come along.

On this September day it's just one clerk and the beleaguered Orin "Spike" Tyson, office manager and live-in caretaker of the O'Hair home. A burly Vietnam vet with a halo of brown curls, he spends his days working on military models. On the subject of O'Hair's disappearance he is true to the atheist character as she shaped it, which is to say cryptic and paranoid. He disparages the foot-dragging and confides, "It's easy to hide bodies," as he throws up his hands. "I'm not gonna pray for 'em, that's for sure."

The official story of O'Hair's disappearance is as follows: In August of 1995 she left for vacation in Virginia with Jon Garth and Robin (the child Madalyn adopted from her son Bill Murray after one of many family catastrophes). Then, after their return, on an unremarkable August day a note appeared on the front door of the American Atheists headquarters informing employees that they had been laid off and that the Murray O'Hairs, forced to leave on important business, would return at an indeterminate time. For the next few weeks Tyson and American Atheists board member Ellen Johnson communicated with the trio by cellular phone.

Then, on September 28, the line went dead and the Murray O'Hairs vanished. There was no evidence of foul play, the passports were in place, and, the American Atheists insisted, no money was missing. On October 1, 1996, police discovered Robin's Porsche in an airport parking lot, but no other evidence has been found.

Theories abounded. Loyalists believed O'Hair had been assassinated by the Pope or the C.I.A. Others, aware of

her fragile health—she had diabetes, heart disease, and chronic dizziness—assumed that she had disappeared to die in secret. "I don't want some religious nut to shove a rosary up the ass of my body," she roared in an atheist newsletter in 1986. "I have told Jon and Robin that when I die they should gather me up in a sheet, unwashed . . . and put me on a pyre in the backyard. . . . I don't want any damn Christer praying over the body."

Her enemies—and they are legion—had less generous suppositions. O'Hair's organization was beset by lawsuits, an I.R.S. investigation, and a crumbling membership. Maybe, some speculated, she just took the money and ran to (A) Mexico, (B) Tahiti, (C) New Zealand, or (D) points unknown. Less generous types looked askance at O'Hair's son and granddaughter, who they believed were psychological casualties of a pathologically domineering woman. Anything seemed possible. At the time of our conversation, Spike Tyson consistently referred to O'Hair in the past tense.

"She stepped into national life at the most sanctimonious time in American history and with her gift for ridicule made the most of it," says Lawrence Wright, who wrote seminal pieces on O'Hair in *Texas Monthly* and in his book *Saints & Sinners.*

The America of the 1960s was a homogeneous country and the god Madalyn Murray O'Hair took on was the patriarch of the white Anglo-Saxon power structure. Purportedly, a third of the nation's public schools required prayer. But when O'Hair realized that her 14-year-old son, Bill, participated in devotional exercises, this Baltimore housewife fought it all the way to the Supreme Court. "I can't have my son think I'm a hypocrite," she declared. Clearly this was not a woman to walk away from a fight. And the harder she fought, the harder the nation retaliated. "I am a walking, talking personification of their doubt," she once told a reporter.

If she suffered, she was also rewarded handsomely. O'Hair was ahead of her time when it came to exploiting celebrity. *The Saturday Evening Post, Esquire,* and *Life* profiled her; she jawed with Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson. During the late 60s, a documentary directed by Bob Elkins gave her the full folk-hero treatment: sometimes in a muumuu, sometimes in a very snug T-shirt, sometimes in a wool shift with a fur pillbox hat, "Mad Madalyn" was the inspirational atheist: "I don't care whether I succeed or I fail as long as I'm trying," she told students. She gave speeches nationwide and mugged in a mail-order clerical collar. She had better deadpan delivery than Roseanne: "I do think I have resolved any kind of Oedipal conflict I may have had in relation to my father," Madalyn once told an audience. "I never slept with him or anything like that. We had a very normal relationship. . . . Now, I hated my mother's guts."

She quashed the status quo: she was divorced, brash, the mother of illegitimate children. Her frankness shocked and titillated. "I need somebody who can . . . slug it out, toe to toe, and I don't mean a physical battle," she told *Playboy* in 1965. "I mean a man who would lay me, and when he was done I'd say 'Oh brother, I've been *laid.*'" She went on: "You think *I've* got wild ideas about sex? Think of those poor old dried up women lying there on their solitary pallets yearning for Christ to come to them in a vision."

"When I die they should gather me up in a sheet, unwashed . . . and put me on a pyre in the backyard. . . . I don't want any damn Christer praying over the body."

She dared a generation to cross the line. "There's a joy in being outside of society—rejected by it," O'Hair told Jane Howard of *Life* in 1964. Society could not possibly have imagined how far she meant to go in that singular pursuit.

"Basically, this family was so dysfunctional anything could have happened," Bill Murray says of his mother, brother, and daughter. It's been 20 years since he broke with his mother, but you can see her in Murray's broad face, pointed nose, and sharp chin. You can hear her in his contempt. The two stopped speaking in the 70s because of his growing political conservatism ("She was a Marxist, I was a laissez-fairist"), and he subsequently found God and became a preacher, and a vocal member of the Christian right.

The two even have dueling autobiographies. Hers, written in 1970, is called *An Atheist Epic;* his, written in 1982, is acridly entitled *My Life Without God.* To read the two is to understand the peculiar intensity of their antagonism. O'Hair, for instance, presents herself as a loving mother longing to do right by a gifted son. Murray describes a harridan. Growing up in a cramped, tempestuous home that included his grandmother, grandfather, and uncle, as well as a younger brother, he was never sure who the woman he called Madalyn was. One day, while in grade school, he asked her for a Coke at the supermarket. "Why do you keep calling me 'Madalyn'?" she demanded. "I'm your mother."

Reality was hers to shape. "I don't believe there could have been a happier or more secure childhood than mine," O'Hair wrote in her autobiography, which Bill Murray suggests is heavily fictionalized. "My grandmother could sew more charming flouncy dresses . . . for me than any little girl could dream about. My father was a knight in shiny armor. We lived in a house that—incongruously in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—was graced with catalpa punji [*sic*] trees. The chauffeur of our Rolls-Royce was black and shiny, and he rode me on his shoulders and seriously purchased my mud pies at my 'store' for real money." Madalyn later described a life of Cadillacs, damask tablecloths, heavy silver, Oriental rugs, and a concert piano. "I had fur coats and diamond rings and designer dresses," she wrote.

Murray exposes his mother as a fantasist with gusto. In his version of her life story, Madalyn's mother, Lena Mays, tried to abort her child in 1918 by jumping out of the second-story window of the family home. Her father, John Mays, was never wealthy; he operated a small construction firm that went bust in the late 20s, and then opened a roadhouse which may have also been a sometime brothel. In his spare time Mays was a rumrunner who taught Madalyn to cover for him with the police. She earned the nickname the Spider, after a pulp-magazine character who could assume myriad identities.

Her atheism, she would later say, had its roots in her childhood Bible reading. "Well I picked up the Bible and read it from cover to cover one weekend—just as if it were a novel—very rapidly and I've never gotten over the

shocks of it, she told *Playboy*. "The miracles, the inconsistencies, the improbabilities, the impossibilities, the wretched history, the sordid sex, the sadism. . . . I looked in the kitchen at my mother and father and I thought, Can they really *believe* in all that?"

Bill Murray, however, cites a different source for her lack of faith. At the age of 22, the lusty Madalyn eloped with a young man named John Roths. Soon after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he joined the Marines and she the Women's Army Corps. (O'Hair would later claim to have been on Eisenhower's staff.) There she met an Eighth Army officer named William J. Murray Jr., from a large, wealthy Roman Catholic family. Murray was married, but that didn't stop what she felt.

When Madalyn Roths found herself pregnant in 1945, William Murray, according to his son Bill, refused to admit paternity. Madalyn sued for child support, and took his name for herself and their child.

She returned to America, destitute. Bill Murray wrote: "I believe it was during this period as she was pacing the dirt floor of that shack and mulling over the dismal outlook for her life, that her extreme anti-God views were born. In particular, Mother came to hate the Roman Catholic church and the pope for preventing her marriage to a man of considerable wealth. My father had told her point blank that it was his devotion to the church that would not permit him to divorce his wife."

She divorced Roths (after he graciously offered to continue the marriage) and wreaked havoc on the world. Fed up one stormy day, she stood in the yard in the rain like a psychotic Scarlett O'Hara, challenging God to strike her and the child she was carrying dead with a bolt of lightning. She took her survival as a sign. "If God exists he would surely have taken up my challenge," Murray later quoted Madalyn as saying. "I've proved irrefutably that God does not exist."

The family migrated to Houston, where O'Hair attended South Texas College of Law [illegible] whether she ever passed the bar. She drifted, [illegible] tion officer, social w[illegible] and draftsman. Movi[illegible] brother, and son to Baltimore in 1952, she dabbled in Communism and socialism. ("My grandmother served tea to budding revolutionaries," Bill Murray wrote.) In 1954 she found herself pregnant again. "The bleak depravity of life in our home on Winford Road was shown by the treatment little Jon Garth received after he was carried home from the hospital," Bill Murray wrote. "He was held and touched only when he was fed or changed. He was rarely removed from his crib in the dining room, except when relatives came to visit. Suffering from this cruel isolation Jon Garth sought attention by banging his head against the headboard of his crib."

Larry Flynt flew O'Hair to L.A. to meet with Dennis Hopper, Brando, Timothy Leary, and G. Gordon Liddy.

It was a dismal time; the arguments between Madalyn and her father, whom she once attacked with a kitchen knife, were vicious, wrote Bill Murray. Madalyn's violent outbursts were followed by deep depressions, and more outbursts. Then salvation appeared: taking Bill to school late one morning, Madalyn caught sight of students with their heads bowed, reciting the Lord's Prayer. "Why didn't you tell me about this?" she bellowed at her son.

Madalyn Murray was not the first person to take offense at mandatory school prayer. Murray's suit was joined with an earlier Pennsylvania case. It was this suit the court chose to consider. "Many atheists who are at odds with Madalyn O'Hair point out that the court would have made the same decision with or without her suit," Lawrence Wright wrote in *Saints & Sinners*. But unlike Madalyn Murray, the other litigants were not looking for a way out of the life they were currently leading. "Finally, she had found a role for herself," says Wright. "To be [illegible] the person in America willing to say she didn't believe in God."

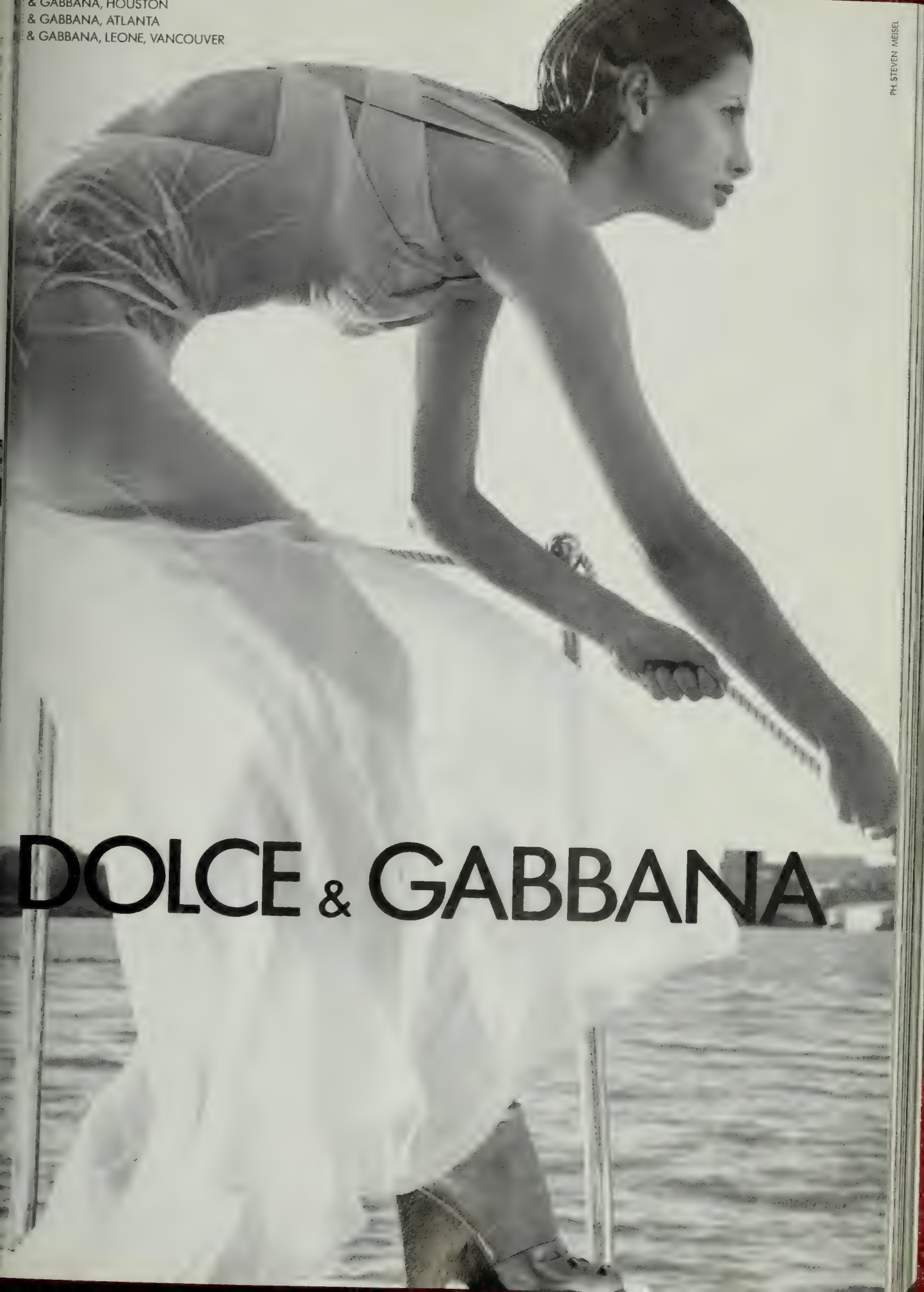
Like so many public figures, O'Hair had found a way to replicate family dynamics on a grand scale: if, as Bill wrote, she was a source and instigator of family strife, she now played that role on the public stage, daring all of America to detest her. What she truly believed, or didn't believe, however, has always been open to question. "I don't really care that much about atheism," she confessed to *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1964, "but I've gotten into this thing, and I've been driven out of the community. Atheism is all I have to fight my way back in with."

There was one more thing. "Every misfit in America was sending my mother letters of praise with a check enclosed," Murray wrote. Not one to miss an opportunity, O'Hair swiftly created an organization, complete with a newsletter that often exaggerated the indignities her family endured. "Consequently, according to her, I was beaten severely at least twice a month and suffered several nervous breakdowns," Murray wrote. "After mailing out the first newsletter, the contributions came in even faster."

Denver, 1987: O'Hair leads a chorus of disbelief as atheists protest on Easter. "She has more balls than most guys," says an adversary. "She was a force."

FRANK VIVIANI

And the family chaos accelerated. Stricken by the opprobrium, her father suffered a fatal heart attack in 1963. (Her hatred of him became so intense at one point, Bill wrote, she suggested he murder the old man.) To the five people remaining in the small house, another was added: Bill's Jewish girlfriend moved in with them, an action that was too far ahead of its time. Her parents filed a complaint against Bill, and when the Baltimore police came to remove the


& GABBANA, HOUSTON
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PH. STEVEN MEISEL
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girl, a brawl ensued. What happened next would resonate decades later. The following morning, Madalyn told the family they would have to make a break for it or go to jail on assault charges. Packing up her family and her treasured mailing list, using a fake name, Madalyn jumped bail and bolted for Hawaii. She blamed Christian persecutors.

When Hawaii proved inhospitable, she moved on to Mexico. There she was expelled by the government and extradited to Texas. Eventually, the Maryland assault charges were dropped and Madalyn settled in Austin with her family, which now included Jon Garth, her mother, brother, and a new husband, Richard O'Hair, a hard-drinking ex–F.B.I. informer. Bill's daughter Robin was there, too; she had been born in Hawaii in 1965.

By that time Bill Murray's life had become almost as tumultuous as his mother's: he had developed a taste for drugs and alcohol, he had no employment prospects (he claims to have lost many jobs as soon as people found out who his mother was) and no way of supporting a child. Just 20, he left Robin in Madalyn's care. (Before he would begin to walk the straight and narrow, he faced a charge of attempted murder of a police officer in the course of settling a domestic dispute. The charge was later reduced to assault, then dropped.)

As Bill drifted away from the organization known as American Atheists, Madalyn turned to Jon and Robin as her heirs and protectors. She created, over time, a cult of three. Child and grandchild grew up espousing the atheist ethic, believing in what Madalyn preached: that the world was a hateful place that made no room for nonbelievers. The brother and father who had abandoned them offered still more proof of that.

In 1994, Bill Murray found Robin's E-mail address while browsing the Internet. Certain that his mother would never deliver a phone message or a letter, he wrote his daughter on the computer, asking for forgiveness and begging her to respond. After waiting weeks for an answer, Murray checked the address again. Ro

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leaded glass at the entry. Just visible inside is a tidy china cabinet replete with gleaming dishes, a seemingly incongruous symbol for a woman who styled herself a rebel and an outcast. But O'Hair was always racked with ambivalent feelings. The only things she seemed to love without regret were luxury and comfort. As her success grew, the Cadillacs and fancy foods of her childhood imagination became a reality. Along with the nice home, the Mercedes, and the portrait painted by a well-known artist (he'd done Eva Perón too), there were dinners in fine restaurants and annual vacations—at $1,000 a day—to exotic locales.

From the beginning, she wanted it all: wealth, comfort, and power; to be the insider respected for her intellect while remaining the social outlaw. As the country shifted to the left in the late 60s and 70s, she almost succeeded. It was stylish to be shocking then: Challenged to explain how she came into existence without God's help, O'Hair, according to a former donor, liked to look her questioner straight in the eye. "My mother and father were fucking in bed one night," she explained. Her outrageousness was her ticket to fame: She toured the country in a motor home for staged debates with the Reverend Bob Harrington, tearing up pages from the Bible and stomping on them—the better to raise the take. She sparred with William F. Buckley Jr. on *Firing Line* and promoted a new book about the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church on *The Tonight Show*. Though her legal successes were few, she was instrumental in blocking Buzz Aldrin from taking
union on the moon during the
11 flight, and in striking down
on in the Texas constitution

Fed up, O'Hair stood in the yard in the rain like a psychotic Scarlett O'Hara, challenging God to strike her and the child she was carrying dead with a bolt of lightning.

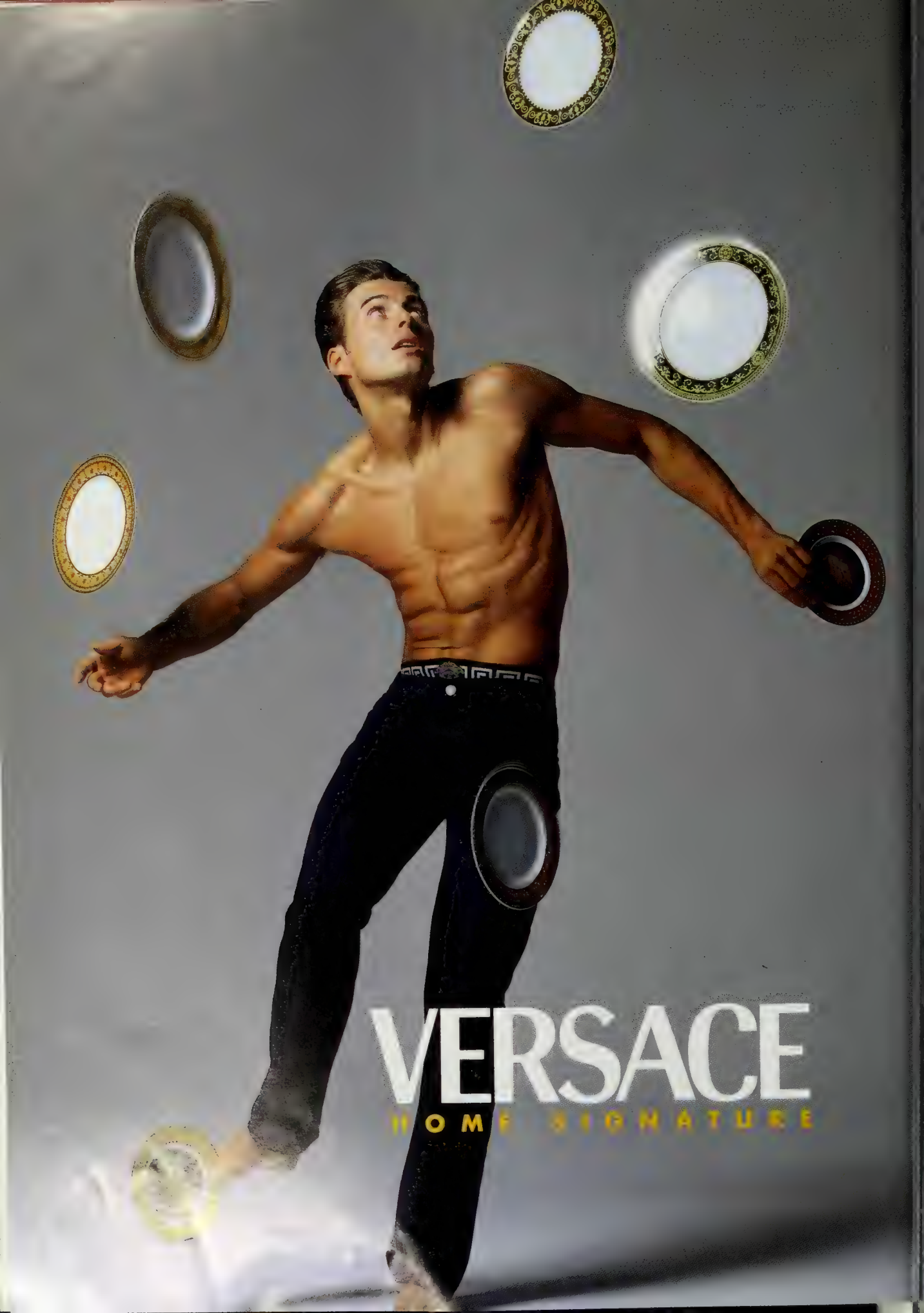
that required officeholders to believe in a supreme being. She could, when necessary, wear a cloak of legitimacy as well as anyone.

Theoretically, free-speech issues drew her to Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*. The two had become acquainted after Flynt requested an interview—"I was interested in her opinions on religion," he says. She subsequently wrote editorials, ghosted articles for the magazine, and enjoyed a cachet she'd never before experienced. Flynt flew her to Los Angeles in a private jet and introduced her to the likes of Dennis Hopper, Marlon Brando, Timothy Leary, and G. Gordon Liddy. ("We have run into Dick Gregory half a dozen times," Jon Garth breathlessly wrote followers. "Frank Zappa comes to dinner often.") Flynt even threw her a celebrity-studded 65th-birthday party in 1984. "I think it was the first time in her life anyone had done that for her," he says. "She sat down and wept."

Few knew that even then she was living a lie. Her pose as the country's atheist martyr had some basis in fact: she was subject to death threats on occasion, the offices of American Atheists were vandalized, and the garden at her home was perpetually uprooted. Some good Christian painted black crosses on her front door; someone else fired a gun into the office's plate-glass window. But the fear and anger with which Madalyn Murray O'Hair began each day had roots that ran far deeper than her atheism, and so, in turn, the organization she created was, at its heart, not much more than a vehicle for her angry internal chaos. Membership figures for her organization were routinely inflated—in the late 70s, O'Hair claimed 70,000 families on the American Atheists mailing list, while Bill Murray said there were only a few more than 2,500 people. Consequently, the scramble for followers—and, of course, their funds—was constant.

O'Hair developed a growing sense of entitlement: no one worked harder, no one was more willing to endure more public hatred for the cause. "From the support I get from the dear atheist community I am about to tell them all, you included, to shove their cause up their ass," O'Hair wrote in one angry missive. "They deserve everything they get at the hands of the religious community—and more. . . . Fuck the atheists!!" But she couldn't abandon atheism without abandoning

VERSACE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the first successful identity she had created. She had constructed a clever trap—for herself.

As far back as 1964, O'Hair began alienating her natural constituency; she was criticized then by one Virgil McClain as "an opportunist using atheism" and as a "psychopath." "What sort of person is this woman who thinks nothing of taking on the Supreme Court, defying the law, begging right and left for contributions, taking all she can get from others, yet is unwilling to pay her own bills?" asked another critic in *The American Rationalist.*

In spite of the criticism, O'Hair continued to attract followers who could not foresee the price they might pay. Dealing with her could be like dealing with the Tar Baby, or worse: feuding with an atheist in Tucson, she allegedly reported him to the U.S. Postal Service and charged that he had stolen her mailing list from the local chapter's post-office box, a felony. ("I loaned her my mailing list which I'd acquired during 18 years of publishing, she turned right around and ranted that I'd stolen her mailing list!" the man wrote.) A homosexual associate came under equally harsh attack: "I would expect this kind of literature to issue from a misogomist [*sic*]," she wrote after reading a letter of complaint from a New York City member. "I am a *female* head of an American atheist group. You are a cock-sucker."

Anyone who dissented or who questioned the finances too closely was soon disparaged, discredited, and driven out. "She suffered from 'founder's syndrome,'" says her former attorney John Vinson, who declared bankruptcy after working for, and then falling out with, O'Hair. "She treated the organization as her own charity. . . . The money would come in and it would all just basically go to the same place." There wasn't one single atheist organization, but several: over time O'Hair created not just the Society of Separationists and the American Atheists, but the American Atheist General Headquarters, the Charles E. Stevens American Atheist Library and Archives, Inc., and United World Atheists, among others. Though these organizations had other board members, true leadership rested with the family—Jon, Robin, and Madalyn, who rotated in the roles of president, vice president, and treasurer.

Madalyn saved her best behavior for fund-raising. "I tell you what, she was an expert," Bill Murray says. Over the years she took in fortunes both large and small: land, cars, cash—whatever the donor had to offer. If the other members of the organization objected to the people she cultivated, well, she had an answer. "Now we must say a word to those of you who are going to be aghast that we have turned to a big pornographer for help," said one newsletter after Flynt's checks began paying the mortgage. "You had your chance to keep us afloat. . . . We continually substituted long hours of personal involvement for the money you did not send."

Publicity stunts were also part of her fund-raising repertoire. As her celebrity grew (in the 70s as many people asked for her autograph as threatened to pray for her), she developed the habit of keeping the media apprised of her actions. She alerted them not just to her myriad lawsuits but also to her disappearances. "We have moved out and nobody knows where we are," O'Hair told *The Dallas Morning News* in 1981, claiming to be fed up with Christian persecution. This coincided with the family's move to a larger, nicer North Austin home.

"O'Hair treated the organization as her own charity," says her former attorney. "The money would come in and it would all go to the same place."

When her comforts were threatened, O'Hair could act swiftly and mercilessly. She wasted no time, for instance, when Larry Flynt was imprisoned for contempt of court in a case involving the drug arrest of automaker John DeLorean. Declaring that Flynt had left "every cotton-picking thing that he owned" to Jon and her, she fought his brother tooth and nail for control of Flynt's enterprise, which she valued at $300 million. "We need the Flynt money," she wrote to the board of the American Atheists. "It's as simple as that. We have to make a run for it." As it turned out, Flynt returned and Madalyn's fortune-hunting resumed in earnest.

A six-hour videotaped deposition of Madalyn Murray O'Hair filmed in 1990 shows a profoundly changed woman trapped by her body and her circumstances. Obese, O'Hair picks at

From above: **evangelist William Murray, O'Hair's son, outside his house in Virginia; "Spike" Tyson, at atheist headquarters in Austin, Texas; David Travis, at home in Austin. All taken in December 1996.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BARRY

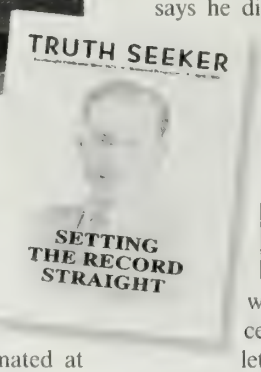
the fabric on her tent of a dress as if in rearranging the material she might somehow rearrange herself. Folding and refolding her arms, she speaks in a flat, hostile tone. Her greasy white hair is tied back with a spindly ribbon. Every once in a while a look of panic flashes across her face.

The trouble started in the late 80s, when O'Hair made a grab for the fortune of a California man named James Hervey Johnson, the head of a freethought organization called the Truth Seeker. Like O'Hair, Johnson was an outcast, renowned tightwad, and misanthrope. Sick with cancer, he preferred to stuff a paper towel in his ear and wrap it in elastic rather than take treatments. But Johnson was rich—his fortune was estimated at $15 million to $20 million. At first, O'Hair tried to charm him. When his business operation was severely damaged by a fire thought to be arson, O'Hair suggested they join forces. "Hervey," she wrote, "It is just terribly upsetting and unnerving." Then she got to the point: "I would like to take the Truth Seeker and go from here." Johnson declined.

In 1985 O'Hair wrote again. "You are a dying, defunct, discredited old man who will grow moldy in an unmarketable [illegible]." Less than a year after [illegible] merger: [illegible] which is [illegible] to go on, grow, capture the culture." Once again, Johnson demurred.

Legal testimony later revealed that O'Hair then sent spies to infiltrate Johnson's organization, and in 1987 staged a coup in which she held a Truth Seeker shareholders' meeting, voted Johnson out, and named herself chairman of the board. Subsequently a follower agreed to sue Johnson, alleging that he had misappropriated funds from the company. "She has more balls than most guys," says Johnson's attorney, Roy Withers. "She was a force." But O'Hair had finally picked the wrong adversary, one with pockets far, far deeper than her own. In May 1988, Johnson countersued, alleging violations of, among other things, the RICO statute.

"Things were sucking her dry financially. If something happened to her, the two people she had controlled for life would be left high and dry."



Above: **O'Hair on *The Tonight Show*, October 12, 1972. *Right:* she met her match in freethinker James Hervey Johnson, pictured on his publication, *Truth Seeker*.**

For the first time, her curious finances were made public. Roy Withers says he discovered she had created as many as 12 organizations and moved money among them in ways that could best be described as peculiar.

Not surprisingly, O'Hair never saw her financial manipulations as wrong. Writing in a December 1987 atheists' newsletter she explained herself: "If a person is running a little business and suddenly, fairly or unfairly, gets sued . . . the sensible thing to do is cut back the income of that little business operation. . . . The next day the business owner can always start another brand spanking identical type but new little business at the other end of town."

But privately she must have been worried. O'Hair had stepped down from running American Atheists in 1986, installing Jon Garth as president. Many knew that he lacked the smarts and charisma to keep the organization going, but O'Hair was ill and tired. It may be that she had lost the ability to shock the nation and lacked the stamina to take on a revitalized Christian right. Perhaps she was also experiencing glimmers of the emptiness of a life fueled solely by anger and hate. She had lost her husband in 1978, and had not spoken with Bill since 1977. When she was hospitalized for a brief period in the early 90s, she had to pay for a security guard to keep those who would pray for her from the door. It was a preview of a sorry future.

Jon and Robin, too, were trapped within the confines of her world. Both were unprepossessing and overweight, clueless to convention. Bill Murray described one woman who broke off her engagement to Jon after Madalyn locked herself in her office rather than meet the woman's parents. A former employee remembers a marriage that lasted about two weeks. In spite of his often obscene outbursts, Jon seemed perpetually cowed. Robin grew up bright but sheltered (she was educated in an exclusive private school in Tucson); potential boyfriends were turned away, and her free time was spent, at her grandmother's behest, working at the atheist center. "Madalyn would be telling her, 'You've gotta get this done, you've gotta get this done,'" recalled a former close associate. Rebellion was virtually imperceptible. "Watch how she subtly disagrees with her grandmother with her body language," one former boyfriend suggested hopefully, having observed Robin on the family cable-TV show, *American Atheist Forum*.

And so the three remained bound to each other. When they weren't working long hours, seven days a week, they were taking vacations . . . together. In a 1983 special anniversary issue of *The American Atheist* magazine, they wrote of "The We of Us," a tribute to "a lifestyle wherein mutual love and respect fortifies determination."

On Mother's Day 1995, Madalyn and Jon paid a visit to a friend who was dying in a Houston hospital. He was Donald R. Sanders, a local atheist and gay activist in the last stages of AIDS. In the past few years, Sanders (a pornographer with a penchant for alienating others and a phone-sex business) had become something of a surrogate son to Madalyn and a brother to Jon. They had put him on the board of American Atheists in the mid-1980s and let him in on their secrets. And now he was going. One day, as Sanders's end neared, Madalyn sat quietly in the room, dozing

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occasionally as her friend drifted in and out of consciousness. When it was time to leave, she had trouble walking—advanced diabetes had given her painful ulcers on her feet. Then just as she approached the car door, Madalyn turned to one of Sanders's friends and a light came into her eyes. She broke into a dirty little ditty, a song she said she remembered from her military days in Korea. "Every other word was 'fuck,'" the man recalled. She stood there for a few minutes longer, singing the obscene song to no one in particular, the offensiveness of it giving her strength, restoring her to life. Her solo had the feel of a finale. But she had at least one more act before the final curtain.

Facing the Truth Seeker trial two years earlier, the Murray O'Hairs had begun liquidating assets. The most important of their assets was a private library of rare books, valued by Madalyn at around $3 million, that the family had collected over decades. In June of 1993, O'Hair began to supervise the packing of some 30,000 volumes, urging the few staffers remaining to work faster and faster. Anyone who talked about the work, she threatened, faced instant dismissal. The packing took three months, including weekends. "I spent so much time in that library I felt like a mole," one of the former staffers who helped with the packing said. But they succeeded: by September of 1993, the shelves were empty.

At the same time, Jon took a brief trip to New Zealand. He met with a group of New Zealand atheists and wrote good news back to his mother and niece: he'd found a place to store their books. "Would the library fit in that space?" he asked. "I think so! I took lots of photos of it." After that, the Murray O'Hairs became even more surreptitious. A trusted employee was told to stay out of the financial room, a small office with the fax machine, bank statements, and business records, until Robin had checked the space upon her arrival each morning. Madalyn explained such secrecy was for the employee's own good. If they lost the court case, the Murray O'Hairs intended to disappear, she said, and the staff could honestly claim ignorance of their whereabouts. But the employee was suspicious. "I thought this was fishy," said the staffer, who used a passkey to check the room. Inside, the employee claims, were several faxes from a New Zealand bank confirming wire transfers of $200,000.

It was Don Sanders who helped them plan their exit. "He went to Austin for secret meetings," says Sanders's close friend Leslie Perez, a transsexual and former death-row denizen, once known as Leslie Douglas Ashley. "They were transferring money abroad for a time. I know 'cause Don told me about it."

When the Murray O'Hairs turned to Sanders for help, he was healthy and only too happy to oblige. It was he who helped them spirit the library to Houston and beyond (one rumor had it dispersed in San Francisco), visit a place where false identification could be purchased, and solicit letters of recommendation for Robin's job search. "Try to get something that is general or generic," O'Hair instructed Sanders in a letter. "She could teach the history of dissent. . . . Dare not tell . . . anyone . . . whom you approach that we are trying to get Robin anything other than a domestic teaching post. Under no circumstances mention New Zealand or any other foreign country."

Ironically, the Truth Seeker case ended in a mistrial in November of 1993. Strange occurrences followed. Close to that time, the office was burglarized, but only one computer was stolen. The Murray O'Hairs blamed a former employee and no charges were filed. But when the Murray O'Hairs had been packing up their library, they were unable to back up the catalogue onto a computer disk, and had to leave the information on the library computer's hard drive. That was the computer that was stolen.

Employees were told to stay out of the financial room. When one entered anyway, he found faxes, he says, from a New Zealand bank confirming transfers of $200,000.

A second theft occurred in January of 1994. This time, more than $60,000 in bearer bonds was removed from the office safe, along with several thousand dollars in cash. Then, later in the year, as the second Truth Seeker trial began in San Diego, $55,000 was taken from the American Atheists bank accounts; again, the Murray O'Hairs blamed a former employee—this time an office manager with a criminal record.

Not even victory in the second Truth Seeker trial in November of 1994 could stop the rampant paranoia in the office. The Murray O'Hairs feared that the Truth Seeker would win on appeal. (They haven't.) What was left of the organization was crumbling, and fund-raising was stagnant. Then, too, the I.R.S. had sued Jon and Robin for a total of $1.5 million, accusing them of using the atheist organizations' funds for personal purposes. (They settled in April of 1996 for substantially less.) Most of the staff had been laid off; to pay the legal bills, Jon Murray had had to sell Madalyn's Mercedes. Don Sanders's death in May 1995 increased their sense of loss and vulnerability. They were alone again.

Mark and Shirley Sparrow had not much liked the man selling the Mercedes. He was stocky, clean-shaven, arrogant, and fidgety, drinking O'Doul's instead of beer because, he said, his doctor had cautioned him to watch his ulcer. He told the San Antonio couple he was leaving town and selling the car because he didn't want his wife to get the money. The Mercedes was parked in the lot of a motel on Fredericksburg Road, not too far from the medical center. The Sparrows had found the car in a classified ad that had run in the *San Antonio Express-News:* "88 Benz 300 SEL $15,000 cash. Firm."

"If you want it, take it, or I'll sell it to somebody else," the man had said. It was a cash deal; the Sparrows said that the man had categorically refused to go to the bank with them. After delivering the car to Mark Sparrow's office, the man sped off with a woman and another man in a brown pickup. "They were moving as fast as they could," Mark Sparrow said. After seeing a photograph, the Sparrows say that Jon Murray was not the man who handled the car sale.

There are those who believe that the Murray O'Hairs met with foul play—someone killed them and then sold the car. (The transaction occurred in September 1995.) Others suggest that the Murray O'Hairs decamped to San Antonio and, with the help of at least one other man, put their long-promised getaway plan into effect. "She was involved in things that were sucking her dry financially and Jon couldn't hold the

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helm," said a former staffer. "If something happened to her, the two people she had controlled for life would be left high and dry." A Virginia vacation in August of 1995 might have been intended as a respite from all those worries; the family toured Civil War battlefields and, in a board meeting, floated the idea of relocating the atheist headquarters from Austin to Virginia, another sign that change was afoot. Shortly thereafter they returned home and worked for several weeks.

Then, on the 28th of August, they did not appear at the office, leaving instead the note laying off all employees. Within a week the ad for the car had begun to run in the San Antonio paper. Though the atheists are quick to say that the Murray O'Hairs left their passports behind and that no money is missing, 1995 tax returns, as first reported by the *San Antonio Express-News* last December, revealed that the United Secularists of America and American Atheists Inc. listed $627,500 in missing assets, "assets believed to be in the possession of Jon Murray, former secretary." Also listed was the liquidation of more than $800,000 in unnamed investments, $259,000 in New Zealand government stock, along with expenses of several hundred dollars for "New Zealand tax."

Months before such revelations, former employees say, money had been disappearing from the office. David Travis, an ex-employee, claims that cash donations did not always find their way to the bank, and in March of 1995 he caused an office crisis by accidentally opening a piece of mail. Travis says that when he opened the envelope, he found inside a personal letter to Jon Murray from New Zealand Guardian Trust, along with a bank statement showing a balance of more than $900,000. "This was a great shock to me because all I had been hearing was money troubles," Travis said.

That incident calls into question an earlier one. Travis says the police never thoroughly investigated the first two burglaries of the American Atheists headquarters, even after Travis sent them a letter sharing his suspicions that the thefts of the computer and the bearer bonds were inside jobs. The ex-convict accused of stealing money from the Murray O'Hair accounts also tells a very different version of the $55,000 theft.

He says that at the end of 1994, Jon Murray asked him to remove $100,000 from certain accounts—money Jon said the trio had solicited to help with their legal defense. According to this employee, Jon said he could not do it himself: he was under surveillance by Truth Seeker attorneys and there was a court order freezing the company's assets. (Attorney Roy Withers denies this.) The employee says he was offered $15,000 for the job. "My instructions were to convert the money to cash with the exception of certain accounts, to divert suspicion," he says, claiming that Jon had given him blank checks for that purpose. Fearful of holding large amounts of cash, the man soon opened an account in his own name and transferred the money into it.

O'Hair was spotted at a restaurant in Auckland, New Zealand, close to a bank where a receptionist also identified her.

Soon enough, the man learned that the Austin Police Department was looking for him. The Murray O'Hairs had accused him of stealing $50,000 to $55,000 from their accounts. He turned himself in, told his story, took a polygraph test, and passed. Even so, he was prosecuted under the habitual-offender statute, and struck a plea bargain rather than risk a 25-year jail sentence. He received deferred adjudication and was required to make restitution. In light of recent revelations, however, the employee is currently negotiating with the district attorney's office for a reduction of his sentence.

But where is Madalyn? There are those who believe that there was a medical emergency in San Antonio—the bar where the Mercedes was displayed was close to the medical center. Perhaps O'Hair died there, and Jon and Robin simply took the opportunity to create a life for themselves. The fact that several months after the trio disappeared Jon's and Robin's dogs also vanished—while Madalyn's was left behind—suggests that that might have been so.

But the owner of that San Antonio bar recalled O'Hair's presence there in September of 1995. O'Hair sat at the front and drank with an unidentified man, the owner said, seemingly healthy enough for a woman her age. During *Vanity Fair*'s investigation, Madalyn and Robin were also spotted near the end of 1996 at a Mexican restaurant in Auckland, close to the now famous New Zealand Guardian Trust, where a receptionist also identified Madalyn to me from a photograph. ("She's a client," the woman said.) Jon Garth Murray has been active as well: this year, three deposits of $1,000 each have been made to one of his New Zealand bank accounts. If the Murray O'Hairs are not in Auckland, they are most likely close by, or certainly have been in the past.

Above: **the house in Austin, Texas, where the missing Murray O'Hair trio resided.** ***Left:*** **O'Hair in 1990, next to her somewhat romanticized portrait in the American Atheists office.**

And so the search for Madalyn goes on, which is just as she would have it. "The role of the village atheist had played out," Lawrence Wright says. "And she had become increasingly marginal. . . . She was looking for a new role and she found it: the missing person. These names live on and on. They're perpetually mystifying, tantalizing. . . . She'll be on the mind of the public for centuries." □

TOP, BY DAVID BARRY; BOTTOM, BY STEVE PUMPHREY

Hong Kong real-estate prices are soaring, even though the Union Jack in Statue Square (*inset*) will soon come down for the last time.

HONG KONG SURPRISE

At midnight on June 30, Hong Kong reverts to China, ending 156 years of British rule. The island many feared would become an abandoned shell is now littered with cell phones, Ferraris, and ladies who lunch, as its billionaires snuggle up to their new Communist bosses. Is the party over, or is the fun just beginning?

BY ANDREW NEIL

"Whatever gloss you put on it," said a very senior British official sadly as he sat amid the dowdy splendor of Hong Kong's Government House, "there is no getting away from the inherently [illegible] nature of what we are having to d[illegible]

Outside his window, the stunning [illegible] Bank of China building, the local branch of China's state-owned national ba[illegible] cuts like a knife through Hong Kong's soaring, Manhattan-style skyline to intimidate all around it, casting a sinister, superior shadow over the old colonial headquarters. "There is nothing left to do," added the official grimly, "but hope that China will deliver on its promises to respect Hong Kong's political and economic freedoms."

At midnight on June 30 of this year, [illegible] million free, educated, and prosper[illegible] people will be handed over to the [illegible] mercies of Communist China, [illegible] years of British colonial rule in the disposal of the last significant colony by an imperial power that once ruled a quarter of the globe—the biggest empire the world has ever seen. Hong Kong will wake on July 1 to find the red flag of China hoisted over Government House, the last British governor and his entourage already evacuated by the Royal Navy, replaced by a Beijing-appointed chief executive and a 5,000-strong garrison of the People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.); another 10,000 P.L.A. troops will be based just across the border.

The people of Hong Kong say they expect to be able to continue going about their business of getting and spending much as before, unimpeded by the totalitarian and Communist traditions of their new masters. But behind the bravado is a deep sense of foreboding: Hong

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL SETBOUN; INSET BY MARK HENLEY

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Kongers recognize red flags as the signal that warns them of the imminent arrival of a severe typhoon.

It was not meant to end this way. When Margaret Thatcher, in the full flush of her military victory over Argentina in the Falkland Islands, visited Beijing in the fall of 1982 to begin talks on the future of Britain's last major colony, she harbored hopes that nothing much need change. Though Britain was bound by a late-19th-century treaty to return part of Hong Kong to China in 1997 (leaving the remaining bit over which Britain enjoyed sovereignty "in perpetuity" untenable on its own), she planned to offer the Chinese nominal sovereignty over the whole of Hong Kong in return for continued British administration. She was quickly disabused of such notions by China's paramount leader, Deng Xiaoping.

"We could walk in," Deng said, "and take Hong Kong later today if we wanted."

"Indeed, you could," replied the British prime minister, "and I could not stop you." It was a frank admission of Britain's weak negotiating position.

"But you would bring about Hong Kong's collapse," she continued. "The world would then see what followed a change from British to Chinese rule."

Deng was shrewd enough to realize that. He was anxious to inherit the vast wealth of Hong Kong intact rather than to see it destroyed in a heavy-handed takeover, and he wanted to send a signal to Taiwan that renegade regimes could rejoin the Chinese motherland without having to give up their distinctive characteristics.

Indeed, the "one country, two systems," which Deng proposed to Thatcher and which forms the basis of the 1984 Sino-British agreement on Hong Kong, had originally been devised by Beijing to apply to Taiwan. Even Thatcher described it as a "stroke of genius." It makes Hong Kong part of China but allows it to retain its capitalist ways as a supposedly self-governing "special administrative region" for the next 50 years.

"Put their hearts at ease," Deng had told Hong Kong's governor in the late 1970s when investors' concerns about what would happen after the British lease expired in 1997 were first raised with Beijing. Such soothing assurances encouraged some in the British administration to think that the Chinese would let 1997 come and go without anything happening—that the status quo would hold, to everybody's benefit. But they were fooling themselves.

"They always made it clear," says a senior British diplomat intimately involved in the negotiations, "that they would take Hong Kong back even if it had to be reduced to a burnt-out shell." There is no mystery why this should be so: regaining Hong Kong, whatever its condition, was the only way to avenge China's humiliation in the Opium Wars of the last century.

When British traders began selling opium from poppies grown in India to the Chinese 200 years ago, they did not see themselves as the forerunners of the Colombian drug cartel. Opium was held in high regard for its medicinal qualities, from reducing fevers to encouraging healing to deadening the pain of operations. It was known that it could also be used as what today would be called a recreational drug, but the British authorities were far more worried about the abuse of alcohol (opium was not banned in Britain until this century). In China, where smoking opium had been widespread for centuries, the government was more concerned about tobacco, the penalty for the sale of which was decapitation. The British concluded that opium was something they could offer the Chinese in exchange for their tea, which Britain had started to drink in huge quantities.

By the early 19th century, official Chinese opinion had hardened considerably against opium, while Britain, the workshop of the world, was more eager than ever to open up the huge Chinese market to all manner of British goods. It was even ready to ban the opium trade in return for wider access to the China market. But a series of misunderstandings led to war in 1839, in which the might of the Royal Navy prevailed. At 8:15 A.M. on January 26, 1841, the Union Jack was hoisted over the tiny island of Hong Kong, and, according to Frank Welsh's seminal *A History of Hong Kong*, Queen Victoria's health was drunk.

Back in London, Lord Palmerston, the British foreign secretary, was furious. He denounced Charles Elliot, the British naval officer who had seized Hong Kong, for taking "a barren island with scarcely a house upon it." He had previously made it clear that acquisition of territory was not a fundamental British war aim: what Britain wanted was a guarantee of free and safe access to China's markets. Palmerston withdrew Elliot and exiled him to be chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Texas.

But Britain held on to Hong Kong—it became a secure base for British traders dealing with China. When the humiliated Chinese were forced to agree to its cession, they were amazed that that was all Britain was demanding. "Is that all?" asked one baffled Chinese negotiator of the Treaty of Nanking, which gave Britain sovereignty over Hong Kong. It wasn't, quite. After a second Opium War, the British seized the coastal tip of the Kowloon Peninsula, across the harbor from Hong Kong Island. Then, in 1898, with several imperialist powers picking at the edges of China, Britain secured a 99-year lease on 366 square miles of land adjacent to Kowloon, known as the New Territories. This last addition now accounts for more than 90 percent of Hong Kong's land area. Significantly, all of Hong Kong's water runs through the New Territories. Even more crucially, it is that lease which expires on June 30, necessitating the return of all of Hong Kong to China.

For many years Palmerston's harsh judgment seemed justified. Though many British "hongs" (or trading houses—the name Hong Kong means "fragrant harbor" and comes from a different Chinese word) prospered, Hong Kong remained something of a backwater. Its golden years did not begin until the Chinese revolution in the late 1940s, when the Cantonese of southern China, many of them well-established entrepreneurs, fled Communism and poured across the Hong Kong border. There was yet another massive exodus from Canton two decades later, during the madness of Mao's Cultural Revolution. The frugal, industrious newcomers transformed Hong Kong into one of the world's capitalist showcases.

"We could walk in and take Hong Kong later today if we wanted," Chinese leader Deng told Margaret Thatcher.

Hong Kong is today regarded by the Washington-based Heritage Foundation as the world's purest free-market economy. Taxes are among the lowest in the world (income tax is no more than 15 percent), the government confines itself to providing CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

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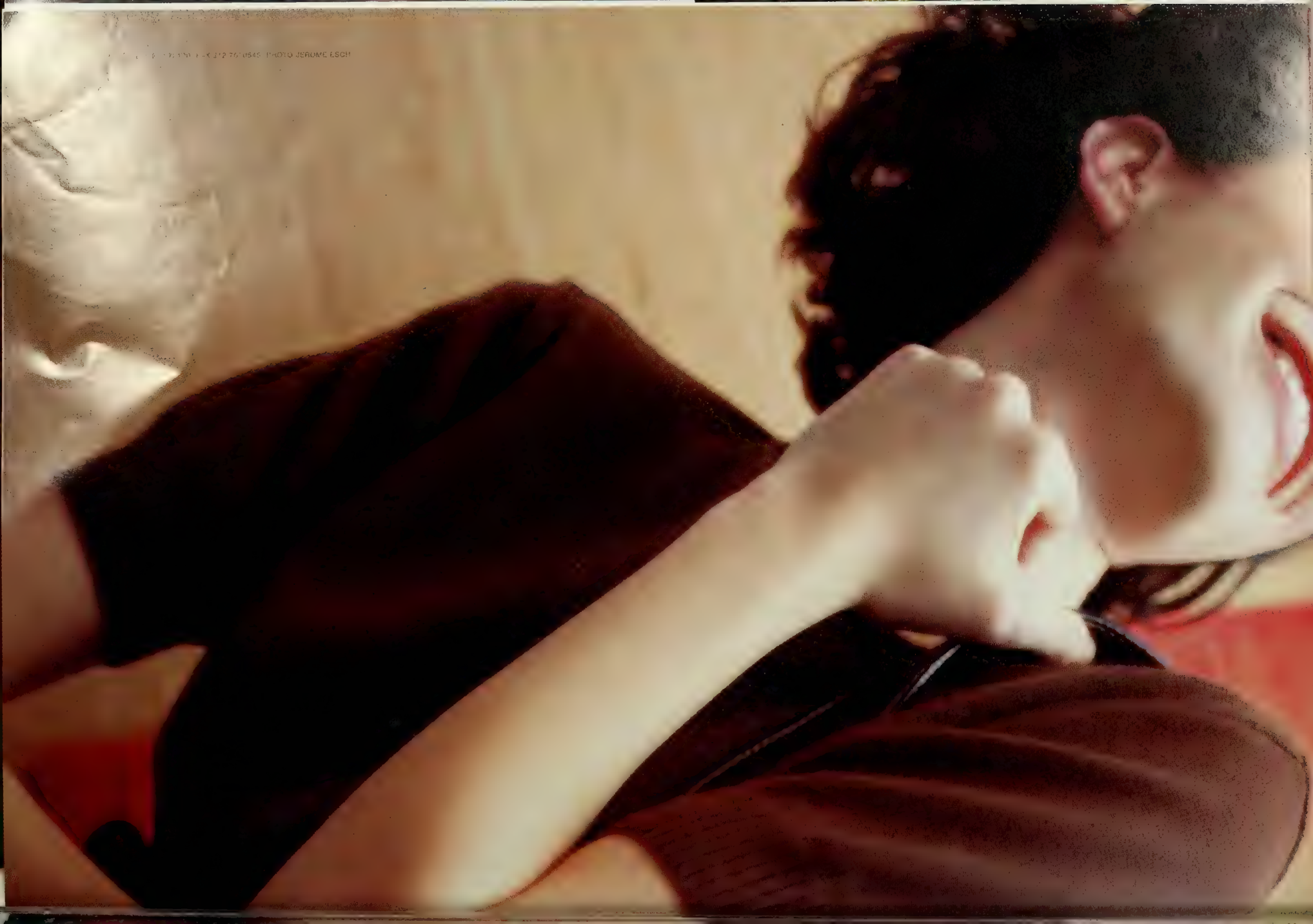
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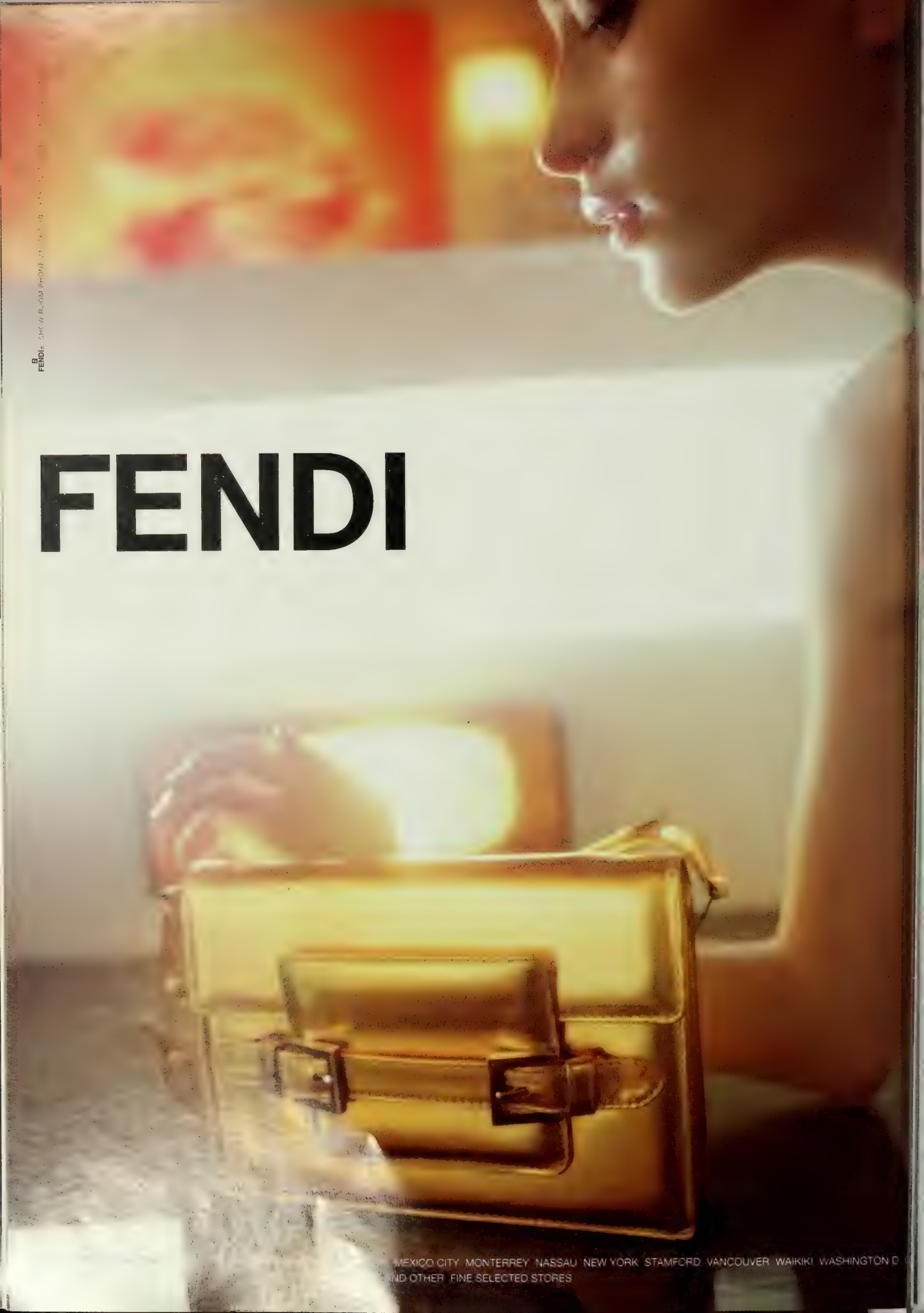
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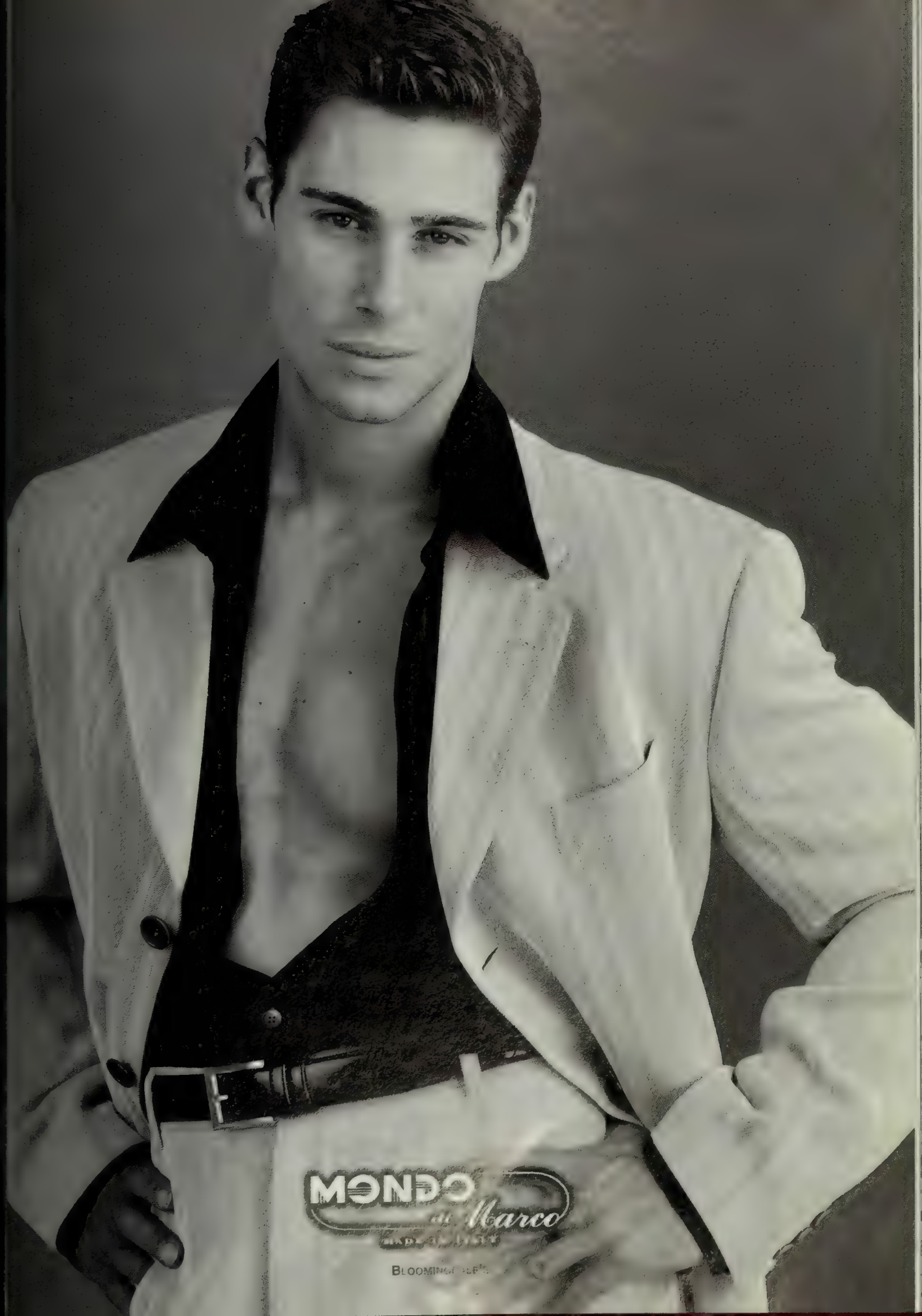
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160 only the essential public services (which it does efficiently, spending less than a fifth of Hong Kong's gross domestic product), and the currency (linked soundly to the dollar) is strong. Britain provided limited, mostly uncorrupt government and the rule of law; the Cantonese, the risktaking and the hard work. The result has been an economic miracle: a mere 6.3 million people have turned that barren rock into the eighth-largest trading economy in the world.

Hong Kong, after several decades of spectacular economic growth, enjoys one of the highest standards of living in the world, with full employment, a substantial budget surplus, and a per capita income higher than that of its colonial homeland and most other European countries. Infant-mortality and life-expectancy rates compare favorably with the best in the West. People have had full civil and religious freedoms, except the right to elect their own government. But since the vast majority have been going about their business without the state ever intruding, this has not been much of a sore point.

Hong Kongers were hardly eager to return to the embrace of Mother China, but when it finally dawned on them that that was indeed to be their fate, they looked to Britain for protection: under British law, anybody born in Hong Kong was a British citizen with rights of residence in Britain. But before Britain began the negotiations with China which would eventually cede Hong Kong's sovereignty it reneged on its people's rights to British citizenship. A 1981 act gave full British nationality rights to the people of the Falklands and Gibraltar but excluded Hong Kongers, even though, legally, they had enjoyed the same status as the inhabitants of these two other British colonies. Politicians murmured darkly about the need to avoid being swamped by millions of yellow people, no matter how much their entrepreneurial zeal would have boosted the British economy.

To compound the Hong Kongers' sense of abandonment, no democratic structures were introduced into the colony, even though the handover to a totalitarian power was less than a decade away. Christopher Patten, the new (and last) governor, who arrived from London in 1992, belatedly tried to make good the democratic deficit. But this served only to infuriate the Chinese, who thought the condition in which Hong Kong would be returned was a done deal. The richest Hong Kongers decided to make the best of a bad situation—and deal directly with China themselves.

"You're looking at the beginning of the future of Hong Kong," says David Chu, motioning to the window, as we breakfasted in the American Club, 48 floors above Hong Kong. "The property and stock markets are already at record highs, but the best is yet to come. Business will be fantastic."

Below us the narrow, choppy channel between Hong Kong Island and Kowloon is covered with boats scudding back and forth in a frenzy of commercial activity. On our side of Victoria Harbour a huge building

Hong Kongers recognize red flags as the signal that warns of the arrival of a severe typhoon.

Hong Kong, 1925. *Inset:* an opium addict, 1943. The British took Hong Kong in 1841 in their efforts to trade Indian opium for Chinese tea.

is rising from land reclaimed from the sea, the beginnings of an 85-floor tower which will be even taller than I. M. Pei's Bank of China; another huge development, on yet more reclaimed land, is taking shape directly opposite us in Kowloon.

"It's hardly the empty shell that the Western media were predicting we'd be reduced to as reunification with China neared," continues Chu, one of the new breed of self-made Hong Kong tycoons who now dominate this place. As he speaks, a huge dark cloud suddenly casts its gloom over the whole bay; the boats seem to cower in its presence. But there is no denying what Chu is saying: whatever uncertainties govern its fate, Hong Kong is approaching them in fine economic fettle.

Property prices, always the key to this small, overcrowded city-state's prosperity, are close to historic highs, despite the imminent prospect of a Communist landlord. Hong Kong's property magnates have started to invest a staggering $80 billion in new commercial and residential developments that will go up between now and the end of the decade—enough to buy several dozen Rockefeller Centers. Much of the building is being financed by Beijing investment companies.

Hong Kong's wealthy business community is already doing big business with China. Its companies employ over five million people on the Chinese mainland and account for the bulk of foreign investment in China, as manufacturing has moved to the mainland with its lower costs and Hong Kong has switched to a high-value, service economy. Business has made, in effect, a Faustian pact with the Beijing leadership: Leave us alone to continue making our billions and we won't complain if some freedoms are eroded—provided you don't go so far as to undermine business confidence with a [illegible] clampdown. Hong Kong's business community has not just been intimidated into silence; it has been en[illegible] support for China.

Chu, a flamboyant 52-y[illegible] estate developer with impecca[illegible] and a taste for danger, is so con[illegible] Hong Kong's future that he even tor[illegible] his American passport. He has also put his money where his mouth is, sending almost seven pounds of gold to decorate the ceilings of his new mansion in Beijing with more than 1,000 gold-leaf dragons.

"China is like a suburb of Hong Kong to me," he explains. "I move freely between the two. I even have a farm in China."

His mode of transportation is sometimes unconventional. Not content with taking the road to Beijing on his Harley-Davidson, he has also made the journey by motorized paraglider, setting the world record for height, he claims, in the process. Even that 10-day adventure elicited no fear from a man who once shot 50 kilometers of Chinese rapids in only a wet suit ("I ended up a little black-and-blue," he admits, "especially since the journey involved 2,000 meters of vertical drop").

It is comforting to other Hong Kong investors that such a freewheeling capitalist risktaker should feel at home with the Communist cadres of Beijing. "I have put all my eggs in one basket—the best basket," says Chu, predicting that Hong Kong will remain a key player in the global economy, reinforcing China's economic miracle in the process. He is far from alone in such beliefs.

David Tang, an Anglicized Hong Kong entrepreneur who is distinguished by the sartorial style of the Orient and a cut-glass English accent that makes the Queen sound common, also has few doubts about the future: "There is no way China is going to run this place worse than the last five years of British rule," he says confidently. "The world is waiting to judge China compared with Britain. Too much Chinese pride is on the line for it to fail. They'll succeed even if they have to throw money at the property market to keep the economy buoyant—and they'll force the local tycoons to do the same."

The China Club has replaced the Hong Kong Club, haunt of wealthy colonials, as the most exclusive club.

Tang is the proud owner of the China Club (entrance fee: $20,000), a magnificent suite of rooms atop the old Bank of China building in downtown Hong Kong done in the opulent Art Deco style of Shanghai in the 1930s and adorned with [illegible] vast collection of Chinese paint[illegible] photographs. It has replaced the Hong Kong Club, haunt of wealthy white colonials, as the most exclusive club in the city-state—a social switch with political and ethnic significance. Last year he opened another China Club, in Beijing, flying in a host of celebrities, from the Duchess of York to Kevin Costner, for the first night.

Striding around the China Club's rooftop terrace, Tang predicts, "China's state enterprises will want to garage their money in Hong Kong and channel it through here to the wider world. It will be China's bridge to the global economy just as the British, Americans, and the rest of the West have used it as a gateway to trade with China."

China is already the biggest investor in Hong Kong, having overtaken first the British, then the Americans and Japanese over the past decade. If Hong Kong goes down the drain, much Chinese treasure will go with it—a thought which keeps the city-state's business folk optimistic.

"Mainland China is our best guarantee of keeping Hong Kong an extreme laissez-faire society," argues Carson Wen, a young, articulate spokesman for Hong Kong's pro-Beijing business interests, over breakfast at the China Club. "The democrats here want more social democracy, including a bigger welfare state and pro-labor rules and regulations which will erode our competitive edge. The Chinese will stop any moves to welfarism."

I struggle to understand the concept of the world's largest Marxist state as the guardian of the world's purest free-market economy. But Wen, who describes himself as a "pro-China Tory," is serious: "Very little is left of Communist ideology in Beijing," he maintains. The Chinese have already warned the colonial government not to spend its huge budget surplus on extra welfare payments.

"There is an agreement in place between Hong Kong's very rich and the Communist elite in Beijing," confirms Willy Lam, a correspondent specializing in China for Hong Kong's English-language *South China Morning Post*. "Together they will defend the Hong Kong dollar and keep the markets strong after June 30."

According to one informed observer, Beijing has already worked out a detailed, secret plan with Hong Kong's business leaders to rescue confidence should it collapse after the handover. A huge fighting fund of $160 billion has been amassed should any George Soros–type trader decide to speculate

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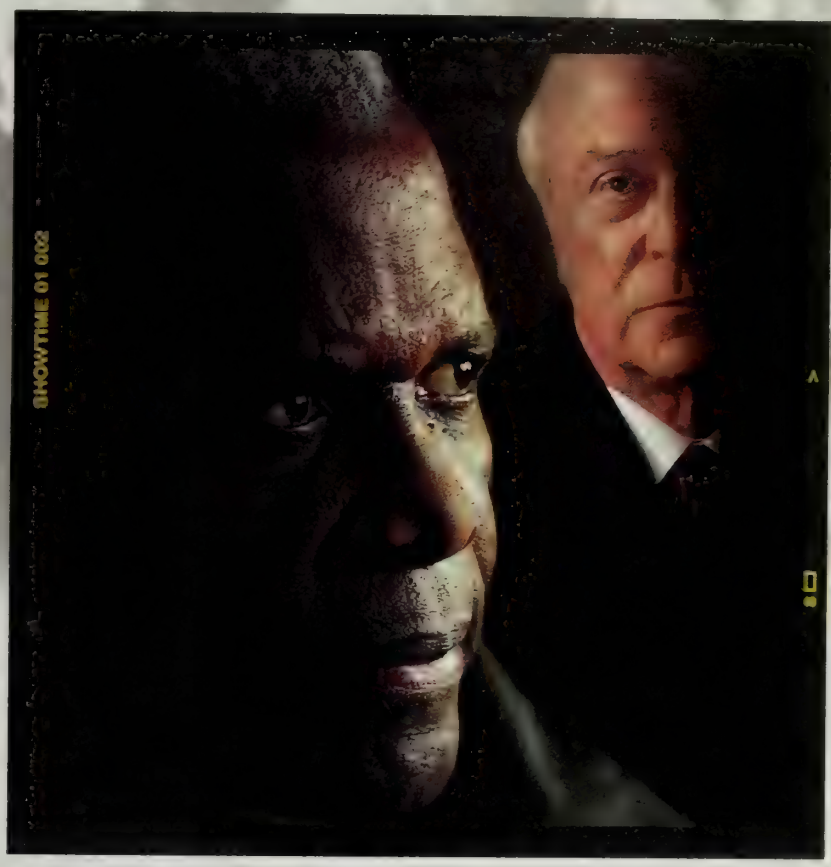

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A Chinese opium distillery, 1896. Inset: office workers in front of the new Bank of China building in Hong Kong, 1996.

"There is an agreement in place between Hong Kong's rich and the elite in Beijing to defend the Hong Kong dollar."

on the collapse of Hong Kong's dollar.

There is plenty of other evidence of an unlikely alliance between Hong Kong's billionaires and its Communist bosses waiting in the wings. Tung Chee-hwa, the man Beijing has hand-picked to replace the outgoing British governor as Hong Kong's chief executive, is a conservative business grandee who has been indebted to China since it bailed out his family's troubled shipping empire a decade ago. China says he has "solid and patriotic credentials."

A large digital clock on Tiananmen Square in the heart of Beijing counts down the seconds until midnight on June 30. Another ticks away the time on the border with Hong Kong just across the muddy Shenzhen River. The Chinese can hardly wait—not just because of national pride, though that is certainly involved, but because there are untold riches in which to demand a share. When Hong Kong's 6.3 million join with the 1.2 billion of the mainland they will account for an amazing 18 percent of China's gross national product. The Communist cadres are bound to insist on a sizable slice of the action.

Carson Wen is right to say that Marxism no longer holds sway in Beijing. These days Communism in China is whatever its rulers say it is. The corruption and cronyism of China, not its Communist ideology, are now the real threats to Hong Kong capitalism.

Chinese Communism has evolved into state capitalism under the rigid control of the Communist Party elite. Beijing has been depoliticized: power struggles within the ruling elite reflect various vested interests rather than different ideological perspectives—and they all have a common interest in not rocking the boat too hard.

"The Chinese Communist Party is no longer about the expropriation of private property or the redistribution of wealth," says Jesse Wong, a shrewd Hong Kong–based observer of events for the *Asian Wall Street Journal*. "It is only out to stay in power."

That should come as no surprise: with power has come great wealth for the families whose fathers led the Chinese Communist revolution 50 years ago. Chinese industry is now run by their offspring—the "Red Princelings." China's ruling elite has gone from Revolutionary Marxist to New Aristocracy in only one generation.

The best picture of how modern China operates is given by Bruce Bueno de Mesquita, David Newman, and Alvin Rabushka in *Red Flag over Hong Kong* (published by Chatham House last year), a gloomy analysis of the city-state's future:

Imagine that IBM was a subsidiary of the U.S. Defense Department, that Exxon was controlled by the Commerce Department, R.J. Reynolds by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, McDonnell Douglas by the U.S. Army, and Bath shipyard by the U.S. Navy. Imagine that the City of New York owned Consolidated Edison . . . and that Chicago owned ho-

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tels, restaurants, and pager services. Finally, try to imagine that the U.S. Coast Guard operated brothels and prostitution rings.

But even this analogy is not the full story. . . . We would have to place the sons, daughters, grandsons, and granddaughters of leading political and military families in charge of these firms. David Eisenhower would run Exxon, Amy Carter would be the chief executive of IBM, and Maureen Reagan would manage Consolidated Edison.

In such a system, connections (*guanxi* in Chinese) are obviously paramount and corruption is rife. Last October the *Asian Wall Street Journal* published a comparative index of corruption in 53 countries, with a scale ranging from 0 (totally corrupt) to 10 (totally clean). New Zealand came out as the cleanest country in the world, with a corruption rating of 9.43, Nigeria as the most corrupt, with a rating of 0.69. Hong Kong was among the cleanest, in 18th place with a 7.01 rating, thanks to a long-established rule of law and a vigorous anti-corruption bureau. But China was in 49th place—5th from the bottom—with a rating of a mere 2.43. Only Bangladesh, Kenya, Pakistan, and Nigeria scored worse.

It is probably only a matter of time before all of Hong Kong's strategic industries—airlines, telecommunications, utilities, and even banking—are under some sort of mainland control. It will be then that Beijing will also start to impinge on the business interests of the Hong Kong Chinese.

The P.L.A. is less an army (its fighting capability is now a shambles) than a massive military-industrial complex that controls more than 20,000 companies, including a dozen major conglomerates. It sees Hong Kong not just as a source of future capital and expansion into new markets but as a place in which to invest its illegal and undeclared profits and as a base from which it can move funds offshore. Since the P.L.A. is a major player in smuggling, piracy, extortion, and even kidnapping, there is clearly much scope for murky dealings to sully Hong Kong's reputation.

"China will need to insulate Hong Kong from its corruption and cronyism," says Governor Patten. Even the China boosters in the Hong Kong business community concede that is a tall order. "Our biggest fear is corruption," admits Carson Wen, "which has grown in China as a result of centralized, state-sponsored growth. It is already the chief reason for the unpopularity of the Communist Party within China." The *Asian Wall Street Journal*'s Jesse Wong agrees: "The chaos, corruption, and lawlessness of China are Hong Kong's real worries after 1997."

Martin Lee, the leader of the Democratic Party, the largest group in Hong Kong's recently elected legislative council, introduces himself by telling you that he has put himself on a strict diet, the better to prepare himself for a Chinese jail. He drinks only water—not even coffee or tea.

"There is no question that free speech will be the first casualty," says this slight, elegant, partly British-educated lawyer. "China will control this place—in every way. The mood here is one of helplessness."

Beijing has already pledged to abolish the legislative council the moment it takes over and to gut the colony's liberal Bill of Rights. At the end of last year it established a 60-person puppet assembly in southern China, known as "the provisional legislature," designed to replace the current elected one. Around 400 pro-Beijing Hong Kong billionaires and political activists were bused across the border to Shenzhen to nominate its members in a pretense of democracy which Governor Patten dismissed as "a bizarre farce. The average tennis club runs its affairs in a more dignified way."

Martin Lee, the leader of the Democratic Party, has put himself on a strict diet to prepare for a Chinese jail.

"Beijing's rubber-stamp provisional legislature," says Lee, "can be relied on to pass laws that strip Hong Kong people of the liberties we so cherish."

Emily Lau, an attractive, outspoken ally of Lee's in Hong Kong's pro-democracy movement, agrees: "The Hong Kong government [after June 30] can be relied upon to do the repression on China's behalf. It'll do as Beijing tells it." She rushes off to a press conference to denounce China's latest

When your instinct talks, do you know how to listen?

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Practical Intuition

LAURA DAY

INTRODUCTION BY DEMI MOORE

A renowned teacher and consultant to business executives, celebrities, and financial analysts around the world shows you how to develop your intuition to improve every aspect of your life.

"Very succinctly and clearly outlines how we can unlock a natural ability that we are all endowed with."
—Deepak Chopra

"Her techniques aren't 'tricks,' or something that only a few can achieve; they really work."
—Demi Moore

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VILLARD

Top: Government House, the colonial seat. *Inset:* David Chu, a pro-China real-estate tycoon, on his Harley, 1996.

Hong Kong's David Chu has sent seven pounds of gold to Beijing to decorate his new mansion there.

interference in Hong Kong affairs. "Just watch," she says. "None of the journalists will ask questions."

She's right. A posse of young Hong Kong journalists, looking as if they should still be in journalism school, troop in to hear her. She reads a prepared statement. The journalists listen dutifully, then troop out again. Lau shrugs her shoulders and smiles at me: "The signs are everywhere," she says, "that the press is already censoring itself."

The British editor of the *South China Morning Post,* Jonathan Fenby, concedes that newspapers are being more careful not to offend the Chinese. "We are being encouraged not to describe the events in Tiananmen Square as a 'massacre' or a 'bloodbath,'" he says. "'The incident' is a more acceptable description, or even just 'June 4.'" His predecessor had already decided to kill off the paper's popular "Lily Wong" daily cartoon strip, which regularly ridiculed Communist officials, purportedly for fear of offending Beijing.

The Hong Kong "ladies who lunch" did not seem to have the handover much in mind when they crowded into the top floor of the China Club, draped in their designer finery, to see the latest lingerie from Europe. As the models strutted down the runway in skimpy underwear, the air was regularly punctuated with the sound of ringing mobile phones. Almost everybody in Hong Kong has one, and they seem to spend most of their lives talking on them.

The women in the audience, stars of Hong Kong's vibrant social scene, had plenty to talk about: dresses to be fitted, lunches to arrange, charity balls to organize. They are the wives of Hong Kong's rich: elegant, sophisticated, cosmopolitan. The city-state long ago ceased being Asia's bargain basement; prices in the swankiest shops can be double what they are on New York's Fifth Avenue—but there are plenty of wealthy locals who can afford to pay them.

Many of them fled Hong Kong in the aftermath of Tiananmen Square. They have returned with foreign passports in their safes and safe havens arranged in Canada, America, or Australia. "Being a refugee community in origin," says Governor Patten, "they've naturally taken out insurance against the worst happening." The wealthiest Hong Kongers have already shipped abroad a substantial part of their fortunes, from cash to antiques, just in case the jeremiads are right.

The reunion with China has whetted an appetite for "China chic": David Tang's Shanghai Tang store in central Hong Kong does a brisk business in smart Chinese-style clothes and accessories. He has plans to open similar stores in major Western cities. The young expatriates, mainly British and American, who gathered late last year in Macao, an hour from Hong Kong by jetfoil, for the annual, all-night Bela Vista Ball, one of the highlights of the expatriate social calendar, know that the future of Hong Kong does not belong to them. There was even talk, as they frolicked decadently through the night in an imposing old Portuguese colonial mansion, that this might be their last such ball.

This seemed unnecessarily gloomy. They did not owe their well-paid jobs in the financial sector to colonial privilege: their work is too open to international competition for that. But there was a sense that the pinnacles of the business community were now firmly in the grip of the Hong Kong Chinese, who were more than competent enough to fill the top posts, from which expa-

TOP, BY ANAT GIVON; INSET, BY GRAHAM UDEN

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triates would increasingly be excluded.

The night before, I had attended another black-tie event, which is now more typical of Hong Kong's social life: one of the interminable charity balls that the city-state's Cantonese business elite regularly frequent. This one filled the huge ballroom of a Kowloon hotel, had the late Shah of Iran's son, Reza, as the guest of honor, and involved the auctioning of various works of art. The rules of the auction were so complicated that the master of ceremonies had to use a computer display projected onto a large screen to explain them. He did so in English and Chinese. "I suppose not every Cantonese businessman speaks English," I remarked to my generous host. "Most do," he replied, "but tonight we're raising money for kids in mainland China. He's speaking Mandarin for the various dignitaries from over the border." They were escorted to the stage by shapely females with titles like Miss Hong Kong and Miss Beautiful Body. Clearly, the Chinese have already arrived and are being fêted.

"There is no historical precedent for what is about to happen," says Jim Rohwer, editor of *Asia Inc* magazine, which is based in Hong Kong. "One of the world's most sophisticated cities is going to be taken over by a primitive government."

When confronted by a people used to the ways of a free society, China's ruthless ruling elite is likely to act with its customary brutality: it is the way it has been bred to behave. "China by her very nature," says Jimmy McGregor, a business consultant and veteran China hand based in Hong Kong, "will find it necessary to intervene and interfere in Hong Kong."

There is, as yet, no sign that increased prosperity is making China any more liberal. Indeed, public disc[illegible] with the upheaval caused [illegible] ways by fast economic growth h[illegible] couraged Beijing to be even [illegible] pressive. "With the latest round of ar[illegible] rests," said Robin Munro, the dire[illegible] of the Hong Kong office of Human Rights Watch, last October, "China has put the final nail into the coffin of the democracy movement. I cannot think of any dissident of significance who is still at large in China anymore."

One who got away was Wang Xizhe, who had already spent 12 years in a Chinese prison for supporting democracy. He fled to America last fall after being smuggled out of China via Hong Kong. Beijing made it clear that Hong Kong's days as a sanctuary for dissidents were numbered: "Hong Kong will become an international financial, economic, and trade center. It will not become a center for other things," said a Chinese official bluntly.

There are various subtle ways, short of rounding up troublesome democrats and throwing them in jail, that China can deal with dissidents in Hong Kong. Organized crime in the form of the Triad gangs, for example, is well represented in Hong Kong and has strong political and business ties to the mainland. China's minister of public security recently described the Triads as "patriotic" Chinese, which sent a shiver down the spines of many Hong Kong democrats. Several security experts confirmed to me that Beijing would not be above authorizing the Triads to lean on troublemakers to intimidate them into abandoning further democratic activities. The colony is already riddled with Chinese agents who know who Beijing's enemies are.

But gangsters and spies cannot cow a whole population, and Beijing's greatest fear is large-scale protests from a people used to demonstrating whenever they want to. The "incident" in Tiananmen Square on June 4, 1989, shocked Hong Kong to the core. A million people poured onto the colony's streets to protest the Chinese government's savage repression of its own people. Since then a vigil has been held every June in Victoria Park. Last year 40,000 Hong Kongers from all walks of life lit and raised candles to commemorate the dead of Tiananmen.

The colony is already riddled with Chinese agents and gangsters who know who Beijing's enemies are.

[illegible] year could be the last such cere[illegible] [illegible]st October, Qian Qichen, the [illegible] foreign minister, told the *Asian* [illegible] *Journal* that future commem[illegible] Tiananmen Square would be banned, along with "personal attacks on the Chinese leaders." Various Beijing bosses have made it clear that public expressions of support in Hong Kong for an independent Tibet or Taiwan will also not be tolerated.

Confidence in Hong Kong is most likely to be shattered by an escalation of incidents that get out of hand. Any number of causes could provoke social unrest, from attempts to memorialize Tiananmen to the celebration of Taiwan's National Day in October to attacks on visiting Chinese dignitaries. When Lu Ping, Beijing's senior man for Hong Kong affairs, paid a visit last April, he was greeted by jeering crowds at the airport and by demonstrators who burned tires outside his hotel and disrupted his meetings.

With Britain banished from the region, it is the United States which will be forced to respond should China renege on its promise to respect Hong Kong's freedoms. "America becomes a lot more important after we've gone," says Governor Patten. "In geopolitical terms," adds Jim Rohwer, "the United States is the only country that counts. The anti-China lobby [an unlikely mixture of liberal Democrats and anti-Communist Republican hawks] is watching and waiting."

The State Department has been mandated by Congress to produce regular studies on Hong Kong since 1992. These reports will take on a heightened significance after June 30—not just because the U.S. has $13 billion worth of investments and 37,000 citizens in the colony. Any excessively brutal Chinese behavior in Hong Kong is bound to affect Beijing's relations with Washington and to cause a split between those Americans who want to continue trading with the world's most populous nation and those who think America should stand up strongly for human rights. "The potential impact of an unsuccessful transition," Winston Lord, an assistant secretary of state, warned China in testimony to the U.S. Senate last July, "should not be underestimated."

China's future—above all its future relationship with America and Taiwan—depends largely on how relations between Beijing and Hong Kong develop. "It is the litmus test for China," says Governor Patten, "and it makes every problem worse if China gets it wrong." Not for the first time in the wake of a British withdrawal—one thinks of the Persian Gulf, Palestine, or Grenada—has the United States inherited a new and onerous international responsibility. □

GUESS

Shoes

Stretch
GUESS

BIG BEN

Name: Ben Affleck, actor **Age:** 24
Credits: *School Ties, Dream and Conviction*
Upcoming: *Chasing Amy, Going All the Way, Phantoms,* and *Good Will Hunting*, a genius coming-of-age drama directed by Gus Van Sant and written by Affleck and Matt Damon. **The best thing about doing *Phantoms*:** "I got to work with Peter O'Toole. In college, I saw *Lawrence of Arabia* and changed my major to Middle Eastern studies." **Their best exchange:** "It was four A.M. and 20 below, and I turned to Peter and said, 'I'd rather be in the Saudi Arabian desert.' He fixed me with a long, hard gaze and said, 'Not you wouldn't.'" **Why he wrote *Good Will Hunting*:** "Because by the time Matt Damon and I used to get a script, 18 other people had to have passed on it." **Why Van Sant is directing it:** "I think he wanted to do an atypical Gus Van Sant film." **As a former teen actor, shouldn't he be a serial killer?** "I'm just happy not to be holding up convenience stores." —MICHAEL MUSTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY EIKA AOSHIMA

Right: *Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio, by Edward Steichen, circa 1940.* Below: Incident on 42nd Street, *by Bill Jacklin, 1988.* Bottom: *incarnations of the Westinghouse company logo from 1900 to the present. The last was designed by Paul Rand in 1960.*

Hot Type

Soothe that cabin fever with a bit of end-of-winter whimsy: **DEBORAH SOLOMON'S** *Utopia Parkway: The Life and Work of Joseph Cornell* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) offers rare insight into the genius and life of the reclusive pack-rat artist who lived with his mother and handicapped brother in Queens, dreaming of ballerinas and creating his poetic, elegiac shadow boxes out of bird feathers, marbles, and dime-store trinkets.

Also this month: **LEONARD GARMENT** scats about his life as a swinging jazz musician turned attorney who got caught up in politics—and, ultimately, Watergate—in *Crazy Rhythm* (Times Books). MTV-lit goddess **MAGGIE ESTEP** channel-surfs for metaphors in her first novel, *Diary of an Emotional Idiot* (Harmony). *A Place of My Own* (Random House) follows writer-editor **MICHAEL POLLAN'S** philosophical journey from conceiving a "shelter for daydreams" to his actual Mr. Blandings–like escapades in building his dream house. Reissued in book form after nearly 20 years, former *New Yorker* writer **GEORGE W. S. TROW'S** eerily prescient essay *Within the Context of No Context* (Atlantic Monthly Press) picks clean the bones of 20th-century American culture. A proper English barrister's small-village life is disrupted when his Communist brother returns home in **ROBERT McCRUM'S** *Suspicion* (Norton). From the painter's early obsession with grids and dots to his more representational work, art critic **JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR** provides a mid-career report card on *Bill Jacklin* (Phaidon). Finally they've loosened their grubby little jeweled fingers, and now all the world can relish **EDWARD STEICHEN'S** portraits from 1898 through the 1940s in *Edward Steichen: The Collection of the Royal Photographic Society* (Charta).

Like poetry? Let us go then, you and I, to *Inventions of the March Hare* (Harcourt Brace), a cache of **T. S. ELIOT'S** never-before-published poems and bawdy verse such as "The Triumph of Bullshit" and "Sweeney Erect." Poet **JILL BIALOSKY** makes an impressive debut with *The End of Desire* (Knopf), works infused with despair and beauty recalling a childhood and adolescence marked by the death of her father.

This month's more amusing offerings include *The Letters of Nancy Mitford and Evelyn Waugh* (Houghton Mifflin), edited by **CHARLOTTE MOSLEY,** a glorious assemblage of maliciously witty missives in which Cyril Connolly, Graham Greene, and the Sitwells, among others (not to mention the Roman Catholic Church, anti-Semitism, and bad grammar), take it on the chin. From cavorting at a nudist colony known for its "pudding toss" to playing migrant fancy-fruit picker in Oregon, **DAVID SEDARIS** lets it all hang out in *Naked* (Little, Brown). *Pass the Butterworms* (Villard) is smart-ass travel writer **TIM CAHILL'S** recollection of his journeys to remote places and spaces of consciousness. Visionary superstar filmmaker **JACK SMITH'S** camp writings and rantings are collected in *Wait for Me at the Bottom of the Pool* (High Risk), edited by **J. HOBERMAN** and **ED LEFFINGWELL;** as Smith would say, God must want to be shocked. Speaking of God (hit it, Zarathustra), billions and billions of millennium fearers will finally, it is hoped, experience some kind of closure when sci-fi monolith **ARTHUR C. CLARKE** beams down *3001: The Final Odyssey* (Ballantine), the last installment, which will reveal all. Typeheads and fact checkers, salute your new prince, **PER MOLLERUP,** for compiling *Marks of Excellence* (Phaidon), the first-ever comprehensive taxonomy of trademarks such as name marks, abbreviations, and picture marks. Now, that's Hot Type™!

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

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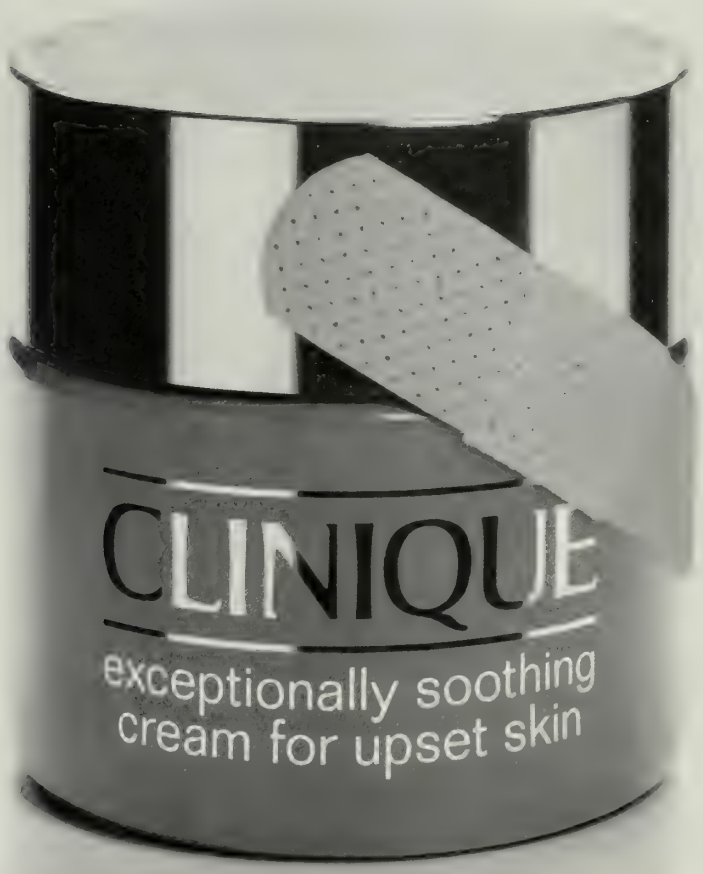

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Pulp Friction

Jarvis Cocker: a *Different Class* of Britpop

After his playful upstaging of Michael Jackson at the 1996 Brit Awards (and his subsequent arrest), the media crowned Pulp lead singer Jarvis Cocker a misfit folk hero. But with the band's 1995 album, *Different Class,* going quadruple platinum in the U.K., GEORGE WAYNE discovers, Cocker is not about to change his tune.

George Wayne: *Pulp's last album,* Different Class, *was all about sex, wasn't it, Mr. Cocker?*

Jarvis Cocker: Well, people ask me when I'm going to stop writing about sex and start writing about something else.

G.W. *No, darling, keep writing about sex. Please!*

J.C. I find sex very interesting. And I find, usually, it is written about in quite a bad way. I'm interested in trying to write about it in a realistic way.

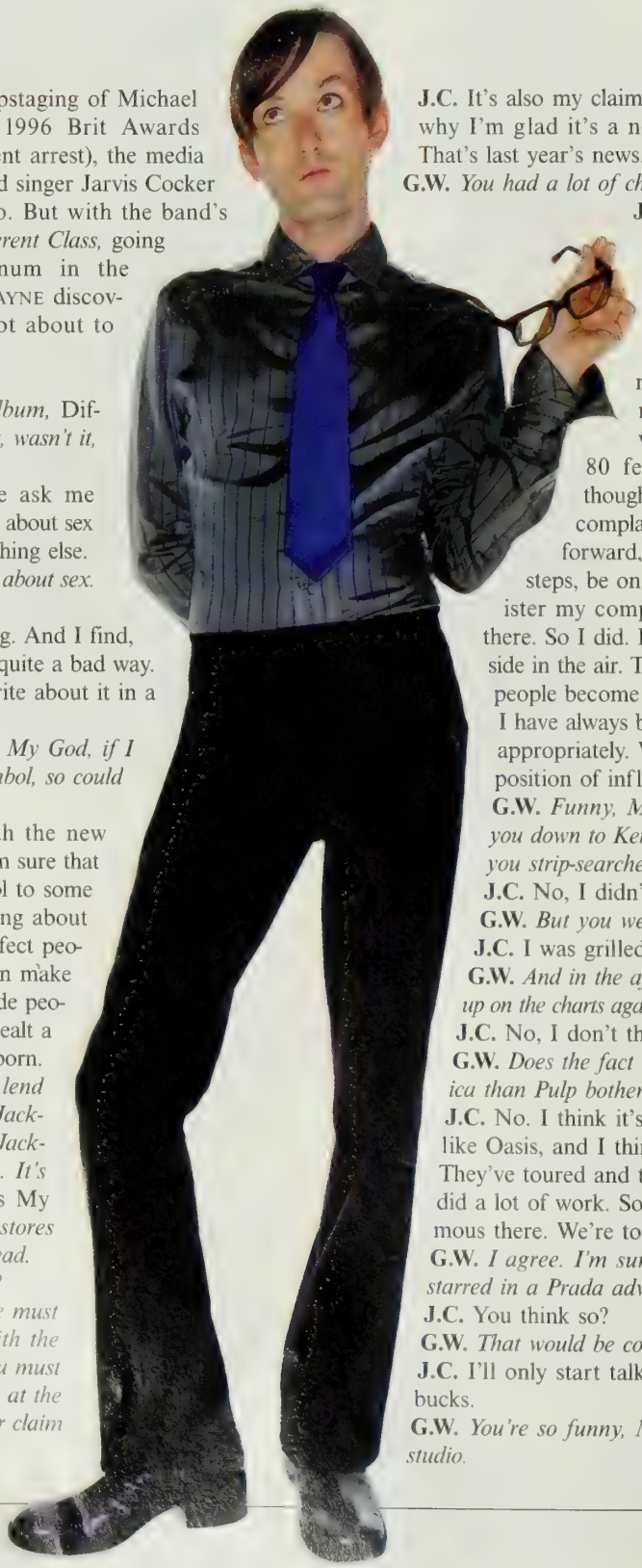
G.W. *Have you ever thought, My God, if I could be considered a sex symbol, so could Quasimodo?*

J.C. Oh yeah. But now with the new *Hunchback of Notre Dame,* I'm sure that he is some kind of sex symbol to some six-year-old girl. That's a thing about our group. It's not about perfect people. It's about people who can make themselves attractive. Self-made people who may not have been dealt a perfect hand when they were born.

G.W. *I have a great book to lend you in light of your Michael Jackson encounter. It's about Mr. Jackson's presumed teenage love. It's called* Michael Jackson Was My Lover. *It's sold in select bookstores here. It's quite a fascinating read.*

J.C. Do you reckon it's true?

G.W. *Of course I do. Now, we must talk about your encounter with the Cretin of Pop, Mr. Cocker. You must talk about that infamous night at the Brit Awards. After all, it's your claim to fame in this country.*



J.C. It's also my claim to fame in England. That's why I'm glad it's a new year, so now I can say, That's last year's news.

G.W. *You had a lot of champagne to drink and . . .*

J.C. Not as much as the supposedly responsible heads of record companies who sat around me. The atmosphere in the whole room went strange at [Jackson's] messianic self-aggrandizement. I suddenly realized we were at this table which was 80 feet from the stage. And I thought, Instead of just sitting here complaining, I could stand up, walk forward, and, in a matter of 20 or 30 steps, be on that stage. And I could register my complaint instead of just sitting there. So I did. I just kind of stuck my backside in the air. The main thing I hate is when people become famous and go really bland. I have always been into people behaving inappropriately. What's the point of having a position of influence if you can't abuse it?

G.W. *Funny, Mr. Cocker. Didn't they take you down to Kensington Police Station? Were you strip-searched?*

J.C. No, I didn't have to take anything off.

G.W. *But you were grilled to the max!*

J.C. I was grilled. Yes, I was grilled.

G.W. *And in the aftermath the Pulp album shot up on the charts again. Talk about a publicity stunt.*

J.C. No, I don't think that was my motive.

G.W. *Does the fact that Oasis is bigger in America than Pulp bother you?*

J.C. No. I think it's perfectly understandable. I like Oasis, and I think they deserve the success. They've toured and toured in America, and they did a lot of work. So they deserve to become famous there. We're too lazy, we're too effete.

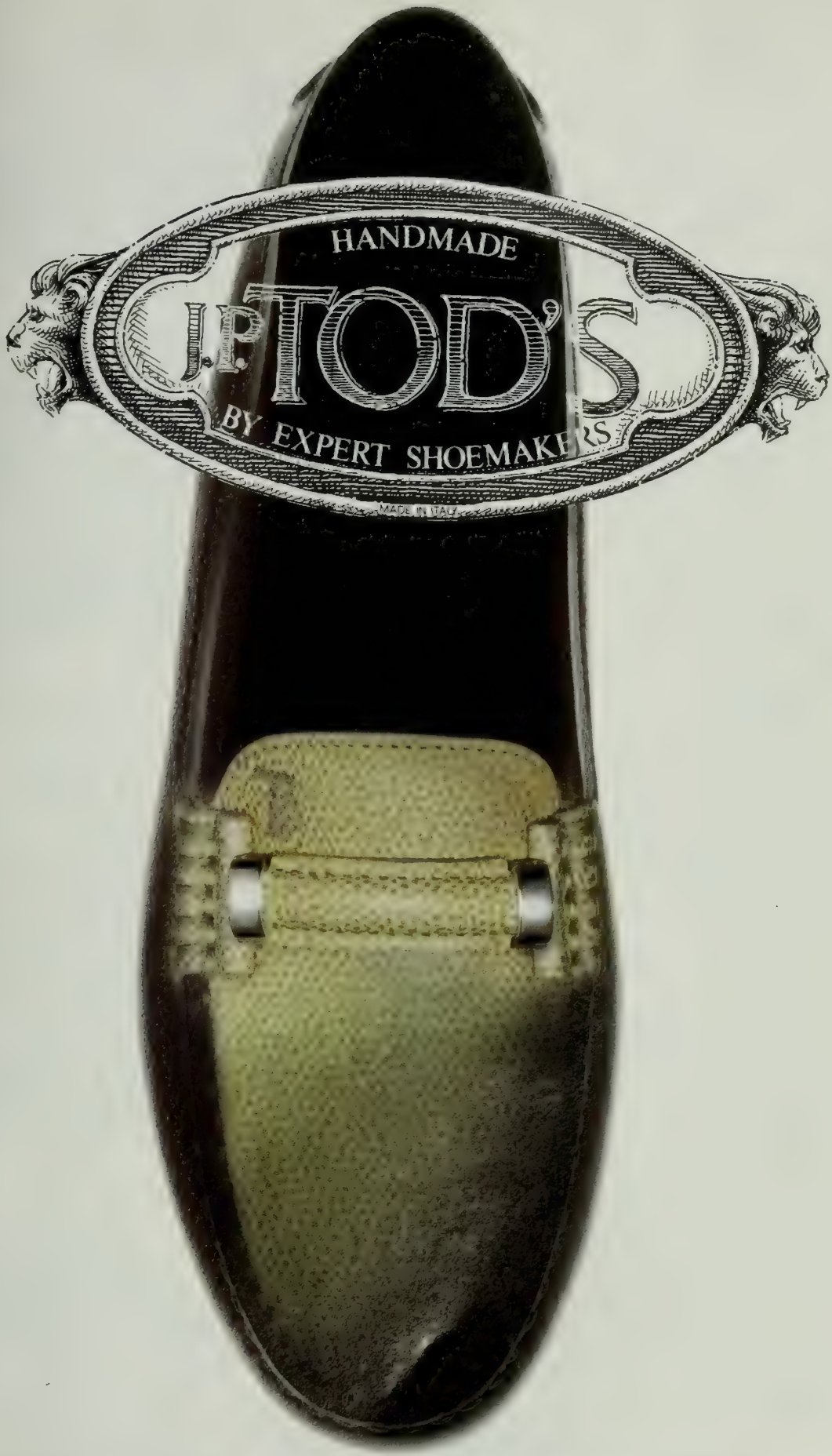
G.W. *I agree. I'm surprised Jarvis Cocker hasn't starred in a Prada advertising campaign yet.*

J.C. You think so?

G.W. *That would be cool for you.*

J.C. I'll only start talking at a million and a half bucks.

G.W. *You're so funny, Mr. Cocker! Get back to the studio.*



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Divine Intervention

Divine and conquer: Neil Hannon of the Divine Comedy.

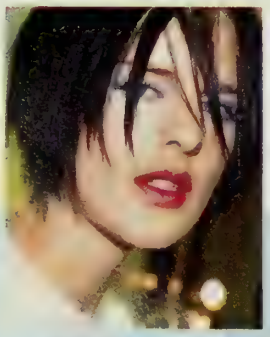
Every boom in British rock music is accompanied by at least one group that makes a point of pitching its songs at a more sophisticated audience. In the 60s the Beatles spawned the ironic genius of Ray Davies and the Kinks, and now, in the slipstream of bands such as Oasis and Blur, comes Neil Hannon, a brilliantly sardonic Ulsterman whose third album, *Casanova*, suddenly took off in the second half of last year.

Hannon, 26, who leads the Divine Comedy, is by no means an obvious candidate for rock stardom. He is an odd combination of confident dandy and tentative adolescent. He admits to being socially inept, but at the same time his lyrics in songs such as "The Frog Princess" and "Something for the Weekend" have a knowing quality which falls somewhere between Noël Coward and Jarvis Cocker. They are among the finest being written in Britain at the moment, and yet he has no qualms about borrowing from literature. On his first album, *Liberation*, he appropriated a poem by Wordsworth in the song "Lucy"; another song was inspired by a Fitzgerald short story. On one level his work dwells on the usual theme of disappointed love, but there is an uncomfortable edge to it which is best represented by "Something for the Weekend." The title of the song comes from the traditional code of British barbers, who discreetly sold condoms with the phrase "Something for the weekend, sir?" The whole tone of *Casanova* must baffle Hannon's father, who is Bishop of Clogher, in Northern Ireland. "He's tried his darnedest to understand where I am coming from," says Hannon, who nearly flunked out of school and turned to music only in order to avoid work. The success of *Casanova* means that for some time yet Hannon will be working harder than he had ever planned.

—HENRY PORTER

Night-Table Reading

A. R. Gurney,
playwright:
Conquest: Montezuma, Cortés, and the Fall of Old Mexico,
by Hugh Thomas (Touchstone).
"My son George recommended this as a 'neat' combination of history, adventure, and drama, and he was right."

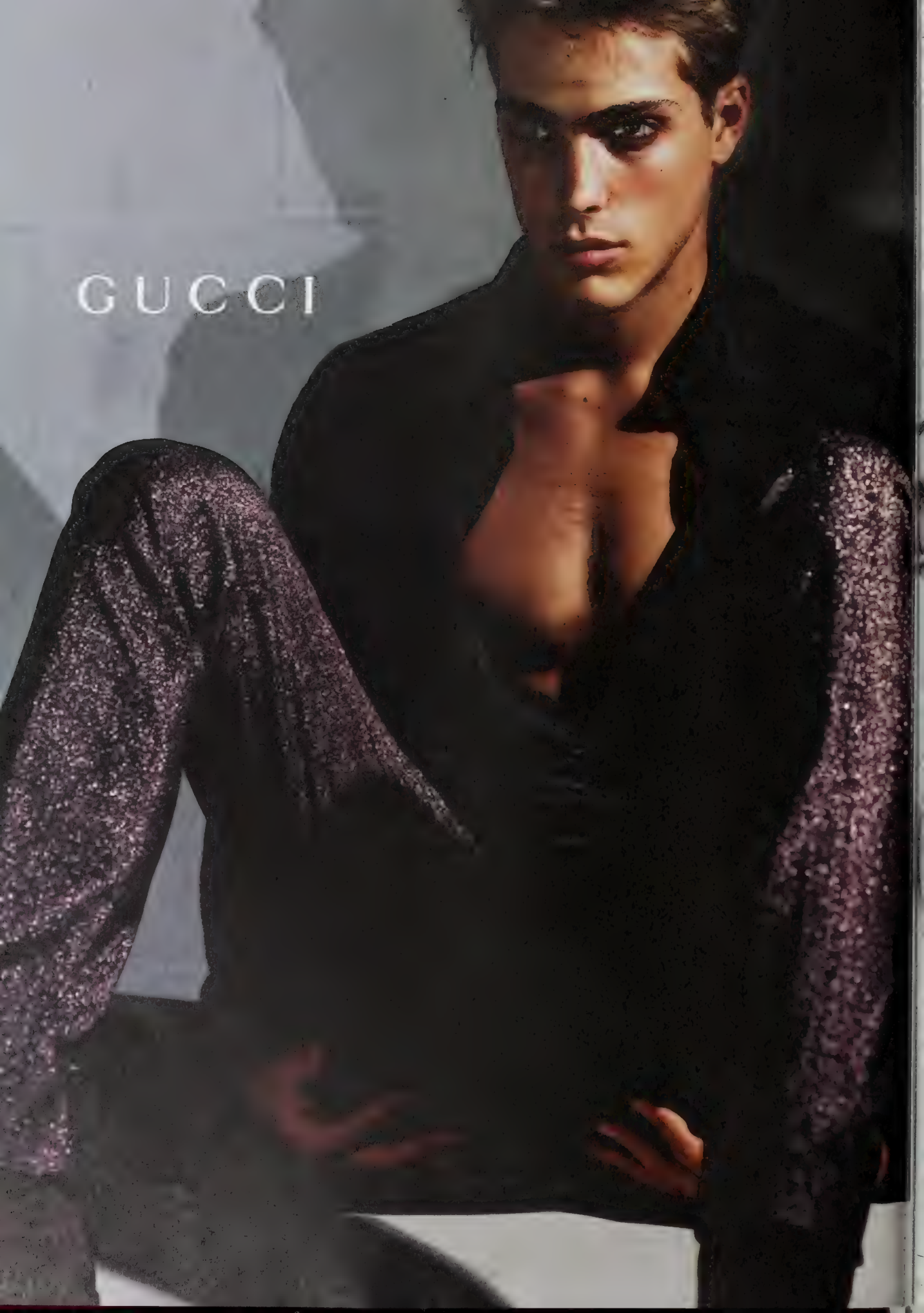


Stella Tennant,
model:
The Heart of the Matter,
by Graham Greene (Penguin).
"One of the most elegant and accomplished stories."

Patrick McCarthy,
executive editor of W:
The Sun at Midday,
by Gini Alhadeff (Pantheon).
"The riveting story of a Catholic woman rediscovering her Sephardic roots. It's one of the most touching books I've read in a long time—even if the author is a friend of mine."

Nick Hornby,
author:
Radio On: A Listener's Diary,
by Sarah Vowell (St. Martin's).
"A sparky, ferociously intelligent examination of a medium that people forget about from one of the most promising young journalists I've come across recently."

GUCCI


GUCCI

London Calling

60s London vs. 90s London

In 1967 the writer Anthony Haden-Guest likened London to "Rome before the fall, Hollywood before the Hays Office," and, er, "a Cecil B. de Mille Babylonian freakout." But with historical hindsight we can conclude that Swinging London most closely resembles its 90s successor, the unwieldily monikered Swinging London Mark II.

PEOPLE

Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull = Liam Gallagher and Patsy Kensit

Twiggy = Kate Moss

Harold Wilson = Tony Blair

David Hockney = Damien Hirst

Peter Sellers = Steve Coogan

Morecambe & Wise = Reeves & Mortimer

Terence Stamp = Ewan McGregor

Michael Caine = Tim Roth

The Krays = The Adamses

Lulu = Björk

George Best = Gazza

Peter Hall = Nicholas Hytner

Mr. Fish = Paul Smith

Andrew Loog Oldham = Alan McGee

Queen Mother = Vivienne Westwood

Princess Margaret = Tara Palmer-Tomkinson

Julie Christie = Kristin Scott Thomas

David Bailey = Nick Knight

Kingsley Amis = Martin Amis

American toast of the town Jimi Hendrix = American toast of the town Ruby Wax

Terence Conran = Terence Conran

PLACES

Liverpool = Manchester

Chelsea = Camden

Carnaby Street = Floral Street

Biba = Harvey Nichols

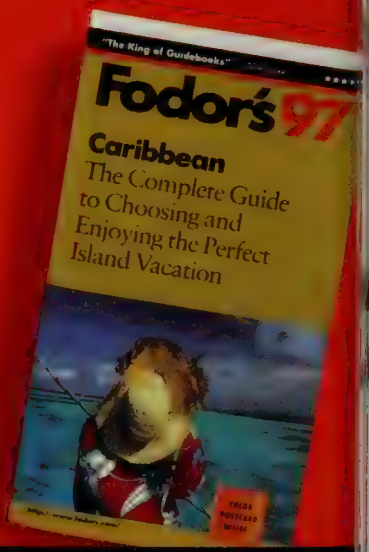
Granny Takes a Trip = Agent Provocateur

The Establishment = The Groucho Club

(CONTINUED ON PAGE [illegible])

page 74, *Fodor's Gold Guide Caribbean*

"**Boonoonoonoos**. The name—say it just as it looks!—means extraordinary, . . . The **Jamaican** jerk ribs (a 300-year-old recipe) are tiny but spicy, and the satin-smooth hot pumpkin soup drizzled with cheese and served in a pumpkin shell may as well be dessert."



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London Calling

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE [illegible])

DEFINING MOMENTS

John Lennon's declaring that the Beatles are bigger than Jesus = Jarvis Cocker's declaring that Michael Jackson isn't Jesus

Profumo affair = John Major's bungling of the mad-cow-disease panic

The car-crash death of aristocratic playboy Tara Browne, which inspired "A Day in the Life" = The helicopter-crash death of Chelsea Football Club vice-chairman Matthew Harding, which inspired a public statement from Damon Albarn

The drowning of Brian Jones = The breakup of Take That

Kenneth Tynan's saying "fuck" on the BBC = Liam Gallagher's refusing to sing for Oasis's *Unplugged* special on MTV

John Lennon's taking a break from the Beatles to play a soldier in Richard Lester's *How I Won the War* = Damon Albarn's taking a break from Blur to play a crook in Antonia Bird's *Face*

East Enders' taking society by storm = *EastEnders'* taking TV ratings by storm

The investiture of Prince Charles as the Prince of Wales = The divorce of the Prince and Princess of Wales

ETC.

Unabashed sexuality = Unabashed patriotism

Opening a boutique on the King's Road = Buying a National Lottery ticket

Scooters = Mobile phones

Spiritual pilgrimage to Rishikesh = Shopping pilgrimage to New York

"Gear!" = "Sorted!"

Minis = Virgin Atlantic Airways Premium Economy

Chelsea boots = Patrick Cox Wannabes

Ossie Clark's chiffon dresses = Alexander McQueen's bumsters

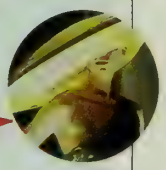
Purple = Black

Vidal Sassoon haircut = Philip Treacy hat

Merseybeat = Britpop

Uppers = Coke

LSD = E



Oz = *Loaded*

Ready Steady Go! = *TFI Friday*

That Was the Week That Was = *Have I Got News for You?*

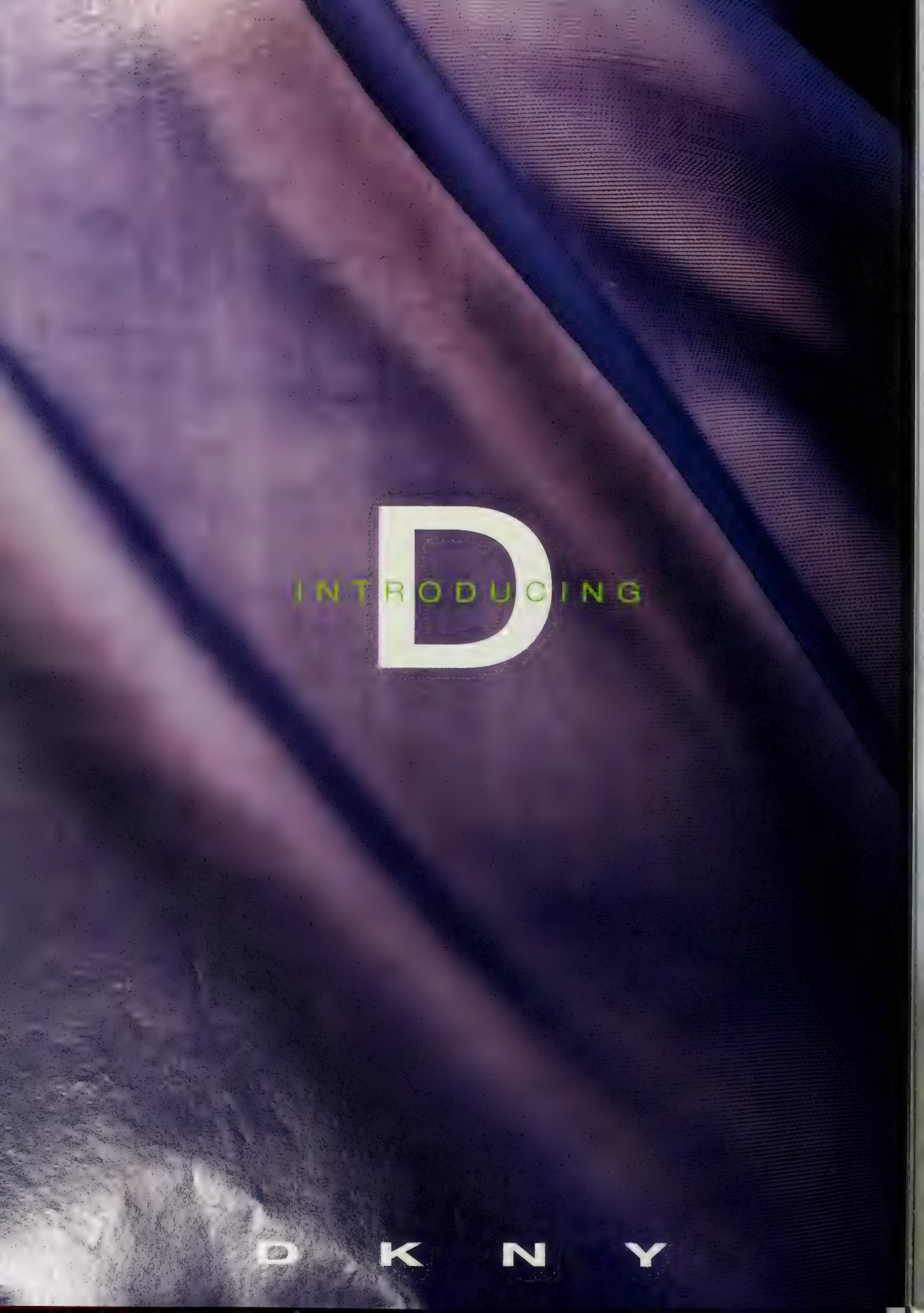
Blow-Up = *Trainspotting*

Mods versus Rockers = Tory moderates versus Euroskeptics

Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's* album cover, designed by Peter Blake = Blur's "Country House" video, directed by Damien Hirst

Baffling obsession with Victoriana = Baffling obsession with Swinging London

Time's "London: The Swinging City" precipitates the beginning of a glorious era = *Vanity Fair*'s "London Swings! Again!" precipitates the end of a glorious era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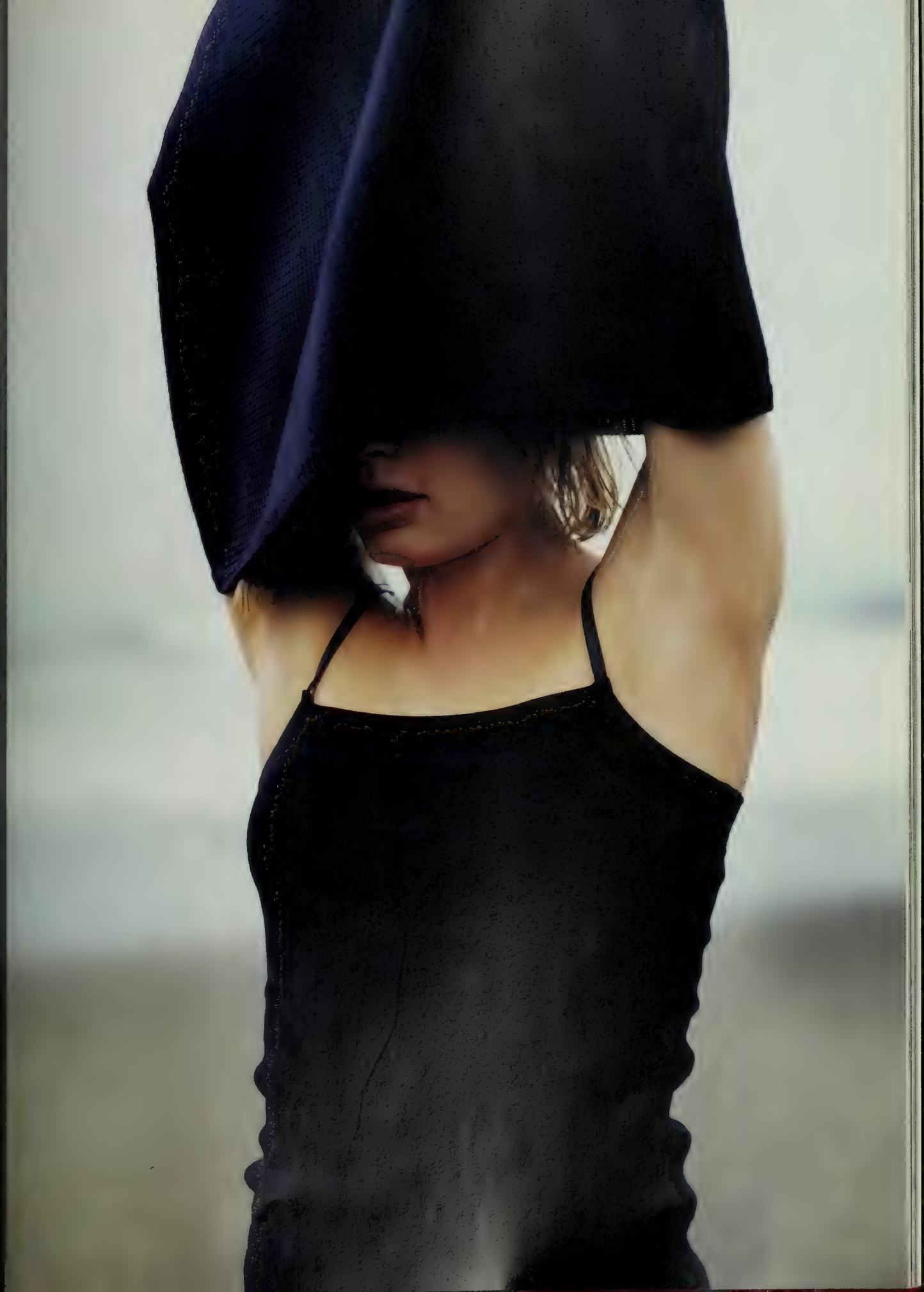

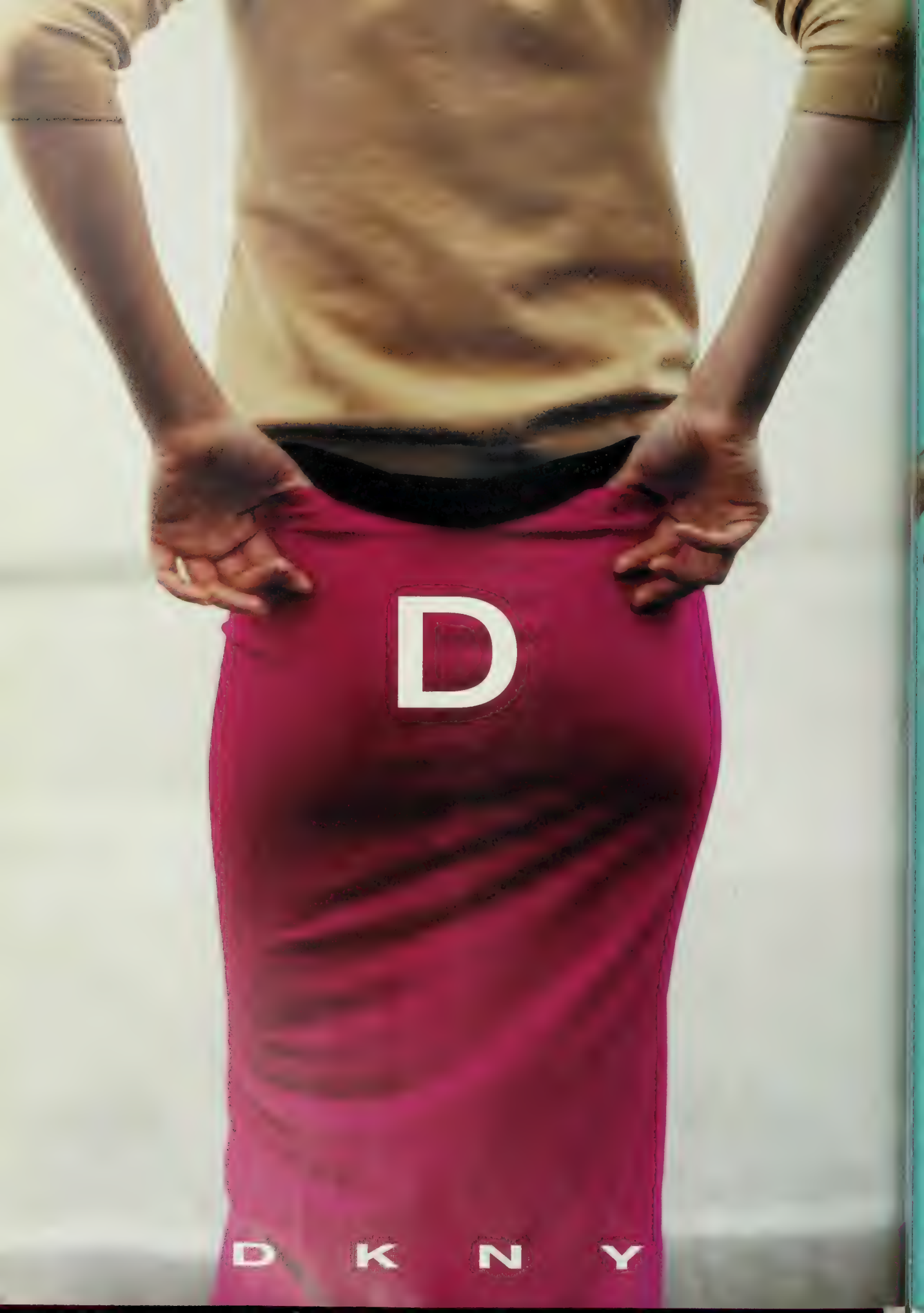
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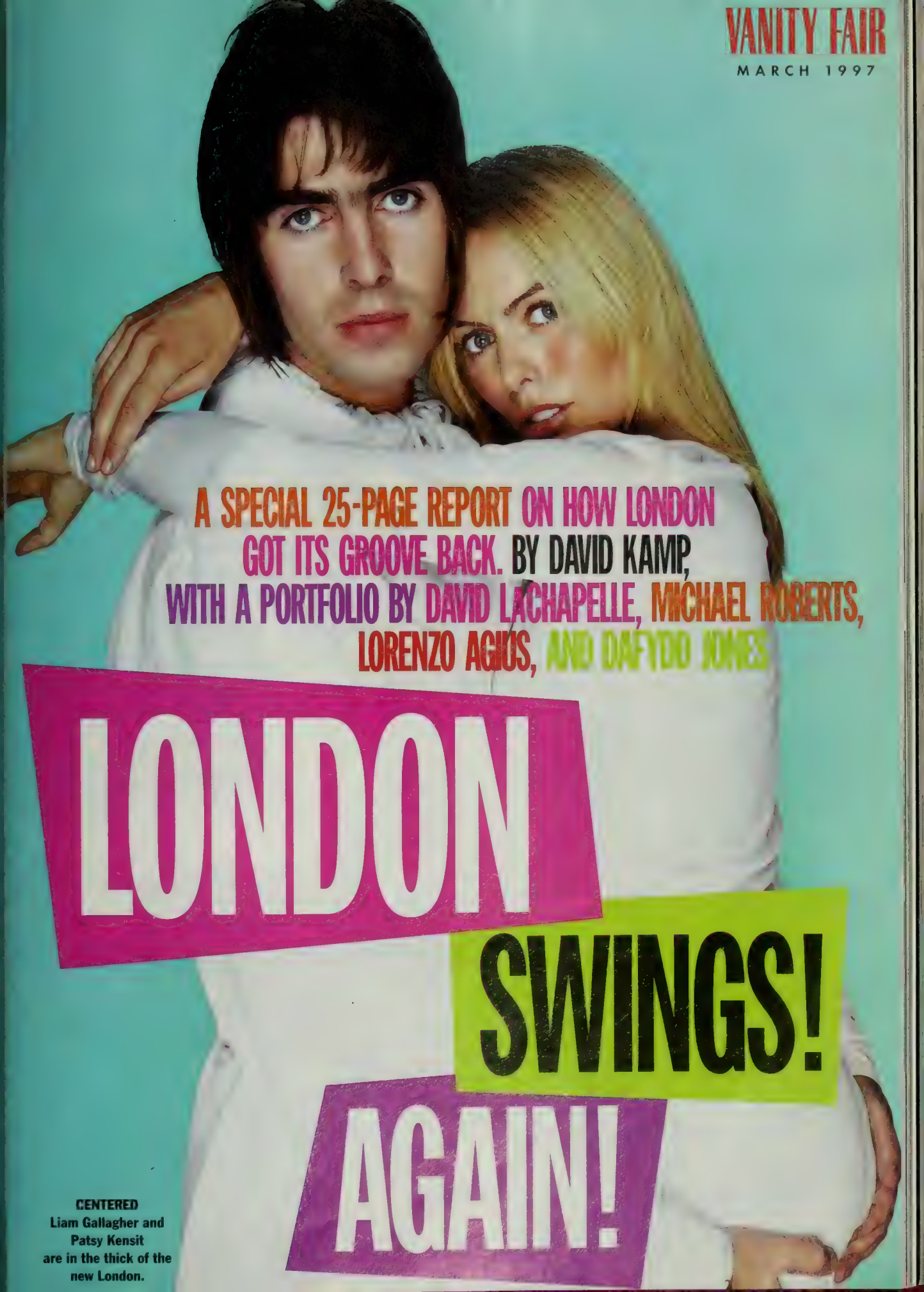
MARCH 1997



A SPECIAL 25-PAGE REPORT ON HOW LONDON GOT ITS GROOVE BACK. BY DAVID KAMP, WITH A PORTFOLIO BY DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL ROBERTS, LORENZO AGIUS, AND DAFYDD JONES

LONDON SWINGS! AGAIN!

CENTERED
Liam Gallagher and Patsy Kensit are in the thick of the new London.

THE COUPLE

PATSY KENSIT, 28, and LIAM GALLAGHER, 24.

Photographed by Lorenzo Agius at Glasshouse Studio, Shoreditch, London, November 12, 1996.

The Mick and Marianne for our time. He is the lead singer of Oasis, Britain's most beloved band since the Beatles; last summer they played before 250,000 fans over two days in Knebworth. She has been [illegible] since the age of 17, when she starred in Julien Temple's notorious musical flop, *Absolute Beginners;* more recently she appeared in *Birds & Insects* and *Grace of My Heart*. Both come from rough-hewn backgrounds. Liam was raised in a single-parent home in Manchester. Patsy's brother's godfather was notorious London gangster Reggie Kray.

"She's electric, she's in a family full of eccentrics."
—Liam Gallagher, singing his brother Noel's words in "She's Electric," from Oasis's second album *(What's the Story) Morning Glory?*

AS IT WAS IN THE MID-60S, THE BRITISH CAPITAL IS A CULTURAL TRAILBLAZER, TEEMING WITH NEW AND YOUTHFUL ICONS OF ART, POP MUSIC, FASHION, FOOD, AND FILM. EVEN ITS POLITICIANS ARE COOL. OR, WELL, COOLISH

Flicker . . . whirrr . . . Move it along, Granddad, you're getting in the way of The Scene! The London Scene, that is! From Soho to Notting Hill, from Camberwell to Camden Town, the capital city of Dear Old Blighty pulses anew with the good vibrations of an epic-scale youthquake! Outside the prestigious Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly, flashbulbs pop and mouths fall agape as 29-year-old guitarist and songwriter Noel Gallagher exits an awards ceremony at which his beat combo, chart-topping sensations Oasis, has just won the title Best Act in the World Today. Even louder squeals of adulation follow the emergence of Noel's baby brother, vocalist Liam. Sorry, girls—he's taken! On the handsome singer's arm is fiancée and internationally acclaimed film actress Patsy Kensit, with whom 24-year-old Liam shares a home in St. John's Wood. Could there be a brood of Absolute Beginners on the way? Some might say!

Westward ho to Notting Hill's famous Portobello Road, where amidst the antiques shops and bohemian cafés we're welcomed indoors by funnyman Richard Curtis, M.B.E., author of Britain's most successful film to date, Four Weddings and a Funeral. *"Mind your head!" says Richard as he shows us round his latest towering achievement: the Portobello Studios, an urban artists' colony that he and some mates have set up where before stood a moribund housing trust!*

A few blocks away toils young Stella McCartney, whose fitted frock coats and smart suits betray an intimate knowledge of the time-honoured techniques of London's venerable Savile Row. Pretty Stella has no trouble finding artistic inspiration—Mum's a photographer, and Dad's a Beatle!

Onward to Soho, where inside the newly refurbished restaurant Quo Vadis the artist Damien Hirst supervises the installation of paintings and sculpture from his personal collection, including two of his own bull's heads in formaldehyde. Cheers, Damien—just make sure ours is served well-done!

Along we go to Hoxton Square in, er, Shoreditch—You're sure this is the right address, driver?—where we come upon 27-year-old Alexander McQueen, yesterday the provocative enfant terrible *of London fashion, today the couturier to ladies who lunch and Argentineans with means, thanks to his new appointment as the chief designer for the French House of Givenchy! Not bad for the son of an East End cabbie!*

If it's midnight, it must be time for the Heavenly Social in Clerkenwell, where we join Darren Emerson, one-third of the techno hit-makers Underworld, in the D.J. booth as he spins a beguiling cocktail of bass and treble for the appreciative youths on the dance floor below!

After a good night's sleep and a shave at Trumper's—Leave our sideboards longish, Carlo!—our tour concludes at Westminster, where Parliament is undergoing a youthquake of its own! Say hello to shirtsleeved, smiling Tony Blair, the leader of the ascendant Labour Party. The Right Honourable Tony is just 43 years old and has an outlook to match. "The hope that change will bring," he says, "is outweighing the fear of change."

Well-chosen words indeed. Change is in the air in London, and the kids, as their idol Liam is wont to say, are mad for it! [Brass fanfare, end credits.]

Well, why not? Contemporary London deserves its own chirpy Pathé newsreel, for any mental images we have of a "swinging" London, of a city in glorious thrall to a thriving youth culture, are indelibly 60s ones: dolly birds in miniskirts; Paul McCartney walking out with Jane Asher; the designer Mary Quant and her geometric Vidal Sassoon haircut; Terence Stamp hand in hand with Jean Shrimpton; the photographer David Bailey in his canary-yellow Rolls-Royce; the actor David Hemmings pretending to be David Bailey in Antonioni's *Blow-Up*. But suddenly a whole new set of tableaux has arisen, and London finds itself cast once again as the Futura 2000 of cities, the place to which we must all look to learn how to act, think, and dress.

There are empirical reasons for this. The three-year-old National Lottery has pumped considerable money into the

arts; the new Eurostar trains are spiriting money-spending, culture-consuming Continentals through the Channel Tunnel; the relaxation of London's licensing laws means that the barman no longer necessarily says, "Time, gentlemen, please," at 11. And Great Britain is the first of the major European Union countries to emerge fully from the recession of the early 90s, its growth rate being the E.U.'s highest, its unemployment rate among the lowest. But what truly speeds the city along is a confluence of random, mutually beneficial circumstances that have simultaneously transformed London into the seat of a thriving indigenous film industry, the nerve center of pop music's most cohesive scene since the Pacific Northwest grunge explosion of 1991, and a center of gastronomy and fashion that outclasses Paris.

That the phenomenon of Swinging London Mark II has arisen against the backdrop of Britain's most important political contest in years has not been lost on the Conservative and Labour Parties. Prime Minister John Major must call an election by May, and the campaign season has seen extraordinary attempts to exploit what has come to be known as "the feel-good factor." Tony Blair's Labour Party has clung chiggerlike to the sympathetic statements of Noel Gallagher of Oasis and his putative rival, Damon Albarn of Blur, and has even pondered arranging a "summit" photo in which the pop stars would pose above the caption "The only thing they hate more than each other is the Tories."

Even more extraordinarily, John Major—gray-flannel, beans-on-toast John Major!—concluded his speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall last November by ticking off the ways in which British culture rules the world, quoting *Newsweek*'s recent assertion that London is "the coolest city on the planet," and further mentioning that "our country has taken over the fashion catwalks of Paris." On the latter point the prime minister had obviously been briefed about Alexander McQueen's ascension to the Givenchy post, a position that became available when John Galliano, another Briton, moved to Christian Dior.

"Did he say that?" says McQueen. "Ah, fucking plank! I'm not one of his own! He didn't get me there, the fucker! Fuck him! So fucking typical of government! They do nothing to help you when you're trying to do something, then take credit when you're a success! Fuck off!"

Karl Marx's bed sits covered in dust and construction debris, and the poster on the wall that says it was in this very space that he wrote *Das Kapital* is peeling down. Nearby, workmen hasten to transform the room into what the proprietor says will be a "private cocktail bar with Russian iconography." What could be a bigger up-yours to Communism than that?

LABOUR PONDERS A PHOTO WITH NOEL GALLAGHER OF OASIS AND DAMON ALBARN OF BLUR POSING ABOVE THE CAPTION "THE ONLY THING THEY HATE MORE THAN EACH OTHER IS THE TORIES."

The proprietor is a young man named Jonathan Kennedy, one-third of a partnership that is remodeling Quo Vadis, the venerable Italian restaurant on Dean Street in Soho, Central London. Quo Vadis is being "curated" by Damien Hirst, meaning that the night-crawling, cow-sawing young artist has donated 53 items from his personal art collection to the restaurant, and in addition has painted multicolored spots directly onto the mirrors in front of and behind the bar. The executive chef is Marco Pierre White, whose eponymous restaurant at the Hyde Park Hotel was London's first to get three Michelin stars. Kennedy, a P.R. man making his first excursion into the restaurant business, shows me around the massive, four-floor space, telling me how this part here is going to be the lounge, that part there is where Marco's state-of-the-art £250,000 kitchen will be, this part here will seat 110 covers, et cetera.

The moment is curiously evocative of one I experienced a few days earlier with Oliver Peyton, the 34-year-old owner of Coast, a stylish Mayfair restaurant. "It's going to be bits of Dean & Deluca, bits of E.A.T. in New York, bits of a Jewish deli," he said, walking me through the vacant ground floor of the shuttered Regent Palace Hotel, which sits atop another restaurant he owns, the subterranean Atlantic Bar & Grill. Peyton was describing Slipstream, which he plans to open in May: "We're going to bake our own bagels—we've got people from the East End—and we'll have char-grilled sandwiches. There'll be take-away and eat-in, a wood-burning pizza oven, 300 seating capacity, open 24 hours . . . "

This is what it's like in London now. Everywhere you go, some young sharpie with friends in the art world and a rack of Paul Smith suits has *plans*. Every rotting wharf, every disused factory, every seedy locale where Ronnie Kray once nailed someone's head to the floor, is a restaurant or arts complex waiting to happen. And because London has a long-standing tradition of fine design and good art schools—among them St. Martin's College of Art, the Royal College of Art, and Goldsmiths'—these new edifices, unlike those that sprang up in America during the Reagan boom, are actually tasteful.

Every young entrepreneur, in other words, is turning into Terence Conran. Conran (actually "Sir Terence" since he was knighted in 1983) is the housewares-store magnate and restaurateur who established the precedent in 1964 when he opened his first Habitat shop, on Fulham Road in South Kensington, then an area with little pedestrian traffic. His vision of affordable, tasteful home de-

THE BLUEBLOOD BEAUTIES

IRIS PALMER, HONOR FRASER, JODIE KIDD, and JASMINE GUINNESS.

Photographed by David LaChapelle at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire, December 5, 1996.

All four are models born to aristocratic families. Palmer, 19, is the great-granddaughter of Pamela, Lady Glenconner, who is one of the three sisters in John Singer Sargent's portrait *The Wyndham Sisters*. Fraser, 22, is of the Lovat Frasers, one of Scotland's [illegible] clans. Kidd, 18, is a granddaughter of Lord [illegible]. Guinness, 20, is not only a scion of the famous Anglo-Irish [illegible] but also the granddaughter of a famous [illegible] and the [illegible] of this [illegible]

SAVILE ROW W1

THE TAILORS

OZWALD BOATENG is seated atop the mailbox. Flanking him are RICHARD JAMES and TIMOTHY EVEREST. Surrounding them are models wearing the three tailors' creations.

Photographed by Michael Roberts on Savile Row, London, November 15, 1996.

Not so much tailors as designers who can actually stitch and sew, Boateng, James, and Everest are a new breed of Savile Row clothier. Boateng, 30, the youngest person ever to open his own shop there, applies traditional bespoke techniques to boldly colored fabrics—a synergy of his unabashed Anglophilia and his Ghanaian heritage. Everest, 34, has seen demand for his three-button gray suits (sold from his Spitalfields shop) skyrocket ever since Tom Cruise wore them in *Mission: Impossible*. James, 44, makes windowpane suits whose panes are actually big enough for birds to fly through. He also made the suit Liam Gallagher wore for his infamous beer-spewing performance at last September's MTV awards in New York.

sign dovetailed nicely with the emergence of a postwar, post-rationing British middle class. At 65, Conran is himself a triumph of tasteful design: handsome, portly, smiling creases for eyes, minimalist dark-suit-no-tie ensemble. And he's still at it. "We've got the Bluebird Garage, at a pivotal location on the King's Road," he says. "It's a 50,000-square-foot garage built in 1923, at the time the most modern garage in the world. It was connected to the driver Malcolm Campbell, who broke the world speed record in the late 20s." The Bluebird Garage will open in May as a "Gastrodrome" consisting of an outdoor market, restaurant, café, kitchenware shop, and archive of Campbell memorabilia. Also on Conran's agenda are a new restaurant in the heart of the City, London's financial district, and a scheme to colonize North London, heretofore un-Conranized. "The extraordinary thing about London," he says, "is it divides in two, north and south, and the people of one want nothing to do with the other."

Four years ago, as the recession was first abating, Conran opened Quaglino's, an audaciously designed restaurant with a then unheard-of 450-seat capacity. "It undoubtedly was a departure, and I had butterflies," he says. "But the fact that we were absolutely packed from day one made me think, Wow!" Quaglino's was hardly the first decent joint to open in London—right near it, for example, are the Ivy and Le Caprice—but the immediacy and scale of its success signaled that something was up: a middle class existed, and it was willing to spend its money. Now such boffo openings are commonplace. Customers are flocking to the six-month-old, spectacularly located Oxo Tower restaurant, operated by the Knightsbridge department store Harvey Nichols on the south bank of the Thames, even though the food isn't any good. Other newish places are more deservingly difficult to get into, such as the Sugar Club in Notting Hill, the River Café in Hammersmith, and Aubergine in Chelsea.

Of the emergence of a dining-out culture was all London had going for it, then no one would be dusting off the word "swinging." But virtually every aspect of the city's culture has experienced a defining moment of revival akin to the one Conran describes. I asked some prominent figures to pinpoint these occasions in their own fields.

Nicholas Serota, the director of the Tate Gallery: "Damien Hirst and some other young artists from Goldsmiths' curated their own show in 1988 called 'Freeze.' Many people perceived it as the coming of a new generation of artists born in the 1960s. But I think one thing that's really made a difference is the Turner Prize for art. The Turner Prize has been in existence since 1984, but in 1991 the rubric was changed so that only artists aged 50 and under could win. Suddenly the Turner Prize had a cachet like the Booker Prize in literature."

David Aukin, the head of Film on Four, the filmmaking arm of Channel Four, producers of such films as *Secrets and Lies, Trainspotting, The Madness of King George, Four Weddings and a Funeral,* and *The Crying Game:* "The film that really changed things was *Shallow Grave*"—the violent, Edinburgh-set 1994 thriller by the young writing-producing-directing team of John Hodge, Andrew Macdonald, and Danny Boyle, who would go on to make *Trainspotting.* "It hit a nerve. You sensed a new generation coming to the fore. There was a real division, a real generation gap, over it—people under 40 loved it, and people over 40 hated it. It was also our first film to come out first in the U.K., recoup its investment, and *then* go on to other countries. *Shallow Grave* proved you can actually make films for a British audience and have the rest of the world become interested."

Nick Hornby, the 39-year-old author of *Fever Pitch,* the definitive memoir of obsessive soccer fandom: "From the late 70s onwards, the national English team started to attract a very unsavory group of people. It took a long time to get over that. But the 1990 World Cup changed things a lot. The national team did really well [making the semifinals], and the fans behaved, and there wasn't any real trouble. It was the first time I could remember in a long time where people felt proud to be English, and there was a sense of the nation stopping to watch games. And it's just gone on from there."

Alan McGee, the 36-year-old discoverer of Oasis and founder and head of Creation Records: "I think '94 was a pretty pivotal year. Blur came before Oasis. They sold a million records, then we came out and sold one and a half million records. The timing was absolutely right. Post-acid house, a lot of people were fed up with going to clubs and hearing techno and wanted to

THE ROYAL FAMILY

Photographed by Lorenzo Agius at Sir Terence Conran's offices, Butlers Wharf, London, December 19, 1996.

From right: SIR TERENCE CONRAN, 65, furniture designer, storekeeper, restaurateur, developer, relandscaper of London topography; JASPER CONRAN, 37, clothing designer; TOM CONRAN, 31, restaurateur; SOPHIE CONRAN, 30, mom, sometime interior decorator; SEBASTIAN CONRAN, 40, industrial designer, ex-roadie for the Clash.

Not pictured are Ned Conran, 24, artist, and the little-known sixth Conran child, Gummo, who left the troupe during the vaudeville days, but is still said to be the funniest.

"We're driven more than we are talented."
—Jasper Conran

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THE BOULEVARDIERS

KEITH ALLEN, DAMIEN HIRST, and ALEX JAMES.

Photographed by Lorenzo Agius at the Groucho Club, Soho, London, December 7, 1996.

The Groucho is the epicenter of young, affluent, pleased-with-itself London, and these three are among those you'll most often find ankle-deep in cigarette butts and spilled spirits at 2:35 A.M. Allen, 44, is a cult-figure actor best known for his convincing portrayals of thugs. (That was him as the naked stiff who set the plot in motion in *Shallow Grave*.) Hirst, 32, is the conceptual artist best known for suspending dead animals in tanks of formaldehyde. (That was him who won the Turner Prize in 1995.) James, 28, is a musician best known for being Blur's bassist. (That was him whom Noel Gallagher wished AIDS upon at the height of the Blur-Oasis rivalry.)

THE COOPERATIVE

Photographed by Michael Roberts at the Portobello Studios, Notting Hill, London, November 21, 1996.

Clockwise from top left: HENRIETTA CONRAD, London consultant for HBO; her half-brother, CONRAD ANDREWS, director of a television production company; JONATHAN SELF, book publisher; DANIEL WOLF, documentary filmmaker; GABBY DELLAL, producer; MIKE NEWELL, film director (*Four Weddings and a Funeral, Donnie Brasco*); EMMA FREUD, television personality; RICHARD CURTIS, film and television writer (*Blackadder, Mr. Bean, Four Weddings and a Funeral*), father of Emma Freud's child; MARIELLA FROSTRUP, television presenter and woman-about-town; ATALANTA GOULANDRIS, producer; SALLY BRAMPTON, novelist; ORLA BRADY, actress; SARAH WOLF, assistant to her father, Daniel; and EMMA HARDY, general manager of the Studios.

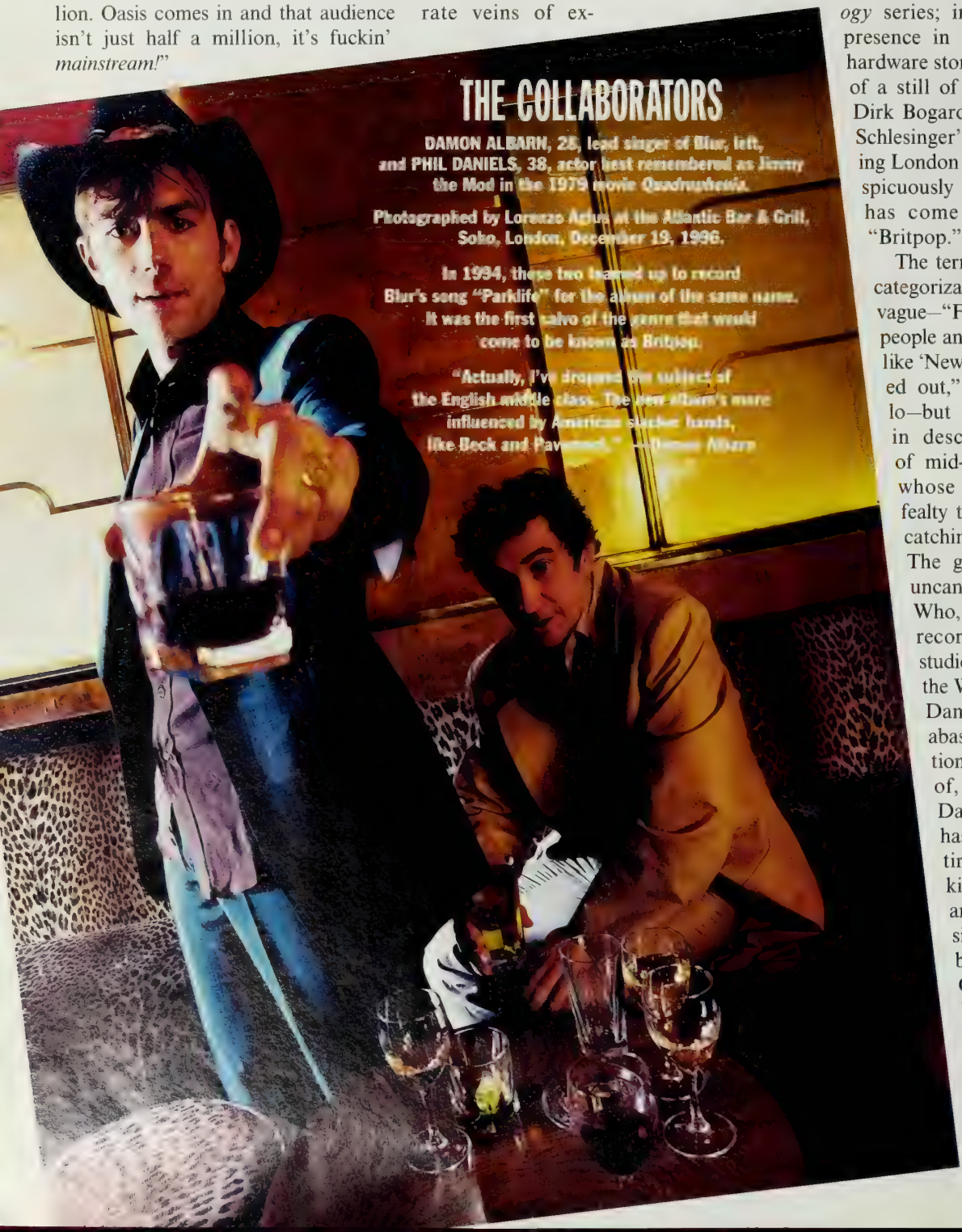
The Portobello Studios are offices fashioned from a Georgian terraced house by creative people who were sick of working in solitude. "At the beginning we had high socialist ideals, and we bought a lottery ticket together every week," says Richard Curtis. "That's fallen by the wayside."

go back to guitars. The British music renaissance, if you might call it that, started in the mid-80s with bands like the Smiths and the Jesus and Mary Chain. Pop was bullshit in the 80s. Spandau Ballet. Kajagoogoo. Simple Minds. Phil Collins. The Mary Chain [McGee's first signing to Creation] were one of the first real bands that said, 'Fuck you, we've got attitude.' It was maybe 100,000 or 200,000 kids that bought those records, and by the time you get to the Stone Roses in '89 that audience had grown to about half a million. Oasis comes in and that audience isn't just half a million, it's fuckin' *mainstream!*"

In April of 1966, *Time* magazine squeezed itself into a tight-fitting pair of John Stephen trousers, prowled the King's Road, and in a touching attempt at vernacular verisimilitude reported, "This spring, as never before in modern times, London is switched on. Ancient elegance and new opulence are all tangled up in a dazzling blur of op and pop. The city is alive with birds (girls) and beatles, buzzing with minicars and telly stars, pulsing with half a dozen separate veins of excitement." The story, a cover, was headlined LONDON: THE SWINGING CITY, and an era had its name.

There's more than a little self-conscious similarity between London's 60s and 90s, because Britons in their 20s and 30s—the current tastemaking generation—have studied their forebears well. You pick up hints of this everywhere—in the smart, slim cut of the mod suits sold in Squire, a new shop in Mayfair; in the renewed vogue for Vespa scooters; in the continuing excitement over the *Beatles Anthology* series; in the inexplicable presence in a Covent Garden hardware store's window display of a still of Julie Christie and Dirk Bogarde in *Darling,* John Schlesinger's landmark Swinging London film; and most conspicuously in the music that has come to be known as "Britpop."

The term, like any musical categorization, is agitatingly vague—"Flattering the worst people and insulting the best, like 'New Wave' when I started out," says Elvis Costello—but it remains helpful in describing the clutch of mid-90s guitar groups whose music displays a fealty to mid-60s ideals of catchiness and concision. The group Cast sounds uncannily like the early Who, and has taken to recording in the home studio of John Entwistle, the Who's bassist. Blur's Damon Albarn is unabashed in his admiration for, and emulation of, the Kinks' Ray Davies. Kula Shaker has constructed its entire sound upon the kind of Anglo-Indian fusion only occasionally delved into by George Harrison. Ocean Colour Scene has made grim, humorless virtue of its loyalty to the Small Faces. And, of course, Oasis sounds a lot like the Beatles.



I wasn't prepared for the wonder of it.

Wesley could spend hours at this very spot.

My best friend since grammar school.

I phoned him straight away in London.

Sure beats a bent postcard.

Two weeks late.

+

=

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THE PROVOCATEURS

ALEXANDER McQUEEN, left, torches the big castle of fashion conformity, abetted by his friend and muse, ISABELLA BLOW, and Blokey the Wonderhorse.

Photographed by David LaChapelle at Hedingham Castle, Essex, December 1, 1996.

McQueen, 27, a native of London's working-class East End, debuted his first couture collection for the House of Givenchy in January. Prior to that, he was the *enfant terrible* of British fashion, infamous for his gothically morbid runway shows and his "bumster" trousers, which ride halfway down the buttocks like a refrigerator repairman's, only glamorously. As a teenager he apprenticed at the Savile Row tailors Anderson & Sheppard, and chalked the words "McQueen was here" into the inside seam of a jacket destined for Prince Charles.

Blow, 38, is an aristocrat, stylist, and anointer of fashion talent. The milliner Philip Treacy and the photographer Juergen Teller are among her discoveries, and she purchased McQueen's entire graduation-show collection upon his departure from St. Martin's College of Art in 1992. She is seldom seen in public without [illegible]

Two albums into his career, Noel Gallagher's penchant for referencing the Beatles in Oasis's songs is already legend. The band's biggest hit, "Wonderwall," takes its title from an obscure Swinging London film whose original score was written by George Harrison, and contains a lyrical reference to *Backbeat,* Iain Softley's 1993 film about the Beatles' early days; "Morning Glory" alludes to "Tomorrow Never Knows"; "Up in the Sky" marries the sound of the Beatles' 1966 single "Paperback Writer" to that of its B-side, "Rain." The chorus vocals that conclude "She's Electric" are almost identical to those that end the Ringo vehicle "With a Little Help from My Friends," and the closing guitar flourish of "Don't Look Back in Anger" (whose title is yet another Brit-culture reference, to John Osborne's reputation-making 1956 play) comes straight off *Abbey Road.*

For his efforts, Noel, his brother Liam, and the rather more anonymous other three-fifths of Oasis have become Britain's biggest band since the Beatles. They're also the first British band to be honored as the Best Act in the World Today by *Q* magazine, Britain's leading music monthly. (In the award's previous six-year history, it has gone to either U2, from Ireland, or R.E.M., from Athens, Georgia.) I watch Noel and Liam, two monobrowed sons of Manchester, give their acceptance speeches at a lunchtime ceremony in the ballroom of the Park Lane Hotel.

Noel, unsmilingly: "Best act today. Tomorrow. The day after that. And the day after that. And the day after that."

Liam, affably: "I'd like to say thank you very much. I was about to smash the gaff up anyway if you didn't do it." A few hours later, in authentic Jagger-Richards '67 fashion, he will go on a bender, stay out all night, smash up the snooker room of the Groucho Club in Soho, and get arrested in the street the following morning "on suspicion" of possessing drugs by a bobby who will mistake him for a tramp.

Mick Jagger is actually in attendance at the *Q* ceremony, as are Rod Stewart, Sir G[illegible] Martin, the Beatles producer, and the artist Peter Blake, who designed the cover of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* The presence of these men lends the ceremony an air of coronation, as if the giants of the 60s have come to formally hand down the scepter to the first generation since their own to be worthy of their mystique.

I ask Noel, whose hairstyle is sort of a Paul '65 to Liam's George '68, if British music fans were complacent in the early 90s, when the country's guitar rock was dominated by a host of decent but never transcendentally great bands such as Ride, Swervedriver, and the Inspiral Carpets, the last of whom he worked for as a guitar roadie. "Well, you have to have the lows to get the highs," he says matter-of-factly. "A few years ago people really thought bands like Ride and Swervedriver were great. Only now are people realizing how shit they were."

THE NIGHT-CRAWLING, COW-SAWING DAMIEN HIRST HAS DONATED 53 ITEMS FROM HIS PERSONAL ART COLLECTION TO THE RECENTLY REFURBISHED QUO VADIS RESTAURANT.

A few tables away sits Elvis Costello, at 42 the winner of *Q*'s Best Songwriter Award. "If a city makes you arrogant and cruel, then something's happening in it," he says. "I'm just old enough to remember the Swinging 60s, when London was like that last. It's getting to be a bit like that p[illegible]"

London's gentrification creeps ever eastward, and Hoxton Square, in the nondescript area of Shoreditch, is one little pocket of it. On the square's west side there's a new restaurant and nightclub called the Blue Note that attracts a young, professional, CD-player-in-the-car sort of clientele. On the east side is a health club. Tucked into the southwest corner of the square is a forlorn-looking little column of a building that might have been a garage or a stable before its makeover. Its door buzzers are unmarked except for one that says, in urban-graffito scrawl, THE BASE. This alludes to the basement, where Alexander McQueen works.

I have just been to an exhibition at the Barbican Art Gallery called "Jam: Style + Music + Media," described as a "snapshot of 90s urban style culture" in Britain. Among those represented are the influential photographers Nick Knight, David Sims, Phil Knott, Juergen Teller, and Rankin; the graphic-design teams Blue Source, Tomato, and Negativespace; and the lauded young clothing designers Owen Gaster, Stephen Fuller, and Hussein Chalayan. Pride of place is given to a video installation of McQueen's collections under his own name, which have titles such as "Highland Rape," "The Hunger," and "Dante." Many of the contributors have been asked how they would describe their work and their attitude toward life. McQueen's answer to the first question is "Eclectic verging on the criminal," and to the second, "Criminal verging on the eclectic."

You get the sense that McQueen would pull a knife on you if you called his workspace an "atelier," so: McQueen reclines on a couch in his . . . workspace.

Alexander, do you ever worry that the hype to which you've been subjected could hurt you, that they'll build you up today only to dismantle you tomorrow?

[*Supercilious, Gielgudian tone.*] "That's very pessimistic of you! I've been working since I was 16, working nonstop, and I'm 27 now. I'm not an overnight success."

You're obviously not from a wealthy background, so I wanted to know if—

"What d'you mean, *obviously?!* What a *snobby* thing to say!"

JILSANDER
JILSANDER CHICAGO 48 East Oak Street ATLANTA Phipps Plaza
SAN FRANCISCO 135 Maiden Lane

All I meant was—er, so, what did you think of that exhibition at the Barbican?

[*Pauses. Swigs from a bottle of water. Swallows.*] "*Cack!*"

McQueen has buzz-cut hair, a dome of belly visible under his sweater, and little button eyes set atop huge, Muppety cheeks, making him, despite his gruffness, adorable. "I'm influenced by anything and everything, really," he says. "I saw a tramp with a string tied round his coat. I did the silhouette of his coat, but with a Mongolian-fur collar and cuffs, and a belt where the string was. I wasn't laughing at him. Who should be laughing? My coat costs £1,200, his cost him nothing."

The beseeching call from Givenchy was utterly unexpected. The designer was asleep in bed when a representative of LVMH—the parent company of Givenchy and Christian Dior—telephoned. Next thing McQueen knew, he was meeting in Paris with Bernard Arnault, the owner of LVMH: "He asked me, 'Would you be interested in the Givenchy job?' And I just asked, 'Where's the toilet?' I went to the toilet and just sat there, mused. Then I came out and said I was interested."

Elvis Costello's comments on arrogance and cruelty notwithstanding, the 60s, in London as elsewhere, were a fundamentally upbeat time. As Ian MacDonald writes in his Beatles book *Revolution in the Head,* "A sunny optimism permeated everything and possibilities seemed limitless. . . . The Beatles were at their peak and were looked up to in awe as arbiters of a positive new age in which the dead customs of the older generation would be refreshed and remade through the creative energy of the classless young."

Today's British youth harbor no such naïve sanguinity, and Jonathan Aitken thinks they're right not to. Thirty years ago Aitken wrote a landmark contemporaneous account of Swinging London called *The Young Meteors;* now he is a 53-year-old Conservative member of Parliament and the father of three teenagers. "It's not obvious, but the title had a joke to it, in that a meteor is something that burns itself out," he says. "I was talking about the frothy side of London. The swinging 60s were

THE RESTAURATEURS

Photographed by Michael Roberts at F. Cooke's eel-and-pie shop, Hackney, London, December 9, 1996.

From left: NICK SMALLWOOD and SIMON SLATER, owners of Kensington Place and Launceston Place; VIVIENNE HAYMAN and ASHLEY SUMNER, owners of the Sugar Club; ROSE GRAY and RUTH ROGERS of the River Café; JOE COOKE, owner of the shop; OLIVER PEYTON, owner of Coast and the Atlantic Bar & Grill; CHRIS CORBIN and JEREMY KING, owners of the Ivy and Le Caprice.

Thanks to these visionary foodies and others like them, London now outclasses Paris as a center of gastronomy. This has occasioned a new culinary category, "Modern British cuisine," into which all the above restaurants (save the explicitly Italian River Café) have been lumped. Chef Peter Gordon of the Sugar Club finds the category laughable: "I think real Modern British is what they're doing at a restaurant in Clerkenwell called St. John—amazing things with offal and organ meats."

London's fashion flock during the fall shows at the Natural History Museum.

Scenes from a swinging city: Art dealer Jay Jopling, right, and his father, Michael Jopling, at the Chisenhale Gallery.

The 125th-anniversary celebration of famed pastry shop Maison Bertaux in Soho.

At her Chisenhale Gallery opening artist Sam Taylor-Wood gets a congratulatory kiss.

Jungle artist Goldie, flanked by pop stars Des'ree and Michelle Gayle, takes in the Tommy Hilfiger show.

There's no mocking Isabella Blow's delight, at *Vanity Fair*'s London party with photographer Michael Roberts.

Model Gretha Cavazzoni and boyfriend musician Michael Houghton at the Hilfiger party at Oxo Tower.

also the silly 60s. What's changed from last time is that it's more hardheaded, less silly. There's a greater understanding that the world is a competitive place."

In your heart, you know he's right. One of the hallmarks of contemporary London youth culture is its unromantic pragmatism. As Karl Hyde of the techno group Underworld says, "Something's got to go to No. 1, and that's fine, as long as it's not shit." Hyde is a perfect specimen of artistic temperament counterbalanced by real-world shrewdness: he writes poetry and records and performs with Underworld, but also belongs to Tomato, a design collective in heavy demand in the advertising world for its obtuse, nonlinear sensibility. Tomato's nine members come from various disciplines—music, filmmaking, painting, graphic design, and so on—and combine in various permutations to do remunerative work for clients such as Pepsico, Nike, and MTV. "We're sort of like how Brian Eno functions in the music industry, except that we're asked to produce things in visual media," says Graham Wood, another Tomato member.

"What you must understand is that Swinging London was an absolute *microcosm* compared to what is going on now," says Terence Conran. "Back then it was just a few shops and clubs to latch onto, and a lot of those famous people didn't make ends meet. Mary Quant and her husband, who were good friends of mine at the time, couldn't get through the door of their flat for the writs piled up. It's a much broader market now. There's a much greater distribution of wealth among young people."

If today's young Londoners have clearer heads on their shoulders, it might be because they're taking a different class of drug. There's no getting

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around the fact that much of the "sunny optimism" MacDonald ascribes to the Beatles' heyday was the result of the prodigious intake of LSD. When John Lennon sang, "Turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream," in "Tomorrow Never Knows," he was magnanimously inviting his fans to join him in discovering new frontiers of sensory perception via psychedelics. Consider, in contrast, "Setting Sun," Noel Gallagher's "Tomorrow Never Knows" pastiche from last year, a collaboration with the techno duo the Chemical Brothers. "Setting Sun" shares the older song's underlying drone, broken drum pattern, and overlays of squiggly sound effects, but is much faster, scarier, and colder, ending with Gallagher repeatedly intoning the words "I'm sorry now, it's just too bad." It's a great song, but an unlovable one—a cocaine anthem rather than a lysergic one.

Gallagher has been nonchalant about his frequent cocaine use, and he's not atypical. Young Londoners have a casual, positive attitude toward drugs that even Timothy Leary might not have countenanced; the American notion of drug taking as a sickness to be cured is utterly alien. "There's a heroin addict, a cocaine addict, and a marijuana addict on my staff," says James Brown, editor of *Loaded* magazine, more on which later. "Sometimes it's difficult. Sometimes it's great fun."

I made a habit of asking young people I spoke to what kinds of drugs, if any, they take, and was struck by two things: one, very few said they forswear drugs completely; and two, cocaine was overwhelmingly the drug of choice. "It's a post-rave, post-ecstasy culture," says Brown. "The toilet is the new boardroom. The toilet is the golf course where the deals get done. It's the New York 80s, not the London 80s."

But for all the money London's new stars are earning, they seem more determined to remain true to their working- or middle-class identities than the conspicuously consuming Beatles and Stones and David Baileys of yore. Noel Gallagher still goes "down the pub" and wear[illegible] anoraks, and virtually every young Bri[illegible] over backward to demo[illegible]

THE BIRDS

The Spice Girls, from left: VICTORIA, 21; GERI, 24; EMMA, 19; MEL B., 21; and MEL C., 20.

Photographed by Michael Roberts at the Eve Club, Regent Street, London, December 3, 1996.

The out-of-nowhere, all-singing, all-dancing, all-Tory-supporting teenybopper pop sensations of 1996. Two No. 1 singles "Wannabe" and "Say You'll Be There." Each has a distinct showbiz "personality": Victoria is the posh one; Geri, the fiery redhead; Emma, the bubbly innocent; Mel B., the loudmouth; Mel C., the athletic one. Prince William's favorite? Emma, a poster of whom adorns his wall at Eton. Though they speak of "girl power" and talk frankly about sex, they shocked Britain last year by endorsing the Conservative Party. Margaret Thatcher, they declared, was "the first Spice Girl."

STYLED BY SETA MILAND; HAIR BY JENNIE ROBERTS; MAKEUP BY JUSTIN HENRY; HAIR BROOCHE COURTESY PENDEN

Pulp's Jarvis Cocker accepts the *Q* Award for Best Live Act.

Oasis's Noel Gallagher at the *Q* Awards, where his band was named Best Act in the World Today.

Alexander McQueen wades down the runway at his sensational fashion show.

At the *Q* Awards, Elvis Costello and Ruud Gullit, the glamorous player-manager of the glamorous Chelsea Football Club.

Mick Jagger and Liam Gallagher talk shop at *Vanity Fair*'s River Café party.

A mini and a bus cross paths in Piccadilly Circus.

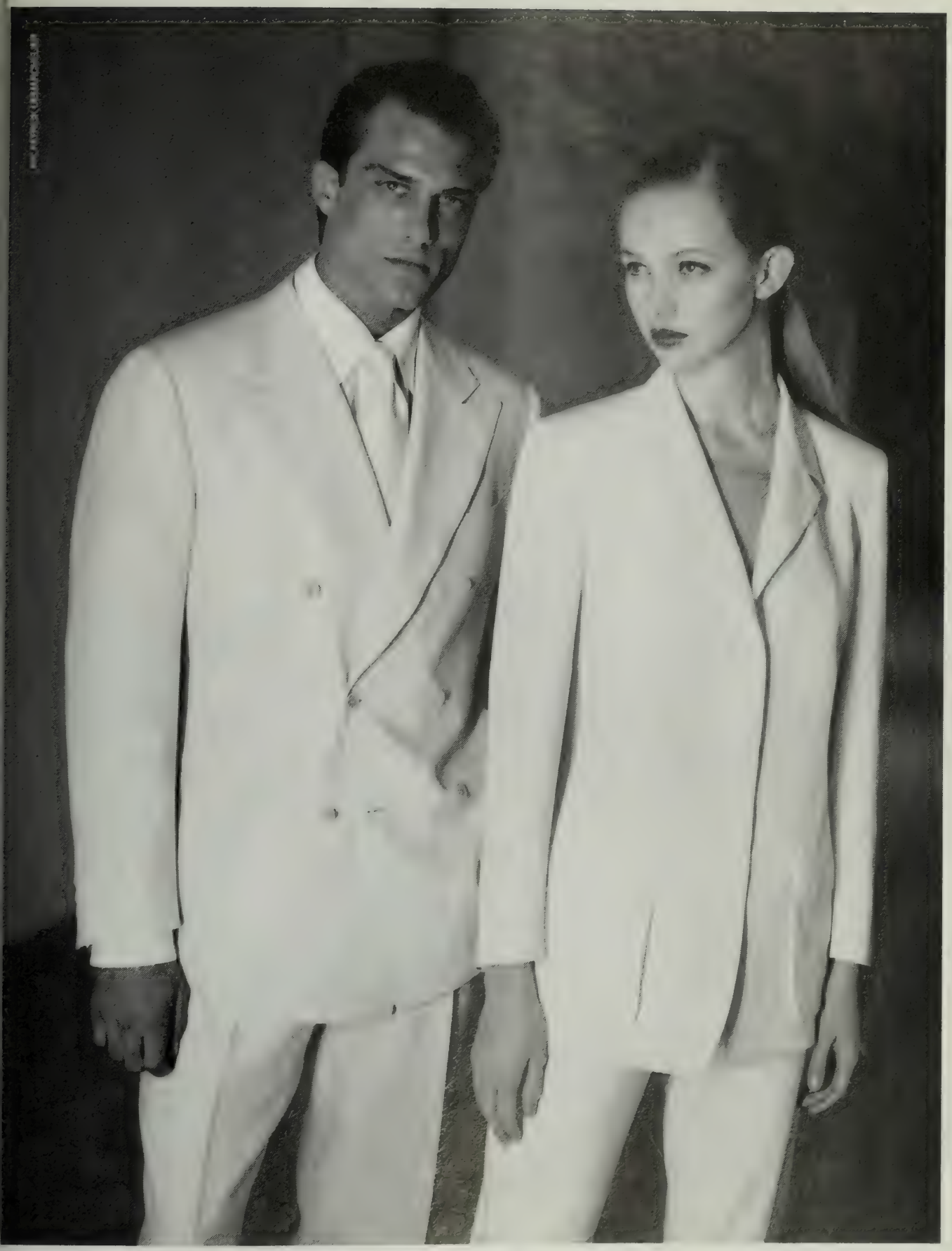
Toast-of-the-town artist Rachel Whiteread at *V.F.*'s party.

devoted soccer fan he or she is. Furthermore there's no ready 90s parallel to Mick Jagger's barrier-breaking friendship with Princess Margaret. Princess Di and socialites such as Tamara Beckwith and Tara Palmer-Tomkinson are peripheral figures at best, grist for the gossip columns but irrelevant to the culture.

"What did you think," I ask, "when Noel Gallagher said that there are only seven people who care about the young people in this country: the five members of Oasis, Alan McGee, and you?" Tony Blair laughs. "It was kind of him to say so," he says, "but I'm sure there are more than that."

The man most Britons presume will be the next prime minister is not the waxen automaton his detractors make him out to be, but he is not about to say anything that could remotely be perceived as controversial. The Labour Party has been out of power for almost 18 years, and one senses that Blair is being very, very cautious—the election is drawing near, and he doesn't want to appear too cozy with Oasis lest he alienate a crucial constituency of Blur men in Cumbria. Yet Blair is, to use the ancient parlance, kind of switched-on, as politicians go: he doesn't exactly exude J.F.K. charisma, but he has an informality and shiny nowness about him that seem at odds with his dingy brown-green office in the House of Commons. His speeches are laced with buzz terms like "the young country" and "New Britain," and he describes himself as part of "a new generation breaking through." He is surrounded by Stephanopouloid young operatives led by David Miliband, his 32-year-old policy chief. And he's certainly more of a culture consumer than John Major, having become matey with Noel Gallagher and Alan McGee, having even sat for an interview with Alan Partridge, the Tory-supporting talk-show-host alter ego of Steve Coogan, Britain's funniest young comedian.

It's been put to me by a lot of



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THE HEDONISTS

Photographed by David LaChapelle in homage to *A Clockwork Orange* at Park Royal Studios, Harlesden, December 7, 1996.

From right: *Loaded* founders MARTIN DEESON, 31; editor in chief JAMES BROWN, 31; MICHAEL HOLDEN, 26; and TIM SOUTHWELL, 32, with some girls of their dreams—ANNABELLE ROTHSCHILD, 25 (actress, McQueen fan); SOPHIE ANDERTON, 19 (bra model, "the Gossard Girl"); and SOPHIE DAHL, 19 (model, granddaughter of Roald Dahl).

No magazine better encapsulates what it is to be young, male, and unapologetically English than the three-year-old monthly *Loaded*, a typical issue of which is densely packed with Cockney imprecations ("Drop me bacon sandwich!"), tributes to lager, appreciations of obscure 1970s footballers, gleeful accounts of drug abuse, and dispatches from Irvine "Trainspotting" Welsh. Oh, and, of course, loads of pictures of half-naked birds.

"I told the publishers it would be *Arena* magazine edited by Hunter S. Thompson."
—James Brown

"More like a cross between a fanzine and *Penthouse*."
—Alan McGee, head of Creation Records.

Londoners that one reason the city swings anew is that it feels liberated by the prospect of a Labour government. As Conran says, "There is an atmosphere of general enthusiasm among entrepreneurial people, because we see people about to lead the country who will be—we hope, we pray—enthusiastic about our ideas. The South Bank is just *littered* with schemes waiting to go forward, like [the architect] Richard Rogers's plan to put a great glass skin over the Hayward Gallery. And obviously John Major is completely unaware of design except for garden gnomes."

I've also heard the converse, that London's cultural renaissance spontaneously generated with no help from any political party, and Labour is merely riding the crest of a wave. "Well, I think it would be very arrogant to assume that we've created this sense of excitement about change," says Blair. "But I think the idea of a new and revitalized Labour Party saying, 'Britain can be better—we can do things and we can be more confident about our own future,' I think these things interact with what's happening in culture and arts and what's happening not just in London but in other cities. If you look in Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, similar things are happening."

Right. On to more pressing matters, then: Will rock stars be welcome at No. 10 Downing Street?

"Well, I think we'll wait until we get there before deciding that! But look, I'm a product of my generation. I'm delighted at the success of British pop music. And fashion and design are tremendously important. We're providing really high-quality goods and ideas the world wants to buy. So I suppose, in that sense, yes, I am more immersed in it."

Can't you keep the policy side out of it, sir, and simply say that, because of your own personal tastes and appetites for culture, your government will be more active in sponsoring the arts and mingling with the arts community's members?

"Let me try to put it the right way. It's not that politicians just sort of parade artists. Well, some do, but it's really to make people understand that culture is an exciting and important part of modern society. It's jobs and [illegible] but it's also good fun!"

The unlikely partnership of Phil Daniels and Damon Albarn serves as a paradigm of how British culture regained its confidence. Daniels is a 38-year-old actor from working-class North London whose career began auspiciously—playing the lead in the 1979 film adaptation of the Who's *Quadrophenia,* starring in Mike Leigh's seminal 1983 film, *Meantime*—but never quite took off. "He was in some really second-rate West End musical playing a robber when I approached him," says Albarn. A longtime Daniels fan, Albarn, who is 28, enlisted the actor to "star" in one of his new songs, the title track for what would become the album that made Blur's reputation, 1994's *Parklife.* In the song, a bouncy, almost vaudevillian number, Daniels, playing a demented cabbie, delivers a nonsensical monologue about soccer, dustmen, and feeding the pigeons ("I sometimes feed the sparrows too. It gives me a sense of *enormous* well-being"). On the strength of *Parklife*'s success, Daniels started to get considerably better offers: in 1995, for example, he starred in the sold-out run of Patrick Marber's play *Dealer's Choice* at the National Theatre.

"IF A CITY MAKES YOU ARROGANT AND CRUEL," SAYS ELVIS COSTELLO, "THEN SOMETHING'S HAPPENING IN IT."

Parklife signaled a change in British youth culture in that its music was inspired almost exclusively by British influences, its lyrics addressed the English middle class, *and* it went platinum. Just a year earlier, Blur had released a wonderful album called *Modern Life Is Rubbish,* which had arch, catchy songs about harried London commuters and people named Colin and Julian, and caught flak for it. "We were accused of being nationalists," says Albarn. "It seems ludicrous now, but at the time we were laughingstocks, considered perverse and anti-fashion."

Consider the contrast between that experience, just four years ago, and the mania last summer for "Three Lions," the biggest Britpop hit of '96. "Three Lions" was not only unabashedly English in its subject matter—it was unabashedly patriotic, being the official single of the English soccer team as it competed in Euro '96, a sort of Europe-only precursor to the 1998 World Cup. Named for the heraldic emblem on the team's uniforms, the song was written and performed by Ian Broudie, of the veteran pop group the Lightning Seeds, and David Baddiel and Frank Skinner, two young comedians who host the BBC2 program *Fantasy Football League,* a sort of *Wayne's World* devoted to soccer. (Albarn, Patsy Kensit, and Elvis Costello have all made guest appearances.) With its singsong refrain of "It's coming home, it's coming home, it's coming . . . football's coming home"—a reference to the fact that Euro '96 was taking place at Wembley, the site of England's last World Cup victory, in 1966—"Three Lions" insinuated itself into every Briton's brain. The line "Thirty years of hurt never stopped us dreaming" made eyes well up with tears, and the song was called the new national anthem.

England ended up getting eliminated in the semifinals, but "Three Lions" took on a life of its own. Last October, when Tony Blair addressed the Labour Party conference in the seaside town of Blackpool, his speech's rousing finale had a curiously familiar ring to it: "Seventeen years of hurt never stopped us dreaming . . . Labour's coming home!"

Soccer is, quite simply, a major component of the air today's Londoners breathe. This is apparent from the fact that Hornby's book *Fever Pitch*—despite its fragmented narrative and seeming unsuitability for film—is now a major motion picture, in part because David Aukin, the head of Film on Four,

THE VISIONARY

TONY BLAIR, leader of the Labour Party.

Photographed by Michael Roberts at the House of Commons, Westminster, London, December 11, 1996.

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1953; studied law at St. John's College, Oxford, and played in a rock band there called Ugly Rumours, 1974–1975; called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1976; elected to Parliament, 1983; elected to the Labour Party's shadow cabinet, 1988; assumed leadership of the Labour Party, 1994; rechristened Labour as "New Labour," 1995.

Current lead over Conservative prime minister John Major in the polls at press time: 21 points.

is a die-hard fan of Arsenal, Hornby's team. It's also apparent in the way that Alan McGee has no desk in his office at Creation Records, just a giant coffee table whose top is a mossy reproduction of a football pitch; in the way that merchandise for Manchester City, the hapless New York Mets to Manchester United's mighty Yankees, is selling briskly because Man City is Liam and Noel's team; and in the way that last October, when Matthew Harding, the flamboyant, well-liked 42-year-old vice-chairman of Chelsea F.C., died in a helicopter crash, the outpouring of grief was colossal, with eulogizing statements from, among others, John Major, Tony Blair, Richard Branson, and Damon Albarn.

It was not always thus. Hornby says that when he was writing *Fever Pitch,* in 1991, publishers told him that it wouldn't sell, because soccer fans are illiterate, moronic hooligans. The book, published late the following year, was on the U.K. best-seller list for six months. Like the N.B.A. in America before it, pro soccer has metamorphosed into a bourgeois pastime, with all the money, hype, and merchandising tie-ins that mainstream popularity entails. "Before," says Hornby, "our best players weren't staying here, they were going to Italy or Spain. Now they're coming from Italy to play here." Indeed, Chelsea—the chic team to like ever since the mid-60s, when it was anointed so by Terence Stamp, Michael Caine, David Bailey, Vidal Sassoon, and the tailor Dougie Haywood—is more fashionable than ever, having recently signed three Italian soccer stars, Gianfranco Zola, Gianluca Vialli, and Roberto Di Matteo, all of whom have £1-million-plus-a-year contracts. Even bigger was the signing of a handsome, dreadlocked Dutchman of Surinamese descent named Ruud Gullit (pronounced "rude hullet"). Gullit is Chelsea's player-manager, and he is considered to be the single most glamorous figure in London today.

"For me, London is the best place to live," says Gullit in slightly halting English. "I come from Amsterdam, which is very international, but it's not as big for me. There's a sense of freedom here, that you can do almost anything you like."

In these confident, patriotic times, London culture has gotten to the point where it's not only addressing peculiarly British subjects, but outright reveling in its Britishness, fetishizing and deconstructing the things that set the U.K. apart from other countries, ours in particular: pubs, fish-and-chips, *The Sun,* English League soccer, the ancient soap opera *Coronation Street.* In the increasingly gentrified neighborhood of Clerkenwell there's a stylish restaurant called St. John that tastefully reinterprets the vile British penchant for eating offal, offering such dishes as "roast bone marrow with parsley salad" and "brown sorrel with crispy ear." Even yobbishness, that particularly English brand of unpleasant male behavior, has been transmogrified into a virtue. The Spice Girls, a quintet of latter-day dolly birds whose music is a forgettable mix of anodyne lite-funk and MOR balladry, have become pop sensations by projecting an image that is at once sexy and laddish, talking about "shagging" and football while wearing virtually no clothing.

TALKING ABOUT SCHEMES FOR THE SOUTH BANK, TERENCE CONRAN NOTES, "JOHN MAJOR IS UNAWARE OF DESIGN EXCEPT FOR GARDEN GNOMES."

Loaded magazine has perhaps done more to foster this hyperreal Englishness than anything else. It's a men's magazine—"for men who should know better," as the cover declares every month—but it differs from other men's magazines in that it makes no attempt to seem cool or conform to anyone's notion of journalistic propriety. Caption punctuation is reliably suspect, Cockney vernacular is regularly lapsed into, and girlie photos prevail. Every month there's a column called "Good Work Fella!" in which people and things worthy of *Loaded*'s praise are lionized thusly: "Packard Bell who kindly gave us tickets for the Leeds-Chelsea match. Good Work Fellas!"; "Bladders, for telling you when to piss and stuff, with the odd exception. Good Work Bladda!" People and things displeasureable to *Loaded* are greeted with the imprecation "Bunch of arse!"

James Brown, *Loaded*'s editor, is a banty, diminutive, Dickensian-looking Yorkshireman of 31 with dark corkscrew curls that protrude five or six inches from either side of his head. Twelve years ago he was living on the dole in his native Leeds; today he is the editor of Britain's circulation leader among men's glossies, and has been named editor of the year thrice in *Loaded*'s three-year existence. "I mean, my life is fantastic now," Brown says. "It's amazing that we get to do something like this." He holds up for inspection a centerfold from a recent issue, a three-page-wide photograph of a fresh order of fish-and-chips. Magnified to about five times actual size, the oily repast in its camisole of stained newspaper is every bit as pornographic as Miss August. "Just look at this!" Brown exclaims, delighted. "It's just so stee-*yoo*pid!"

He puts his hand to the venetian blinds behind him and lets in a bit of the late-afternoon sun. "Even the weather's great," he says. "Look, it's a beautiful day in London!"

Whirrr . . . flicker . . .

And so the sun sets on the Thames, and all London's children, tucked in with bellies full of black puddings and bubble and squeak, dream dreams of a gleaming tomorrow . . . of a new Tate Gallery where the Bankside power station stands . . . of a new bridge from the Tate to St. Paul's Cathedral . . . of Sir Norman Foster's Millennium Tower pointing 76 stories into the glorious English sky . . .

Take care, Mum and Dad, to have smelling salts ready for the milkman—he won't believe his eyes when he makes his dawn round! □

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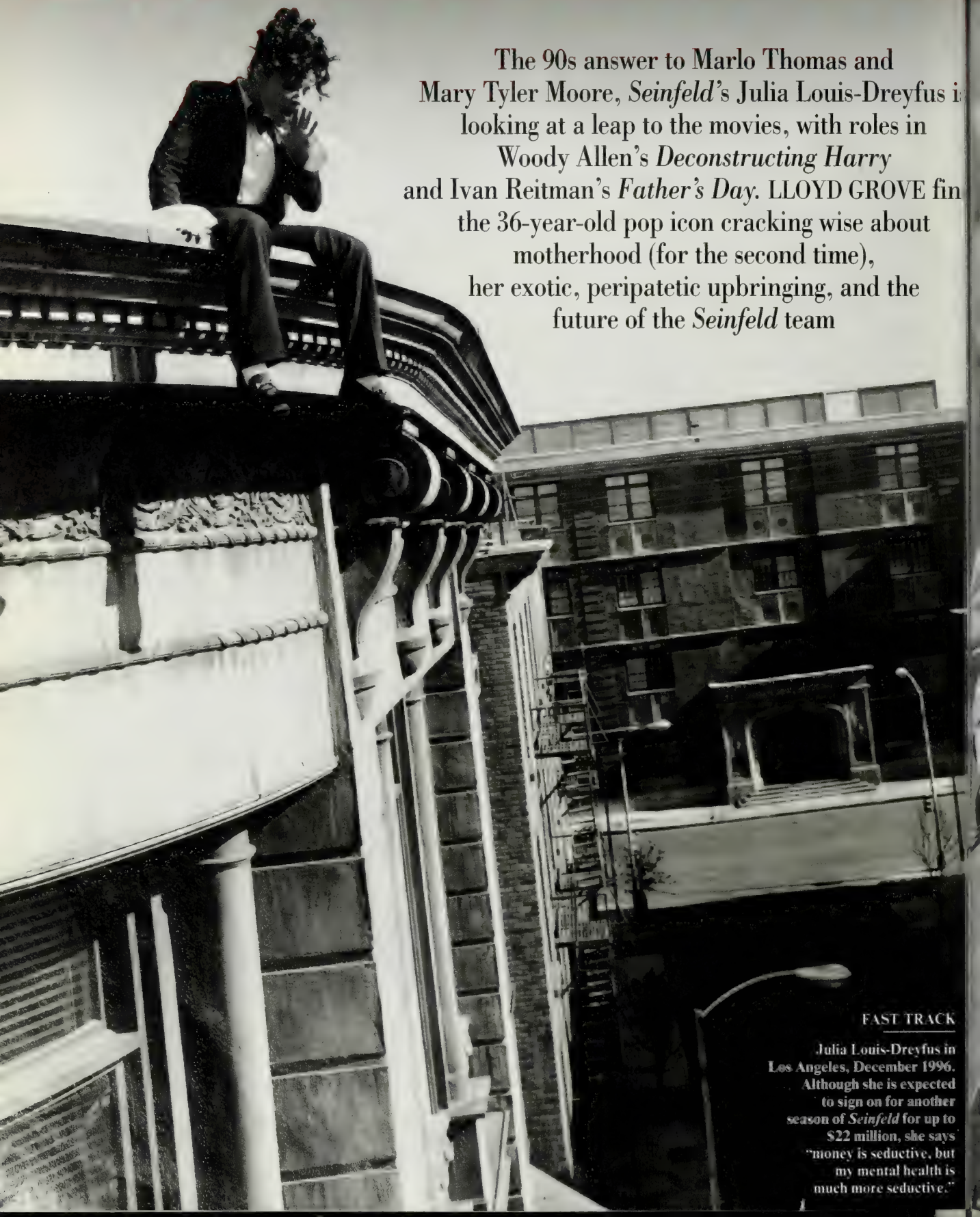
Success and the

The 90s answer to Marlo Thomas and Mary Tyler Moore, *Seinfeld*'s Julia Louis-Dreyfus i looking at a leap to the movies, with roles in Woody Allen's *Deconstructing Harry* and Ivan Reitman's *Father's Day*. LLOYD GROVE fin the 36-year-old pop icon cracking wise about motherhood (for the second time), her exotic, peripatetic upbringing, and the future of the *Seinfeld* team



FAST TRACK

Julia Louis-Dreyfus in Los Angeles, December 1996. Although she is expected to sign on for another season of *Seinfeld* for up to $22 million, she says "money is seductive, but my mental health is much more seductive."

Seinfeld' Girl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEGGY SIROTA; [illegible] JORGEN SKOV

Here's what Julia Louis-Dreyfus has to say about her crowning show-business laurel so far—last year's Emmy Award for best supporting actress in a comedy series: "I impaled my ankle with that fucking thing two days ago. They send you this band that has your name on it, and you're supposed to unscrew the Emmy and put the band on. So I was sitting there holding it between my legs, and I dropped it. Now I have a huge cut on my ankle." She pulls up her pant leg to expose the wound, and smiles in mock triumph. "But, man, it was worth it!"

Looking up at me from her plate at A Votre Sante, a health-food restaurant in Santa Monica, she punctuates her story with a subversive half-smile, a half-shrug, and then a subtle half-roll of her pale-green eyes. It's the sort of complicated yet precise comic gesture that fills her funny arsenal on *Seinfeld,* the hit NBC series, on which she's been playing Jerry Seinfeld's mildly neurotic ex-girlfriend, Elaine Benes, for the last seven years, while emerging, at 36, as something of an American pop-culture icon.

She has taken the archetype of the smart, sassy single gal—the one pioneered by Marlo Thomas and Mary Tyler Moore—and updated it for the 90s. Unlike them, Elaine is not inconceivably perky; rather, she is every bit as irritating, selfish, and wrongheaded as the guys, yet she still keeps the audience rooting for her. She can even be sexy.

Later this year, Louis (pronounced "Loo-ee")-Dreyfus will get a chance to enhance her television-star status with featured roles in movies directed by Ivan Reitman (*Father's Day,* opposite Billy Crystal and Robin Williams, scheduled for a May premiere) and Woody Allen (*Deconstructing Harry,* with an all-star cast including Demi Moore and Kirstie Alley, to be released next fall).

"Why *shouldn't* she be a movie star?" her patron Seinfeld, demands. "Who else are they gonna get? If you really think about it, there are not a lot of beautiful, funny, intelligent actresses out there. You cannot find them!"

Seinfeld, who hired Louis-Dreyfus in 1990 after making an Elaine-less *Seinfeld* pilot and concluding that "we needed some estrogen," adds, "I'll tell you why her character has taken on some celebrity. You have on this show three very strong, very well-drawn male characters, and she is the lone woman regular. So she is cast against them, and she matches their strength with femininity. That's what makes it special. It's not like she's some big, loudmouthed bruiser, giving it back to them. She is very delicate, and it's a feminine strength." Seinfeld calls her "a magical comedic performer, really funny and very attractive—and that's a pretty rare combination."

Funny, attractive, and, today at least, famished. She attacks her lunch with the predatory zeal of a woman who is four months pregnant.

"God, I am *really* hungry!" Louis-Dreyfus says, forking a chunk of tomato-basil omelette and all the trimmings into her mouth. In June she's expecting a boy, her second with her husband, Brad Hall, a television producer (whose credits include *The Single Guy*). "I'm not one of those happy pregnant women," she says. "I'm delighted to be having a child, but I don't relish the idea of pregnancy." Her belly "is growing a mile a minute," she claims. "I gained 45 pounds last time—that's a lot on a woman of five feet three. I was just huuuuge."

When I ask her to peruse a list of her movie and TV roles I obtained from the Internet, with the arty title "Actress Filmography," she flashes a look of dubious amusement. "Filmography," she mutters, staring down at it. "Who ever heard of a"—she punctures the word—"*filmography?*"

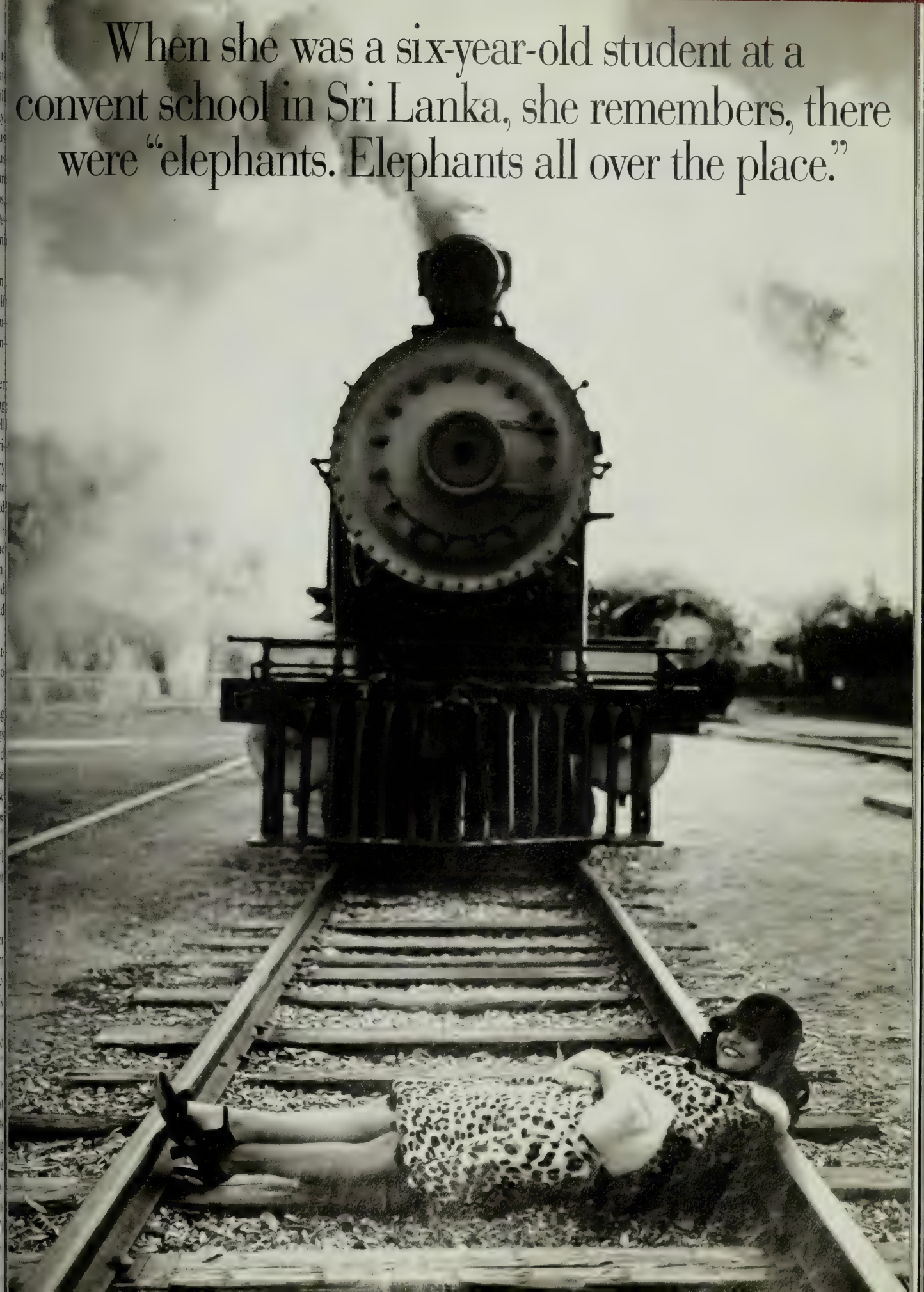
Nevertheless, Louis-Dreyfus's filmography includes two unhappy seasons on *Saturday Night Live* ("I had no idea what I was doing," she says), two happier seasons on a late-1980s sitcom, *Day by Day* ("I was the sarcastic, children-hating neighbor. It was a positive experience"), and a lucrative commercial-endorsement contract for Clairol's Nice 'n' Easy.

She also appeared in the 1986 movies *Troll* ("this horrible, horrible film that was shot in Italy, and so I did it") and *Soul Man* ("another unremarkable CONTINUED ON PAGE 272

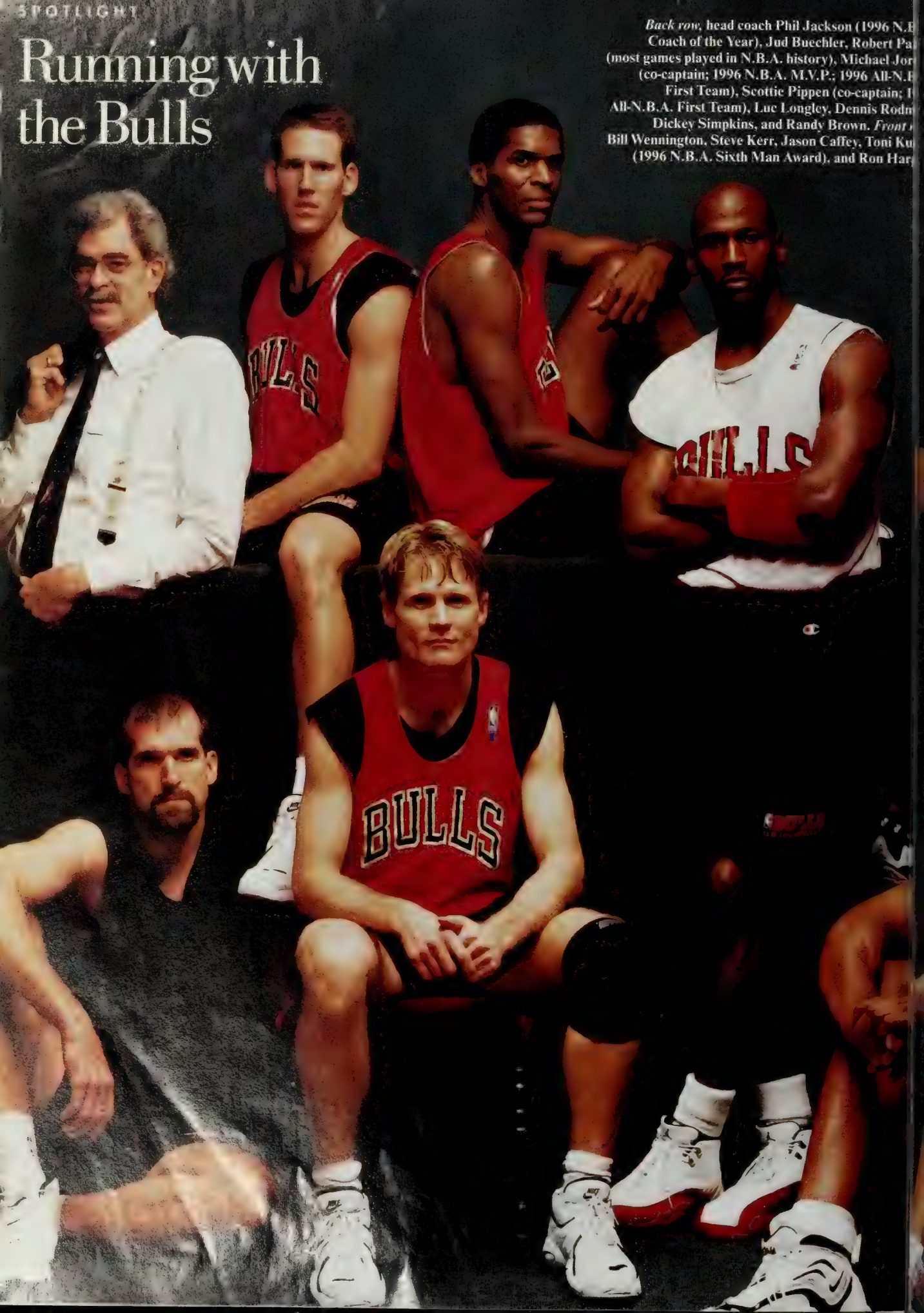
THE DREYFUS AFFAIR

Louis-Dreyfus's French-born father, head of a billion-dollar family arbitrage firm, and her mother, a writer, divorced when Julia was one. "I have no memory of them as a couple," says the actress, who now regards a "stable family life" as "crucial."

When she was a six-year-old student at a convent school in Sri Lanka, she remembers, there were "elephants. Elephants all over the place."

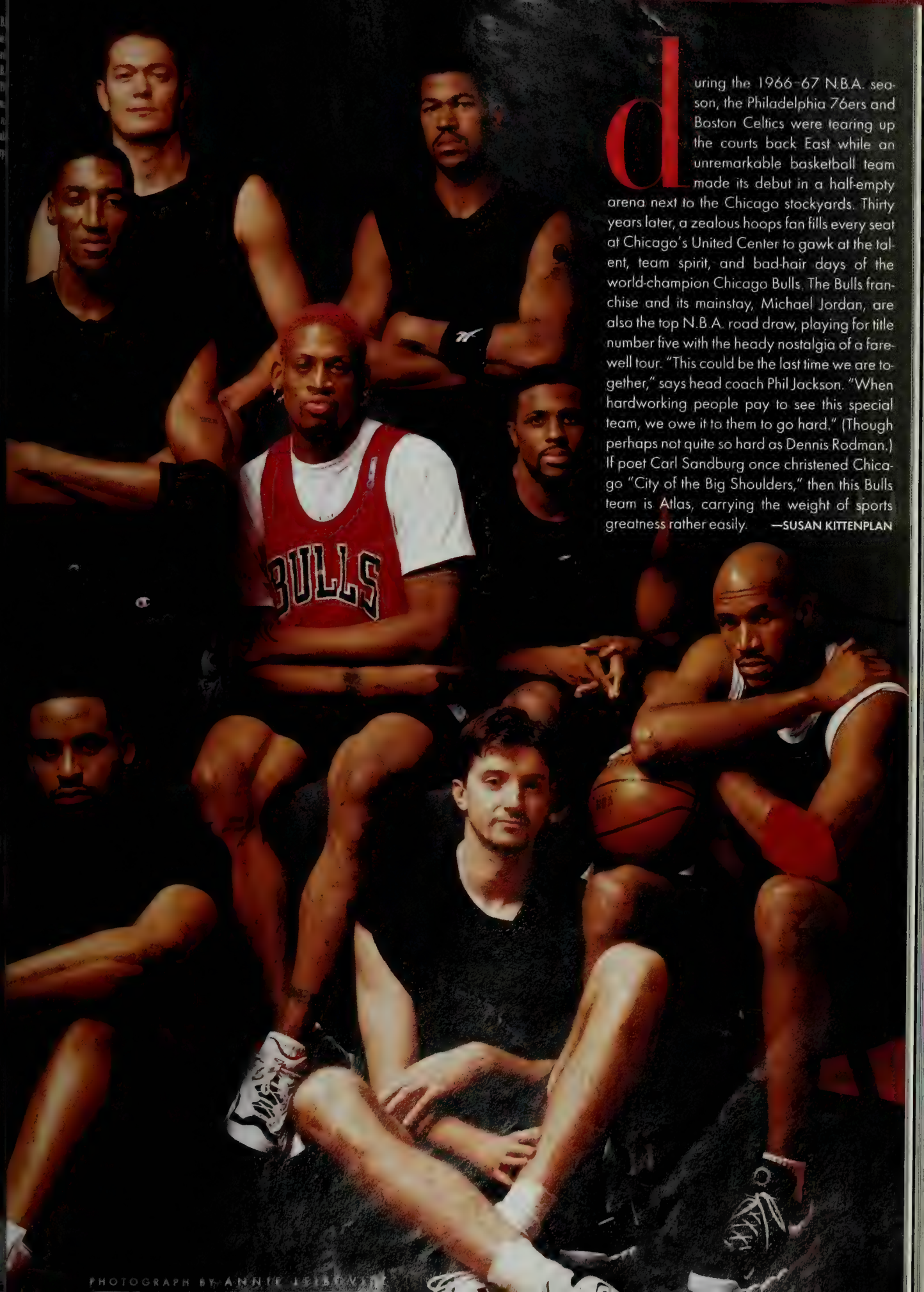


Running with the Bulls



Back row, head coach Phil Jackson (1996 N.B
Coach of the Year), Jud Buechler, Robert Pa
(most games played in N.B.A. history), Michael Jor
(co-captain; 1996 N.B.A. M.V.P.; 1996 All-N.B
First Team), Scottie Pippen (co-captain; 1
All-N.B.A. First Team), Luc Longley, Dennis Rodm
Dickey Simpkins, and Randy Brown. *Front r*
Bill Wennington, Steve Kerr, Jason Caffey, Toni Ku
(1996 N.B.A. Sixth Man Award), and Ron Har

During the 1966–67 N.B.A. season, the Philadelphia 76ers and Boston Celtics were tearing up the courts back East while an unremarkable basketball team made its debut in a half-empty arena next to the Chicago stockyards. Thirty years later, a zealous hoops fan fills every seat at Chicago's United Center to gawk at the talent, team spirit, and bad-hair days of the world-champion Chicago Bulls. The Bulls franchise and its mainstay, Michael Jordan, are also the top N.B.A. road draw, playing for title number five with the heady nostalgia of a farewell tour. "This could be the last time we are together," says head coach Phil Jackson. "When hardworking people pay to see this special team, we owe it to them to go hard." (Though perhaps not quite so hard as Dennis Rodman.) If poet Carl Sandburg once christened Chicago "City of the Big Shoulders," then this Bulls team is Atlas, carrying the weight of sports greatness rather easily. —SUSAN KITTENPLAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

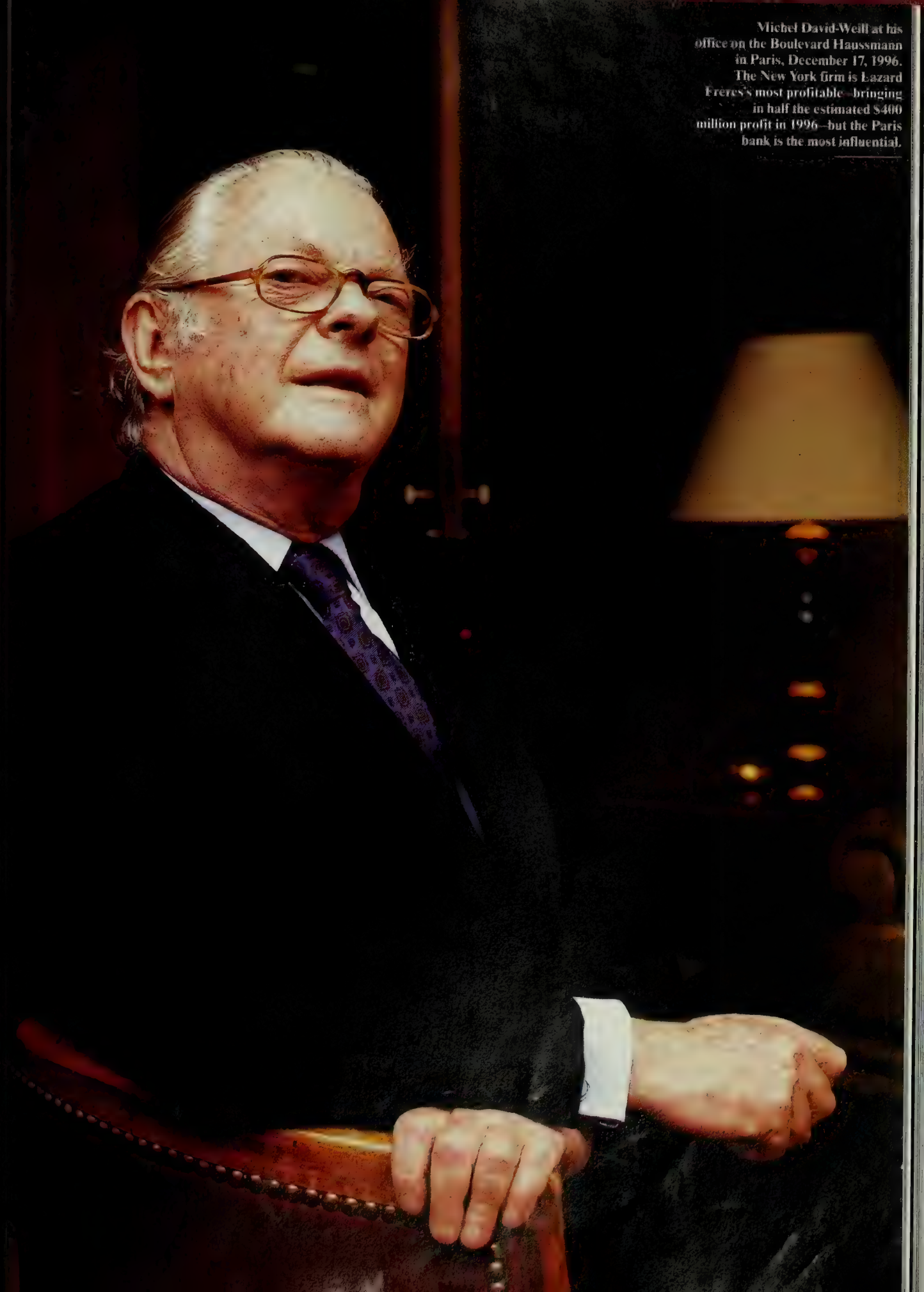
THE SCION IN WINTER

As charming as he is feared, financier Michel David-Weill runs his family's legendarily powerful and secretive bank, Lazard Frères, with the help of high-profile outsiders such as Felix Rohatyn in New York and Antoine Bernheim in Paris. SUZANNA ANDREWS gets an unprecedented interview with the man who pulls the strings, as David-Weill clashes with his son-in-law and heir apparent, the handsome, equally ruthless Edouard Stern

The gala at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in December was billed in the press as the biggest party of New York's social season. A lavish ball celebrating the design legacy of Christian Dior, it drew the cream of the fashion world. Iman was there, Calvin Klein with Christy Turlington, Bianca Jagger. Princess Diana was a guest of honor. In the crush of celebrities and paparazzi, few people noticed the presence of Michel and Hélène David-Weill.

A prominent Parisian hostess and president of France's prestigious Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Hélène David-Weill was making her New York debut as one of the gala's two chairwomen. A tiny woman, simply dressed in a burgundy velvet gown, she seemed uncomfortable standing in the receiving line, a slightly stranded look on her face. Her husband, for most of the evening, was nowhere to be found. It was only as Diana, heralded by trumpets, entered the Met's Great Hall that David-Weill joined his wife to welcome the Princess. He

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STODDART



Michel David-Weill at his office on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris, December 17, 1996. The New York firm is Lazard Freres's most profitable—bringing in half the estimated $400 million profit in 1996—but the Paris bank is the most influential.

seemed as uneasy as she was in the glare of camera lights, squinting over his half-moon glasses, turning to whisper to Bernard Arnault, the controversial French business magnate who owns Dior and whose rough rise to power David-Weill helped finance and orchestrate.

It was an unusually visible moment for Michel David-Weill (pronounced Dahveed-Vay), who has managed over the years to amass a vast amount of wealth and influence outside of the public eye. One of Europe's most important art collectors, he holds sway over the French museum world as the chairman of the government's art-acquisition committee, and he is a major donor to and trustee of the Metropolitan. In France, he is vice-chairman of Groupe Danone, the food-and-beverage giant that owns Evian; in Italy, as the longtime banker to the Agnellis, he is on the board of IFI, the holding company that controls Fiat; in the United States, he sits on the board of an affiliate of ITT, a company that he helped to build. In London, he is a director and major shareholder of Pearson, the British publishing conglomerate that includes the *Financial Times, The Economist,* and Penguin books.

Until recently, David-Weill himself has rarely been mentioned in the press. Lazard Frères, the very patrician and secretive investment bank that he controls and that has been in his family for nearly 150 years, is known to the public because of the more famous men who work for him. The face of Lazard in New York has been Felix Rohatyn, the silver-haired former chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation who helped save the city from bankruptcy in the 70s and whose wife, Elizabeth, presides over one of its most venerable institutions, the New York Public Library. The Paris bank has been run by the mysterious Antoine Bernheim, a financial genius known as "the Sydney Greenstreet of France." And in London, for some years, Lazard was personified by Sir John Nott, the former minister of defense.

In November, however, shortly before the Metropolitan gala, the veil around David-Weill began to tear. The rumors started in Paris. "Everyone," says a friend of the David-Weill family, "was talking about the fight." Then the stories appeared—in *Le Monde* and *The New York Times*—each to a varying degree suggesting that there had been a serious clash between Michel David-Weill and his son-in-law Edouard Stern, the man widely regarded as his successor. Friends and business colleagues were stunned. At 64, David-Weill seemed to have obtained, by the force of his will, everything he wanted. He had survived the Nazi persecution of French Jews that had almost destroyed his family and Lazard. He had gone on to amass a personal fortune said to be worth more than $1 billion; he had significantly enhanced his family's prominence; and he had rebuilt Lazard into a powerhouse that today dwarfs the Rothschild and Warburg banks, which once overshadowed it.

"Doing well for his family," says Gianni Agnelli, "is what has led Michel." "They've built a colossus. Michel David-Weill has been brilliant," says the investment banker Herbert Allen. If anything had seemed to be missing in David-Weill's world, it was an heir. The last of the male David-Weills, he has four grown daughters who have no interest in taking over Lazard. But the 42-year-old Edouard Stern, who married David-Weill's eldest daughter, Béatrice, seemed to perfectly complete the dynastic tableau: brilliant scion of the Stern family, another prominent French banking clan, Edouard was the man people thought would stave off the possibility that Lazard would pass out of the David-Weill line or fall apart completely.

"Michel was quite infatuated with the idea of Edouard running Lazard," says one Lazard partner. And so it was with some shock that David-Weill's colleagues heard the news—not reported in the press—that when Stern, in the midst of an argument with his father-in-law, announced he was quitting Lazard, David-Weill told him to go ahead and do it.

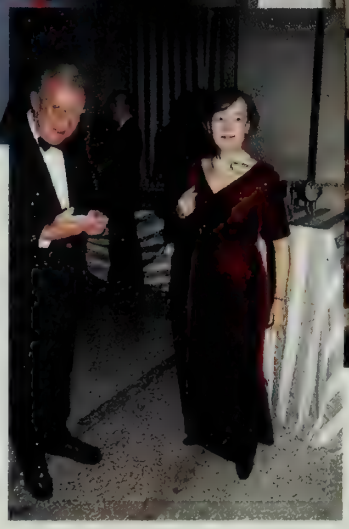
His fight with his son-in-law came at a particularly rough moment for David-Weill. Earlier in the year he had had to contend with a bitter feud between two of his most important New York partners, Felix Rohatyn and Steven Rattner. Shortly before the 68-year-old Rohatyn lost his bid to become vice-chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—the kind of senior political appointment he had long coveted—he had turned on Rattner, the ambitious and politically well-connected former *New York Times* reporter who had been his protégé. But Rattner, who with his beautiful blonde wife, Maureen White, had networked his way into the heart of New York society, summering on the Vineyard and entertaining friends such as *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. and Congressman Charles Schumer at his cavernous Fifth Avenue apartment, proved a worthy opponent.

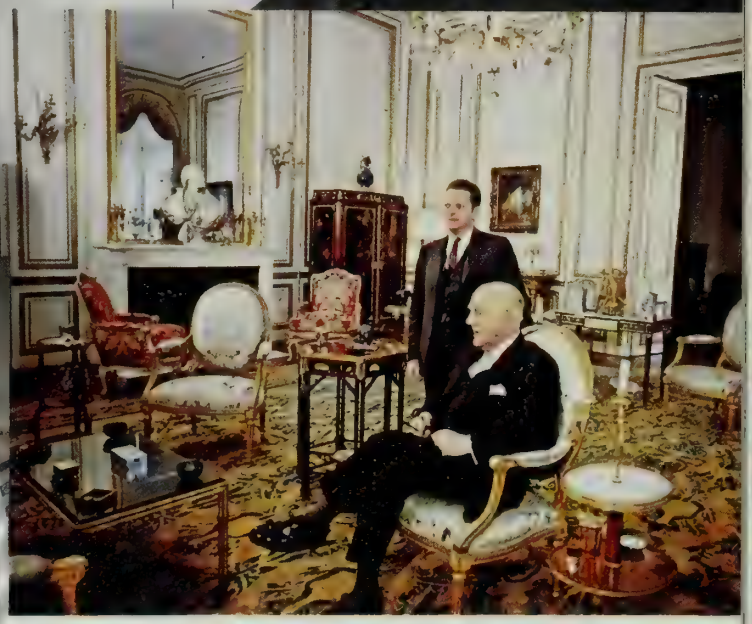
The Rohatyn-Rattner battle over who took credit for Lazard's work on the $10 billion merger of Paramount and Viacom spilled into the press, embarrassing both men and Lazard. By November, Rohatyn and Rattner—who between them have contributed to and raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for the Democratic Party—were both reported to be lobbying for jobs in the second Clinton administration. (Rohatyn, in particular, was pushing hard for the ambassadorship to France, a post he described four years ago as "a job for a concierge," according to a colleague, with the London embassy as his fallback.) David-Weill was faced with the prospect of losing one or more of his biggest New York–based revenue generators.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the 72-year-old Antoine Bernheim was telling people he wanted to get out of the firm. "Michel is in a very tight spot," says one prominent investment banker. "He tends to minimize things, but this is very serious if he cares about his birthright." "In many respects," says another banker, "it is sad." Indeed, the question of whether David-Weill can hold Lazard together is made enormously complicated by the fact that no one bears more responsibility for Lazard's troubles than David-Weill himself.

"Do people *like* Michel? Even the question would be odd," says a family friend. "He is *un homme du monde accompli*—a good dinner partner, a great art collector, fabulously wealthy. But *like?* People don't talk about him that way." When people talk about David-Weill, they seem torn, almost

Edouard 'can be so brutal hat men 20 years older have left his office crying."





Clockwise from top: André Meyer escorting Jackie Kennedy to the 'ildenstein art gallery in New York in 1967; Michel David-Weill with his father, Pierre, circa 1965; Hélène David-Weill (with an dentified man) at the Metropolitan Museum last December, where she as co-chairwoman of the Costume Institute ball; Edouard Stern at Lazard's Paris bank in 1993.

as though they were describing two different men. One is an individual of remarkable sensitivity and graciousness, a man who will spend hours in an afternoon talking with visitors about art, or philosophy, or human psychology. "Michel is always interesting," says a former Lazard partner, "always amused and amusing."

The other David-Weill is a man whom people find chilling. Men who have worked for him use words such as "mean," "cold," and "manipulative" to describe him. "His joy is power and exercising power," says a New York executive who has known David-Weill for many years. "Be careful with him," warns a French businessman, "he is blindingly ruthless."

It is a smiling David-Weill who greets me in the study of his ninth-floor Fifth Avenue apartment on an afternoon in December. Tilting his head back, he peers at me over his glasses, eyebrows raised. There is a moment of cold observation, but only a moment. He has agreed to a rare interview, in part to address the swirl of rumors about Lazard and his family and in part to explain himself. That he has chosen to be interviewed in one of his family's five homes, something he has never before allowed, is revealing of the depth of his urge to be understood.

The New York apartment, which he bought in 1991 for close to $9 million, is a palatial space that used to belong to Bill Paley. Gilded 18th-century French furniture fills the foyer and living room; the walls are lined with extraordinary works of art. "I am proud of my collection," he says as he takes me on a tour. Corots decorate one wall in the living room; a Fragonard hangs above the marble mantelpiece that once belonged to Mme. du Barry. "I choose everything myself. I don't have peo-

"Michel enjoys setting people up against each other, so that their only relationships are through him."

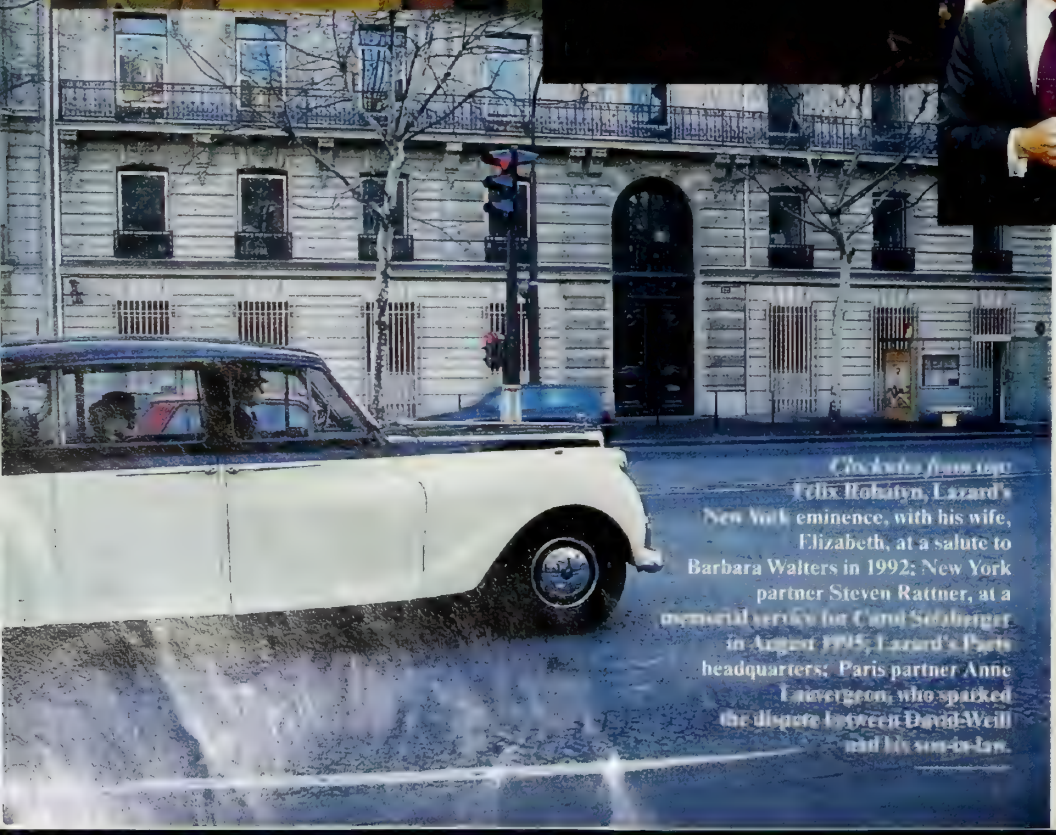
ple buy for me. Art," he says after a silence, "is an essential part of my existence."

Settling himself on the couch in his study, among the paintings by Picasso and Miró, he carefully selects a Cuban cigar from a Chinese cloisonné humidor at his side. It is the first of several he will smoke during our conversation, lighting one, letting it burn out, then lighting another. When he speaks about Lazard, he speaks elliptically, almost poetically, referring often to the firm's history. "The walls," he has said, "speak to the people that are inside the walls and . . . they speak the same language as in the past."

There is an intensity about David-Weill when he talks about his vision for Lazard: he is determined to keep it private, to keep its capital base small, to maintain mergers-and-acquisition advice as its core business—despite the increasing domination of investment banking by massively capitalized global institutions such as Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, and Goldman Sachs, behemoths that offer services far beyond M&A.

Lazard's impressive profits, an estimated $400 million in 1996, and its role in some of the biggest international deals last year—British Telecom's $24.9 billion acquisition of MCI, SBC's $23 billion purchase of PacTel, the $9 billion merger of Europe's giant insurance companies Axa and UAP—stand as proof that his vision has been the right one so far. "I believe in Lazard," he says. "All of my life and probably the life of my father, it was always said that we were different, and people hate a difference. It is an irritant. But you know that I've lived through three or four or five rationales for why we shouldn't be successful, and they impress me less and less."

If David-Weill is angry at those, including some of his partners, who say that the greatest threat to Lazard's future is that he cannot bring himself to relinquish power, he conceals it well. "There is a fashion," he says, leaning back to watch the smoke from his cigar curl upward, "that I think comes from the fact that people's minds are used to public-corporation people retiring. I have no intention of retiring. When I became a partner in 1961, André Meyer was 63," he says, referring to the legendary financier who ran Lazard's New York house for three decades. "When I became co-senior partner in 1977, he was 79. O.K.? So I think that it gives me a long time."



Clockwise from top: Felix Robatyn, Lazard's New York eminence, with his wife, Elizabeth, at a salute to Barbara Walters in 1992; New York partner Steven Rattner, at a memorial service for Carol Sebbinger in August 1995; Lazard's Paris headquarters; Paris partner Anne Lauvergeon, who sparked the dispute between David-Weill and his son-in-law.

Unlike the Rothschilds or the Warburgs, the David-Weills were never given titles of nobility, nor did they marry into aristocracy. They were, for most of the 19th century, outsiders in European business circles—a family whose fortune was made in the United States. The David-Weills did not establish Lazard, their cousins did. French Jews from the Sarreguemines region, the Lazard brothers emigrated to New Orleans, where, in 1848, they set up a dry-goods business. After a fire destroyed their store, they moved to San Francisco, in time for the Gold Rush. The Lazards were successful, but their ambition did not match that of their cousin and brother-in-law, Alexandre Weill, who eventually took over their firm. By 1883, Weill had transformed Lazard into a bank with offices in London, San Francisco, Paris, and New York.

Social prominence did not come to the David-Weills until the 1920s, when Michel's grandfather David Weill ran the firm. It was David Weill who had the family name hyphenated by government decree to give it an aristocratic stamp. He married his daughter into the prestigious Citroën family, which was a Lazard client. And in 1932 he became a regent of the Banque de France, which made the David-Weills one of the "*deux cents familles de France,*" members of the French elite.

The family tradition of collecting art began with David David-Weill, who bought an artwork almost every day and donated to France's museums as much as he kept for himself. He was the first of the David-Weills to head the acquisition committee of French museums, a position that his son, Pierre, later held and that his grandson occupies today. The family came to be known for its elegant parties and grand homes—a spectacular 18th-century *hôtel particulier* off the Boulevard Saint-Germain, where Michel still lives, and an estate in Neuilly, outside Paris.

"It was a dazzling vision to see the David-Weill house," says Edgar Munhall, curator of New York's Frick museum, who was a friend of Michel David-Weill's mother, Berthe. "It was as close to the Frick as I've seen." Berthe was a charming eccentric and a great beauty who was photographed by Horst and painted by Salvador Dalí. Later in her life, she took as her lover Theodore Rousseau, the legendary curator of European paintings at the Met; her husband, Pierre, kept a longtime mistress, the Comtesse de Montesquiou-Fezensac. "Being brought up the way he was, it was a miracle Michel did not become a playboy," Jean-Claude Haas, a top partner in Lazard's Paris house, once told me.

Michel David-Weill started working at Lazard in 1959, when he was 26 years old. He was not at all a playboy; by that time, he had completed his studies at the Institut d'Études Politiques and had already worked stints at Brown Brothers Harriman and Lehman Brothers. He was also married, and considered in France to have married well. Hélène Lehideux was the daughter of a prominent French Catholic banking family. One of her father's cousins had been a minister in the Nazi-collaborationist Vichy government and for a long time Robert Lehideux had refused to allow his daughter to marry David-Weill because David-Weill was Jewish. He relented when the Banque Lehideux collapsed and the family lost its fortune. "The Lehideux didn't marry Jews, even rich ones," says a family friend. "But Michel pulled it off."

When Michel and Hélène David-Weill arrived in New York, Lazard's Paris house was being run by Pierre David-Weill and the American house by the formidable André Meyer. Unlike the Rothschilds, who by covenant had to keep their banks in the hands of Rothschild sons, the David-Weills always made room for brilliant outsiders. Of these, Meyer, a Jewish refugee from war-torn France, was the most powerful.

An adviser to Katharine Graham, the Kennedys, the Rockefellers, and Lyndon Johnson, Meyer ran Lazard in New York from 1943 to 1977 and helped to build such major American corporations as RCA and Avis. He was also extremely difficult to deal with. He scorned Pierre David-Weill as "*un playboy de la finance,*" but he had a harder time scorning Pierre's son. "I think that André was envious of Michel," says Raymond Troubh, a director of Time Warner who worked at Lazard for more than a decade. "André was very insecure. He distrusted the English partners of Lazard—they were too fancy, they were dilettantes, they were too aristocratic. André was afraid of them." It was an insecurity that Michel David-Weill deplored in Meyer. "You know, my father had a saying about self-made men," David-Weill once told me. "He said, 'Beware of self-made men, because they always think it is their fault.' And I thought it was a wonderful saying, because it's so true. Because at least I don't think it's my fault."

Michel David-Weill was not as gentle as his father. In 1963, guided by Meyer, he helped launch the bitterly contested acquisition of Franco Wyoming, a French energy company based in the western U.S., in what was one of the first hostile takeovers in modern corporate history. Later, in 1968, also under Meyer's tutelage, David-Weill helped his friend Antoine Riboud (who until recently ran Danone) initiate a hostile takeover of glassmaker Saint-Gobain. Although it failed, this run at a pillar of corporate France sent tremors of shock through the French business establishment.

Pierre David-Weill died of cancer in 1975 and his son took over the Paris house. Two years later, Michel wrested the barely profitable New York bank from Meyer, who was dying but still refusing to relinquish control. "André was narrow," says Troubh. "He wasn't alert to the many changes going on in investment banking." Meyer had not set foot in Lazard's office for three years, "and then suddenly, when Michel arrives from Paris, he reappears," Don Petrie, a former Lazard partner, recalled. "He would come to meetings that Michel was running. . . . He'd just sit there and stare at him." Meyer pushed to have Felix Rohatyn run Lazard—which Rohatyn refused to do—and then ordered David-Weill to return to Paris. David-Weill was gracious with Meyer, but ignored him. "You could see," David-Weill once said, "that what [Meyer] really wanted to say to me was 'You are so polite that it hurts.'"

David-Weill fired many of the firm's partners and CONTINUED ON PAGE 274

EVERYBODY GOES TO KEN'S

A great American saloonkeeper in the tradition of Toots Shor and Elaine Kaufman, Ken Aretsky founded Oren and Aretsky and Arcadia and, for a decade, presided over the venerable '21' before being unceremoniously fired in 1995. DAVID HALBERSTAM joins the billionaires and media barons savoring Cohibas and martinis at the opening of Aretsky's second act, the swanky, Cheeveresque Patroon

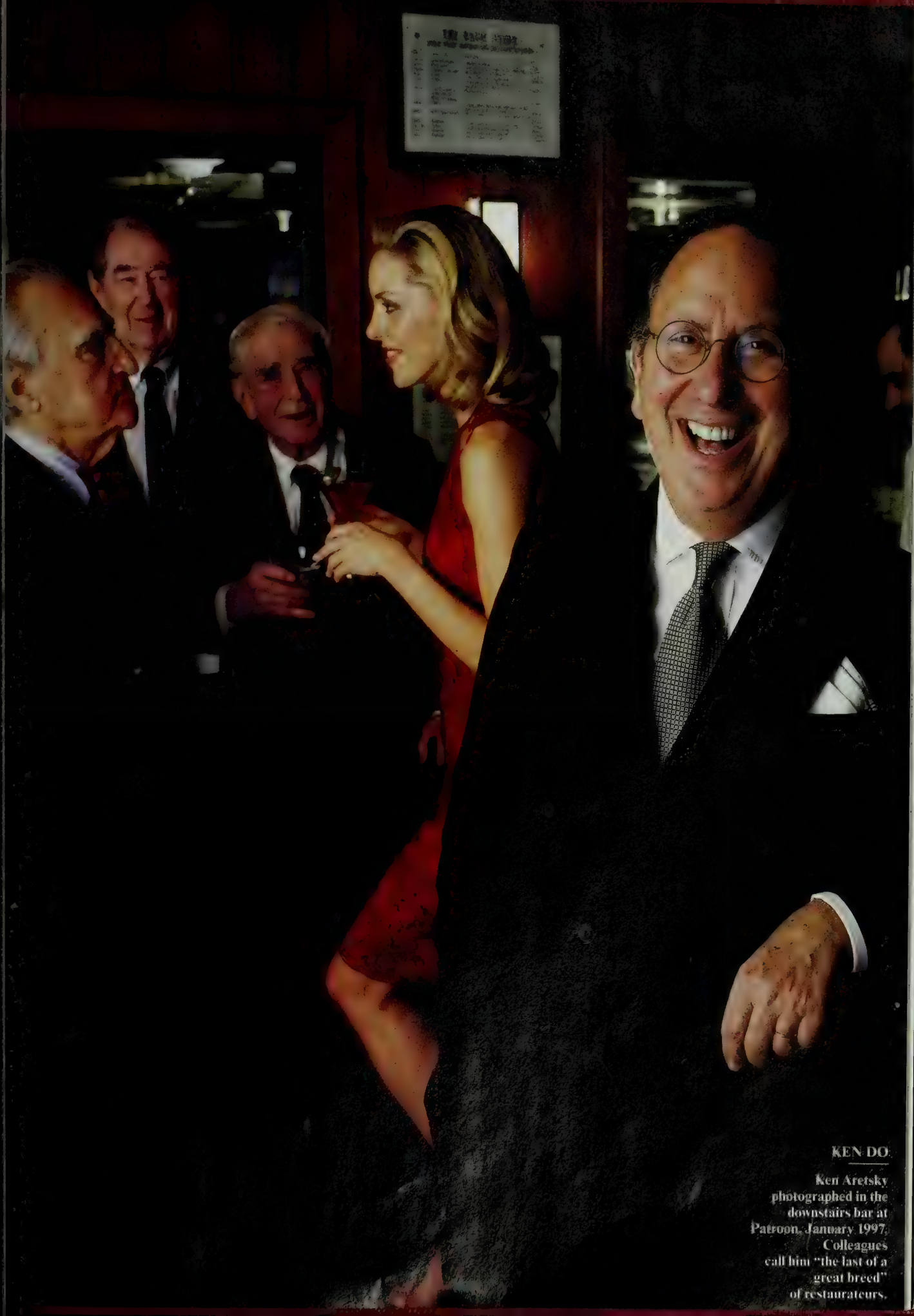
We live in a semi-brave new world. The onetime male bastions of food and drink have all been invaded. The prejudices of the past have given way to the prejudices of the present—of a generation more politically correct and more cholesterol-conscious. Prime ribs have been replaced by chicken and pasta—the smaller the portion, it seems, the better. Cigarette smokers are in retreat, cigar smokers indulge at their peril; thanks to New York's new anti-smoking laws, the entrances to many of the city's better restaurants are littered with cigarette butts, as customers take outdoor smoking breaks and use the streets as giant ashtrays.

The most celebrated Manhattan saloon of my childhood, Toots Shor's, is only a memory. It was, typically, a place where successful men did pretty much as they wanted at night while their wives waited patiently at home. Its main draws were the famous New York athletes who gathered there, through the era of DiMaggio to that of Mantle and Ford; but by Namath's day it had become a victim of a rapidly changing society, of athletes who made more and more money and had moved to the suburbs, and of night baseball, which kept away both the ballplayers and the sportswriters who had faithfully mentioned the place in their stories. The innkeeper himself was notoriously boisterous. Asked once why he didn't hang out there, Joe Namath answered, "Because the owner spills drinks on me." Shor, never very good at bookkeeping or paying income taxes, spent the last years of his life fighting a losing battle with the I.R.S.

[illegible] surprising that a saloon is neither an easy place to define nor to run at the tail end of the 20th century, a time when gender discrimination in all aspects of life is unacceptable: it had better be a place that at once tilts to the fantasy of a male habitat and yet makes women feel comfortable. The food, traditionally secondary in such establishments, now has to be good, and certainly can no longer, as in the past, be almost deliberately bad. (Why it was so bad is a fascinating question—was it one more means of keeping away women and other unwanted customers?) A nostalgic friend of mine who spends a considerable amount of time saloon hunting thinks that to the degree there is a last, best saloonkeeper in New York it may well be Ken Aretsky, and that his new Manhattan restaurant, Patroon, most resembles what a saloon should now be. It is a New Age saloon, if that is not a contradiction in terms: women are welcome (on the day I visited, two of the best critics in town were having lunch there, and they were both women—Janet Maslin, the film critic of *The New York Times*, and Ruth Reichl, the paper's food critic); cigar smoking is permitted in the bar and upstairs cigar lounge; the food, presided over by executive chef Franck Deletrain, the former *chef de cuisine* of the Four Seasons, is quite good (Reichl recently awarded the restaurant three out of four stars in the *Times*); and, most of all, the place has a comfortable feel to it. "Patroon" was the 17th-century Dutch word for the owner of a landed estate in the New World; Aretsky had wanted a name associated with New York, and Nelson Peltz, one of Aretsky's two venture-capitalist partners (the other is Peter May), came up with it.

I think Patroon works not just because CONTINUED ON PAGE 270

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



KEN DO

Ken Aretsky photographed in the downstairs bar at Patroon, January 1997. Colleagues call him "the last of a great breed" of restaurateurs.

BODY LANGUAGE

Tupac Shakur covered his skin with tattoos, including a black panther and an AK-47 machine gun. Across his abdomen were the words THUG LIFE. To him, a "thug" was a person who had nothing.

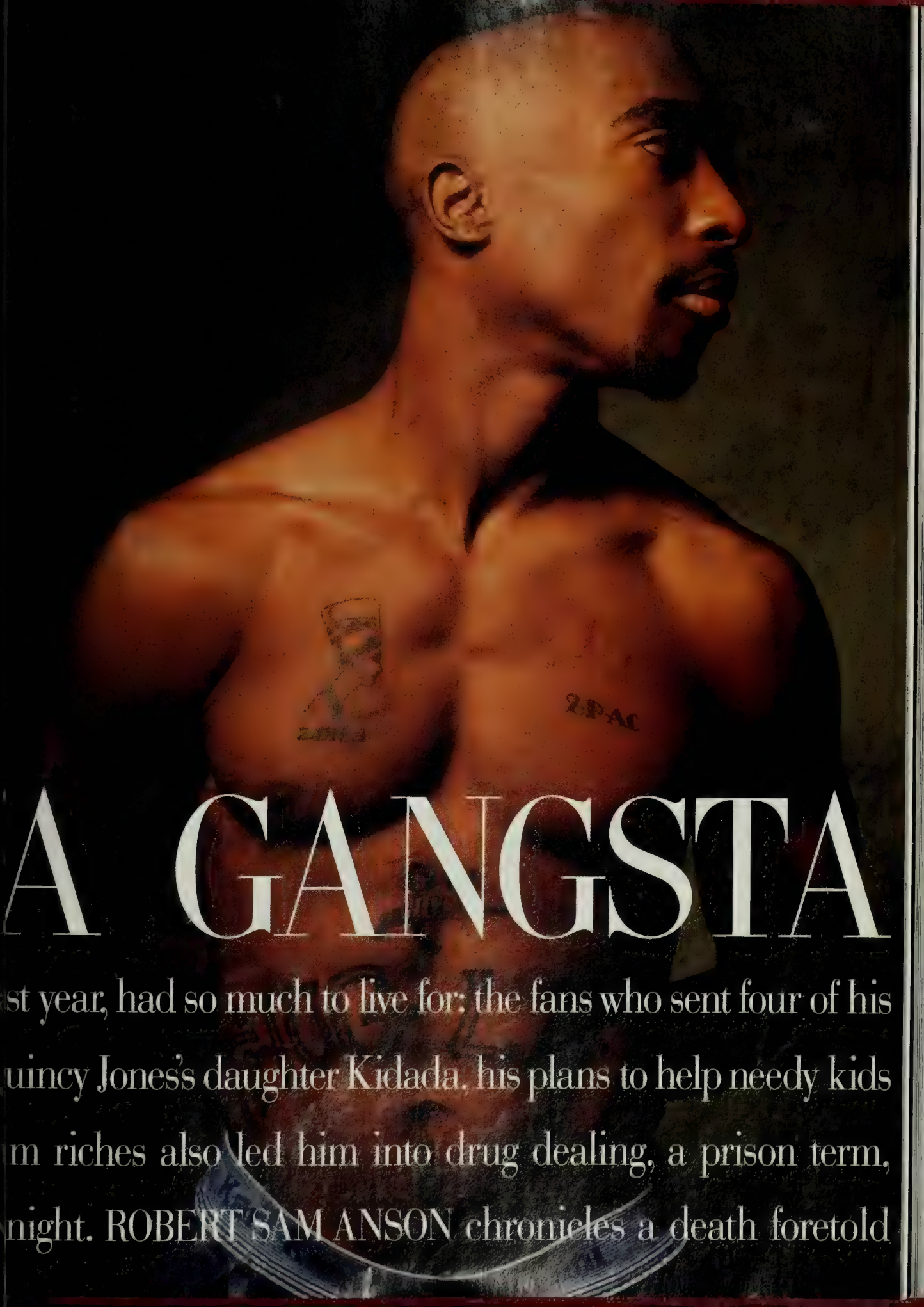
TO DIE LIKE

Gangsta-rap star Tupac Shakur, killed in a drive-by shooti

albums platinum, his dreams of a baby with his fiancé

from backgrounds like his own. But the violent world that ga

and the dangerous embrace of Death Row Records C.E.O. "Sug



A GANGSTA

st year, had so much to live for: the fans who sent four of his
uincy Jones's daughter Kidada, his plans to help needy kids
m riches also led him into drug dealing, a prison term,
night. ROBERT SAM ANSON chronicles a death foretold

The song Tupac Shakur's friends tell you to listen to—the one they say you have to hear to know him as he was—is the rap he wrote for Afeni, who carried him unborn in a jail cell and kissed him goodbye 25 years later in a trauma ward.

"Dear Mama," it is called, and she's what it's all about: a single mother on welfare who came home after working late and tried to fix her kids a hot plate; a woman who "even as a crack fiend always was a black queen"; a heroine who "always was committed."

"Tell me," he cries, "how you did it."

"Even though I act crazy," he calls out to her at the finish, "I gotta thank the Lord that you made me. But the plan is to show you that I understand. You *are* appreciated. There's no one above you."

Afeni Shakur listens to that song often these days, at home in the house her son bought for her in Stone Mountain, Georgia. It is a fine place, far finer than the prison cage she knew a quarter-century ago during what used to be called "The Movement."

She was a Black Panther then, accused by the People of the State of New York of plotting to blow up department stores and police stations. It was a fantastical charge, and Leonard Bernstein, Otto Preminger, Donald Sutherland, and Jane Fonda proclaimed her innocent. But the prosecutors had one thing right: Afeni Shakur was a person to contend with. How else to describe a woman who fought her jailers for the daily milk and egg she needed for the child inside her?

You can hear the grit in her still, when she talks of her boy. "Let me tell you the reality," she begins, her words as sharp as his lyrics. "My great-grandmother was a slave. My grandmother was a sharecropper. My mother was a domestic, and I was whatever the fuck I was. That child changed things for all of us."

There are moments, though, remembering the man that child became, when Afeni grasps her shoulders and, like any grieving mother, shakes with pain. Listening to "Dear Mama" is one of these moments. Remembering the ringing phone that broke her sleep the night of September 7, another.

Her friend Yaasmyn was on the phone. "Tupac's been shot," she said. "In Las Vegas. They say it's bad." Afeni didn't need details. She'd always known this call was coming. "From the moment he was born," she says, "I measured his life in five-year periods. When he was five, I was so grateful. When he was 10, I thanked God he was 10. Fifteen, 20, 25, I was always amazed he'd survived. He was a gift."

He was snatched away just as his music predicted: gangsta-style, in a hail of heavy-caliber metal, fired, fittingly, from a late-model Cadillac.

Months before, he had filmed his own death in a video. "It's just a fun little game . . . the game of life," Tupac said while working on the piece which showed him expiring, bullet-riddled, in an ambulance. "I know one day they're gonna shut the game down, but I gotta go around the board as many times as I can before it's my turn to leave."

Go around, Tupac Shakur did: taking turns without asking, breaking hearts and rules. And when he left the board, gunned down by still-unknown assailants for still-unknown reasons, the chips were piled high: tens of millions in record sales; six movies; hundreds of poems and lyrics; plans upon plans upon plans, including funding a chain of day-care centers to ease the burdens of mothers like Afeni. There was a darker legacy, too: drug dealing, arrests for assault and weapons possession, a prison term after an alleged gang rape. He was a roil of opposites—warm and sensitive one instant, cold and quick-tempered the next—and the explosiveness of the mix made him rap's most dangerous star. A prophet, said

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR
Afeni at a Black Panther convention in Philadelphia, circa 1970. *Inset,* Geronimo Pratt, Tupac's godfather, holds him and his sister, Sekyiwa. Afeni, left, holds the Pratts' baby. Mrs. Pratt stands at right. The photo was taken in the mid-70s.

"I measured his life in five-year periods. I was always amazed he'd survived. He was a gift."

DEAR MAMA

Afeni Shakur stands near her home in Stone Mountain, Georgia. Her son bought her the house, the first piece of property the family has owned since her grandmother was a sharecropper.

Rolling Stone; a menace, said Bob Dole—and both were right. Studios dubbed him "the next James Dean," salons, "the next Genet." Untamed, untamable, he embodied the black-male myth, made art of it, was imprisoned by it. "I'm going to save the young niggas," he said. And called himself a "souljah." The name was apt. Because Tupac Shakur was born in the middle of a war.

Its beginnings can be traced to a defining moment in U.S. race relations: the bitter Ocean Hill–Brownsville teachers' strike of 1968. On one side were the local members of the United Federation of Teachers, overwhelmingly white and Jewish; on the other, thousands of parents, poor and black and Puerto Rican. At issue was power: *Who had it?* The teachers, who had shut the schools in a dispute over community control? Or the parents, who had crossed picket lines to keep them open?

Caught up in it was 21-year-old Alice Faye Williams, a North Carolina maid's daughter and high-school dropout who had played at gang war and briefly loved a bodyguard of Malcolm X's. Now, as the aunt of one of the kids, she found herself serving as a makeshift teacher. By the time her lessons were over, several invective-filled months later, the old civil-rights coalition was in tatters and Alice Williams was a new person: Afeni Shakur, Black Panther.

She took up with Lumumba, a Panther organizer—and adopted the party rhetoric about "offing oppressor pigs," speaking often as not within earshot of undercover cops. Soon, a shotgun-toting squad of them was pounding on her door. The charge against her and 20 comrades was conspiring to set off a race war—with gunpowder.

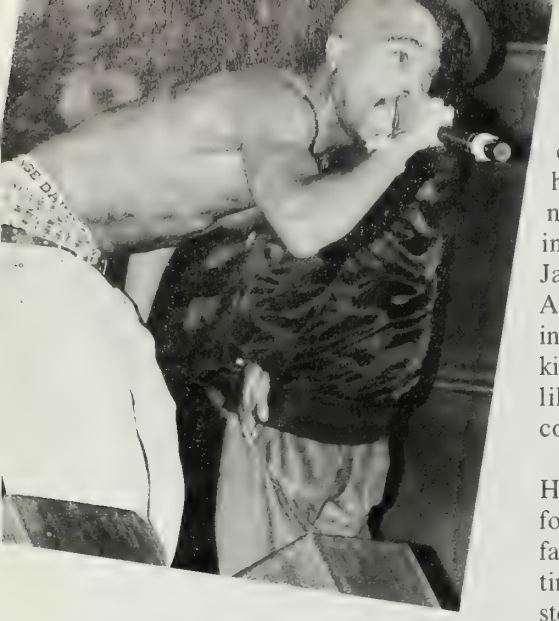
Out on bail, Afeni got pregnant, though not by Lumumba. Who the father was, she claimed she wasn't sure. Abortion was not an option she considered even when she was returned to jail after the flight of several codefendants. "This is my prince," she said, patting her swollen belly. "He is going to save the black nation."

It was Afeni—"this little thing you could put in your pocket," says columnist Murray Kempton, who covered the trial—who saved the Panthers. Acting as her own lawyer, she shredded their accusers with innocent questions. *Had they seen her carrying a gun?* No. *Making explosives?* No. *Working in a hospital?* Yes. *In the schools?* Yes. *In the streets?* Yes. *And had the efforts been for her people?* Yes, they admitted, blinking at the unschooled girl whose power came out of her head.

The jury took less than 20 minutes to vote acquittal on all 156 counts. A month later, in June 1971—divided Gemini, by the star chart—Afeni gave birth to a son. She named him Tupac Amaru–Incan for "shining serpent"—after an 18th-century Peruvian revolutionary whom Spanish colonizers pulled apart with horses. (In December 1996, a left-wing guerrilla group bearing the same name invaded the Japanese ambassador's residence in Lima, taking hostages.)

Afeni settled with her baby in the Bronx and pursued preying landlords, not as a Panther, but as a paralegal. Her son grew up bright and mannerly, something Afeni saw to by rewarding mischief with a copy of *The New York Times* and orders to read it front to back. Whatever kids in the neighborhood did, Afeni says, "he made up the game."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



TALKIN' 'BOUT A REVOLUTION

Tupac's first album, *2Pacalypse Now,* persuaded Time Warner to increase its stake in Interscope Records. *Above,* Tupac performs in Chicago, September 1994.

Pressures, though, were all around. They mounted when Afeni had another child, Sekyiwa, a daughter born two years after Tupac. Her father, Mutulu Shakur, also a Panther, was in no position to help the family. He was on a road that would lead to 60 years behind bars for a fatal armored-car holdup. Tupac's godfather, Panther Geronimo Pratt, wasn't around, either; he was doing a life sentence in California, on dubious homicide charges. (His attorney would later win nationwide recognition. His name was Johnnie Cochran.) The one male regularly on hand was Afeni's lover, "Legs," a small-time associate of Harlem drug lord Nicky Barnes. To Tupac, however, Legs was all the daddy available. "That," he said later, "is where the thug in me came from."

Mama taught something else. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" a minister asked when Tupac was 10. The answer was instantaneous: "*A revolutionary.*"

On Afeni's salary even necessities were luxuries. "Here we was, kickin' all this shit about the revolution—and we starvin'," Tupac told writer Kevin Powell.

There were riches, th[illegible] art prints Afeni brought fro[illegible] brary, particularly van Gogh's s[illegible] *The Starry Night,* that held the boy's attention for hours. He found another refuge when Afeni enrolled him in a Harlem theater group. A natural, by 13 he was playing Travis in *A Raisin in the Sun* at a Jesse Jackson fund-raiser at the hallowed Apollo Theatre. "I remember thinking, This is something none of them kids can do," he told Powell. "I didn't like my life, but through acting I could become somebody else."

For Afeni there were no escapes. Her job evaporated and Legs was jailed for credit-card fraud. On and off welfare, she moved her family often, sometimes to homeless shelters. At every stop, delicate-featured Tupac was taunted for being "pretty." "Tube Sock," the kids called him; "Tuberculosis."

"In the same things every day, holes in my jeans, the fucked-up sneakers," he recalled to writer William Shaw, "you don't want to be Tupac. You want to be *Jack.*" The indignities, though, were limited. "My mother . . . had a rep," said Tupac. "Couldn't nobody touch us."

Eventually they landed in Baltimore, where a relative had promised Afeni help getting a job doing data processing. Upon arrival, Afeni phoned Legs in prison—and was informed he'd died, at age 41, of a crack-induced heart attack. "I couldn't even cry, man," Tupac told Powell. "I felt I needed a daddy to show me the ropes, and I didn't have one."

What he did have, after door knocking by Afeni, was admission to the prestigious Baltimore School for the Arts. There he starred in several productions and began dabbling in rap. For Tupac, who'd already begun setting down what he saw around him in fragments of poetry, the music became the newspaper of his life's experience. "That school," he said to Powell, "was the freest I ever felt."

The city streets, though, held no starry nights: toward the end of Tupac's junior year, a neighborhood boy was killed in a gang shooting. Worried for her kids, Afeni sent them to spend the summer with a friend in suburban Marin County across the Golden Gate from San Francisco. They hadn't been there long when their hostess called. She said she was going into alcohol [illegible] the next day; Afeni'd better get [illegible]

The place Tupac's mother thought would be green-lawn safe turned out to be a mean little ghetto called Marin City, which was overlooked by hills and condominiums where rich people lived. Square-mile Marin City had one main street, one general store (for liquor), one school, one sprawling public-housing project, and, among the cops, one name: "The Jungle."

Before long, Afeni was snarled up in it—a crack addict. She hid the habit from her 17-year-old son, but she could no longer summon the questions to quell the doubts that held her captive. After a series of arguments, Tupac moved out, joining a group of boys in an abandoned apartment. He went to school—over the hill, at affluent Mt. Tamalpais High, where he gained a reputation as an actor of almost spooky intensity. Few knew he was on his own and fewer still that he was eking a living by, among other things, working in a pizza parlor. Tupac, however, now had no one to camouflage reality. "It'd be the shitty, *dumb* niggas who had women, rides, houses," he told Powell, "and I ain't have *shit*. . . . They used to dis me . . . because I was at the bottom."

So he started hustling crack. "Hung around with the thugs," he'd record later. "And even though they sold drugs / They showed a young brother love." That ended after friends reported a "gassed" Afeni buying drugs—"I started blocking her out of my mind," he recalled.

He scrimped by with odd jobs, chased girls, wrote poetry, and suggested that his friends get high smoking his ashes after he died. But rap was the real turn-on. "You'd go with him to have a hamburger and a Coke, and he'd start writing songs on a napkin," says Molly Monjauze, a friend from the time. "'Pac,' you'd say, 'you gotta eat.' But Tupac wouldn't look up. He was only listening to the music in his head."

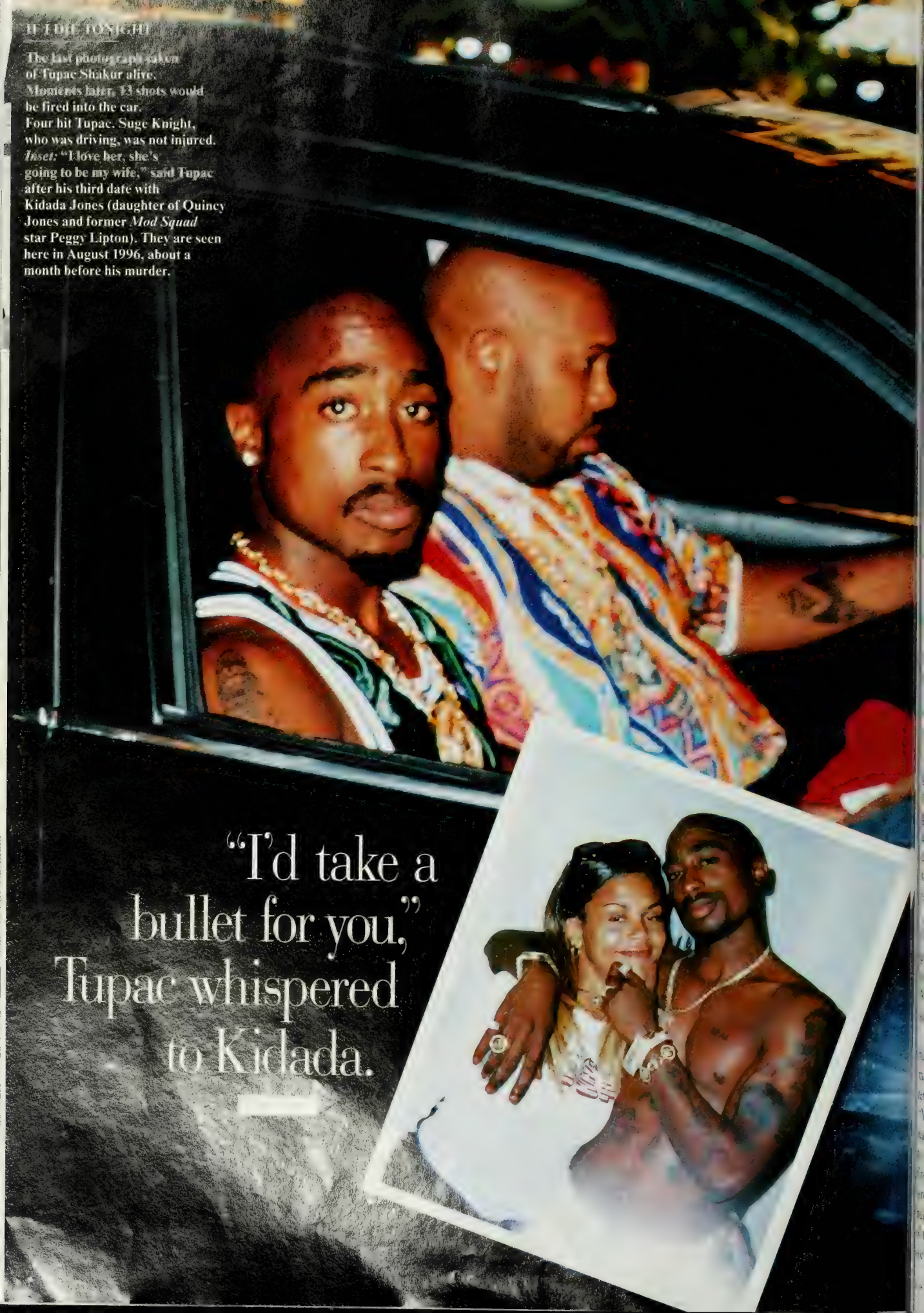
Usually rapping with his roommates—the One Nation Emcees, they called themselves—he attended class sporadically, and, just shy of graduation, stopped going altogether. Thinking a change of scene would do Tupac good,

GOLD FINGERS

Tupac with Snoop Doggy Dogg at the MTV Music Awards, September 1996. *Inset*, the rapper responds to photographers as he is lifted into an ambulance after being shot in a recording studio near Times Square, November 1994.

"All good niggers, all the niggers who change the world, die in violence," said Tupac.

The last photograph taken of Tupac Shakur alive. Moments later, 13 shots would be fired into the car. Four hit Tupac. Suge Knight, who was driving, was not injured. *Inset:* "I love her, she's going to be my wife," said Tupac after his third date with Kidada Jones (daughter of Quincy Jones and former *Mod Squad* star Peggy Lipton). They are seen here in August 1996, about a month before his murder.



"I'd take a bullet for you," Tupac whispered to Kidada.

Watani Tchyemba, a politically active friend of Afeni's, invited him to L.A., where he was organizing youth programs in the sprawling South Central ghetto. Tupac joined in for several months, but the political cast of the work—so much like Afeni's—put him off. "He loved her," Watani says. "But he wanted to carve out an identity of his own." That meant going back to rap and Marin, where he met a young white woman: Leila Steinberg.

They happened on each other in a park one afternoon not far from where Leila, an accomplished singer and dancer, was giving workshops on using music to build self-esteem. "I was reading Winnie Mandela's *A Part of My Soul Went with Him,*" she remembers, "when I hear a voice behind me say, 'That's a good one. It really moves well.' I turn around and see this stunning young man. 'You really read it?' I ask. And Tupac begins reciting quotations from memory."

By the time they'd finished talking, Leila, a single mother of three little girls, had offered him a room in her Sonoma County house, and Tupac had appointed her his manager. "So my business is going to be handling you," laughed Leila. "What's yours?" "Mine," said Tupac, deadly serious, "is young black males."

They toured inner-city schools, Leila giving talks, Tupac rapping. Eight months slipped by, however, with no gigs. "It's easy," Pac said one evening, as they dined on his specialty, potato tacos. "Just tell people what I always tell you: that I'm gonna sell more records than any rapper ever."

The next day, Leila phoned Atron Gregory, manager of Digital Underground, an Oakland-based dance-party group. "The most ever, huh?" said Atron, amused by Tupac's pretensions. "O.K., I'll give him a chance."

Tupac started as a roadie, carrying bags. Soon he was dancing, then commanding the mike. "He *demanded* attention," says D.U. rapper Money-B. "You could depend on that. The only way you couldn't depend on Pac was to keep his cool." He lost it his very first time performing. Something went wrong with the sound system and Atron had to restrain him from slugging one of the equipment men. "We said, 'O.K., we can't use you,'" recalls Shock-G, Tupac's closest friend in the group. "Two hours later, Tupac's back, like nothin' happened. It was like that all the time. He'd flip on you, then the incident didn't exist."

He had quieter times, such as the night on the road he sneaked off with Shock and a couple of girls to the dark of the tour bus. As Shock snuggled with his date, he heard Tupac whispering a few rows up. "I'm thinkin' he's gettin' it on with this young lady," says Shock, "but then I listen. He's explaining *Terms of Endearment* to her, real low, so, like, I won't hear. I almost laughed. What does Pac know about *Terms of Endearment*?"

He knew a lot, in fact, as well as a lot about *The Gospel at Colonus, Les Misérables,* the works of Poe, Lao-tzu, Mozart, and Shakespeare. "Look how he busts it up with *Macbeth,*" Tupac told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter years later, congratulating the bard for "some serious ghetto shit." Among rappers, though, there were no points for that knowledge. Points came from playing the hard guy who talked trash to state troopers. There was a price to be paid for this swaggering—Tupac's hair was falling out in clumps from the stress—but he didn't mind. He'd found an identity; he was standing out. "That was my number-one thing," he said. "Everybody's gonna know me."

Soon he had recorded more than enough songs for a solo album. The trick was getting it released. "He was funny, adorable, a real flirt," says Tommy Boy Records president Monica Lynch, who didn't sign Tupac. "But, as an artist, he wasn't there yet."

There was no convincing Tupac of that. The problem, as he saw it, was D.U.'s happy rap style. Gangsta was the fashion now, and L.A. was its paradise. By 1990, everyone was there: Dr. Dre, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Eazy-E, the Ices' Cube and T. *Be real Niggaz,* called the voices as the ominously slow, deep beat boomed from cruising car stereos. *Fuck tha police.* No matter that many of the music's makers were well-educated products of good, two-parent homes. Gangsta sold—to the pinkest of Caucasians as well as blacks.

Leila wanted no part of it, and, cautioning Pac to watch his back, turned over his management to Atron. They were still scrounging for a record deal when Money-B came to town to audition for the lead in a movie called *Juice.* Tupac tagged along.

The part Money tested for was Bishop, an icy-souled punk who kills his best friends to cover up his crimes. Money couldn't summon the chill. "I can do this shit," said Tupac, grabbing the script. "All right," said producer Neil Moritz. "Do it."

What followed was a shock. "Dynamic, bold, powerful, magnetic—any word you want to use," says Moritz. "Tupac was it, we cast him right on the spot."

They shot in Harlem with Spike Lee's cinematographer Ernest Dickerson directing. On wrap day Moritz took Tupac aside to congratulate him for his performance, and tease him about spending so much of his scale wages on gold jewelry. Tupac later rationalized by quoting a Robert Frost poem likening gold to innocence: "So dawn goes down the day / Nothing gold can stay."

"Ten years from now," said Moritz, "you're going to be a big star." "Ten years from now," Tupac replied, "I'm not going to be alive."

Back in L.A., Atron was on the verge of closing a deal with Interscope Records, an upstart independent label then owned by department-store heir Ted Field and former John Lennon producer Jimmy Iovine, who at the time were in partnership with Time Warner. The tape that sealed it included one song about looking for a father's love and another about the pleasures of shooting it out with cops. "Right away you could tell that this guy was different from the rest of the world," says Interscope president Tom Whalley. "I couldn't slow him down. I never worked with anyone who could write so many great songs so quickly." The album that resulted—*2Pacalypse Now*—sold 500,000 units, and helped persuade Time Warner to increase its Interscope stake. *2Pacalypse Now* was still selling when *Juice* bowed, and, fueled by raves for

Tupac, became very profitable. "Suddenly," says Whalley, "Tupac was larger than life."

One who noticed was Marion "Suge" Knight, a six-foot-three, 335-pound figure of multiple incarnations: gang hanger-on, reserve lineman for the Los Angeles Rams, and, his most recent (courtesy of $10 million in financing from Interscope–Time Warner), proprietor of ultra-hot Death Row Records.

Suge—"Sweet as Sugar," he'd been called as a child—had an eye for talent and was blunt going after it. According to one suit, filed by Eazy-E–owned Ruthless Records, he'd picked up the release on Dr. Dre's contract by sending some boys round to see Eazy. They didn't waste time haggling. Just handed over a pen and held iron pipes to his head till he signed. (Knight denies the charges; the suit was eventually thrown out.)

But that was Suge's reputation: direct. Six arrests' worth of candor—by the count of the L.A.P.D. And there were a lot of stories the cops hadn't heard. Like the time Suge allegedly tried to force an opponent to drink a jar of his own, presumably "sweet as sugar" urine. Or the night he reportedly threatened to throw Vanilla Ice off a 15th-floor hotel balcony. Or the day Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson visited his office and found an assistant mopping up a pool of blood. "Business dispute" was Suge's explanation. ("Never heard of that," says Knight's lawyer. "I never heard that Jesse Jackson or Al Sharpton came to visit Suge.")

Interscope executives knew all the stories; they'd reportedly seen Suge's methods firsthand. At their first meeting, Suge, who'd arrived with a trio of bodyguards, tore into the only black executive present, rap promotion head Fabian Duvernay. "You my ho!" an eyewitness says Suge shouted, yanking Duvernay out of his seat and into an adjacent office. When the door opened again, says the eyewitness, there was Duvernay, suspended in midair, Suge's hand around his throat, the bodyguards kicking him. (Both Duvernay and Suge's lawyer say the incident never happened.)

Since then, Suge had brought Interscope millions. His gang pals, the Bloods, were making sure of that, dropping by mom-and-pop stores and South Central dances with Death Row releases and little hints. "You're playing *this*," they'd say, stroking the bulge beneath their Timberlands. And, wonders, the records would spin. (Suge's lawyer never heard such a thing.) With Afeni Shakur's progeny, however, more respectful measures were called for. Suge, who ran into Tupac at a recording studio, tried money first, offering $200,000 for a single song. Pac took the cash, but, loyal to Atron and Whalley, declined the Death Row invite. A seed, however, was planted.

The money, in any case, soon vanished. Some went for a Mercedes 300—Tupac's dream car—which lasted less than 24 hours before he totaled it. The next day he bought another, and, when a friend admired it, Tupac gave it to him. He did he[illegible] to an Oa[illegible]tment, only Tupac kept forget[illegible] his keys. He handled that by punching in windows, so [illegible]

SPOTLIGHT

O'Brien Country

"Countries are always either mothers or fathers," Edna O'Brien once told me, "and Ireland is a mother, though she can be a widow and a gaunt hag." Imagine, then, what such a country might be like as a *daddy*. That's just what O'Brien does do in her latest novel, *Down by the River* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Based loosely but solidly on the celebrated "Miss X" affair (where an underage Irish girl was legally denied the right to travel to England in order to terminate a pregnancy inflicted by the father of a friend), the book makes the girl's father commit the crime. The old sod—by which I mean the country, not the daddy—is a land of ire. But the nation's rage is reserved for the girl herself, when she tries to get an abortion.

You might say that the emerald-eyed Edna O'Brien was born to write this. Her own father—perhaps fortunately—preferred horses and bottles to daughters. She was a young runaway from the dark side of Irish rural life. ("Out in the country things get very murky," says the girl in *Down by the River*. "I would like to live in a city because if you scream someone can hear you.") And when O'Brien got divorced, extracts from her novels were read aloud in court to prove her unfitness as a mother. Though she's been a Londoner these many years, brightening the metropolitan swim in a dozen ways, it's the lure of magic and tragedy that pulls her back, time and again, across the sea to Ireland. —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

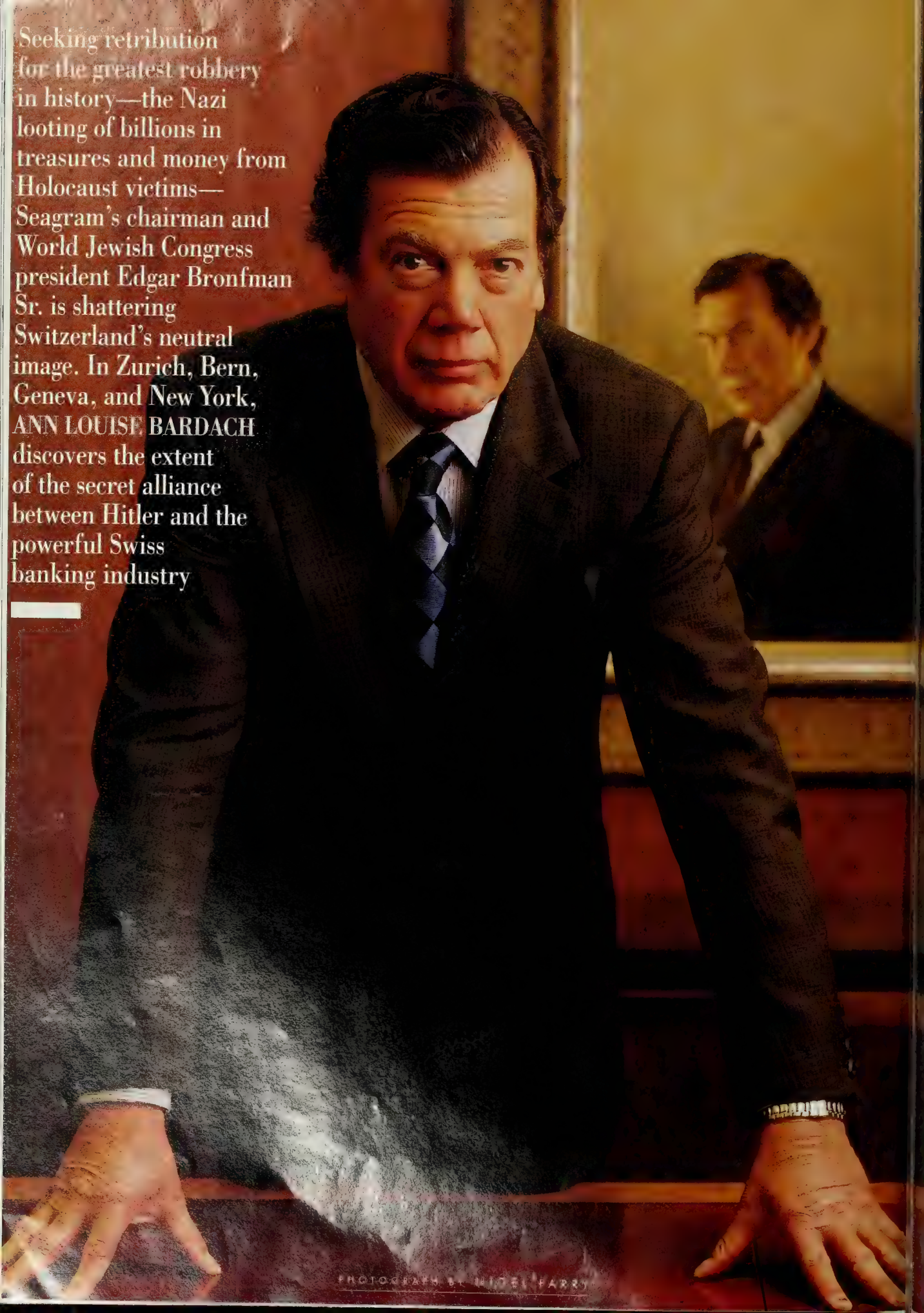
HAIR BY HOWARD FUGLER; MAKEUP BY GLENN MARZIALI; HAIR PRODUCTS FROM PAUL MITCHELL, MAKEUP FROM LANCÔME; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

EDNA O'BRIEN

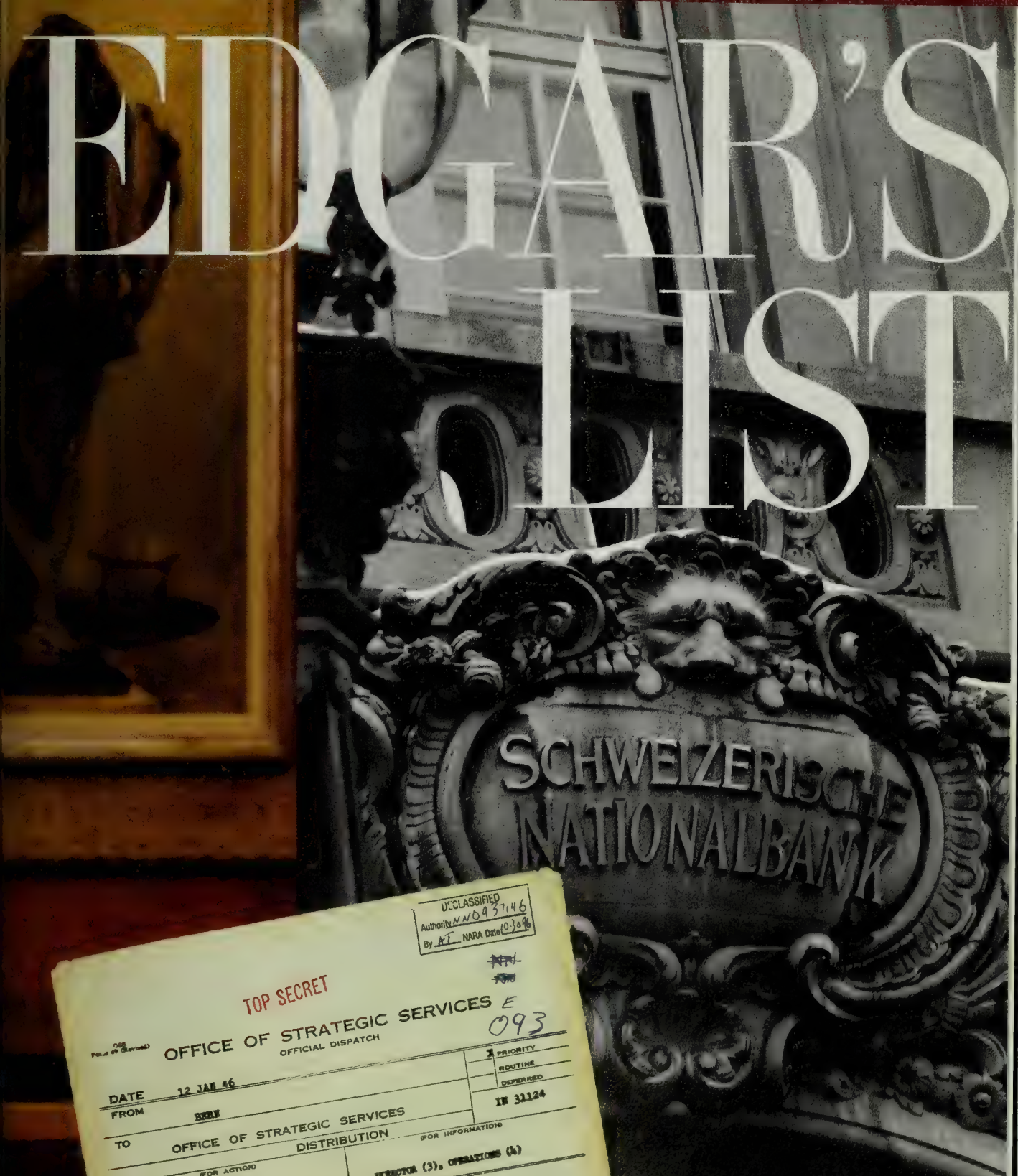
"Ireland is a mother," she told me, "though she can be a widow and a gaunt hag."

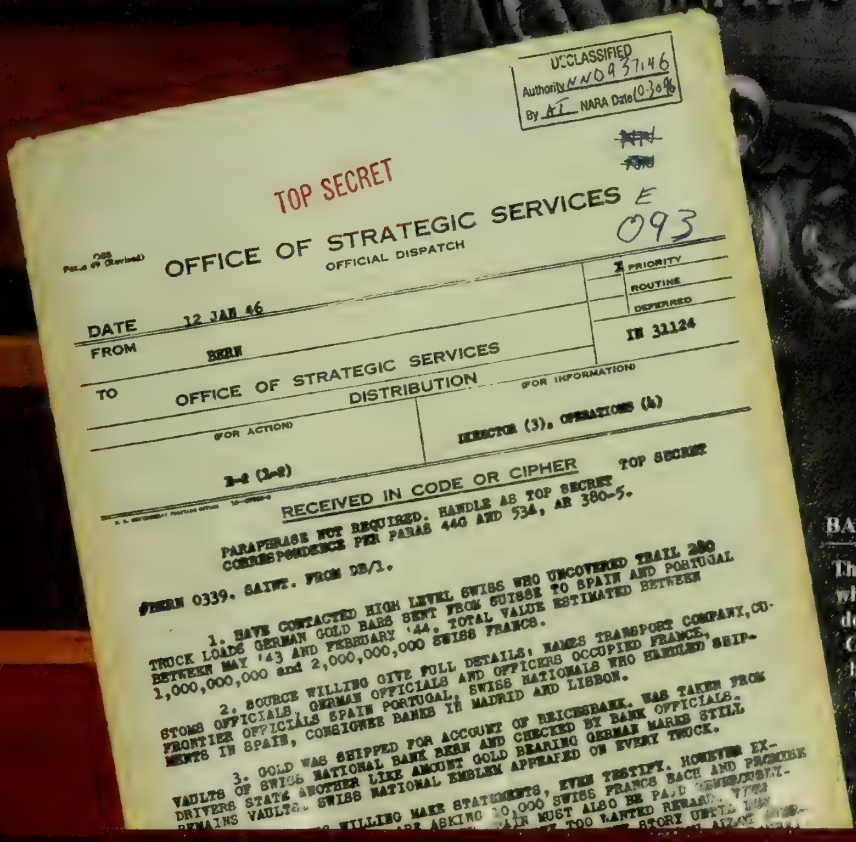
Seeking retribution for the greatest robbery in history—the Nazi looting of billions in treasures and money from Holocaust victims—Seagram's chairman and World Jewish Congress president Edgar Bronfman Sr. is shattering Switzerland's neutral image. In Zurich, Bern, Geneva, and New York, ANN LOUISE BARDACH discovers the extent of the secret alliance between Hitler and the powerful Swiss banking industry



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL FARRY

EDGAR'S LIST





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1. HAVE CONTACTED HIGH LEVEL SWISS WHO UNCOVERED TRAIL 280 TRUCK LOADS GERMAN GOLD BARS SENT FROM SUISSE TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL BETWEEN MAY '43 AND FEBRUARY '44. TOTAL VALUE ESTIMATED BETWEEN 1,000,000,000 and 2,000,000,000 SWISS FRANCS.

2. SOURCE WILLING GIVE FULL DETAILS; NAMES TRANSPORT COMPANY, CUSTOMS OFFICIALS, GERMAN OFFICIALS AND OFFICERS OCCUPIED FRANCE, FRONTIER OFFICIALS SPAIN PORTUGAL, SWISS NATIONALS WHO HANDLED SHIPMENTS IN SPAIN, CONSIGNEE BANKS IN MADRID AND LISBON.

3. GOLD WAS SHIPPED FOR ACCOUNT OF REICHSBANK. WAS TAKEN FROM VAULTS OF SWISS NATIONAL BANK BERN AND CHECKED BY BANK OFFICIALS. DRIVERS STATE ANOTHER LIKE AMOUNT GOLD BEARING GERMAN MARKS STILL REMAINS VAULTS. SWISS NATIONAL EMBLEM APPEARED ON EVERY TRUCK.

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BANKING ON SUCCESS

The ornate façade of the Swiss National Bank in Bern, which, according to a declassified 1946 O.S.S. document, *inset*, was the source of 280 truckloads of German gold sent to Spain and Portugal. Swiss banks which still have deposits made by Holocaust victims are the principal targets of Edgar Bronfman Sr., head of the World Jewish Congress, *opposite* in his company's boardroom on the fifth floor of the Seagram Building before a portrait of him by George Weymouth.

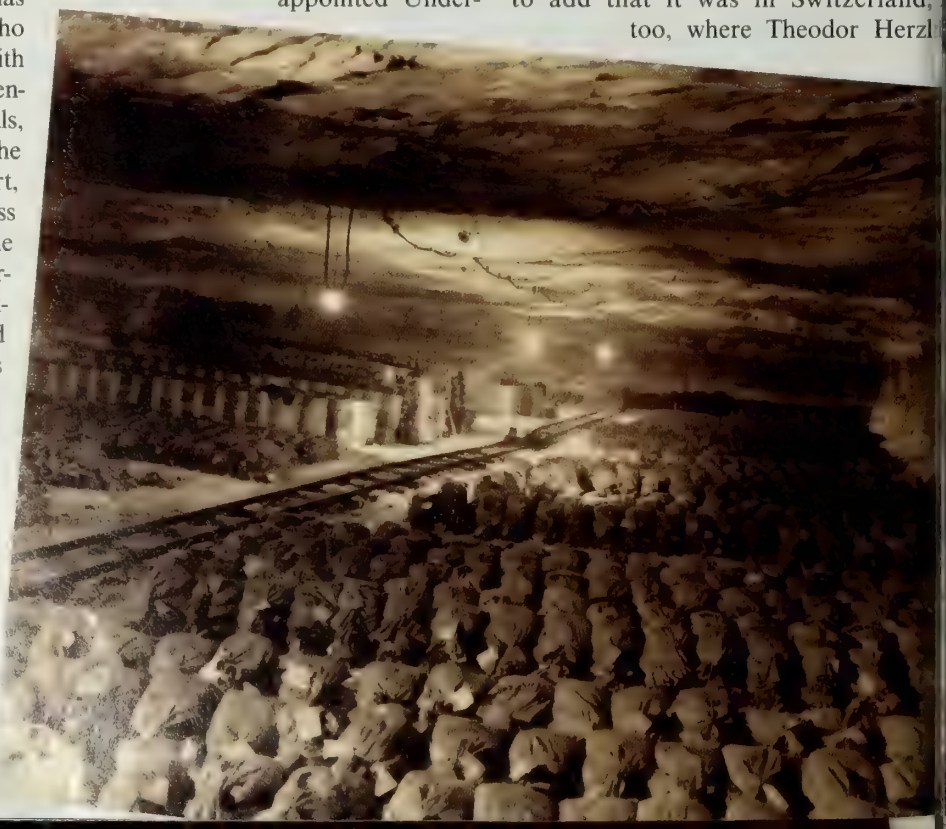
Edgar Bronfman remembers that he wasn't much more than 10 years old when he first overheard whispered conversations in his family's baronial estate in Montreal between his father and visitors who spoke with dense foreign accents and ragged bursts of emotion. "'All the Jews in the village were lined up and shot. . . . A child saw them digging their own graves.' That's what they were telling my father in 1939. And if I, a 10-year-old boy, knew this, how come the rest of the world didn't know?"

For much of the last two decades, Bronfman, as president of the World Jewish Congress, has seen to it that the world does know and never forgets the events of history's darkest decade. More controversially, he has demanded that the assets of those who perished be returned to their heirs. With the same vengeance that Simon Wiesenthal hunts down Nazi war criminals, Bronfman pursues reparations for the Nazis' victims—their property, their art, and, most notable, their money in Swiss bank accounts. His efforts over the last year have utterly unhinged Switzerland's equanimity, have severely shaken its stated position of neutrality, and threaten to undo the secrecy laws that are the bedrock of its banking system and, consequently, its wealth. And the Swiss are not the only ones who are trembling. Investigators are just beginning to unearth World War II documents tracking the trail of the Gestapo's loot from Swiss banks to South America. Before it is all over, many nations, including the United States, are certain to be implicated—bringing grief and shame to aging statesmen. "This is the last chapter of the Holocaust," Edgar Bronfman says pitilessly, "and it must be written correctly."

In September 1995, Bronfman and his aides met in Bern with Kaspar Villiger, then president of Switzerland, and the board of the Swiss Bankers' Association to discuss the assets of Holocaust victims in Swiss accounts. Having successfully evaded and denied their ties to the Third Reich for decades, the Swiss once again sought to defer their hour of reckoning. They offered part of the $32 million they had in unclaimed accounts to settle all outstanding claims. "They didn't understand that what we want is a proper accounting, not a payoff," said an indignant Bronfman.

Less than two years into Bronfman's crusade, four U.S. investigations have been launched, including those by Alfonse D'Amato's Senate Banking Committee and its counterpart in the House, chaired by Iowa congressman Jim Leach. The Independent Committee of Eminent Persons, headed by former Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker, has retained three accounting firms which have been granted free rein to inspect all dormant Swiss bank accounts opened between 1934 and 1946, assisted by an unprecedented suspension of the Swiss secrecy laws and paid for by the Swiss Bankers' Association. President Clinton has appointed Undersecretary of Commerce Stuart Eizenstat as White House point man to supervise yet another inquiry.

Whatever the crimes of the wartime Swiss prove to be, the charges alone—bolstered by the gut-wrenching claims of survivors and recently declassified documents in the National Archives in Washington—have been a colossal public-relations nightmare for them. And they are keenly aware that matters could get worse, progressing from bad press to critical long-term damage to the banks. More than 10,000 survivors or their heirs have filed suits against the banks, and Bronfman has not ruled out calling for an international boycott of the banks. A palpable low-grade panic suffuses the normally imperturbable Swiss. After a series of blunders and denials by the banks, the Swiss Parliament has approved legislation forcing them into action, and is instituting its own wide-ranging Truth Commission investigation. "Nothing less than our reputation as an honorable country and a reliable friend is at stake," intoned a humbled Ambassador Thomas Borer, chief of the Swiss Task Force on the Assets of Nazi Victims, before the House Banking Committee in Washington last December. Borer implored his audience to remember that Switzerland is "the land of the Red Cross, the Geneva Convention, and the United Nations." He hastened to add that it was in Switzerland, too, where Theodor Herzl



"The Nazis would torture Jews and force them to sign over their Swiss bank accounts."

TRUNEAL HORROR

At the end of the war in Europe, a stunned General Dwight Eisenhower, accompanied by General Omar Bradley, left, and General George Patton, inspects art treasures in one of dozens of mines in which the Nazis hid their plunder. *Opposite,* bags of currency discovered at the potassium mine in Merkers, Germany, along with gold bullion and gold fillings wrested from the mouths of concentration-camp victims, all of which totaled $241 million.

The State Department reported in 1945 that "Goering previously sent more than $20,000,000 . . . via the Schweizer Bank of Geneva."

FREAK SHOW

In 1945, a building in Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mountain retreat, became temporary art gallery in which Allied soldiers could view Hermann Goering's personal loot. At left, Goering standing trial at Nuremberg, 1946, after which he poisoned himself. *Opposite,* the concrete entrance to a bunker in Berchtesgaden where Goering stashed stolen valuables, including gold, silver, and artworks, in the last months of the war.

held the first Zionist World Congress.

"No one but Edgar Bronfman could have brought us to this point," says Israel Singer, the W.J.C.'s secretary-general and Bronfman's guru in what Singer jocularly refers to as "the Jew business." With a reported personal fortune of nearly $3 billion and easy entry into the highest reaches of power, from Boris Yeltsin to Fidel Castro to the Pope, Bronfman is a herculean rainmaker. "Edgar Bronfman has even forged a marriage between Bill Clinton and Alfonse D'Amato," says the W.J.C.'s executive director, Elan Steinberg, "the odd couple of politics."

Edgar Bronfman is chairman of the board of the $22 billion Seagram Company Ltd., which his father, Sam Bronfman, built from scratch, and which is run by his 41-year-old son, Edgar junior. The Seagram empire includes 80 percent of Universal Studios, Inc., Tropicana Dole Beverages, Martell and Co., G. H. Mumm & Cie, and 15 percent of Time Warner. Because Sam Bronfman was phobic about heights, he chose the fifth floor of the landmark Seagram Building on Park Avenue for his office, and his son remains there today. It is a preternaturally still and cheerless floor, brightened only by a Fernand Léger painting and tapestries designed by Picasso.

Edgar Bronfman is a broad, trim man of gruff earnestness, with dramatic bushy eyebrows cutting diagonally over his blue eyes. There is a forbidding, impatient quality about him and some resemblance to the 40s movie actor Joseph Cotten. His father, a Russian-born Canadian distiller who made his fortune during Prohibition, was a Jewish Joe Kennedy. Unlike Kennedy, however, Sam Bronfman was truly a family man and a prodigious philanthropist. He was also a lifelong Zionist. Edgar Bronfman says it was only after his father's death in 1971 that he developed an interest in his faith. "It's one of the great regrets of my life that I didn't raise my children in a religious home," he says.

"Look, I was born rich and didn't experience much anti-Semitism except for some incidents at prep school," Bronfman explains. "But when I see what has happened to Jews, it shocks me. They were treated terribly. There has been no justice." Today, Bronfman relishes his role as what some have come to think of as the Jewish pope. He devotes, he says, "about 40 percent of my time to W.J.C. matters," adding that he thinks it has made him, if not a better man, a better executive. "I run Seagram like a dictator. I talk. I don't listen," he says. "With W.J.C., I listen. W.J.C. is a democracy. Seagram is not." An associate of Bronfman's comments that while his boss is "entirely capable of Ceauşescu bouts of behavior [a reference to the Romanian dictator] everything he does for W.J.C. is pro bono." He has bankrolled much of its funding and spent "in the seven figures" pursuing restitution for Holocaust victims. In a recent mailing to W.J.C. members, Bronfman pledged to match all contributions up to $25,000. Unlike the late Armand Hammer, who freely capitalized on his diplomatic endeav-

Israel Singer, secretary-general of the World Jewish Congress, standing, and executive director Elan Steinberg, in the organization's New York headquarters. *Below,* Daniel Guggenheim, outside his law office in Geneva, says, "American Jews have a bad conscience because they did nothing for their European brethren [during the war]."

ors to augment his companies' profits, Bronfman, by all reports, has never tried to enrich himself from W.J.C. work. "There is no business upside for him in, say, pleading dissident or Jewish rights to the Russians," says Israel Singer.

Some feel Bronfman brings too much of the hardball ethos of corporate politics to such issues as his successful campaign to topple Kurt Waldheim, the former U.N. secretary-general and Austrian president, for his participation in war crimes. Some prominent Jewish leaders, including former Jerusalem mayor Teddy Kollek and Simon Wiesenthal, opposed Bronfman's assault on Waldheim, feeling that it risked fomenting more anti-Semitism. "Jews don't create anti-Semitism," retorted Bronfman. "Anti-Semites create anti-Semitism." Bronfman supporters pointed out that Wiesenthal was reluctant to go after Waldheim "out of embarrassment," because Wiesenthal lives and works in Vienna. ("If you want to study malaria, you go to where the mosquitoes live" is Wiesenthal's usual response.)

The Waldheim case clearly drew the line in the sand between two camps of Jews. European Jews, who have suffered more and who cope with a more active strain of anti-Semitism, tend to favor low-key, back-channel negotiations. American Jews are more hard-line, and Bronfman exhibits what his critics carp is more the marksmanship of a cowboy than the maneuvers of a diplomat. When Bronfman took over the presidency of the W.J.C. from its charismatic founder, Nahum Goldmann, in 1981, he was determined to transform the organization from a philanthropy with marginal influence into a player on the world stage. "I adored [Goldmann] and respected him deeply, but we differed in our approaches," Bronfman writes in his memoir, *The Making of a Jew.* "My view is that timidity toward anti-Semitism encourages anti-Semitism," he says.

When Waldheim threatened to sue Bronfman for defamation, Bronfman called his bluff. The Austrian government, fearful perhaps of a Nuremberg Trials rerun, compelled Waldheim to drop the suit. Bronfman succeeded in terminating Waldheim's career in disgrace, even lobbying to have him barred from visiting the United States. It was a stunning victory, but

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP LEFT BY NIGEL PARRY; ALL OTHERS BY JOHN STANMEYER

it widened the breach between Bronfman's W.J.C. and Wiesenthal's devotees. When I asked the 88-year-old Wiesenthal what his feelings were regarding the Swiss scandal, he responded somewhat testily through his secretary, "I am interested in bringing to justice those who took the *lives* of Jews, not those who took their assets."

The irony of one of the world's wealthiest men pursuing the funds of Holocaust victims has not gone without comment. Some have mumbled that they fear it will raise the timeworn anti-Semitic canard about Jews and money, and there is evidence that it already has. A crucial part of Bronfman's confidence and success is due to the fact that Jews are thriving in America as never before. In current American politics, restitution for Holocaust victims is a win-win issue, and no one is more keenly aware of this than Senator D'Amato, whose New York constituency includes the largest Jewish population in the Western Hemisphere.

Early in his mission, Bronfman shrewdly tapped D'Amato, the chairman of the powerful Senate Banking Committee. With his poll numbers in the basement following his fizzled Whitewater hearings and an election less than two years away, D'Amato has seized on the restitution issue. "People can call me political—whatever," he tells me, "but I am doing the right, the just thing." And the pit bull of the Beltway has put the fear of God into the Swiss, fueling all manner of conspiracy theories. At three congressional hearings, D'Amato gave operatic performances—cajoling, bullying, and downright insulting the Swiss. "Thank God he isn't Jewish," says one Bronfman aide, "or he'd trigger a whole new pogrom."

D'Amato's investigators have unearthed two tons of declassified documents in the National Archives, producing, on average, one bombshell headline per week. Some, however, turned out to be duds. Perhaps the biggest blooper was an announcement last March that a Swiss company, the Société Générale de Surveillance, had improperly held Jewish

Rolf Bloch, president of the Federation of Swiss-Jewish Communities, says, "Most Swiss were anti-Nazi during the war, but that doesn't mean they were pro-Jewish." *Below,* Swiss member of Parliament Verena Grendelmeier proposed the legislation in 1995 that obliges Swiss banks to account for the assets of Jewish war victims.

funds. In fact, the Société is an old, esteemed company formerly owned and operated by Jews. Moreover, a recent audit completely vindicated the Société of the charges. But it is outrage, not facts, at which D'Amato excels, and Nazi collaborators may be the first target truly worthy of his savagery.

In view of the enormous sums bandied about in the press, one might imagine that Auschwitz was a mass grave of multimillionaires. In fact, the overwhelming majority of the six million murdered Jews were ordinary citizens of limited means. Many were poor. And those with wealth to shelter usually hid it in a hole in the ground or in a wall in their house, not in Swiss banks. However, those with the means and the wherewithal certainly took advantage of what they believed was the most secure banking system in the world. Of the more than 10,000 who have filed suits against Swiss banks, only a fraction personally made the deposits themselves. Jacob Friedman was one of them.

At 75, Friedman is still handsome, his blue eyes set off by wavy white hair. Sitting with his wife, Margita, and their son, Robert, at the dining-room table in his Brooklyn home, he wears a navy-blue suit and vest and a dark yarmulke. His hands are folded and rest on the polished table. His voice is a low whisper. "A book had come out," he says. "It was called *Mein Kampf,* and people said that if certain things came to pass they would try to take the money and property of Jews away from them. I know that was part of my father's thinking." However, a mass pogrom in the middle of the 20th century, Marton Friedman assumed, was inconceivable.

Jacob recalls in minute detail the seven arduous trips he made to Zurich, Switzerland, as a teenager in 1937 and 1938. Always he traveled by rail, leaving Timişoara, Romania, in the morning and arriving one and a half days later in Zurich. Like thousands of Europeans, Friedman's father was seeking security for his savings away from the inflationary instability that plagued much of the Continent. Penalties for transferring currency out of the country were stiff. In Romania, one could face 10 years in prison; in Germany, during the war, death. Cognizant of the dangers involved, the Swiss banks offered a seemingly perfect solution: numbered accounts.

Every two or three months, young Jacob would make the journey, carrying an envelope containing 22,500 Swiss francs, the equivalent of about $58,000 today. On the front of the envelope was a neatly printed number—the sole identification of the depositor. From the Zurich train station, Friedman took the tram to 60 Anwand Strasse, the home of a close friend of his father's, Chiel Riger. Friedman's father knew that his son would be well cared for, and that Riger would see to it that he attended prayers at the synagogue across the street. Previously, Jacob's father, a successful commodities broker, had made one trip to the banks himself. But in 1936, amid a rising tide of Swiss xenophobia and anti-Semitism, the elder Friedman, a bearded Hasid, had been detained and expelled by the Swiss police. In time he enlisted his eldest son, a 17-year-old partial to modern dress.

Upon his arrival, Jacob would take his envelope and deposit it in one of three banks in Zurich. In all, he says, he made eight deposits: three at the Schweizerische Bankgesellschaft (Union Bank of Switzerland); one at Wohl und Landau Bank; and three at the Schweizerischer Bankverein (the Swiss Bank Corporation), as well as one at its branch in Le Locle. Receipts were provided to Riger, and in the evening he and Jacob's father would speak by phone and confirm the transaction.

I recently retraced Friedman's footsteps in Zurich, in part because Swiss officials have disputed many of the claims. On a rainy day last November, I found the apartment building at 60 Anwand Strasse, but I couldn't locate the synagogue. I soon saw two Hasidim step out of a car and walk up the street. Yes, they said, they were on their way to the synagogue, pointing to an unmarked building behind us. But, no, they didn't know a Friedman or a Riger. One of them disappeared inside, and moments later a man in his 70s came out. Yes, he had known Riger, he said, "a very good man—but he's long gone now, maybe since 1955. Even his son is dead now."

Only once, in 1938, was Jacob Friedman stopped by the Swiss police. "They asked me where I was going, and I told them, and they returned my passport," he says, but they offered him a warning. "They told me, 'Don't go through Germany again. If you do, it may be your last trip.'" In 1939, Friedman fled to Budapest to avoid the draft in Romania, but he returned in 1940 to visit his family. Discovered by the police, he was taken to the station house, beaten, and "kicked out" of the country. He never saw his family again. "I know the exact day they were taken to Auschwitz," he says, his gaze fixing on the table. "It was the first day of Shavuot, May 28, 1944."

His wife finishes their story. Margita Friedman rapturously describes the world of her childhood—the extinct world of the Hungarian Jewish intelligentsia. "There was nothing like it anywhere. Such a cultivated community. More so than Paris or Prague," she says. After the Nazis took Budapest and corralled its Jews into a ghetto, her brother's best friend offered his Aryan identity card to Margita and Jacob. "He felt sorry for us," Margita recounts. "But I couldn't save my mother," she says. "My mother—only 44 years old. My father, 47. I don't understand why. We never bothered anyone. We never broke the law."

From March to July 1944, 430,000 Hungarian Jews were efficiently dispatched to their death, Margita's family among them. "They knew how to do it by then—one, two, three," Jacob Friedman says quietly, bitterly. "They learned well from their Polish experience," he adds, referring to the slaughter of the three million Jews of Poland.

In 1970 the Friedmans attempted to recover Marton Friedman's savings from the various Swiss banks. Deposits of 200,000 Swiss francs could today, with interest, be worth $1,000,000. However, the Friedmans were told that without the account numbers they would be unable to secure their funds. "I never cared about the money," Margita Friedman says. "We have lost everything that we loved. But we have survived, and now there are grandchildren. And they should have that money. Not the Swiss." Hearing that the Swiss have asked for up to five years to complete their inquiry, Jacob reacts scorn-

fully. "They're waiting for us to die," he says. "In 5, 10 years we will all be dead, and they know this." Holocaust survivors are an endangered species. According to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, there were 50,000 living in the United States in 1996.

The truth is, no one cared about the Jews. In 1940 the Jews had no powerful lobbies, no state of Israel. We were powerless," says Daniel Guggenheim, brushing back his thick dark hair with his hand. We are sitting in his decorous law offices on the Rue de Granges, a narrow cobblestone stretch of 18th-century buildings in the Old Town of Geneva. "It was terrible here for Jews until late into the last century," explains Guggenheim, a third cousin of the flamboyant art collector Peggy Guggenheim. Swiss Jews could not vote, be elected to public office, or live where they chose to until 1866. "My great-grandfather paid for our cousins to go to the United States because things were so bad here."

Daniel Guggenheim's own family did not flee Switzerland during the war, feeling as strongly tied to their Swiss roots as to their Jewish faith. Daniel was born in Geneva in 1938, two years after Nahum Goldmann—who later became a Swiss citizen—founded the World Jewish Congress there. "Goldmann was from a Polish shtetl, but he had a good German education and was a great womanizer," remarks an amused Guggenheim. "My father was a great admirer of his." Daniel's father, Paul Guggenheim, an international lawyer, was among the first to notify Franklin Delano Roosevelt of the Holocaust. "Carl Burckhardt [the head of the International Committee of the Red Cross at the end of the war] told my father what was happening to the Jews. My father filed an affidavit warning of the Holocaust with the U.S. consul in Geneva, who communicated it to Roosevelt, who ignored it." Guggenheim has his own theory about the refusal of the U.S. to act on behalf of the Jews, the blame for which is usually attributed to a handful of anti-Semitic advisers close to F.D.R. "Jimmy Roosevelt [F.D.R.'s son] was a client of mine," says Guggenheim. "Jimmy said it was only his mother who had any real feeling for the plight of the Jews."

After the war, Paul Guggenheim campaigned to have the Swiss banks release the funds of Holocaust victims. "My father went to the Swiss Justice Department in the mid-50s asking them to open the accounts, which they did in 1962," he says. The investigators found 9.5 million Swiss francs—then the equivalent of $2.2 million. Why only such a small amount? "Because the banks were investigating themselves," he says with a smile. "That's the difference between then and now."

Guggenheim speaks of his wife, whose parents are survivors of Auschwitz, where they watched the demonic Dr. Mengele decide who would live and who would die. "My mother-in-law tells me things that are"—he pauses, reaching for the right word—"unspeakable. People think that the Holocaust devastated just one generation. But it affects many generations. It doesn't go away."

Guggenheim questions Bronfman's strategy, and voices his irritation with D'Amato's stridency and blunders. "We must be fair. There were many courageous people here," he says, reminding me that 25,000 Jews found sanctuary in Switzerland during the war. "My father always said it's easier to do the right thing today than it was in 1939. American Jews have a bad conscience because they did nothing for their European brethren," he says, and admits to misgivings about the entire process of rehashing Swiss guilt. "I don't think that the future of the Jewish world depends upon this. It depends upon peace in Israel. It's like the Waldheim matter," says Guggenheim, who came down on Wiesenthal's side. "You don't use political power to change a conscience. You use it to change laws."

Like Guggenheim, Rolf Bloch is among the 18,000 Swiss Jews who survived the war, "through no merit of my own," he says. Today he is president of the Federation of Swiss-Jewish Communities as well as of Camille Bloch Chocolates, the company his father founded. A kind, portly man, he shares the Swiss partiality for understatement. "My family has lived in Switzerland only for the last 150 years," he says earnestly. "The feeling among Swiss Jews for many years was to be quiet. We learned the hard way that silence didn't work, that we must speak up." From the balcony in the magnificent 19th-century Swiss Parliament building, Bloch observes those sessions that deal with Jewish issues, peering down on legislators like their conscience.

"Most Swiss were anti-Nazi during the war, but that doesn't mean they were pro-Jewish," says Bloch, adding that the current furor has raised the hackles of many Swiss, "reviving Jewish-conspiracy theories. . . . The Swiss are not masochists. They are being attacked every day, and they don't like it." At the House hearings, Bloch warned investigators not to produce "single documents out of context," and urged them not to abuse "the goodwill of the Swiss."

Nevertheless, he offers a chilling primer on the wartime complicity of the Swiss. "We know that Swiss law firms approached wealthy Jews and offered to buy freedom for their relatives stuck in occupied countries like Austria," he says. Such was the case of Henry Lowinger, a Viennese businessman who was arrested soon after the invasion of Austria. According to a declassified State Department memo from May 1945:

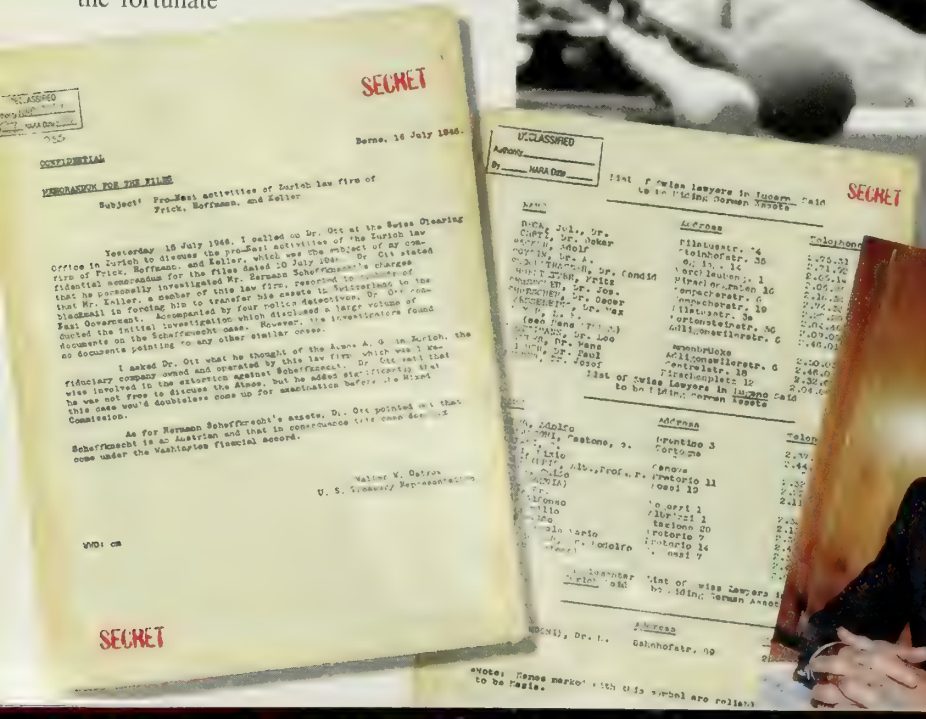
> After about two and one half years of imprisonment and pressure . . . he agreed to transfer to the Nazis all of the assets which he had, including the stock holdings of his Swiss holding company, and also to withdraw his Swiss franc deposits and to pay them over in cash in exchange for his freedom. Two Nazi lawyers . . . together with a dozen or more Gestapo agents, brought Lowinger and his wife to the Swiss frontier. . . . There he was met by his Swiss lawyer. Lowinger signed the necessary documents, and had his Swiss lawyer turn over the . . . cash to the Nazis, after which he walked across the Swiss border, penniless but alive.

"We also know that the Nazis would torture Jews they had captured and force them to sign over power of attorney to them to empty their Swiss bank accounts," says Bloch. "Now, some Swiss bankers would look at these German powers of attorney very suspiciously and not release the funds, but many banks did." And what hap-

pened to the Jews after signing over their assets? I ask. "Some were killed—maybe most of them," he says. "We do not know."

Alice Fisher believes that her father was killed in this way. A child of privilege, Fisher enjoyed an idyllic upbringing on a bucolic estate in Czechoslovakia, surrounded by fine art. Her rhapsodic world was shattered forever on March 15, 1939, with the Nazi conquest of her country. Soon Jews were evicted from their homes and herded into a grimy, overcrowded ghetto. "My father paid a lot of money to have me smuggled out of the ghetto. . . . Three days after I was smuggled out, my family was taken to Auschwitz," Fisher told the House Banking Committee in her crisp, accented English. "I learned later that just before deportation my father was arrested, interrogated, and tortured by the Nazis, because they knew that he was a very wealthy man. He was beaten terribly so he would tell them where he put the family money. They must have heard about my father's many trips to Switzerland." Fisher, who is a schoolteacher, testified that her father had confided that he had put the family's savings, jewelry, and her dowry in Swiss banks to keep them secure until after the war. Fisher also said that she had learned that her mother had been among the fortunate

"This is my money, and the Swiss banks have no right to withhold it from me."



SECRET

Bern, 16 July 1946.

CONFIDENTIAL

MEMORANDUM FOR THE FILE

Subject: Pro-Nazi activities of Zurich law firm of Frick, Hoffmann, and Keller

Yesterday 16 July 1946, I called on Dr. Ott at the Swiss Clearing Office in Zurich to discuss the pro-Nazi activities of the Zurich law firm of Frick, Hoffmann, and Keller, which was the subject of my confidential memorandum for the files dated 10 July 1946. Dr. Ott stated that he personally investigated Mr. Hermann Scheffrencht's charges that Mr. Keller, a member of this law firm, resorted to threats of blackmail in forcing him to transfer his assets to Switzerland in the Nazi Government. Accompanied by four police detectives, Dr. Ott conducted the initial investigation which disclosed a large volume of documents on the Scheffrencht case. However, the investigators found no documents pointing to any other similar cases.

I asked Dr. Ott what he thought of the Alpac A. G. in Zurich, the fiduciary company owned and operated by this law firm, which was involved in the extortion against Scheffrencht. Dr. Ott said that he was not free to discuss the Alpac, but he added significantly that this case would doubtless come up for examination before the Mixed Commission.

As for Hermann Scheffrencht's assets, Dr. Ott pointed out that Scheffrencht is an Austrian and that in consequence this case does not come under the Washington financial accord.

Walter V. Ostrom
U. S. Treasury Representative

WVO: cm

SECRET

UNCLASSIFIED
Authority
By NARA Date

SECRET

List of Swiss Lawyers in Lugano Said to be Holding German Assets

Name	Address	Telephone
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

List of Swiss Lawyers in Lugano Said to be Holding German Assets

Name	Address	Telephone
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

List of Swiss Lawyers in Lugano Said to be Holding German Assets

Name	Address	Telephone
[illegible], Dr. L.	Bahnhofstr. 90	[illegible]

Note: Names marked with this symbol are reliably to be Nazis.

RESTORATION DRAMA

At a House Banking Committee hearing on Holocaust assets in Swiss banks last December, from left, Senator Alfonse D'Amato, attorney Michael Hausfeld, claimant Alice Fisher, claimant Gizella Weisshaus, Undersecretary of Commerce Stuart Eizenstat, and D'Amato's legislative director, Gregg Rickman. *Insets, from far left,* a 1946 Treasury Department document about the blackmailing of a Jew by a pro-Nazi Swiss law firm; an O.S.S. document listing lawyers said to be hiding German assets; Hanspeter Haeni, who found only $9,000 of Holocaust victims' assets in a preliminary search instituted by the Swiss banks.

ones in Auschwitz to be selected for work duty, but she was unwilling to leave her nine-year-old son. "She didn't want him to die alone, and she joined him in the gas showers," recounted Fisher, the sole survivor of her family. "I have refused to take any German compensation," she said, referring to the restitution payments available to survivors. "I did not want their money, but this is my money, and the Swiss banks have no right to withhold it from me."

"After the war, the English and the French banks took out newspaper ads with the names of unclaimed accounts of Jews," remembers Estelle Sapir, the daughter of a prominent Polish banker. "We got all our money back from the banks in Paris and London." Sapir, who escaped from an SS camp near Marseilles and survived the war with the help of the French Resistance, made two trips to Switzerland, hoping to free her father's funds there. At Crédit Suisse in Geneva in 1946, she saw her father's file on the desk of the bank officer handling her claim. "They said I had to have a death certificate," she says. She returned to Paris empty-handed. In 1957 she went to Basel with papers of her father's Swiss accounts. They weren't good enough. Only a death certificate would do. "I screamed, 'Who will give me this death certificate? Himmler? Hitler?' They didn't try to comfort me. Nothing." Today, Sapir lives in a single, cramped room with a shared bathroom in a boardinghouse in Belle Harbor, Queens.

Document after document bolsters the contention that the Swiss, more often than not, worked hand in hand with the Germans; their famed neutrality was as flexible and improvised as circumstances warranted. "They acted as the total ally of the Third Reich," says Edgar Bronfman flatly. According to the State Department's Lowinger memo:

> The Germans managed to place French-speaking ardent Nazis in the leading Swiss banks, with the result that during the course of the war the Swiss secrecy law worked only against the Allies and not against the Axis. . . . The Gestapo knew exactly how much Lowinger had on deposit and where it was held, and told him so shortly after he was imprisoned.

The Swiss have put forth the argument—not without merit—that their wartime options were limited, surrounded as they were by Germany and Nazi-occupied countries. However, a free, stable Swiss franc was crucial to the survival of the Third Reich in the world market, where the deutsche mark was unacceptable, and would have plunged in value had the Germans invaded. Most historians agree that there was no need for Hitler to seize Switzerland—he already had it, or at least what he wanted, virtual free rein with its rail system and banks.

On May 7, 1995, Swiss president Villiger offered a public apology for the wartime actions of his country. For it was the Swiss, not the Germans, who in 1938 came up with the idea that the passports of Austrian and German Jews should be stamped with a large red *J* so that they could be easily identified by the Swiss police. Consequently, an estimated 33,000 fleeing Jews were refused entry into Switzerland, which led to the death of most of them. Additionally, the Swiss police turned over many Jews seeking asylum to the Gestapo. The Swiss railway police routinely handed Jews and escaped Allied prisoners of war over to the SS.

Still, it is the postwar actions of the Swiss that have generated the most outrage. Previously classified army intelligence memos released last December reveal that in 1947 and 1948 Swiss officials were offering deluxe escape packages to desperate Nazi tycoons for as much as 200,000 Swiss francs (the equivalent of $324,000 today). The cost included a passport, a ticket on Swissair, KLM, or Air France, and a residence document to the Nazi haven of choice, usually Argentina or Brazil. Some Swiss bankers—like a shadow government—even offered to transfer the funds of their Nazi clients to South America in diplomatic pouches. The memos leave no doubt that significant sums of Gestapo plunder were shipped during and after the war to Buenos Aires, the Berlin of the Americas, where Juan and Eva Perón saw to it that they were reunited with their unlawful owners.

And the bad news keeps getting worse for the Swiss. Several art auctions held in Lucerne during the 1950s are said to have liquidated Nazi-confiscated art. Throughout the war, U.S. Office of Secret Services agents tracked a massive flow into Switzerland of so-called degenerate art, which included works by Matisse and Renoir, under the auspices of Hermann Goering. In 1945, the then head of the Metropolitan Museum put the value of stolen Nazi art found in Switzerland at a staggering $2 billion to $2.5 billion.

A spectacular blunder was made in 1949 when the Swiss decided to return $1.6 million in assets of deceased or heirless Polish nationals—the majority of whom were presumed to be Jewish—to the Communist government of Poland. Adding insult to injury, some have charged that a portion of the money in question was then used to settle claims by Swiss citizens against Poland for nationalization of their properties. "It was pragmatic," says Rolf Bloch, "but not moral." A few years later, the banks made a similar deal with Hungary, turning over $325,000 from the accounts of deceased Jews to the Hungarian government. Most damaging, the deals prove that the banks violated their own sacrosanct secrecy laws by weeding out the accounts of individuals with Jewish names. "Secrecy laws for whom?" scoffs Bronfman. "How come they knew which accounts to empty and turn over?"

Even before the current scandal ignited, Jean Ziegler, a controversial Socialist member of the Swiss Parliament, was the nemesis of the Swiss Bankers' Association. Now he has done the unforgivable: he has sponsored legislation to abolish the banks' secrecy laws, a proposal which will be debated in Parliament this month. "The basis of our wealth was Nazi gold," Ziegler says. "We were a poor country before the war, and today we are the second-richest country in the world. Remember, it was Walther Funk, Germany's economic minister, who said at Nuremberg that 'without the Swiss we couldn't have lasted two months.'" State Department reports from 1945 corroborate that gold deposits in Switzerland doubled between 1939 and 1945, the direct result of transfers from Germany.

In mid-January, D'Amato's office released confidential O.S.S. dispatches revealing that between 1943 and 1944 the Swiss transported 280 truckloads of gold from Bern to Portugal and Spain on orders from Berlin. The shipments, estimated at from $250 million to $500 million then, and valued at from $2 billion to $5 billion today, would seem to prove incontrovertibly that the Swiss were fencing and laundering for the Nazis.

Ziegler claims that much of the Nazis' loot poured into Switzerland after 1944. On August 10 of that year SS leaders met in Strasbourg with German industrialists and Swiss bankers to discuss how to resurrect Germany as a Fourth Reich, and how to shield their assets from the Allies. "Himmler hoped to get rid of Hitler, make peace with the West, and fight Russia," says Ziegler.

The eminent Swiss-Jewish historian Jacques Picard says that there was no momentum for any investigation until D'Amato started producing smoking guns.

"The banks are convinced that the American banks are behind him," he says, "and are using this as an excuse to push them out of business." There is concern that the flames of this scandal could ignite an even larger conflagration. After all, Switzerland has been a haven for the funds of all manner of international scalawags—arms dealers, drug traffickers, terrorists, and fugitive tycoons such as Marc Rich, Bernie Cornfeld, and Robert Vesco. "The legacy of the Nazi accounts," says Picard with a droll smile, "is the drug-cartel accounts."

Verena Grendelmeier is a slim, striking woman of 58 with bobbed white hair. A former actress and theater director, she is now the most famous member of the Swiss Parliament. In 1995, Grendelmeier proposed the legislation that obliged the banks to scour their accounts for the assets of Jewish war victims. "I like to say that I threw a little stone and a big wall came down," she tells me in her modest hilltop apartment in a Zurich suburb. "The fact that we have been attacked for months," she says, "has people astonished. From chocolate and watches, suddenly we are a negative." She pauses, adding, "Our neutrality may have been a myth."

Months after her speech on the floor of Parliament, U.S. investigators found a State Department memo entitled "List of Swiss Lawyers in Zurich Said to Be Hiding German Assets," dated May 22, 1946, and stamped SECRET. On the list were the names of Grendelmeier's father, who died in 1983, and his law partner. Grendelmeier accepted this news stoically at first, but by the time I met with her, she was voicing her doubts. After all, she told me, her father, Alois Grendelmeier, who was also a member of Parliament, was known for his anti-Nazi sentiments and his support of the 1962 legislation. He had begun his career partnered with a left-wing Jewish lawyer and had made his name in Parliament campaigning for women's suffrage (which didn't come to Switzerland until 1971). Grendelmeier says she really began to have second thoughts when she was informed of another report. "It was a hit list of whom the Nazis would kill if they took power," she says, "and both my parents were on that list." I ask Rolf Bloch, who knew Alois Grendelmeier, if he believes that he aided the Germans. "No, not at all," Bloch says. "He wasn't a Nazi." Switzerland during and after the war was a bit like a Graham Greene novel, swarming with spies for the Allies, the Germans, and the Russians as well as with double agents and disinformation experts. Bloch directs my attention to two other names on the list. "These are Jewish names, without question," he says dryly, "and I find it difficult to believe that they were working with the Nazis."

WORLD CONSEQUENCES
From top, Nazi sympathizer Eva Perón with four-time Swiss president Philipp Etter in Bern, 1945; Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal; John J. McCloy, Franklin Roosevelt's adviser, who ignored the flow of Nazi plunder into South America and gave clemency to German industrialist Alfried Krupp.

In the early days of the scandal, the Swiss did everything possible to make matters worse for themselves by evading, fudging, stonewalling, and then finally relenting. The case of restoring Polish victims' assets to Poland's Communist government is a good example. According to the intrepid D'Amato investigator Gregg Rickman, "First they denied it entirely. A day later they admitted there might have been a treaty or a secret protocol, but that the Swiss never benefited from it. A week later they confirmed it, which proves they broke their own secrecy laws. And they have never turned over the lists of accounts to either Poland or Hungary or anyone else. We asked them for it in November." The Polish list was finally turned over on January 20.

Some officials have suggested that there may be as much as $7 billion in unclaimed assets and Nazi plunder, a figure the Swiss dismiss out of hand. However, according to historians Peter Hug and Marc Perrenoud, who were retained by the Swiss government to investigate the banks, the Swiss may be guilty of criminal offenses in concealing the accounts and preventing heirs from gaining access to them.

On November 12, 1996, the ombudsman for the Swiss banks, Hanspeter Haeni, released his finding that only a meager $9,000 had turned up in his limited, preliminary search of the banks. Outrage was swift and furious. Elan Steinberg of the W.J.C. dismissed Haeni as "a photo-copy service," a blind servant of the Swiss Bankers' Association. I visited the beleaguered Haeni in his office in downtown Zurich and found him to be alternately bitter, empathetic, and defensive.

He said that some of the claims filed with his office are credible, but others, he believes, are "invented." Haeni made no secret of his irritation with Bronfman and the W.J.C., saying that he felt "they were more interested in politics" than in resolving the problem. Most unsettling is the fact that Haeni seems to have doubts about the merits of the undertaking he has been entrusted with. "And what will we learn from this?" he asks bitterly. "We will never know what made them do what they did. We can't. And have we really learned anything 50 years later? I don't think so. . . . Consider Bosnia, Rwanda, China! . . . In 50 years, what will others say of *us?*"

The most stunning revelation of the Swiss scandal has been the awesome, systemic depth and breadth of the Nazis' plunder. "The greatest murderers in history," says Elan Steinberg, "were also its greatest thieves." The trove of declassified documents in the National Archives utterly debunks the myth that the Nazis were disciplined, incorruptible warriors motivated by a warped, delusional ideology. Most telling was the capriciousness with which Hitler invoked his Aryan litmus test. Unwilling to lose some of the military's best and brightest, Hitler sanctioned the presence of more than 1,200 Jews in the German army. The documents make breathtakingly clear that plunder and conquest were the only two inviolable principles of the Third Reich, and

suggest that Hitler's demented master-race theory was merely cynical propaganda to legitimize his insatiable larceny.

One of the first orders of business for the invading Nazi army in each conquered European capital was a raid on the national treasury. The contents of museums were also often pilfered, and the homes and wealth of Jews were confiscated. By 1944 the Germans had emptied out, not counting Vichy France, eight national treasuries—in Albania, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Poland, and Yugoslavia—the greatest robbery in the history of the world.

Even as the Allies firebombed Germany, the Nazis were removing their plunder from the Reichsbank and burying it in dozens of mines throughout the country, in the vain belief that they would see it again once they had negotiated a truce with the Allies. In the Merkers potassium mine alone, $241 million worth of gold bullion, jewelry, and gold fillings from the mouths of concentration-camp victims was found.

"Before everybody starts running off to Switzerland, they should release the minutes of the Tripartite Gold Commission," says Rabbi Marvin Hier, who heads the Los Angeles–based Simon Wiesenthal Center. "That's the story that has gotten absolutely no attention." Formed and governed by Britain, France, and the United States under the terms of the 1946 Paris Agreement on Reparations, the commission was created to distribute 303 tons of captured Nazi gold, worth $4.2 billion today. Overwhelmed by the prospect of thousands of individual claims, the commission decreed that only countries—not individuals—could be recipients. "It was a bad call," says Bronfman. From its first days, the minutes of the meetings of this powerful panel have been kept secret, and can be released only with the joint permission of England, France, and the United States. Hier has written President Clinton and Prime Minister John Major beseeching them to make these vital records public. However, should they be, many parties, including the United States, may be in need of their own damage-control experts.

Because O.S.S. agents had kept the Allies abreast of Swiss collaboration throughout the war, there was drop-dead shock when the Swiss then lied outright about having any looted German gold. Soon they revised their statement, saying that they had German gold but that none of it was looted—a transparent lie. As negotiations in Washington in 1946 progressed, however, the Swiss delegates admitted that their banks had bought about $386 million worth of gold from Germany during the war. "So why did they get away with repaying only $58 million back to the Tripartite Commission?" Hier demands. "For God's sake, everyone knew about the Swiss from day one. And how was it that the commission turned over $38 million [worth about $413 million today] to Austria? They weren't victims. They were collaborators!"

"It was two minutes to midnight when we discovered that there were two tons of Nazi gold worth $80 million sitting in the Federal Reserve in New York and another four tons in London," recounts Elan Steinberg of the W.J.C. "We found the gold in August, and it was supposed to be sent out in December." Learning of the gold's existence, Edgar Bronfman was intent on snagging it for Holocaust restitution. He pulled out all the stops, collaring D'Amato and Clinton, until he succeeded in freezing the shipment.

"It is, in fact, possible to DNA gold," explains Steinberg. "One can find out if the basis of gold is jewelry, bullion, or the dental work of victims." Exactly how much of the 303 tons of Tripartite gold was dental fillings of death-camp victims will never be known, but Jewish leaders claim that a good portion of it was. According to one estimate, from the Holocaust Resource Center in Queens, New York, as much as 72 pounds of gold was wrested every day from the mouths of victims at Auschwitz.

"The French were bastards, of course," says Steinberg. "They wanted it distributed right away. They wanted their money." Bronfman has even stronger words. "The French were offering Jews to the Nazis even before they asked for them," he says disgustedly. As for the current president, he mumbles, "Chirac is a pain in the ass." However, while the French have offered only reluctant, tepid support for Holocaust restitution, the British have done Churchill proud. Greville Janner, a Labour M.P. and a member of the World Jewish Congress, has championed the cause in Britain, seeing to it that 10 Downing Street agreed to freeze the gold. With the Americans and British adamant in their demand, the French eventually caved.

Verena Grendelmeier is not alone in suspecting that the Swiss did very little that the Allies did not know or learn about. The fact that every revelation to date has come from the files of the National Archives in Washington and British intelligence reports means that whatever dirty business the Swiss were meddling in, the Allies knew about and tolerated it. Although Allied knowledge hardly mitigates the crimes of the Swiss, it does suggest a certain degree of hypocrisy. "The Allies were much more interested in finding a reliable partner against Moscow than in learning the truth about Nazi assets in Swiss banks," Grendelmeier says.

In November, the National Archives released the reports of British intelligence agents who in 1941 had broken the Germans' code and discovered that Jews were being massacred. The U.S. had received similar intelligence, including aerial-reconnaissance photographs of Auschwitz. The Allies knew where many of the death camps were located, but one of Roosevelt's chief advisers, John J. McCloy, vetoed requests to bomb the camps or even the rail lines that carried the condemned to their grim end. Had he done so, as he was repeatedly urged to do in 1944, it is possible that many Jews might have been spared—including the families of Margita and Jacob Friedman and Alice Fisher, who were gassed in the last year of the war. Following the war, John McCloy granted clemency to some of the most notorious Nazi war criminals, including Alfried Krupp, the industrialist who armed Hitler, and he turned a blind eye on the flow of Nazis and their loot into South America.

In October, a French journalist charged that the French government had confiscated the homes of thousands of Parisian Jews who were sent to camps. Most embarrassing, President Chirac's brother-in-law is living in an apartment building on land once owned by a Holocaust victim.

In mid-December, the Red Cross admitted that it had known about the systematic murder of Jews but kept silent for fear of losing access to prisoner-of-war camps. "The International Committee of the Red Cross has shared responsibility for the silence of the world community," said Georges Willemin, its archivist. Asked why the organization had waited more than 50 years to make its disclosure, Willemin responded with unexpected candor. "Because it takes time to face your history," he said.

Evidently some, including the C.I.A., are not ready to face theirs. When New York congresswoman Carolyn Maloney proposed legislation last year to declassify all files on Nazi war criminals, the C.I.A. demanded that they be kept sealed for national-security reasons. The intelligence agency prevailed, though many wonder

what in the files could possibly affect our national security today. If we are asking the Swiss to bare every skeleton in their closets, how can we insist on keeping our own closets sealed? The smart money is betting that Clinton will lobby for the release of the Tripartite Commission's minutes and override the C.I.A. on the war-crimes files, letting the chips fall where they may. "We know there are going to be some unpleasant revelations for us as a country," says one key insider. "That's why we got Stu Eizenstat on board."

Insiders already have their eyes riveted on Argentina. "Eichmann tried to escape with a convoy of trucks filled with looted gold and cash," says Rabbi Hier. "The trucks were stopped by the Allies, but Eichmann did get away." An astonishing State Department report from 1945 rattles off the names of some of the biggest Nazi war criminals and their alleged plunder with shocking casualness:

> [Reichsmarschall Hermann] Goering previously sent more than $20,000,000 of his personal fortune . . . via the Schweizer Bank of Geneva. . . . Goering is also reported to have transferred some funds to Argentina by a Nazi submarine in the Spring of 1945. . . . Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels has $1,850,000 in [U.S. dollars] in a safe deposit box in a German controlled bank in Buenos Aires under the name of a friend of German origin. . . . Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop has a large sum deposited in the name of his cousin, a German named Martin, who recently received $500,000 from a Swiss bank from the account of a Nazi diplomat.

In December, Bronfman fueled a new firestorm when he asked that the Swiss banks create an immediate "interim fund" as a "good-faith gesture so that those who have suffered so much may yet in their lifetime see some measure of justice done." The figure mentioned in back-channel talks was $250 million, which the Bronfman cadre views as only a down payment. "I'm in a hurry," said Bronfman. "The survivors are dying." The Swiss responded with unbridled fury. Outgoing president Jean-Pascal Delamuraz denounced Bronfman's request. "This is nothing less than extortion and blackmail. . . . I ask myself if Auschwitz is in Switzerland," he snapped in the last days of his term as president. "This has one link in Washington and another in London, where it was a matter of nothing else than trying to demolish Switzerland." Following Delamuraz's comments and prior to a subsequent apology he made, Jewish groups in Switzerland reported receiving an enormous amount of hate mail.

Swiss public opinion soon turned against the banks. On January 9, they lost what little credibility remained to them when a security guard caught the country's largest bank, the Union Bank of Switzerland, shredding hundreds of pounds of documents—perhaps in violation of recently passed Swiss legislation specifically prohibiting the banks from destroying wartime records. The guard, Christoph Meili, was promptly suspended. Bank officials said that, although no inventory had been kept, they were certain that no relevant documents had been destroyed. However, the records rescued by Meili flatly refuted the bank's claim, since many concern a former subsidiary bank which had extensive dealings with the Third Reich, including the bank's minutes of meetings from 1920 to 1926. Still, the minutes detailing the vitally important 1930s and 40s have not been discovered, according to Swiss journalist Gisela Blau. Possibly they were shredded.

Moreover, a recently unearthed memo describes the Union Bank as second only to Crédit Suisse in violating the Allied "Code of Conduct" by storing stolen art from Jewish collectors on behalf of Goering and "providing the enemy" with hundreds of thousands of dollars in the last year of the war. Most alarming is the revelation that Adolf Hitler himself maintained accounts at the Union Bank under the name of his friend Max Ammann.

Almost immediately, the Union Bank laid blame for the shredding on a "historian," Erwin Haggenmüller, whom it suspended. However, Haggenmüller is not a historian but an economist and a longtime executive at the bank, who in 1993 was assigned to supervise its archives. When reporters rushed to his home, they were rebuffed by Union Bank security guards. The next day the house was closed, and a message on the answering machine said that Haggenmüller was out of town. On January 17, Union Bank president Robert Studer generated a new cycle of outrage when he impugned Meili's integrity on national television, suggesting that the guard might have acted out of other motives. One week later, Meili's attorney filed suit against Studer for criminal defamation. In support of Meili, who said that he did not even know any Jews, the Anti-Defamation League donated 50,000 Swiss francs ($36,000) for a legal-defense fund. However, the money was rejected by at least two banks, which wanted nothing to do with the whistle-blowing Meili. A conservative Zurich newspaper, *Blick,* summed up the nation's disbelief with the front-page headline DEAR U.B.S. IT STINKS!

Humiliated by the debacle, the banks agreed on January 23 to Bronfman's idea of an "interim fund."

Last November, Bronfman flew to Oslo, where he led the W.J.C.'s conference on restitution. Bronfman then met with Norway's King Harald and accepted the Norwegian government's apology for the 1,600 Norwegian Jews Bronfman says were turned over to the Gestapo, 700 of whom were murdered. The property of all 1,600 had been auctioned off by the government. At Bronfman's urging, the Norwegians agreed to investigate ways to provide restitution "at current values" for survivors and heirs. "It gives us a great precedent," says Bronfman. Similar deals, he says, have been worked out with Slovakia and Germany.

The same week, the W.J.C.'s Israel Singer hammered out an agreement in Stockholm, having learned that the neutral Swedes, like the Swiss, engaged in lucrative trade and banking with the Third Reich. They also had questionable banking procedures regarding wartime Jewish depositors. The W.J.C. claims that many of the Swedish banks quietly pocketed the money of those who died. Confronted by Singer, the Swedes promptly announced their intention to investigate whether this happened. Last summer, Bronfman persuaded the Hungarians to set up a $26 million foundation to pay monthly restitution to all survivors living in Hungary. Next on his list are Holland and France.

Bronfman also maintains an ongoing dialogue with Pope John Paul II, whom he views as a friend and ally. Their relationship began in 1986, when an order of Carmelite nuns moved into a monastery within the grounds of Auschwitz and erected a 40-foot cross, which towered over the crematorium of millions of Jews. "I wrote him a letter," says Bronfman, "and basically said, 'Get those damn nuns out of there. Or there won't be a relationship between Catholics and Jews.' Of course, I said it in a nicer way. Look, the Pope has his problems. You think the Jews have divisions between the Reformed and the Orthodox. You should talk to the Catholics. I wouldn't want to be the Pope. But he couldn't have been lovelier, and he did, in fact, get the nuns out of there," says Bronfman. "The cross is still there," he adds, "but we're working on it."

Bronfman continues to circle the world, an avenging angel seeking comfort for the ghosts of his slaughtered brethren. "We don't want blood," he says, "only justice." For their sake, he is willing to humiliate prime ministers and presidents. No matter. His constituency is a narrow one: the dead and those who survived. Only to them does he answer. □

Aretsky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 242 Aretsky is a high professional, shrewd and knowledgeable about his business, but also because he is a truly nice man. He is still in love with the idea of being a restaurateur, and he goes to work each day as other people might go to a university—to listen, learn, and absorb all that is around him. It is no small feat to create the feel of a club in an age of meritocracy. It takes the ability to make people feel they are part of something special without excluding other people, who may be equally nice, but are less connected to the house.

Given the number of instantly affluent people who abound in New York, it is not easy to be the proprietor of a restaurant here. Plenty of customers feel they ought to be more important and powerful than they really are, even though they do not own a sports team or a failing tabloid (two sure ways to gain enough fame to offset innate insecurities). Each time they enter a restaurant their sense of self-worth and personal Dow Jones fame-and-wealth index are at stake.

These days when Aretsky takes phone calls at the restaurant, he is often imperiously asked the question "Don't you know who I am?" It takes no small amount of skill and delicacy to handle such a clientele. Aretsky, whom I have known for some 20 years, does it as well as anyone in the business.

"He's the last of a great breed," says one of New York's foremost food professionals, Eli Zabar of E.A.T. and the Vinegar Factory. "There are a few men like him left in some of the great restaurants in Europe, but they don't make them like him anymore in this country—men who are so intensely attuned to the needs of their customers. The restaurant business has changed, and now it's more about ego, about the personal satisfaction of the owner and the chef. The theory is that if the customers are smart they'll agree with you. But Ken puts his talent and energy into coddling his customers. It's very old-fashioned—a lost art, really."

Aretsky is a New York kid who grew up on the Lower East Side, and he learned the business literally from the basement up. His father, Sidney Aretsky, ran Carbonic Gas Service Corporation, a business that delivered soda, syrup, and CO_2 for seltzer to restaurants. Aretsky was supposed to take over the family business, but delivering the CO_2 for other people's bubbles held little attraction for him. Yet he enjoyed going around with his father. He loved the bustle and the noise he found inside, the customers flushed with excitement and pleasure, and the sense that something important was happening. If Sidney Aretsky had little interest in the glamorous aspect of the establishments he visited each day, he nonetheless understood the risky nature of the restaurant business. Father and son might call on a prospective client at a spanking-new place, and Ken would be duly impressed by the handsome interior and the friendly owner, but after they left, Sidney would tell his son that there was no way they were going to take this client on. Why not? Ken would ask. "Terrible location," his father would answer. "It'll be padlocked in three months, and I don't want to go through a losing fight trying to get my bills paid."

In 1972, at the age of 31, Ken Aretsky opened his first restaurant, in Roslyn, Long Island. It was called Truman's, and it was an immediate success, but Aretsky had always wanted a place in Manhattan, so he sold his interest after two years. For more than a year he walked the Upper East Side looking for just the right place. One day in 1978 he stumbled on a vacant old gin mill at 84th Street and Third Avenue. A tiny handwritten note in the corner of the window said the place was for rent. It was exactly what he wanted: "Great space, a wondrous old-fashioned bar, the whole place had a turn-of-the-century feel to it." It was the Friday of the Fourth of July weekend and he met briefly with the landlord and learned that he could hold the place only by handing over a check for $5,000 on the spot, which he did, hoping that he could cover it at the bank by Tuesday with the help of friends, which he also did. His partner was an old high-school friend, Steve Orenstein, by then a prominent male model who worked under the name of Oren Stevens. Oren and Aretsky, the place was called. Oren was the host of a television sports show in those days, and he had forged connections with a number of local athletes, who began to hang out at the restaurant. First they had the Rangers, then some of the Jets ("Take care of my boys," Sonny Werblin, the sports impresario, had told Aretsky, "don't let them get in trouble"), and, in time, Yankee slugger Reginald Martinez ("the magnitude of me") Jackson, then at the height of his fame. A young, hip, good-looking crowd, which included some of the era's most beautiful models, followed.

Nothing lasts forever, though, and when George Steinbrenner passed on re-signing Jackson (who then went to the Angels) in 1982, Aretsky took it as a sign that an era was over: the owners of Studio 54, the signature establishment of the era, were going to prison for tax evasion; cocaine was no longer considered quite so amusing a drug; and the sexual revolution was slowing down, thanks to a dramatic increase in sexually transmitted diseases. Aretsky sold his share of the business to his partner and caught his breath. But he had not lost his love for the restaurant business. Oddly enough, the glamour never wore off for him—even if the hours were crushing. In a quiet, unobtrusive way he had made a lot of friends (I remember going to Oren and Aretsky a few times and not liking the restaurant very much, but liking Aretsky a great deal). He felt he had come to understand what New Yorkers looked for when they went out. It was not just good food, but also not to be bored. They wanted—needed—to burn off the nervous energy that is almost unique to the city, and they wanted a sense of theater. In addition, they expected some sort of recognition to match their own sense of themselves and, above all, not to feel diminished at the door.

In time he found a suitable location for a new place—Sidney Aretsky, he thought, would have been proud—at 62nd and Madison, a high-rent area with the chic-est stores in the city, and he opened Arcadia there. He brought over as his partner and chef Anne Rosenzweig, just about to emerge as one of the most talented of a new and dazzling generation of young American chefs.

Arcadia was an immediate hit. Not long after that, one of the city's most successful venture capitalists, a man named Marshall Cogan, bought the venerable '21' Club on West 52nd Street for $21 million. In 1987, Cogan hired Aretsky to run it. Modernizing '21' was not easily done. To a new generation of New Yorkers coming of age in the 1960s and 70s it had a reputation as one of the stuffiest places in the city, a hangout in its day for such men as J. Edgar Hoover, Richard Nixon, and Roy Cohn. The management and staff had become arrogant, skilled more, it seemed, at keeping out younger people than at bringing them in. The premises were outdated and badly worn down, although no more so than the customers. Never had so many people deputized themselves as authorities about food, Aretsky discovered upon arrival. They let him know right away that under no conditions was he to change the menu,

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Aretsky

which he in fact judged to be terrible. "Here was this place which could not have been in worse shape, it was losing money, and all these older customers thought it was the greatest place in the world, and they were telling us not to change anything. As far as they were concerned, it was not the restaurant which was on trial, I was on trial," Aretsky notes.

Cogan poured money in—$10 million to fix up the kitchen and modernize the dining rooms—and slowly, cautiously, the menu was updated, although not without complaints. Right off, Aretsky lost the great battle of the chicken hash. He thought it tasted too heavy, and was detrimental to the customers' health as well, because it was loaded with cream. He decided to change it to a lighter hash, using chicken stock as a binder. The protest against the new hash was immediate. The traditionalists were enraged, and forced him to go back to the old recipe. Score one for the past. In time, though, he won some victories: peppered tuna steak and bay scallops were guardedly added to the menu. Gradually the changeover worked and the place became profitable again, but to many younger people there was still something dark and heavy about it. Aretsky realized how deeply ingrained the past was at '21' when he learned that the writer John Irving, Aretsky's personal friend, had shown up with his three sons, all of them as strikingly handsome as their father, all four well dressed in tweed jackets and pressed jeans, and had been turned away because of their dress.

Aretsky's relationship with Cogan did not reflect the improvement in the restaurant or its enhanced profitability. Aretsky's friends warned him that he was too good at his job, and that Cogan thought he was getting too much credit for the restaurant's success, when to Cogan's mind it was being driven by his own money, not by Aretsky's managerial skills. Too many people, it was said, were leaving the restaurant under the impression that Aretsky was an owner, not an employee. In March 1995, he was effectively fired from his job.

But Aretsky had made a lot of friends over the years, and when he decided to open his own place again, he did not lack for backers. Within a year he had established Butterfield 81, a small Upper East Side bistro.

When he decided to open Patroon, he walked the city until he found the right place, just as he had for Oren and Aretsky. The location he settled on was a building on East 46th Street, the site of the former Christ Cella, one of the city's great steak houses, which had closed in 1995. Unlike the brownstone that housed '21,' it had been built as the site for a restaurant, in 1957 by Richard Cella.

This time Aretsky wanted to re-create the ambience of one of his favorite restaurants, Harry's Bar in London, and yet be true to the 50s architecture of the building. The décor he chose reflected, as much as anything, the change in the concept of the saloon: it is less woody, less dark, consciously more inviting to women. For the vestibule and upstairs cigar lounge he chose vintage photographs, mostly of New York City—Rockefeller Center, Mickey Mantle at Yankee Stadium, and Charles Hoff's memorable shots of boxing matches at Madison Square Garden—from the 1940s and 50s, which he considers to have been the golden age. It was mainly in order to recapture the more leisurely dining experience of that less rushed era that Aretsky, a cigar smoker himself, included a humidor (patrons can rent boxes for their personal brands) and cigar lounge.

So far Aretsky has succeeded in attracting a diverse following of the city's stars, Wall Street players, fashion executives, and writers. Woody Allen has been seen there of late. And although in New York, as in other cities, the jocks do not hang out very much except with their own, Wayne Gretzky, now with the Rangers, and Ernie Grunfeld, the Knicks' general manager, have been there, too. As for Aretsky himself, he still works enormously long hours, getting to the restaurant early in the morning and leaving late at night when the action is finally over, but he always remembers what his friend Peter Kriendler, his favorite of the original owners of '21,' once told him: "When I get up in the morning and go to work, it's all fun—every day is New Year's Eve." □

Louis-Dreyfus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 232 film"), the 1989 Chevy Chase movie *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* ("It was O.K., but it wasn't *Seinfeld*"), 1993's *Jack the Bear* ("I never saw it. I had to wear all these 70s clothes. I hated the way I looked, so I didn't want to torture myself"), and the 1994 comedy *North* ("I had a great time. I didn't realize it was going to get panned as badly as it did. Ha ha").

But Louis-Dreyfus wants the world to understand that she's absolutely content not devoting all her energy to becoming a movie star. "I don't go to big Hollywood parties," she says. "Sometimes going to these award shows can be fun, playing dress-up and pretending. But then, it's also exhausting because it's really work. I'm working right now, talking to you, but at least I didn't have to get my hair and makeup done—which is a big plus. The only thing better might be a voice-over part, so I could wear my sweats and I don't have to shower."

"What makes her funny? Who knows? What makes anybody funny?" says Rob Reiner, who directed her in *North*. "Basically you have to be a little twisted, you have to see the world a little bit cockeyed. The funny thing about her is that she looks straight—she's got a very straight, natural way about her—but her readings, her physicality, and her rhythms are very weird and off."

"She can do a wide range of things," says director Ivan Reitman, who has admired Louis-Dreyfus since she was a 21-year-old cast member on *Saturday Night Live*. "She has a great way with a line and an exclamation mark," Reitman says. "In TV comedy particularly, that exclamation mark, the punch line, is pretty important. It's the final pithy remark that nails the humor. She has that confidence."

Reitman adds that Louis-Dreyfus has proved equally adept at the more naturalistic humor of *Father's Day*, a loose adaptation of the French film *Les Compères*, in which she plays the suspicious third wife of Billy Crystal's character, and holds her own not only with the manic Crystal but also with the maniacal Williams.

"She's different from some of those funny women who were clowns, like Carol Burnett," says Crystal, who worked with Louis-Dreyfus on *Saturday Night Live*. "She's a leading lady who's funny."

But could she become a movie star? "In the same way that Meg Ryan is so lovable and affectionate and one terrific actress, so is Julia," says Crystal. "You want to date her. You get that feeling: What a great girlfriend."

But Louis-Dreyfus, who usually knows what she wants—with every inch of her

petite body—seems deeply ambivalent about her destiny. Her confusion begins with *Seinfeld,* where this season she makes $150,000 per episode—a salary handsomely supplemented by her seven-figure deal with Clairol, which she recently renewed through 1998. In January, the principals of the *Seinfeld* cast were said to be negotiating for a cool million dollars per episode each to sign up for another season. Louis-Dreyfus was conflicted by her good fortune, which would make her one of the highest-paid actresses in the world, but which would require her to go back to work right after giving birth.

"Money's a nice thing to make, but it won't make my decisions for me," she says. "It's very seductive, believe me. But my mental health is much more seductive." The cast has enjoyed a good rapport, and it has become a tradition for them to repair to Jerry's Deli in Sherman Oaks after taping the show in front of a live audience. But lately, because she's pregnant and busy, Louis-Dreyfus has been doing much less of that sort of socializing.

Louis-Dreyfus says she's "nervous about how my life's going to change" when the new baby arrives. "I'm nervous about my work. I'm very conflicted about what I'm going to do next. I'm eager to just nest and be at home for a while."

Looking at her watch, she warns me, "I'm going to have to get out of here soon," and explains that she has to drive her four-year-old son, Henry, in the family Subaru Outback from their spectacular Spanish-style home in Pacific Palisades to a nursery-school party in Santa Monica.

Being yanked in different directions is nothing new for Louis-Dreyfus. Opposing forces of gravity have shaped her entire life. Her parents were divorced when she was a one-year-old—"I have no memory of them as a couple," she says.

Julia's father, French-born financier William Louis-Dreyfus, runs Louis Dreyfus & Cie, a family-owned billion-dollar commodity-arbitrage firm founded around 1850 by his great-grandfather, a French Jew from Alsace named Leopold Dreyfus. Leopold added "Louis" and the hyphen to the surname, and it's family lore that he was distantly related to the famous Captain Dreyfus, whose 19th-century treason trial became a benchmark of French anti-Semitism. After the German invasion of World War II, family members fled France, narrowly escaping death at the hands of the Nazis, and Julia's octogenarian grandfather, Paris resident Pierre Louis-Dreyfus, was a hero of the French Resistance. He flew 88 combat missions as a tail gunner in de Gaulle's Free French air force.

Julia's mother, Ohio-born short-story writer Judith Bowles, "married my stepdad when I was four," Louis-Dreyfus says. "And my father married my stepmother [Phyllis] when I was five. So it was a crazy time. I was not present at my father's wedding, but I was present at my mother's. I was a flower girl—a *very reluctant* flower girl. I wouldn't go down the aisle."

"It was really very stupid of me to expect her to do it," Julia's mother ruefully recalls about her wedding to Dr. Thomas Bowles, a thoracic surgeon, to whom she's still married. "I had expected in my fantasy that this would be the most thrilling thing for her. It wasn't."

Soon after the wedding, Julia was spirited away to Sri Lanka, where her stepfather spent a year working for the international relief organization Project Hope. Julia was the only white girl in a Catholic convent school there. Her most vivid memories? "Elephants. Elephants all over the place. And I saw a chicken run with its head cut off, like *Apocalypse Now*. The cook cut the head off the chicken and it took off, which it should have done a couple of minutes earlier. Everybody was running after it, including the dog."

On returning to the United States at age seven, Julia began riding the Eastern Shuttle by herself every month from Washington, D.C., where she lived with the Bowles family in upper-middle-class comfort, to New York City, where she spent the weekend with her other family, the wealthy but understated Louis-Dreyfuses.

"Her mother advised early on to make sure there was a line of demarcation," says William Louis-Dreyfus, who divides his time between high finance and writing poetry, which he also teaches to high-school students in Harlem. "There was to be no fuzziness about the two families. They were to be separate. And Julia is the bridge."

"It was strange," Julia says. "Like leading two lives. No matter how much you're embraced by those whom you're with, you're always a member elsewhere.

"Off the top of my head, I would say that the experience has enabled me to adapt, to slip into character in a sense, and . . . " she trails off, struggling with what is clearly not a painless subject. "I think that—oh, I don't know how to say it. It's all so . . . A family is very important to me, and a stable family life is a first priority in my life. Stability and knowing what is crucial in my own life and in creating a life for my children."

JUST JULIA
Louis-Dreyfus's long apprenticeship, which included two tough seasons on *Saturday Night Live* ("I had no idea what I was doing," she says) and embarrassing herself while filming a bit part in Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters,* has prepared her for the stardom she now enjoys.

In fifth grade at Washington's exclusive Holton Arms girls' school, she discovered she was funny. In a class skit, she played a character with a fainting spell. "I didn't mean it to be funny and everyone laughed, and I remember thinking: I wonder why they are laughing. . . . I think you have to have an ear for it, to tell you the truth. . . . You either hear it or you don't hear it. There's only so much you can learn about certain comedic beats."

Louis-Dreyfus met her husband-to-be at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. She and Brad Hall, who was two years ahead of her, studied acting in the school's theater department, and they wrote and performed in off-campus revues. "It was clear that they were people who were going to forge their own way," says David Downs, a member of the theater faculty. "Julia was the kind of person who always had an absolute sense of self. She sort of knew what she wanted to learn and what she didn't."

Hall and his friend Paul Barrosse, now a syndicated-television producer (*Strange Universe*), co-founded the Practical Theater Company, an improvisational comedy troupe operating out of a 60-seat storefront theater on Howard Street in Chicago. They inducted Louis-Dreyfus the summer before her junior year. "She was

Louis-Dreyfus

really cute and really funny and really fresh—and willing to do anything," Hall says. "This girl was a little ball of fire."

They promptly fell in love and, six years later, got married. They took an apartment in Manhattan after talent scouts from *Saturday Night Live* saw them perform at the Practical Theater and snapped them up.

At *Saturday Night Live,* she and Hall were thrown not too gently into the lions' den, where they competed for attention among such roaring talents as Billy Crystal, Eddie Murphy, and Martin Short. "I just figured it was going to be an ensemble show and we were all team players," Louis-Dreyfus says. "I couldn't have been more naïve." She adds, "That show, you know, I don't think it's particularly kind to women—and certainly not kind to a woman who doesn't have any idea what she's doing."

Her friends back in Chicago lamented that Julia wasn't being given quality material. "Frankly, it was painful to watch," says a longtime friend from the Practical Theater Company, Victoria Zielinski. "It's not a very fun place to work—it's IBM," says Hall, who did a stint as *Saturday Night Live*'s "Weekend Update" anchorman. "It's just not a generous place. And Julia is not a selfish person—which really hurts you on a show like that."

But Louis-Dreyfus stuck it out, doing the odd movie part when the opportunity arose. In 1986 she worked for the first time with Woody Allen, in his movie *Hannah and Her Sisters*—an experience that haunts her still. "I had this tiiiiny little part," she says, "and I really, really screwed it up."

She shot a scene in which she was supposed to cross in front of the camera while Allen said, "Wait a minute, stop, stop! Does anybody hear that ringing?" The scene dramatizes his worry that he might have a brain tumor.

"I was so goddamn nervous to be with him. I was 21 or something, and very, just awed," Louis-Dreyfus says. "So I would make the cross and Woody would go, 'Wait a minute, stop, stop!' And I would stop. And he goes, 'No, no, no, that's the line.' And I go, 'Oh.' And so I go back and start the scene again. Make the cross. And 'Wait a minute, stop, stop!' And I stopped again. It was soooo humiliating. I died. I died. I just died."

Nevertheless, Allen put himself out to charm her into joining the cast of *Deconstructing Harry.* He sent her proposed scenes in which her character was prominent, and dealt with Louis-Dreyfus's detailed questions and concerns about the screenplay.

Now, at last, it's Louis-Dreyfus's moment. She says she's not displeased that it was so long in arriving.

"You know, *Seinfeld* was hardly an overnight sensation, so I think that's probably been helpful. It slowly, slowly became a popular show, and the slowness of it allowed us the opportunity to focus on the work. And I think it's also been helpful that this has happened to me in my 30s. I feel a little more ready to take this kind of stuff on.

"Believe me, I am so delighted to have had the success I've had so far, but . . . you can't weigh it down with too much importance. It's just entertainment, it's just a television show, it's just a movie. It's great. It's fun. It's entertaining. But that's it. This is a cruel, cruel business. But I'll always have children, God willing, and that's what needs to be successful at the end of the day." □

Lazard

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 241 replaced them with top bankers from other Wall Street firms. He put Lazard into new businesses, including trading and money management. By the time Meyer died in 1979, David-Weill had turned Lazard's New York bank around. "I believe that Michel saved that firm from oblivion," says Troubh. But other cracks in the Lazard empire were becoming more obvious. There was virtually no cooperation between the Paris and New York houses, and the London bank had fallen completely out of the David-Weills' control. Shortly after the First World War, the British government had forced the family to sell the troubled London firm to the Cowdray oil family. For decades, the David-Weills looked on helplessly as the Warburg and Rothschild English banks grew in stature and theirs languished.

In 1984, David-Weill bought the London firm back from Pearson, the public company into which the Cowdrays had placed their family interests. The deal he designed was a complicated one, and its ramifications for Lazard were huge: through the creation of a holding company, called Lazard Partners, David-Weill legally linked the Paris, New York, and London banks together for the first time. It was the realization of a long-standing ambition. "I have been motivated in molding events rather than living events," he says now. "I have always tried to get reality to be as close as possible to the way I personally perceive it. I always thought of Lazard as one. I always did."

There was something else that David-Weill was thinking about when he put Lazard Partners together. It was a not-so-obvious element of the deal, but one whose impact became clearer as time passed: it gave David-Weill—and whoever his successor might be—total control over all decisions involving the management of the London and New York banks. (French partnership law does not allow that for the Paris bank.) "Look at the partnership agreement," says one former partner. "It's about complete abdication to Michel David-Weill."

The David-Weill house in Cap d'Antibes is one of the more beautiful homes on France's southern coast. A sprawling estate with manicured lawns and a private beach, "Sous le Vent" is famous in business circles. During the summer months, corporate titans such as Gianni Agnelli, Antoine Riboud, and Rand Araskog go there to relax with the David-Weills and to do business. It is a monument to the way in which David-Weill has concealed the sharp edges of how he wields power. "He is very aristocratic," says a former partner. "Michel never had to be coarse or desperate."

Today, Lazard's New York house is the biggest and most profitable, contributing approximately half of the firm's profits each year. But the Paris bank is the most powerful. "Frightening" is a word people often use to describe it. From within its imposing headquarters on the Boulevard Haussmann, Lazard's 14 French partners hold sway over Europe's corporate world. Through an interlocking web of investment companies—Eurafrance, Gaz et Eaux, and Rue Impériale—they have accumulated large stakes, together worth more than $3 billion, in major companies. They have used those stakes to gain influence unmatched by any bank in France, becoming directors and chairmen of such powerhouses as Generali, Italy's largest insurance company, and Mediobanca, its biggest investment bank.

When companies have crossed Lazard, the partners have struck back with breath-

taking ferocity. In 1987, when Lazard's longtime client Michelin hired Salomon Brothers to help it in its bid with Pirelli for Firestone, Lazard mounted a $2.8 billion counterattack, helping the Japanese tire company Bridgestone snatch Firestone away from Michelin. In 1992, Lazard went after Gianni Agnelli himself. When the Fiat chairman made a multibillion-dollar bid to buy Perrier and tried to do the deal without Lazard, David-Weill's bank joined forces with Nestlé and Danone, then known as BSN, to grab Perrier from him.

For many years, Antoine Bernheim was seen as the orchestrator of Lazard's power and roughness. A taciturn and intimidating man, Bernheim created Lazard's vast network of controlling investments. He was also the man behind whom David-Weill hid. "Michel organized the counterbid for Firestone," says one former partner. "And he was definitely involved in going after Agnelli—his old friend." Agnelli today minimizes the Perrier affair as just business between moguls, but the brutal takeover fight did leave a mark. "Michel," Agnelli says with a laugh, "is surely much tougher than he looks."

In running Lazard, David-Weill has allowed men of greater talent and more obvious aggression to flourish in his firm, but his relationship with them has been complex—a mixture of admiration and manipulation. These men have given Lazard the contacts and importance it has needed to be able to compete with much larger firms. Like André Meyer, they have come laden with huge egos and deep insecurities. Several of them, again like Meyer, are Jews who escaped the Nazi death camps in the Second World War. Bernheim managed to hide from the Germans as a teenager, but his parents were killed at Auschwitz. Rohatyn has repeatedly told the story of escaping with his family from Vienna with only a few gold coins hidden in toothpaste tubes. Always, David-Weill has managed his partners shrewdly, spending hours listening to them complain about one another, soothing their wounded feelings, playing Mommy and Daddy rolled into one. "I am the resident psychiatrist," he once told me.

David-Weill let Rohatyn virtually rule Lazard in New York, without burdening him with any management responsibilities. But while Rohatyn masterminded such mega-deals as the $14 billion merger of Time and Warner and Viacom's acquisition of Paramount, he also won the reputation for being a temperamental and jealous man. Inside Lazard, he would act as mentor to younger partners, only to cut them off at the knees when they showed too much ambition, throwing them off deals, or humiliating them in front of clients. Last year, upset over the attention Steve Rattner was getting in the media, including in this magazine, Rohatyn described Rattner in remarks published in *New York* magazine as a "monomaniacal" social climber and accused him of having divulged to *Vanity Fair* confidential details of the Paramount deal. (Rattner denied it.) "Anyone who's gotten close to Felix," one colleague has said, "has gotten fucked." But never, observers note, without David-Weill's tacit assent.

The Rohatyn-Rattner episode highlighted what had been obvious for a while: there was a serious leadership vacuum at Lazard. It seemed that as fast as young men rose, they fell. When Bill Loomis, the partner in charge of investment banking, wrote a memo that was reportedly critical of Rohatyn's management style, he was removed from that post. And when a younger banker brought in one of Lazard's bigger deals last year, the proposed merger of Conrail and CSX, Rohatyn nearly scuttled the deal, according to one source, letting it go forward only when he was put in charge. ("This is absolutely false," Rohatyn says.)

In Paris, things weren't much different. "The partners there look like those old photographs of the aging Soviet leaders watching the May Day parades," says one man. David-Weill has tried to bring in younger partners, but many leave, unwilling to stay where there is so little room for advancement. The most disturbing of these departures came in late 1994, when the 40-year-old Jean-Marie Messier—widely thought to be one of David-Weill's top choices for a successor—quit Lazard for the promised chairmanship of France's largest industrial group, Compagnie Générale des Eaux. Messier would not have gone, says a close friend of his, if he had felt David-Weill was going to offer him the running of Lazard.

But David-Weill has offered that to no one. "It's subconscious in Michel," says a partner. "He enjoys setting people up against each other, so that their only relationships are through him. He really does not want anything to happen that would diminish his importance at the firm." David-Weill's hold is partly financial: he personally decides each year how large the bonuses of his partners will be. But his grip on the men who work for him is also intensely personal. "Michel," a former partner told me, "is a brilliant psychologist. If he can't find the break in someone, he'll create it." David-Weill is subtle, but he can be devastating. "You know I like you personally," he cheerfully told a man who worked for him. "But do you know what your partners are saying about you?"

People have blamed Rohatyn and Bernheim for the sniping and backbiting at Lazard, but in profound ways they are only projections of David-Weill himself. Deeply drawn to them—"he *really* loves Felix and Antoine," says a friend—he has also used them to act out parts of his personality about which he is ambivalent. "At some level, Michel is just like them, isn't he?" says a friend of all three men's. "He's an outsider who became an insider."

The afternoon light has faded, and David-Weill's study is lit only by two enormous Chinese carved lacquer lamps. Two hours into our conversation, we have come to the subject of his grandfather. "I don't have much admiration for anybody," David-Weill once said. "But my grandfather is probably an exception." When he speaks of David David-Weill now, Michel David-Weill pauses a long time between words. "I admired my grandfather a great, great deal," he says. "I admired him for his taste and his modesty and for the sense of spirituality I think he had."

Michel Alexandre David-Weill was born in 1932, the year his grandfather became a regent of the Banque de France. He virtually grew up on his grandfather's estate in Neuilly, surrounded by extravagant luxuries and a sense of the great importance of the David-Weills. In 1940, however, this idyllic life came to an end. That October, the family's art collection was seized by Nazi troops, packed into 130 crates marked "DW," and readied for shipment to Germany. Several months later, the Vichy government seized Lazard itself. Decreeing that it could not be managed by Jews, the authorities put the firm under "Aryan" management and forced David David-Weill out. He left France for Spain, but soon returned. "We are very patriotic in our family and very French," his grandson says, seemingly unaware of the painful irony of his statement. "He was an old man. And he came back saying, 'I am too old. I want to die in my own country.'" David David-Weill spent the rest of the war hiding in the home of a retired army officer.

When he was 10, Michel David-Weill himself was forced into hiding. With his mother and his sister, Eliane, he spent two years living in central France under the assumed name of Wattel. His father, Pierre, had managed to get out of France

and spent the war years in New York, but Berthe had delayed her departure, hoping for a chance to see her son from her first marriage before he joined the Free French army. "Berthe told me how frightened she was," Edgar Munhall recalls. During her later life, she told the stories of nearly being discovered over and over again. Fearful that her son and daughter would inadvertently reveal that they were Jewish, Berthe had Michel and Eliane baptized as Catholics.

"On one level it was very 'Berthe,'" says Munhall. "She went into hiding with her maids and her butler, Alfred, who was a member of the Resistance." But the rejection of her family and their exile cast a long and angry shadow over Berthe's life. For years she was grief-stricken over the death of her older son, who was captured by the Germans and died in a concentration camp.

After the war, Lazard was returned to the David-Weills; eventually much of the art collection was also restored to the family. As they rebuilt, however, the David-Weills seemed less sure of themselves. "To better fit in in France," as a friend puts it, both David and Pierre eventually converted to Catholicism, and Michel's childhood conversion from Judaism was never rescinded; he was raised as a good French Catholic.

The war, men who know David-Weill remark, is something that he has had great trouble confronting. It made him, says one friend, "an isolated man. He sees himself as separate from other people. He will say that his wealth is only a transient thing. The only thing it really buys him is freedom from need. Need, Michel will say, is a sign of weakness." When I suggest that the war was the seminal event in his life—and that rebuilding Lazard and his family's wealth has been at heart an effort to make sure that neither will ever again be so vulnerable—David-Weill objects sharply. "That presupposes progress," he says. "There is no progress. The only rule is to survive."

David-Weill once described himself as "equidistant from people"; he said he tried in his life to limit what he called his "perimeter of suffering." Still, it has surprised him to hear that people think of him as a cold and frightening man. "I have always been so afraid of not having authority that I don't really dislike hearing things like that about me," he says. "I have always been separate, and it is difficult to deal with someone who is separate. But I love people, I really like them. I think they are touching."

The person to whom David-Weill is closest today is probably his sister. Eliane David-Weill lives in London, supported by a percentage of Lazard's annual profits. "She is very bohemian," says one friend. "Into mysticism and quite eccentric. You go to visit Eliane and she serves a snack of tofu and Château Latour."

Eliane, people say, reflects the lighter, warmer side of David-Weill—one that isn't often seen in public. "Michel has a difficult situation personally," says one of his top partners. "It's why people don't see him more often." In Paris, David-Weill's forays into fashionable society are usually engineered by his wife. Somewhat dour despite her beauty, Hélène is said to aspire to the throne of Marie-Hélène de Rothschild, who reigned for years as the queen of Paris society. But she is not personally popular. "She is powerful because of her husband; people come to their parties because of his charm and his wealth and his stature," says one man. "Hélène is cold," says a family friend. "I think it is from years of being unhappy."

"Everyone knows that Hélène's marriage to Michel is not the fairy-tale marriage," says a friend of the David-Weill children's. "But they have a good relationship, they share a lot of interests. It's so Anglo-Saxon to expect people to stay married for love." In New York, David-Weill spends most of his time with his friend of 18 years, Margo Walker. A North Shore socialite and real-estate broker, Walker has amassed her own small property empire in a posh Long Island community near Oyster Bay, where David-Weill himself owns an estate. In 1993, she purchased for several million dollars the Junius Spencer Morgan estate in Glen Cove, where the movie *Sabrina* was filmed.

"She has this house with birds that fly around inside," says one friend. "She's a total eccentric," adds a New York fashion editor. "She'll walk you around her properties in spiky heels. Margo must be—what?—in her 50s? But she's still the complete sweater girl, always perfectly groomed."

> "Michel," Agnelli says with a laugh, "is surely much tougher than he looks."

The David-Weill family contains more than one complex union. David-Weill's eldest daughter, Béatrice, was "madly in love with Edouard, from the time she was 15," as a friend describes it. And when Béatrice was divorced from her first husband and finally married Stern in 1984, the match thrilled two great French banking families. David-Weill has told people that Edouard reminds him of André Meyer, but one former Lazard partner offers another reason for his attraction to his son-in-law. "Michel found himself in Edouard," he says.

Though Stern was just 29, he was already well known in French business circles. Seven years earlier, he had taken over his family's 154-year-old firm, Banque Stern. The bank, which had been run by Edouard's somewhat dilettantish father, Antoine, was in financial trouble. Advised by André Meyer and backed by his uncles and his formidable grandmother, Alice, Edouard seized control, humiliating his father. By 1988 he was able to sell the bank to Swiss Bank Corp. for a reported $335 million, in a deal that he was said to have gotten the better part of. "Edouard does unbelievably aggressive things incredibly successfully," says a banker. After the sale, Edouard, with Béatrice and their children in tow, moved to Switzerland, shielding his windfall from French taxes. Living in a suburb of Geneva, Stern spent the next three years multiplying his fortune to close to half a billion dollars, investing with his distant cousin and close friend the English billionaire Sir James Goldsmith.

Simultaneously spoiled and neglected by his parents, Stern grew up with everything that money could buy—art, fast cars, English boarding schools—and

with a mountain of anger inside him. Much of that rage was directed at his father. As a teenager, Edouard made no secret of his deep dislike for Antoine, and Antoine was dismissive of his son. "Edouard has always looked for strong father figures," his sister has said. David-Weill, some believe, filled that role.

From the first, David-Weill seemed enranced with Stern. "He admired his ability to make money," says one Lazard partner. He also was deeply drawn to Stern personally. Edouard "has charisma," says David-Weill. "In an investment banker that quality is very good. When Edouard is in a room, people know he is in the room." Brilliant, beautiful, and sometimes breathtakingly cruel, Stern is a riveting figure. "He can be absolutely the most charming person, absolutely *séduisant;* he's witty, very well read, and a great storyteller," says a banker who has known him since childhood. "And he can be so brutal that men 20 years older than he have left his office crying." "It can be terrifying being at dinner with Edouard—you never know when he is going to explode at his wife or at his friends," says one old friend.

David-Weill brought his son-in-law into Lazard as a partner in 1992 and that was when the trouble began. Stern successfully set up a new derivatives business for Lazard and its Asian capital-markets operation. David-Weill also made Stern vice-chairman of Eurafrance, where he performed well, helping to direct Lazard's pool of investments. But Stern's abusive manner and his arrogance upset the already fragile ecosystem at Lazard. The Paris partners distrusted him deeply. Stern and Jean-Marie Messier clashed often, and it is largely because of Stern that Antoine Bernheim is said to be withdrawing. "Michel imposing Edouard on him was the last straw for Antoine," says one former French partner.

David-Weill moved Stern briefly to New York, where the reaction was almost as intense. Stern's proposals to pay some people bonuses in secret and the way he pushed one top partner out of his job angered nearly everyone. Even David-Weill has been taken aback by Stern's no-holds-barred approach to business. "Edouard," Felix Rohatyn told me last year, "is a nasty piece of work."

Faced with a near mutiny, and apparently hoping that time and maturity would soften his son-in-law, David-Weill brought Stern back to France, giving him de facto control of the Paris bank. "Michel gave Edouard more responsibility than he has given almost anyone," says one New York partner. In many ways, David-Weill's faith in Stern was vindicated. Stern brought in some major deals, including Lazard's mandate from the French government to sell MGM—which it did, to the Las Vegas deal-maker Kirk Kerkorian for $1.3 billion—and the job of advising L'Oréal in its $754 million purchase last year of Maybelline. He also hired some impressive younger partners, including the 37-year-old Anne Lauvergeon, who had been an economic adviser to François Mitterrand.

People at Lazard noticed months ago that David-Weill was irritated with Stern. There were rumors that Edouard and Béatrice's marriage was in trouble, and David-Weill, who dotes on his daughters, seemed to confirm that. "Béatrice would be better off if she divorced Edouard," he reportedly told one startled partner. ("I wouldn't dare suggest such a thing," David-Weill says now. "It's completely out of my character.")

It was Lauvergeon, however, who triggered the November clash between David-Weill and his son-in-law. The previous January, she had been invited by the C.E.O. of Pechiney to join the board of the French aluminum corporation. Stern was furious. He had been Lazard's chief banker overseeing Pechiney's denationalization and felt the honor of a board seat should be his. "He saw it as a betrayal," says a source close to Stern. In November, Stern fired Lauvergeon. "Michel played both sides for a while; he seemed to go along with it and then he regretted it," says one former partner. Indeed, David-Weill finally told Stern to leave Lauvergeon alone. Stern challenged his father-in-law: "Either I am going to be the boss or I am not. You picked me to run this firm, and if I don't, I am going to go" is how Stern reported the conversation to friends.

"After the phone call, Michel sort of shrugged. All he said was: 'Edouard's quit.' And then he laughed and peered over his glasses and asked a couple of us, '*Now* are you interested in staying at Lazard?'" says one partner. "Michel always says that what other people do doesn't affect him. What made him angry was Edouard blabbing the story around Paris for 10 days before he flew to New York to patch things up." For his part, Stern told intimates that David-Weill did not understand why he quit. By December, Stern was no longer on the committee that runs the Paris bank, although he still sits on the New York executive committee and is concentrat-

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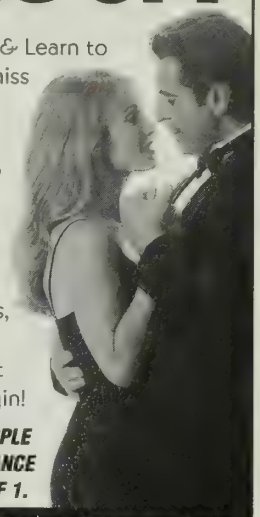

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Lazard

ing on directing Lazard's corporate investments. "But it's not a stable situation," says a man with close ties to the Paris firm. "Either Edouard will get his way or he goes."

"Edouard is one of the only partners who don't need Lazard to be somebody," says a friend. Some say that is why, despite everything, David-Weill loves Edouard Stern. And why, in the end, Stern will take over Lazard Frères.

Perhaps trying to protect his son-in-law, David-Weill does not publicly admit what he has suggested to some of his partners: that he realizes Stern is not fit, at this point, to run Lazard. "We did not have a fight. That is not true," he tells me. "We had a conversation about his future, which went very well. And then he told me on the telephone, no fight at all, that for the time being he preferred concentrating on investments." David-Weill knows, however, that Stern was in a fury, and he believes that Stern's anger was actually fueled by a much larger issue, by earlier discussions he'd had with Stern over the future of Lazard.

Contrary to what people say about his unwillingness to contemplate a Lazard without him at the helm, David-Weill says he has been spending a great deal of time lately trying to figure out what to do next. He says that Lazard has grown so big that he is no longer sure it can be run by one man, no longer certain "that the best structure in the next generation is the same structure as today." Right now he is toying with the idea of having Lazard run by a committee, "a group of three to five," he says. "Maybe three guys, one running each office. And maybe with one or two people, not running offices, but with more ideas, more capital-minded." He is reportedly looking for successors at a group of younger men, among them Ken Wilson, the former Salomon banker who has become increasingly influential in New York; London's highly regarded chairman, David Verey; Steve Rattner; and Edouard Stern. In the scenario that David-Weill says he is contemplating ("I am not saying I am sure yet"), Stern would be only one of several men who would run Lazard, and that, David-Weill hints, is what upset his son-in-law. "I think it is fair to say that Edouard would like a warmer embrace," David-Weill says.

"Michel always tries to put the best face on things, but I think he's very worried that Edouard blew up on the launching pad, that Messier left, that Rattner is not committed," says one man. "Michel made a mistake in allowing this culture to evolve where everyone is at everyone's throat every day, but I think that today he is trying to fix it."

In the past year, David-Weill has intensified his effort to strengthen the three banks. For the first time, he made the bonuses of the partners in Paris, London, and New York dependent on the performances of all of them. He has linked their operations in Asia and will soon be tying their money-management businesses together. But the question of future leadership remains. No investment bank has ever successfully been run by committee—the closest any came to effective group management was Goldman, Sachs, which was managed brilliantly for years by two chief executives. There are those who suspect that David-Weill's talk about running Lazard by committee is just another tactic to delay relinquishing control. Others believe it reflects his profound disappointment over Edouard Stern's failure to fill the role David-Weill mapped out for him.

David-Weill has spent a lifetime trying to ruthlessly segregate the impulses of his heart from those of his head. But in his current predicament, they confront each other. "The question is, is Edouard capable of pulling himself together?" says one top partner. "Michel would love for him to run the firm. But Michel is totally and completely in love with Lazard, and he is not going to turn it over to someone who can't run it."

In his own inimitably subtle way, David-Weill hints that his head has won the battle. "I love Lazard," he says. "I love my family. But I promise you, the two are not linked." Then again, perhaps he is saying that he has, once more, found a way to control both sides. □

Tupac

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 252 many that after a couple of weeks his pad had the tightness of a colander. "Aren't you worried about security?" Shock asked during a visit, gazing at the gold jewelry lying around. "Nah," said Pac, hefting an automatic weapon, "I got this." The words were just out when the gun ventilated the floorboards. "Like rappin'," Pac offered. "You gotta practice."

Friends had told Afeni of Tupac's success. The news, though, was always filtered through a drug haze. "I was holding on to that shit like it was life," says Afeni. "I didn't think there was no hope for me."

The climb out began during the 20th-anniversary acquittal reunion of the Panther 21 when a friend invited her on a drive to suburban Connecticut. Their destination, it turned out, was a rehab clinic. "I was kicking and screaming," Afeni says. "But this woman there—you gotta know: she was *white*—she wouldn't let me go. Saved my life."

Tupac wasn't ready to forgive. Growing up, he told her, she'd lied to him about drugs, hadn't been "real" about the hold they had on her. That's what counted most with him, Pac said. Being real.

His fans thought he was real, believed he truly was the Bishop who had so chillingly said on the screen, "I *am* crazy. But . . . I don't give a fuck." Tupac didn't disappoint. The first incident occurred in Oakland shortly after the release of *2Pacalypse*. Ticketed for jaywalking, Tupac mouthed off, and wound up bloody in a jail cell. Three months later, he was making news again, this time for his lyrics' being the alleged cause of the death of a Texas state trooper who'd been shot pulling over a black, 19-year-old car thief named Ronald Ray Howard. The jury sentenced Howard to death, and the trooper's widow slapped Tupac with a multimillion-dollar lawsuit. Before it was thrown out, no less than Vice President Dan Quayle was saying Tupac's music "has no place in our society."

Tupac appeared too busy to notice. Besides laying plans for a second album and another movie (John Singleton's *Poetic Justice*, co-starring Janet Jackson), he was preparing a benefit concert for Marin City's 50th-anniversary festival, scheduled for late August 1992. Leila, who'd heard rumblings of "showing the uppity nigga," warned him not to go. "Course my homeys want to see me," Tupac said.

When Tupac arrived, at the wheel of a new Jeep, children squealed for autographs. But then the glowering older boys came up. "Get out of here, nigga! You don't belong no more." Rocks began flying, and a bat crashed into the windshield. As fists tore at Tupac, a pistol in

his belt clattered onto the road. Someone picked it up, and a shot rang out. It struck six-year-old Qa'id Walker-Teal in the head, and he fell dead over his new bicycle.

"Tupac cried and cried when he called to tell me about that little boy," says Watani. "You couldn't console him." He memorialized Qa'id in a song, "Something 2 Die 4," and, more and more, considered his own death—garishly, in music like "If I Die 2Nite," and reflectively, in a poem called "In the Event of My Demise":

> When my heart can beat no more
> I hope I die for a principle or a belief
> that I have lived for
> I will die before my time because
> I already feel the shadow's depth . . .

Leila told him he was being foolish. He was 21. No, Pac told her, only calculating skin color and statistics.

His tattoos seemed to invite violence. One showed a panther about to strike; another, an AK-47. But it was the three-inch letters he had cut across his stomach that said it all. THUG LIFE, they spelled—the *i* formed by a bullet. He'd explain that "thug" meant those who didn't have anything, and that the letters were an acronym for "The Hate U Gave Lil Infants Fuck Everybody." Friends such as Leila got the message. The public saw only his press clips.

He got another seven months following the Marin shooting when cops found marijuana and a gun on him in the aftermath of a brawl with a Hollywood limo driver. Three weeks later, he was in the headlines again for taking a swing at a rapper with a baseball bat during a concert in Lansing, Michigan. He was still appealing the 10-day sentence on that charge, when in October 1993 there was more trouble. Pulling into his Atlanta hotel after a show, Tupac spotted two whites harassing a black man. As he started to intervene, one of the whites—brothers who were also off-duty police officers—drew a pistol. Tupac whipped out his own gun and got off three quick shots, wounding both men. When police came to arrest him, he was in his room, listening to lines from "Dear Mama."

> It was hell
> Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell
> And who thinkin' elementary
> Hey, I see the penitentiary

The Atlanta charges would be dismissed, but there was one case Tupac wouldn't beat.

In New York for some club dates, two weeks after the Atlanta shootings, Tupac accepted an invitation to Nell's, an upscale dance emporium. His movie was out and it was doing fine at the box office. His second album, *Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z.*, had debuted at No. 1. Ronnie Lott of the New York Jets and Derrick Coleman of the New Jersey Nets gave him brother grips of congratulation. "I felt so tall that night," Tupac said. "Like I was glowing."

Someone introduced him to a girl, a big-chested 19-year-old, and they slid onto the dance floor. Sensuously, she swayed him to a dark corner. Tupac felt her hands go inside his shirt, then unzip his fly. In a moment, she was sucking him.

They went to Tupac's suite at the Parker Meridien, smoked dope, and had sex. The next day, the young woman left a message, complimenting Tupac on his prowess. Pac's road manager made arrangements for her to return in a few days, when Tupac finished a show in New Jersey.

Pac was exhausted when she turned up. She began rubbing his chest; then three of Pac's roadies walked in. "Oooh, she's got a nice ass," one of them said. "Put her panties down," said another.

There were two versions of what happened next. According to Tupac, he knew where things were going, but, uninterested in participating, got up and went into another suite to talk to his publicist; there, he fell asleep on a couch. According to the young woman, she was repeatedly raped and sodomized by Tupac and his crew. Whatever occurred, the episode ended with Tupac in handcuffs. "I'm young, black, and 22, and I'm making money," he told reporters. "They can't find a way to make me dirty."

It would be a year before the case went to trial. In the interval, Tupac's notoriety clawed at him. John Singleton was forced to drop him from *Higher Learning*, after getting a veto from Columbia. The directing Hughes brothers, Albert and Allen, jettisoned him, too, following disputes during pre-production of *Menace II Society*. Tupac confronted the twins at a video shoot. "Two niggas against me," he said, "that's a fair fight"—and, with that, started swinging. Allen was bloodied, and Tupac got 15 days in jail. Not long afterward, *Vibe* put him on the cover—in a straitjacket.

"Where do I go to stay out of trouble?" Tupac asked concerned friends. "There's not a place called 'Careful.'" His career wouldn't have allowed a visit in any event. It wasn't his musicianship that was making him, he admitted. His only uniqueness was a compulsion to test the limits. "Being crazy," as he put it, "is what rescued me from a life of nothing."

The incidents though, were piling up, and rumors were circulating of contracts on his life. Shock took them seriously enough to fly to Los Angeles, where Tupac was working on a video. During a break in the filming, Shock handed him a key. "This is for my condo. If you ever want to be where nobody knows where you're at, you got a place."

"They're threats out there," Tupac's old friend warned. "All I ever wanted to do," Tupac replied, "was have my voice on a record and be in a movie, and I've done that. All the rest of this shit, I don't give a fuck, so don't you worry about me." Then he handed back the key.

The months passed. Tupac made another movie (*Bullet*, co-starring Mickey Rourke) and readied another record. Bit by bit, he also reconstructed his relationship with Afeni, who'd moved to a suburb of Atlanta. Tupac took a house nearby, and they visited often. "We'd come out of the tunnel," Afeni says. "We were back to what it was like when he was a kid. All sunshine."

Others saw the beginnings of a change, as well. One sign was the resumption of his school visits with Leila. "Why be a thug?" a teacher asked him in Los Angeles. Tupac answered, "Who else is going to love me?" At another stop, where grade-school children read their lessons for him, an aide was startled to see tears roll down his cheeks. When, a few days later, the parents of a dying Maryland boy wrote, saying their son's last wish was to meet him, Tupac flew to his bedside. "No press," he ordered. There was none—nor any the day the little boy was buried and Tupac renamed his music-publishing company Joshua's Dream.

Then, in November 1994, came the rape trial. Afeni hired a Movement lawyer, who defended Tupac Movement-style, in-your-face with the judge. On the night the jury went out, Tupac met up with a few friends on a cash hunt. He was low; most of his money was supporting an ever enlarging circle of relatives—nearly 40 of them now. When his pager reported an offer of seven grand for recording a rap, he headed to a studio off Times Square. The door buzzed open, and a voice called out from the second-floor landing. Tupac recognized it as that of a sideman for an East Coast rapper, the Notorious B.I.G. Tupac relaxed; he knew "Biggie" and his label owner, Sean

"Puffy" Combs. He pushed the elevator button. All at once, two young black men appeared, automatic pistols drawn. "Don't nobody move," one of them said. "Everybody on the floor."

Tupac's companions—including his best friend, Randy "Stretch" Walker—hit the deck, but Tupac froze. "Shoot that motherfucker!" one gunman shouted, grappling for Tupac's diamond ring and gold chains. There was a booming flash, then four more, bullets hitting Tupac in head, hand, and testicle. "I couldn't hear nothing," he said later. "And I couldn't see nothing; it was all just white."

Afeni checked him out of Bellevue the next day. He had been lucky; none of the slugs had done serious damage. He had also had an unexpected visitor, a former Panther, Billy Garland, who'd seen Tupac on a movie poster. A look at Billy's face, and Pac knew he'd found his father. "Right then," he said, "I thought I had died and gone to Heaven." The jury's verdict kept their reunion short. It was just in: acquittal on the serious counts of sodomy, rape, and weapons possession; conviction on three lesser charges of "sexual touching without consent."

"Thug life to me is dead," a chastened Tupac told Kevin Powell, while awaiting sentence. He'd been frightened by the "responsibilities" he'd been born to, hidden from them by "smoking too much, drinking, going to clubs, just being numb." He hadn't raped the young woman, he said, but he hadn't stopped her from being raped, either. "I had a job," as he put it, "and I never showed up." All that, however, was over. "I'm going to show people . . . my true heart," Tupac Shakur said. "I'm going to show them the man that my mother raised."

The judge had other ideas. Condemning Tupac's "arrogance," he sentenced him to a term of up to four and a half years in the maximum-security facility at Dannemora, New York.

His lawyers filed an appeal and tried to raise his $1.3 million bail. The weeks went by with no action. His new album—*Me Against the World*—was out, and immediately hit No. 1. Royalties, however, were slow in coming; there were recording expenses and legal costs to be paid first, so Tupac would have to sit tight.

Afeni and friends visited, and a college student he'd married as a jailhouse convenience checked in regularly. The guards hassled him, but the inmates were O.K. after word spread about his lineage. Safe from being shivved, he filled the days writing poetry and studying a Renaissance Italian who well knew the power of princes. "Machiavelli," Tupac enthused to writer Shaw, "said if you live your life how you should live your life—instead of excelling—then you're not living your life at all. You're a fool."

Nights, though, were a problem. He'd wake up sweating and screaming. The cops claimed he'd been attacked in a simple robbery. But Biggie, Tupac believed, had set it up; Puffy, too—maybe even his man Stretch, who'd potato-sacked onto the floor without protecting him. That was what was gnawing at him, Tupac said as the 11th month of imprisonment neared. No one was protecting him.

Suge Knight had found his moment. With Death Row generating more than $100 million in annual revenues, he was riding higher than ever now, despite a 1992 conviction for pistol-whipping a pair of rappers. "A one-man crime wave," the white prosecutor had called him, saying he'd go for the maximum sentence. Suge, though, had ultimately gotten probation, and the prosecutor's daughter received a $50,000 recording contract. ("Very productive citizen" Suge was also paying $19,000 a month to rent the prosecutor's beach house.)

The approach to Tupac was smooth, too. Death Row, Suge said on a jail visit, was "family," and as "Daddy," he looked after all its members. He would put up Pac's bail. All Tupac had to do was join them. "I want a house for my moms," the rapper replied. Done, said Suge. Knight's lawyer, a white criminal attorney named David Kenner, scrawled out a three-page contract, naming himself Tupac's legal representative and Suge the controller of his business affairs. Pac gave it a glance and signed.

They celebrated with Dom Pérignon and a private jet ride to Los Angeles. That Suge had put up only a $250,000 guarantee to bail out Tupac—Interscope and Time Warner had provided the rest—went unnoticed. "Suge," Tupac promised, "I'm gonna make Death Row the biggest label in the whole world."

He went to work at once, recording 14 songs within six days of his release. "I'm an artist," he said to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter. "I'm not the thief who grabs your purse. I'm not the guy who jacks your car. I'm just a brother who fights back."

Under Suge's constant shadow, he had less occasion to. Security, housing, clothes, cars, cash—Death Row's C.E.O. took care of everything. "Me and Suge," Tupac told *Vibe*, "we're the perfect couple. . . . He rides like I ride. . . . Before, niggas wasn't scared of me. . . . Now I . . . get respect. 'Cause motherfuckers is scared shitless of Suge." Some wondered just how far the "daddying" was going when, a year to the day after Tupac's shooting, Stretch was murdered execution-style on a Queens street. The killing, and a subsequent drawn-gun rumble between Suge's and Puffy's crews at the Soul Train Awards, touched off reports of an East Coast–West Coast "war." Puffy, Biggie, and Suge disclaimed interest in fighting, and denied involvement in any of the shootings. But Tupac wouldn't let up. "I fucked your bitch, you fat motherfucker," he taunted Biggie in a song.

By spring, however, Tupac was wearying. "Why is it so mandatory that I get respect?" he said to William Shaw. "I know other people who are just as successful as me and you can call *them* a bitch. . . . If somebody calls me a bitch, I don't care if we're in court, we're going to fight." He wished he could share his mother's ideals, he said, believe, as she did, in "a world we think about at Thanksgiving and Christmas," but he couldn't. In his world, "all good niggers, all the niggers who change the world, die in violence," he said. "They don't die in regular ways. Motherfuckers come take their lives."

The certainty he would die too was still with him when he acted last summer with Jim Belushi in the movie *Gang Related*. "He was really squirrelly about death," says Belushi, recalling a shoot in a cemetery. "Tupac made everyone walk on the sidewalk, because he was upset stepping on graves."

His fears didn't stop the scripts from coming in—so many that Tupac set up a company, Euphanasia, and hired his old friend Molly Monjauze to run it. She was also handling his "community" chores: the financing of an at-risk-youth center, the bankrolling of year-round South Central sports teams, the setting up of an 800 number that would allow kids to call him whenever they had a problem. He had another company, 24/7 (after his work pace: all day, every day), for his music and video work, the scripts he was writing, and the books he would begin—as soon as he finished the plans he was drawing up with Leila to reform the education system. There were other projects, equally urgent: tutoring for the crew he called "the Outlaw Immortalz"; looking after

two children who'd been orphaned in a drug killing; taking the stepdaughter of a murdered friend to her high-school prom. He did them all, with time enough left over to spend four hours at the House of Blues one night, dancing with a woman in a wheelchair.

He was freer, looser, and some said it was the doing of Kidada Jones, the woman who was wearing his ring.

It had not been an easy courtship. At their first meeting, in a club, shortly before Tupac's trial, the creamy-faced model wouldn't speak to him; she'd had rapper boyfriends before. There was also the matter of her father. In an interview, Tupac had dissed him for marrying her white mother (former *Mod Squad* star Peggy Lipton), and Kidada hadn't gotten over it. Neither had her dad, Quincy Jones.

At their second meeting, Tupac apologized. She gave him her phone number then. At their third, he introduced her to Afeni. "I love her," Tupac announced. "She's going to be my wife, she's having my children." Slowly, Tupac reeled her in.

The first tug of the line was when they were having coffee one postmidnight at an L.A. deli. A black man came up behind their booth and put his hands, hard, on Tupac's shoulders. "Young man!" he growled. "I need to have a few words with you." "Mr. Jones," Tupac gulped. "I need to have a few words with you too, sir." They went to another table to talk. When Kidada looked up, they were hugging.

After Tupac's jail term, his marriage of convenience was annulled. Then the poems began arriving at Kidada's house—one every day, always accompanied by a rose. Soon, Tupac and Kidada were living together.

Their house—a Death Row–leased estate in suburban Calabasas—was always crowded. Afeni and Sekyiwa visited for long stretches, bringing Sekyiwa's two little girls with them. The Outlawz—Tupac's teenage cousins—were also in residence, along with any friend who needed a bed. Tupac completed the dorm atmosphere by installing banks of video games and slot machines. The boys were free to use them as long as they turned up for Tupac's fatherly talks delivered beneath his most prized possession, a print his mother gave him of *The Starry Night*. In truth, he didn't own much else. Though Tupac had sold more than $60 million in records since his release, by the label's reckoning, he owed Death Row $4.9 million. All those services Suge had been providing—including the bail money—had been charged to Tupac's account. Word on the street was that millions more had gone to the Mob. Not the M.O.B.—"Members of Bloods"—on Suge's diamond ring, but the New York family that went by the name Genovese. (Knight's lawyer responds: "Suge wouldn't know a member of the Genovese crime family if he tripped over him.") All Pac knew was that he wanted out. "He was sick of the game," says one of the intimates he confided in. "He was exhausted playing the gangster role."

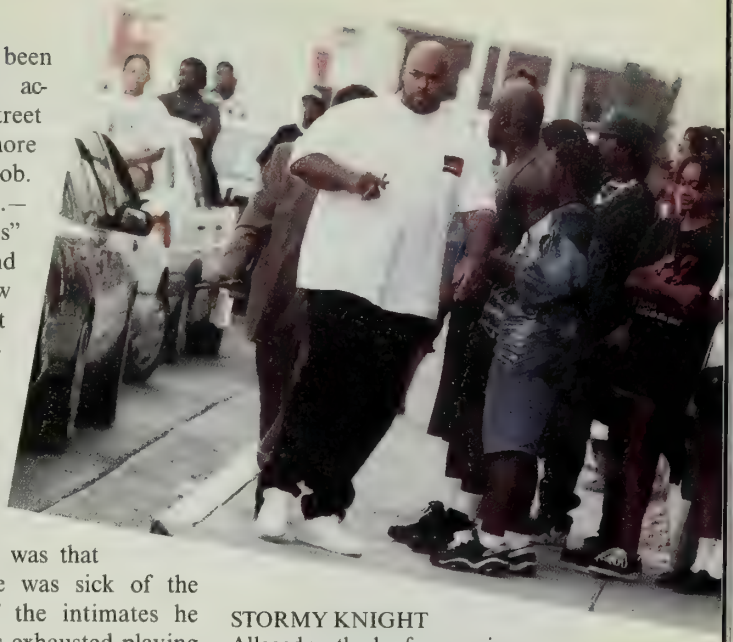
Publicly, though, Tupac still acted the loyalist. "I'm a soldier," he proclaimed in a late-August interview with *Vibe*, calling himself "capo" to "don" Suge. "Me and Suge will always do business together, forever." Three days later, after finishing the album that would close out his Death Row contract, Tupac put out feelers about moving to Warner's. The soldier had begun shedding his uniform.

Afeni returned to Atlanta the morning of August 31. On her way to the airport, she stopped at the Wilshire Boulevard apartment Tupac used when he worked late. He seemed fresh, though, when Afeni buzzed him down to the lobby. "Why didn't you just come up?" he asked. "Wanted to give you your space," she said. "Got a whole lot of space," Tupac said, gathering her in a hug. "How many mothers do I have?"

He went out to the car to say hello to his sister, who had recently enrolled in cosmetology classes. Afeni recalls: "He stood outside the car and said, 'I'm very proud of you' to her. They were always trying to make each other proud. She had gone back to school to help open a line of cosmetics with Kidada. She had been in school four months. That was the first time he acknowledged it, saying he was so proud. It was a nice warm feeling for a parent."

A few days later, Tupac was traveling, too—to New York, to attend the MTV Music Awards with Suge. Kidada assumed he'd be bedding a woman or two as well. Tupac, though, surprised her. "I can't do that anymore," he said in his first call home. "I'm all yours."

They laughed and began making plans.



STORMY KNIGHT
Alleged methods of persuasion such as iron pipes gave Death Row C.E.O. Suge Knight a bad rap.
Above, Knight arrives at University Medical Center in Las Vegas after Tupac's death was announced, September 13, 1996.

When he got back, Pac said, they'd chill a couple of weeks in Hawaii. Then they'd move out of the Death Row house and into a new apartment he'd found for them on the edge of Beverly Hills. Then, Pac said, maybe they'd get serious about having the baby they'd been talking about the last few months. Previously he had said he didn't want to bring a child into "such a corrupt world." Now, though, he was different. As they signed off, he whispered what he did every night: "I'd take a bullet for you."

He returned to Los Angeles the morning of September 7. Kidada sensed immediately that he was on edge. She guessed it was a scrape he'd been involved in following the MTV awards. No, Pac told her, there was a heavyweight bout that night at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas—Mike Tyson versus Bruce Seldon—and weeks before, he'd promised Suge he'd go to it with him. He didn't want to, Tupac said, but he'd given Suge his word. Anyway, she could come along. Not to the fight—he didn't want her with that rowdy bunch—but to the party Suge was having afterward at a club he owned downtown; if she were beside him, maybe it would be O.K.

As the day went along, his mood worsened. By the time they got back to Calabasas, he was barely speaking. "What do you want me to pack?" Kidada asked, knowing his fussiness about clothes. Pac only shrugged. She reached

for the bulletproof vest he'd taken to wearing. "No," he said. "It'll be too hot."

They drove through the desert in silence. At their one stop, a gas station/convenience store, Pac bought five magazines. All were about guns.

He studied them intently until they reached their hotel, the Luxor on the Strip. The sight of the enormous black pyramid sent a chill through Kidada. "God," she said, "it's so evil."

Pledging he'd be back right after the fight, Tupac headed out to join up with Suge, who maintained a gaudy mansion up the street from Tyson's. They partied awhile, then, a beefy entourage in tow, drove to the MGM Grand.

The fight was quickly done, Seldon rendered senseless after 109 seconds. Then, as they were making their way out a side exit, the trouble began.

A young black man, later identified as a member of the Bloods' arch-rivals, the Crips, said something to Tupac and the mêlée was on. It ended with the Crip kicked and beaten by Suge's crew.

Tupac was wild-eyed when he got back to the Luxor. "Some nigga started a fight with me for nothin'," he told Kidada. "Something's up. You stay here." After a fast change into a basketball jersey and some baggy sweats, he was gone.

Suge was waiting for him in the lobby. They went to his house, then, around 11 P.M., headed to his club—662. Suge slid into the driver's seat of a black BMW 750; Tupac got in the passenger seat and rolled down the window. A still photographer took their picture at a light on the Strip. Tupac's long-lashed eyes seemed lifeless.

They halted at another light seconds later, at the edge of a dark, undeveloped area between the Strip and downtown. A white Cadillac bearing California plates eased up on the passenger side, and, as a pistol barrel eased from a window, a black man got out, gun drawn. Tupac snapped alert, and frantically he started climbing into the backseat. There was a fusillade of 13 shots. One hit Tupac in the hand, another in the pelvis; two more penetrated his chest. Then the only sound was squealing tires.

"I'm dying," Tupac Amaru Shakur said when they carried him into the emergency room. It took six days, but this time his prediction was correct.

He regained consciousness once when Kidada was putting Don McLean's "Vincent" into the CD player next to his bed. She heard a moan, and his eyes fluttered open. They were filled with mucus and swollen.

"Tupac," Kidada said, coming close, "do you hear me?"

He seemed to nod.

"If you can hear me," she said, "move your feet." The sheets rustled at the end of the bed.

"Do you know I love you?" she said. "Do you know we all love you?" This time, the nod was distinct.

As Kidada turned to the door, Tupac shook in convulsions. Then he slipped into a coma.

Afeni was there at the end, and it was she who told the doctors to let him go.

They cremated him, but nobody smoked his ashes. Instead, Afeni spread them on a green hill in a part of Los Angeles where it's very peaceful. Since then, a lot has happened. For one thing, Suge has been sent to prison, having had his parole revoked. With federal authorities investigating drug-dealing, money-laundering, and racketeering charges against him, he may be there a long while. Death Row doesn't figure to be around much longer, either. Rap sales generally are down, and gangsta's been taking the biggest hit.

Who killed Tupac remains a mystery. While there are plenty of suspects—East Coast rappers, Crips, Suge's enemies, Suge's friends—police have no solid leads, and, in an interview with *Prime-Time Live,* Suge swore he wouldn't help, even if he knew. "I don't get paid to solve homicides," he said.

Those who cared for Tupac aren't in a mood for vengeance, anyway. There'd been too much brother-killing-brother already, they said at his memorial in Atlanta, where a gospel choir sang and old Panthers gave the black-power salute; the violence had to stop. Yaasmyn, the friend who'd told Afeni of Tupac's shooting, wasn't there to hear it. She was home with her dying son, the "Outlaw" Yaki, who'd been shot in the head that morning.

Afeni is home too, organizing lawsuits now instead of protests. A number have been filed or threatened since Tupac's death: to reclaim royalties, halt the sale of merchandise with his likeness, prevent producers from making bio-pics of his life. Billy Garland has been in court as well, demanding half the estate of the son he barely knew.

It all wears on Afeni, who seems fragile for 50. She looks about her house—the first piece of property her family has owned, she says, since Grandma lost her sharecropper shack to the Depression. "I feel bad that he's not here no more," she says, "but I don't want him tortured no more, either."

Afeni still has her memories of the prince who was going to save his people. And she still has his music, especially the song that tells her, over and over, "Lady, don't you know we love you, sweet lady?" □

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Cover: Julia Louis-Dreyfus's Jil Sander coat from Barneys New York, L.A.; Dolce & Gabbana shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; DKNY scarf from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills; Hermès gloves from Hermès stores nationwide. **Page 24:** Jacket and bra top by Thierry Mugler, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; skirt by Moschino Cheap and Chic, from Barneys New York, L.A. **Page 50:** Bottom right, see credits for cover **Page 68:** Top, flamingo-feathered corsets by special order from Lee Benjamin, London; flamingo hats by Stephen Jones Millinery, from Stephen Jones Millinery, London; styled by Victoria Bartlett for Streeters U.S.A. 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David Bradshaw for the Katy Barker Agency. **Page 200:** Calvin Klein bra from Harvey Nichols, Wolford tights from the Wolford Boutique; Union Jack duvet and pillowcases made from flags from Turtle & Pearce. **Page 203: Iris Palmer's** top by Alexander McQueen, from Liberty; shorts by Wild Designs, from Wild Designs; boots from Jones the Bootmaker; cuff from Wendy's. **Honor Fraser's** top from the Top Shop; shorts from Wild Designs; boots from Jimmy Choo. **Jodie Kidd's** black top by Alexander McQueen, from Liberty; red top by Wild Designs, from Wild Designs; shorts by Cacharel, from Harvey Nichols; boots from Office London. **Jasmine Guinness's** top by Calvin Klein, from Harvey Nichols; shorts by Wild Designs, from Wild Designs. All hose by Jonathan Aston, from Selfridges. Victoria Bartlett for Streeters U.S.A. **Pages 204–5: Richard James's** suit, shirt, and tie by Richard James, from Richard James. **Ozwald Boateng's** suit, shirt, and tie by Ozwald Boateng; boots by Jeffery West; cuff links by Giorgio Vigna; all from Ozwald Boateng. **Timothy Everest's** suit, shirt, and tie by Timothy Everest, from Timothy Everest; shoes by Jason Amesbury, from Jason Amesbury. On models, from left: Suit, shirt, and tie by Timothy Everest, from Browns; shoes by Oliver Sweeney, from Harvey Nichols. Jacket, trousers, shirt, and tie by Richard James, from Richard James; shoes by Oliver Sweeney, from Woodhouse. Suit, shirt, and tie by Ozwald Boateng, from Harvey Nichols; boots by Jeffery West and cuff links by Giorgio Vigna, all from Ozwald Boateng. Coat, trousers, shirt, and tie by Richard James, from Liberty; shoes by Oliver Sweeney, from Woodhouse. Coat, suit, shirt, and tie by Ozwald Boateng, from Harvey Nichols; boots by Jeffery West and cuff links by Giorgio Vigna, all from Ozwald Boateng. Suit, shirt, and tie by Timothy Everest, from Browns; shoes by Oliver Sweeney, from Woodhouse. All gloves by Dents, from Simpson; all sunglasses by Cutler and Gross, from Harvey Nichols. David Thomas for Judy Casey, Inc **Page 206:** Haidée Findlay-Levin for Marina Jones. **Page 208: Keith Allen's** suit by Issey Miyake, from Issey Miyake; sweater by Dolce & Gabbana, from Dolce & Gabbana. **Damien Hirst's** suit by Joseph, from Joseph; shoes by Prada, from Prada. **Alex James's** suit by John Rocha, from Liberty; shirt by Duffer of St. George, from Duffer of St. George, shoes by Premiata, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Haidée Findlay-Levin for Marina Jones. **Page 209:** David Thomas for Judy Casey, Inc. **Page 210: Damon Albarn's** Gucci suit and shirt from Gucci; K. 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Seta Niland for Camilla Arthur. **Pages 224–25: Sophie Dahl's** bathing-suit top by Gottex, from Rigby & Peller; bottoms by Liza Bruce, from Harvey Nichols. **Sophie Anderton's** panties by La Perla, from Rigby & Peller; stockings by Jonathan Aston, from Selfridges; shoes by Prada, from Prada; bracelet by special order from Antonio Berardi. **Tim Southwell's** suit and umbrella by Hackett, from Hackett; shirt by Gucci, from Gucci; shoes by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith. **Michael Holden's** trousers by James of Ireland; shirt by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith; boots by Dr. Martens, from Dr Martens Dept. Store. **James Brown's** shorts from Katharine Hamnett; shirt by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith. **Martin Deeson's** trousers by Versace, from Gianni Versace; boots by Dr. Martens, from Dr. Martens Dept Store. Victoria Bartlett for Streeters U.S.A. **Page 227: Tony Blair's** Turnbull & Asser shirt from Turnbull & Asser; Richard James tie from Richard James; David Thomas for Judy Casey, Inc. **Page 230:** Julia Louis-Dreyfus's Gucci coat and shoes from Gucci, N.Y.C.; Isaac Mizrahi pants from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani shirt and tie from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C **Page 231:** See credits for cover **Page 232:** Max Mara coat from Max Mara, N.Y.C.; Jean Paul Gaultier pants from Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; Yohji Yamamoto shirt from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; Polo Ralph Lauren socks from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani shoes from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. **Page 233:** Dolce & Gabbana coat from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Patricia Underwood hat by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani shoes from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. **Pages 234–35:** For Champion uniforms, call 1-800-999-2249. **Page 243:** Calvin Klein dress and shoes from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C **Page 273:** Barneys Private Label sweater from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills; Escada Couture skirt from Escada, N.Y.C

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Julia Louis-Dreyfus's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Extra-Body Sculpting Gel with Super Shine. All makeup from Christian Dior. On her eyes, Effets d'Ombre Powder Eyeshadow and Eyeliner Palette in Rosewood and Plum; on her lips, Matte Lipstick No. 935. Enzo Angileri for Cloutier; Kim Carrillo for Heller **Page 24:** See credits for cover **Page 68:** Top, see credits for page 203; second from top, see credits for page 208. **Page 132:** Harry King for the Roger Thompson Salon; Margaret Avery for Streeters U.S.A **Page 179: Ben Affleck's** grooming by Wendy Ann Rosen for Cloutier; groomed with products from Tommy Hilfiger Toiletries. **Page 184: Jarvis Cocker's** grooming by Kelley Quan for Sally Harlor **Page 186: Neil Hannon's** grooming by James Dodds for the Pierre Michel salon. **Pages 199–200: Liam Gallagher** groomed with products from Sebastian. **Patsy Kensit's** hair styled with Sebastian Laminates Hair Spray. All makeup from Estée Lauder. On her eyes, Compact Disc EyeShadows in Canary Island and Taupe 1; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Naive Rose. Malcolm Edwards for Camilla Arthur; Mary-Jane Frost for Smile Management. **Page 203:** Hair products from Sam McKnight Definitive Styling Range. All makeup from MAC. Sam McKnight and Sharon Dowsett for Premier **Pages 204–5:** Grooming by Peter Smith for the Peter Smith Savile Row salon; all grooming products from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren. **Page 206:** Grooming by Mira for Camilla Arthur **Page 208:** Grooming by Mira for Camilla Arthur; all grooming products from Calvin Klein cK be **Page 209:** Paul Percival and Emma Kotch for Streeters U.K. **Page 210:** Grooming by Mira for Camilla Arthur. **Pages 212–13: Isabella Blow's** makeup from MAC; Jimo Salako for Debbie Walters; Ellie Wakamatsu for Camilla Arthur **Pages 216–17:** Ben Ahrens for John Frieda; Ian Jeffries for Debbie Walters **Pages 220–21:** Hair styled with Redken One 2 One Straight and Redken Details Conditioning Styling Complex. All makeup from Shiseido. On **Victoria's** lips, Advanced Performance Lip Gloss in Piquant Orangette; on **Geri's** lips, Staying Power Lipstick in Nightfall; on **Emma's** lips, Advanced Performance Lip Gloss in Playing with Pink; on **Mel B.'s** lips, Advanced Performance Lipstick in Pink Haze; on **Mel C.'s** lips, Advanced Performance Lipstick in Shanghai Mandarin. Jennie Roberts for Camilla Arthur. **Pages 224–25:** Laurent Philippon for Bumble and Bumble; Carole Lasnier for Atlantis-Paris **Page 227:** Grooming by Mira for Camilla Arthur. **Pages 230–33:** See credits for cover. **Page 243:** Men's grooming by Liz Margin; Matthew Williams and Liz Margin for Trilise Inc **Page 253: Edna O'Brien's** hair styled with Paul Mitchell Volumizing Spray. All makeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, La Palette de Couleur EyeColour and Liner Compact in Les Cools; on her lips, Rouge Idole Indelibly Divine LipColour in Libré **Page 273:** See credits for cover.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 30: From Hulton Getty **Page 82:** From Sipa Press. **Page 86:** From A.P./Wide World Photos. **Page 88:** From Matrix **Page 95:** From Globe Photos **Page 96:** © 1980 by Paramount Pictures **Page 108:** Clockwise from top, by Stephen Hyde, Joyce Ravid/Outline, Sigrid Estrada/Outline, Bill Hayward, Julius Ozick, from Photofest. **Page 110:** Top, from Photo 20-20; bottom, from the *San Francisco Chronicle* **Page 115:** From Photo 20-20 **Page 116:** Top, from Photofest; center and bottom, from Magnum **Page 132:** Desk courtesy of Malmaison Antiques, N.Y.C **Page 134:** Second from top, from Fairchild Publications **Page 138:** Top, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann. **Page 142:** From the *Rocky Mountain News* **Page 150:** Top, courtesy of NBC **Page 158:** Large photograph from Sygma; inset from Impact Photos **Page 165:** Large photograph from Hulton Getty; inset from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann. **Page 168:** Large photograph from Sygma; inset from Contact Press Images **Page 172:** Top, from A.P./Wide World Photos **Page 182:** Top left, by David Kelley. **Page 186:** Bottom, left to right, by Gerardo Somoza/Outline, courtesy of Fairchild Publications, by Charles Hopkinson. **Page 195:** From All Action Pictures (Westwood); by Jo Corre/Camera Press/Retna Ltd. (Agent Provocateur); from FPG (Hendrix); by Fiona Hanson/"PA" News Ltd. (Reeves & Mortimer); from Mirror Syndication International (Morecambe & Wise; Björk; Palmer-Tomkinson; Conran, 60s and 90s); from Photoreporters (Wax); by David Redfern/Camera Press/Retna Ltd (Lulu); Stefan Rousseau/"PA" News Ltd. (Gallagher), Steve Sands/Outline (Moss); D. Newell Smith/Camera Press/Retna Ltd. (Twiggy); Terence Spencer/*Life* magazine, © by Time Inc (Granny Takes a Trip); from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann (Jagger, Queen Mother, Princess Margaret) **Page 197:** By Ron Chapple/FPG (phone); Gary W. Cralle/FPG (uppers); from the Everett Collection (*Blow-Up*); by Charles Marden Fitch/FPG (LSD); Dennis Mansell/FPG (cow); from Mirror Syndication International (Profumo, car crash, Matthew RIP, scooters, E); from "PA" News Ltd. (Sassoon); from Photoreporters (patriotism, lottery); from Reuters/Archive Photos (hat); by Dennis Stock/Magnum Photos (sexuality, King's Road) **Page 239:** Top, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; center left, from *L'Expansion*. **Page 240:** Clockwise from top left, by Philippe Lesage/*Le Nouvel Economiste*, Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella Ltd., Marina Garnier, Bruno Fournier **Pages 244–45:** From Outline. **Page 246:** Top, courtesy of Afeni Shakur; bottom, from Photoreporters. **Page 248:** From the Michael Ochs Archives **Page 249:** Large photograph from Corbis/LGI Collection; inset from the *New York Post*/Globe Photos. **Page 250:** Large photograph from Outline **Page 255:** Inset from the National Archives. **Pages 256–57:** Both from the National Archives, courtesy of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum Photo Archives. **Pages 258–59:** Left and inset, from Hulton Getty; right, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann **Pages 264–65:** Large photograph courtesy of the office of Senator D'Amato. Insets, left and center, from the National Archives; right, from Sygma. **Page 267:** Clockwise from top, from Ringier, from the Simon Wiesenthal Center, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann **Page 281:** From Reuters/Archive Photos.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin says Pisceans have to keep the faith

PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Please don't consider this a put-down, but you have to admit that over the course of your checkered career you have proudly taken some of the most daring and graceful dives in history straight into the shallow end of the swimming pool. You probably behave that way because all your actions are conceived in the 12th house, which those who lack a proper grasp of astrology define as the house of self-undoing. That is quite erroneous. What the 12th-house connection really indicates is that you are and always will be led by a deep faith which the unenlightened see as totally stupid.

ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

One of your harshest critics was recently overheard bitterly chastising an astrologer. "Instead of encouraging Arians to rush out and meet a whole new set of friends to support their silly whims," she cried, "why not clue them in to the fact that they're merely looking for new suckers to inflict themselves on?" Obviously, this individual was overemphasizing your behavior during the recent Saturn–south node conjunction in Aries and undervaluing the current Jupiter-Uranus conjunction, which is giving you a nice new lease on life. Try to ignore such negative criticism.

TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

Opportunities come out of nowhere. People cheer you on, tell you you're great, say they can't live without you. Then *boom!*—they don't even return your phone calls. Here's why: with Jupiter and Uranus conjoining in your solar midheaven and Saturn transiting your 12th house, you shouldn't be seeking recognition anyway. Your greatest joy will come from being offered it and politely turning it down. In other words, you don't really have that lean and hungry look right now. If you don't get the reference to the lean and hungry look, just read Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

As flaky and airheaded as the members of your sign are reputed to be (cruel jokes have often been made comparing the thought process of the average Gemini to that of a California Valley Girl), for years now you've been quite stable, serious, disciplined, and obedient to the powers that be. With the ruler of your 7th and 9th houses in your 9th, however, you're becoming quite the heretic. In fact, such a huge explosion of independent thinking is rocking your sign that no one should be surprised to see hordes of Geminis picketing the Vatican.

CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

It's odd how differently the planet Uranus can manifest its vibrations in a sign's 8th house. For example, one of your Cancer cousins was bowled over lately when he suddenly came into an inheritance he never thought he'd get his hands on. Another, whose sex life was more boring than that of a Tibetan monk, is now howling with delight on a regular basis and reaching untold levels of ecstasy. In various ways, all Cancers are seeking new forms of liberation. If you don't feel that something similar is happening to you, check your birthday. You're probably not a Cancer.

LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

Prediction: The first earthling to marry a bona fide extraterrestrial will definitely be a Leo. With the Jupiter-Uranus conjunction in your 7th house occurring now, that could happen soon. If you are already married—in all probability to another human being—you are going to find yourself granting your spouse more freedom of expression than you would have ever thought possible. In fact, here's a shocker: one very conservative male Leo recently went as far as to forgive his wife for saying something nice about the Democrats.

VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Fabulous news: you're busting out all over with new work, thanks to a Jupiter-Uranus conjunction. And thank God, too. Even though those nasty jokes about members of your sign being anal-retentive, obsessive-compulsive, hypochondriacal drones are untrue—some Virgos are such laid-back slobs that a person would have to be nuts to touch anything in their kitchens without putting on surgical gloves—you must admit that you do attempt to gain control over chaos with routines so awesomely regular that your loved ones often have to flee or go completely mad.

LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

You may not be viewing this as your most shining hour, but you could end up very pleasantly surprised. With Mars making a retrograde station at the beginning of your sign and Chiron crawling around at the end, you have a good excuse for feeling fairly lousy. *However,* 1997 could turn out to be one of your most courageous and noble years. The Jupiter-Uranus conjunction at the cusp of your solar 5th house is sure to make you more expressive and loving, but isn't that just one of the enigmatic characteristics of your sign? When you're about to lose them, you always love them.

SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Whether you want to use the exact, official name, Grand Central Terminal, or call it Grand Central Station the way everybody else in the world does, that's just what your house is going to be like now. Your domestic scene hasn't been this wacky since the last Jupiter-Uranus conjunction occurred, about 12 or 13 years ago. Family dynamics will be turned upside down, with great-grandparents saying good-bye and new babies saying hello. It's going to be a completely nutty arrangement, so don't try to predict it. And you can forget about controlling it. That would be idiotic.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Though your average Sadge is supposed to be thirsty for experience and adventurous—boldly going where no one has gone before (well, maybe waiting until there's a decent hotel there)—believe it or not, there are still some Sadges who don't even have a driver's license. With so many planets being in earth and water signs for so long, you've probably been stuck in one place, geographically or mentally. But with the ruler of your 1st and 3rd houses now in your 3rd, move! Open up new channels. Why, just recently one Sadge spoke to her brother and actually said something real!

CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

As petrified as you are of ending up stuck in a nursing home or starving out on the street, even Capricorns have to take a leap of faith now and then. If you've got the stomach for it, you could actually have some fiscal fun now as Jupiter and Uranus, two planets that symbolize risk-taking, meet in your 2nd house. Riding a wild bull could land you first prize in the Wall Street rodeo. You could just as easily land on your butt, of course, with the horns of that bull aimed right at you, and that's why the thought of gambling gives most Capricorns a bad case of gas.

AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You are destined to become the embodiment of freedom of thought, higher consciousness, and altruism—at least that's the kind of change a conjunction of Jupiter and Uranus in your sign is supposed to bring about in your life. Such a prediction does not necessarily imply that you have been repressed or repressive in the past, of course, but it does suggest a cracking of the shell and the birth of a new independence, which mercifully will put an end to any bullying and fear tactics of which you may have been either the victim or the perpetrator. Think about that.

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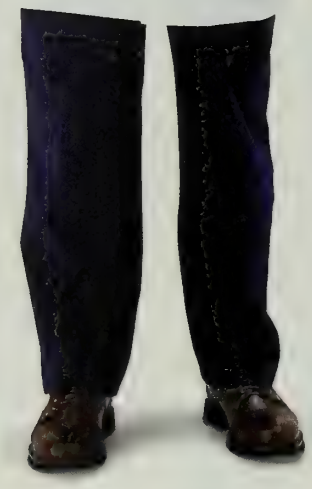

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Howard Stern

Pioneering king of the shock jocks, Howard Stern has parlayed FM-radio fame into mega-cult status. This month, the legend grows larger as Stern stars in the movie adaptation of his best-selling book *Private Parts* and proves that his abrasive style translates into any medium—even questionnaires

What words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Dude" and "Kiss my ass in Macy's window, you stupid rat Jap bastard."

When and where were you happiest?
Summer camp surrounded by Jews.

What is your current state of mind?
I am sad. I am always sad.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Stupidity. There are people out there who take life way too seriously because they are too dumb to get the joke.

What living person do you most despise?
There would be 12 of them. The idiots who sat on O.J.'s jury.

What is your greatest extravagance?
My bathroom. It's white marble and it's way too big.

What is your favorite journey?
I hate all journeys. My biggest fear is leaving the house, and I'd prefer that my greatest journey be to the kitchen and back.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
The fear that I make my living in radio. I think circus clowns have more prestige.

What is your favorite occupation?
Social worker. I have a strong desire to help fucked-up slobs with no hope in their lives whatsoever. I don't know—I guess I'm a sensitive guy deep down.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My pretty feet. They look good with a little polish and wrapped in my fine leather sandals.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
I like eyes, broad shoulders, and hands.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Eyes, broad shoulders, and hands.

What do you most value in your friends?
The ability to keep their mouths shut.

Who are your favorite writers?
The entire staff of the *National Enquirer*. They write simply and elegantly.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
God would most likely want to punish me, so I'd come back as Larry King's first wife.

How would you like to die?
At the hands of Fidel Castro while invading Cuba.

What is your greatest regret?
Doing this interview.

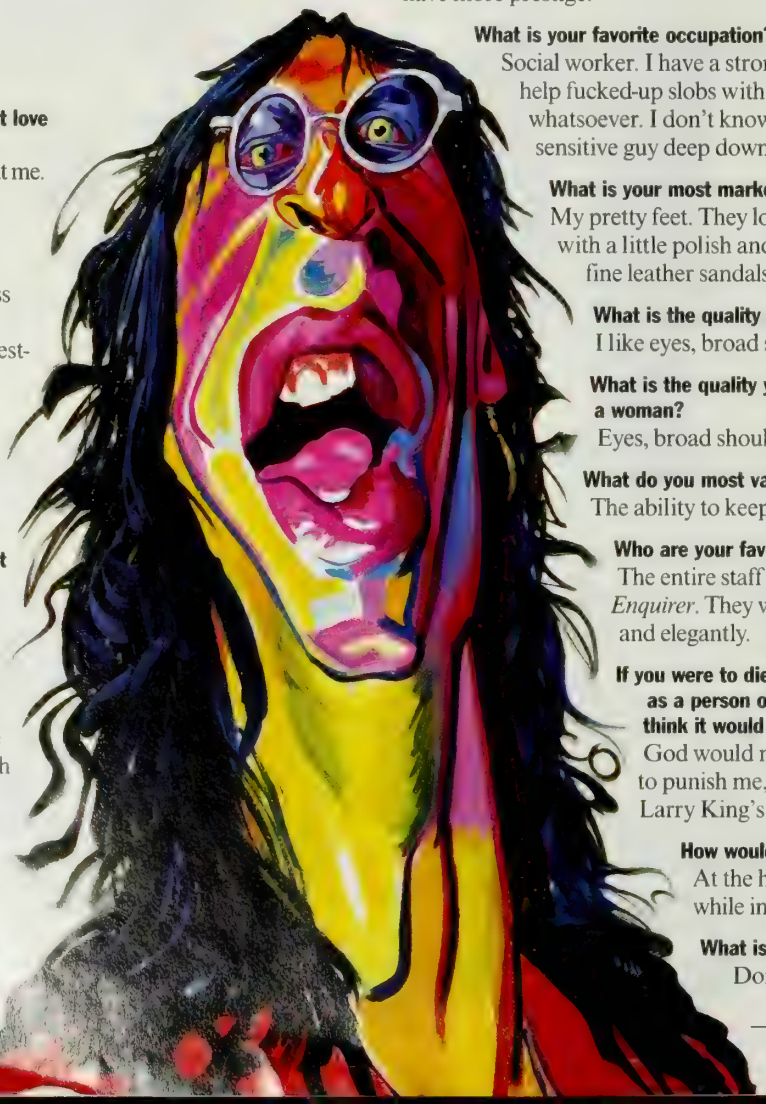
What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Me. I love everything about me. Everyone else has faults.

What is your greatest achievement?
A No. 1 radio show across the entire country, two best-sellers, the highest-grossing pay-per-view entertainment special in history, and successfully corrupting the morals of an entire generation.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A stranger putting her hands down my pants.

What is your greatest fear?
I'm at a radio convention surrounded by idiots like the bloated Rush Limbaugh and he eats so much his giant pumpkin head explodes all over me

What is it that you most dislike?
Anytime anyone beside me is successful.



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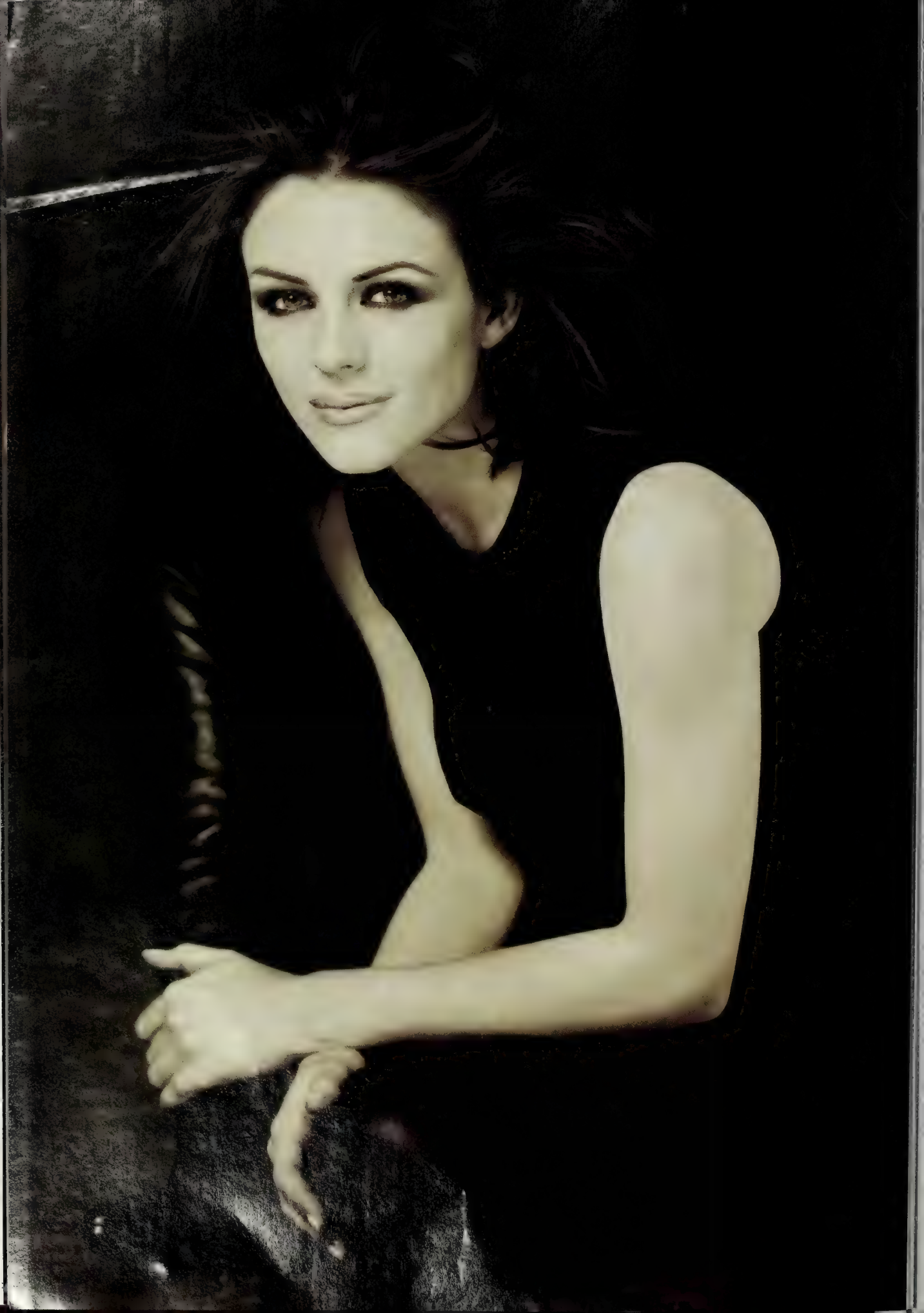

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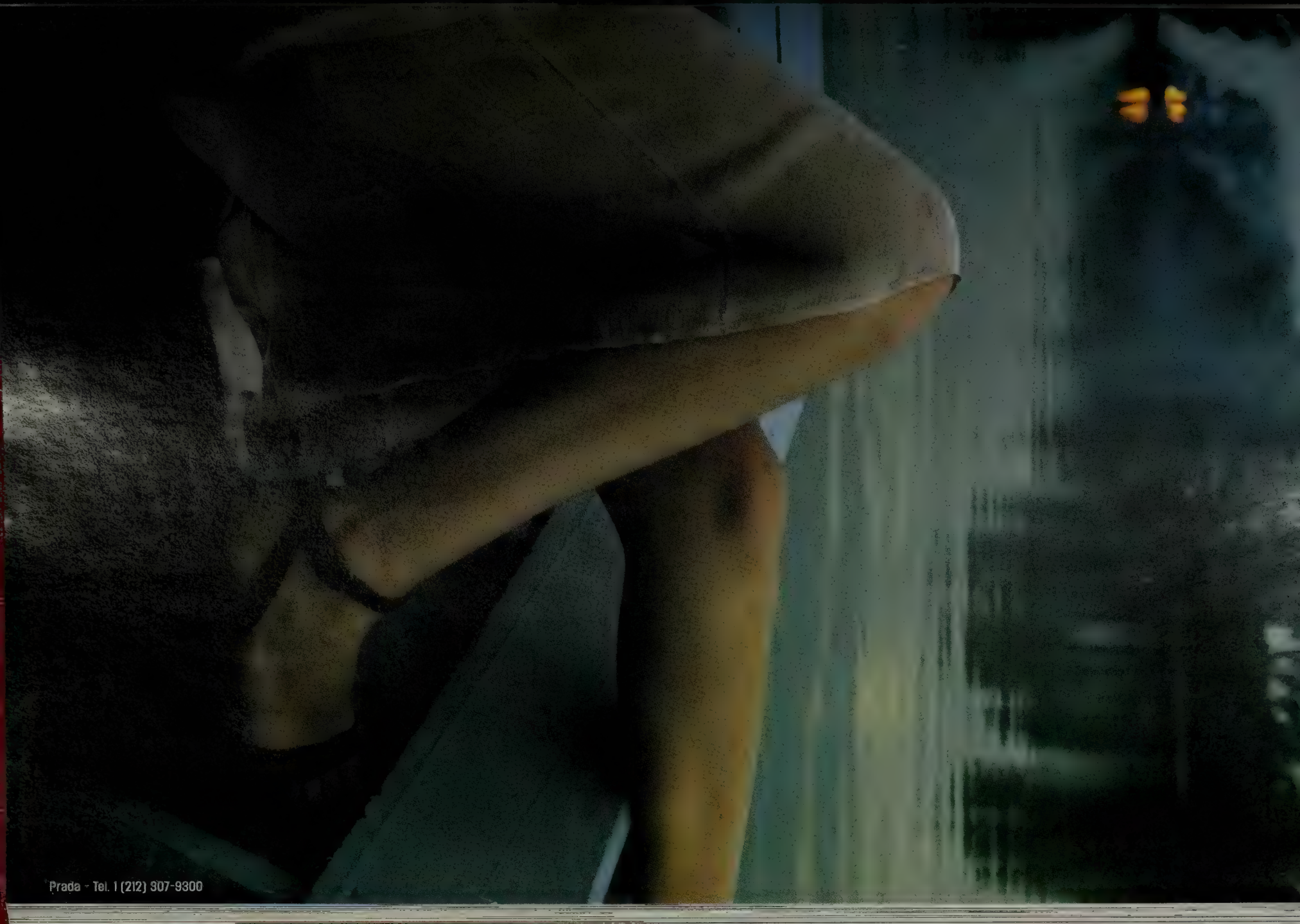
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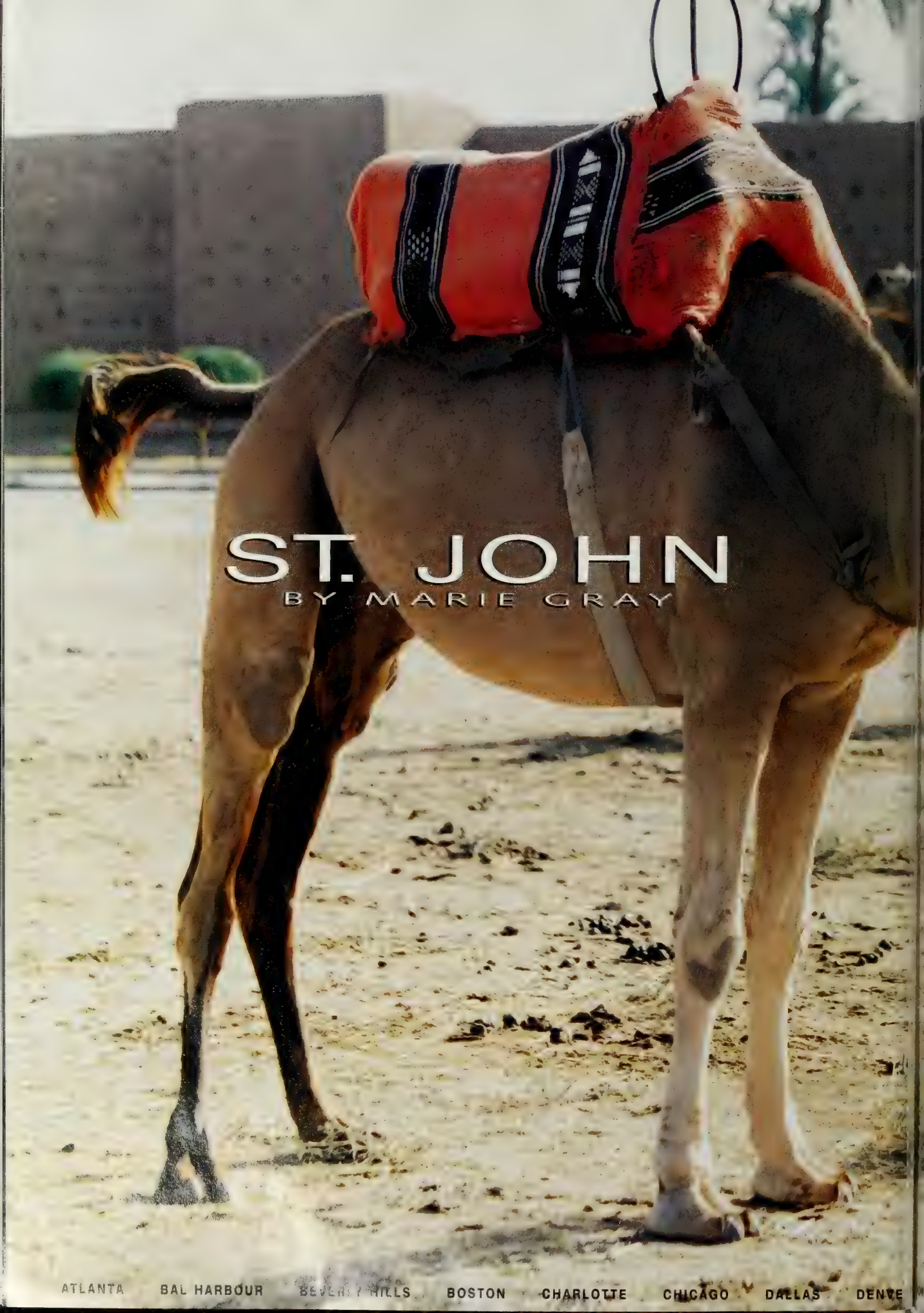
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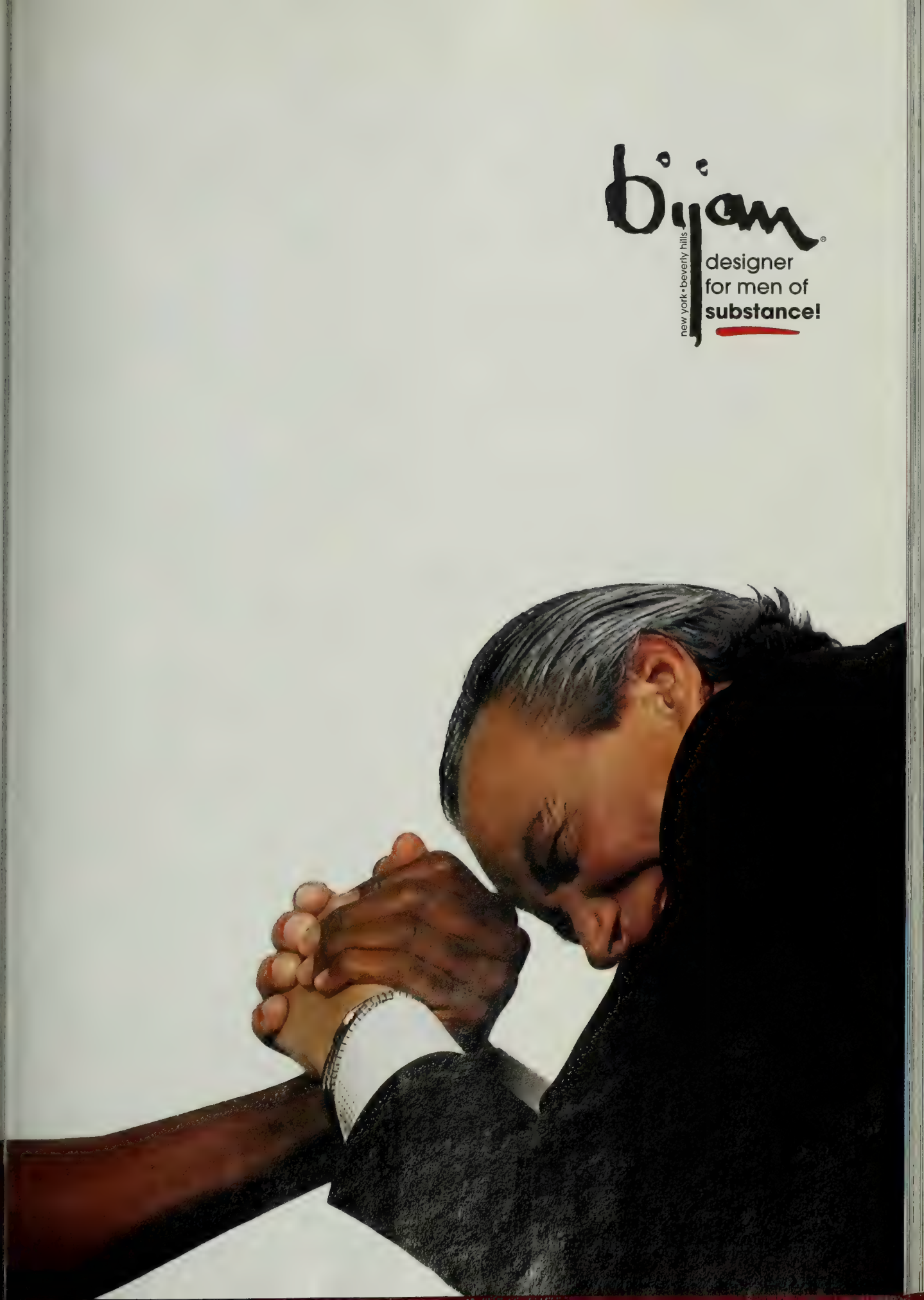
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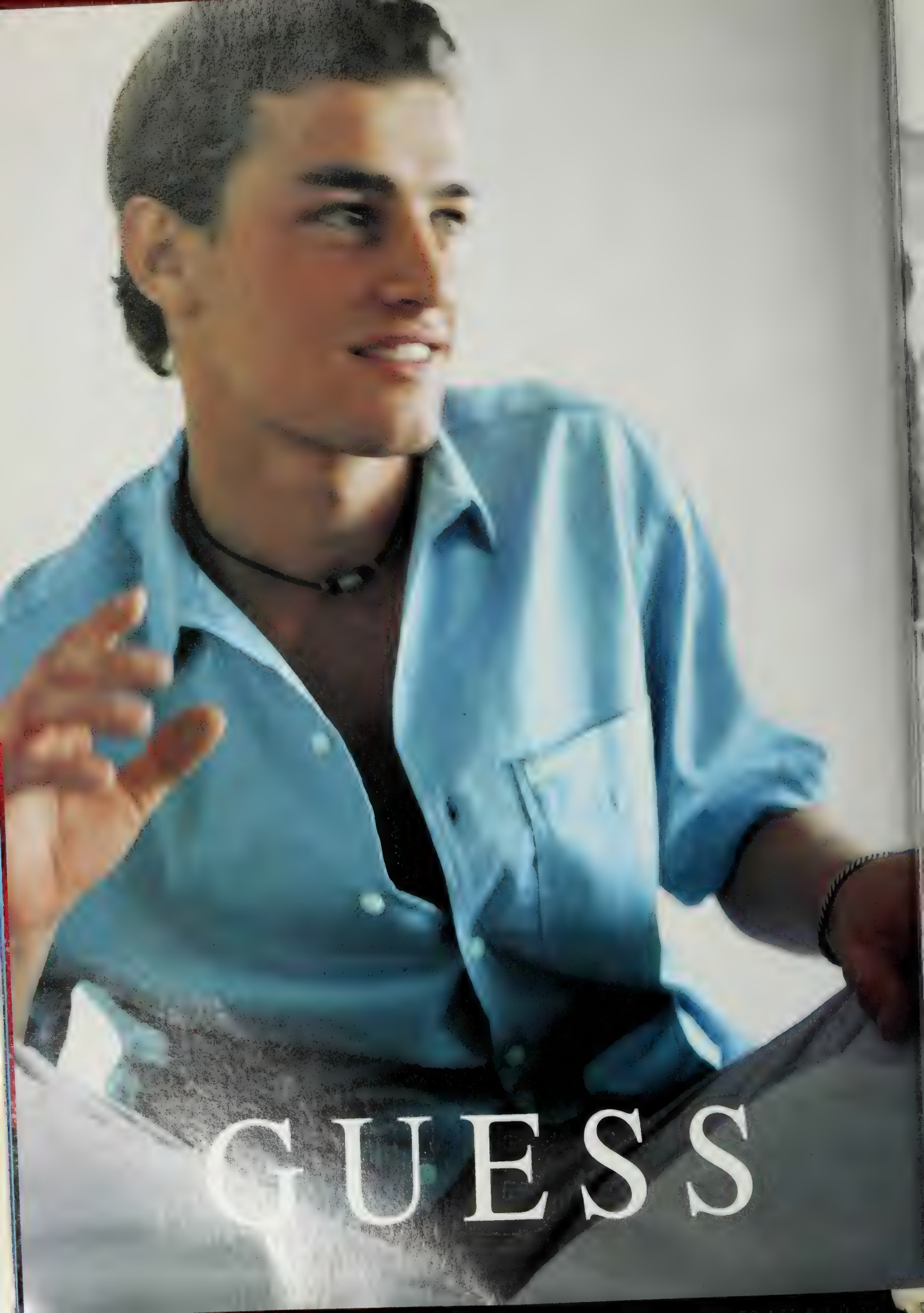
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APRIL 1997 No 440

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Features

HOLLYWOOD 1997 | 293

The newest talents meet the lasting powers in this year's star-packed 39-page portfolio of Hollywood's great and good, including Frances McDormand, Edward Norton, Lauren Bacall, Meryl Streep, Kristin Scott Thomas, Diane Keaton, Cuba Gooding Jr., and Budd Schulberg. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Helmut Newton, Karl Lagerfeld, Peggy Sirota, Lorenzo Agius, Eika Aoshima, Nigel Parry, and others.

MEIER'S MOMENT | 332

After 14 years, architect Richard Meier is completing the largest arts commission of the century, the billion-dollar Getty Center in Los Angeles. The high priest of modernism takes Bob Colacello on an exclusive tour of his famously not-white masterwork. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

GREETINGS FROM LAD LAND! | 340

Annie Leibovitz and James Wolcott catch a wave of British, Scottish, and Irish directors, led by Mike Leigh, Mike Newell, Danny Boyle, and Nicholas Hytner, as they march into America's theaters.

WHEN BOGIE HOT-WIRED HARRY COHN'S PACKARD | 350

The bygone fad of Hollywood drive-inns, where Mary Pickford dined behind the wheel of her custom-built Pierce-Arrow and Errol Flynn went bumper-to-bumper with Claudette Colbert, gets a whimsical in-memoriam from Bruce McCall.

CAPED FEAR | 354

Holy milk shake, Batman, it's Arnold Schwarzenegger! Herb Ritts and James Wolcott spotlight caped crusader George Clooney and his latest nemesis, Schwarzenegger's Mr. Freeze.

IDOL GOSSIPS | 358

By 1948, studio heads raged and actors quaked under the divided rule of rival gossip columnists Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons. Their pens, Amy Fine Collins recalls, played havoc with the careers of such stars as Grace Kelly, Ingrid Bergman, and Charlie Chaplin.

Columns

WAITING FOR GODARD | 124

The movies are dead, whine the critics. Long live the movies, says James Wolcott, who screens the pall-bearing reviewers one by one.

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SUNGLASSES

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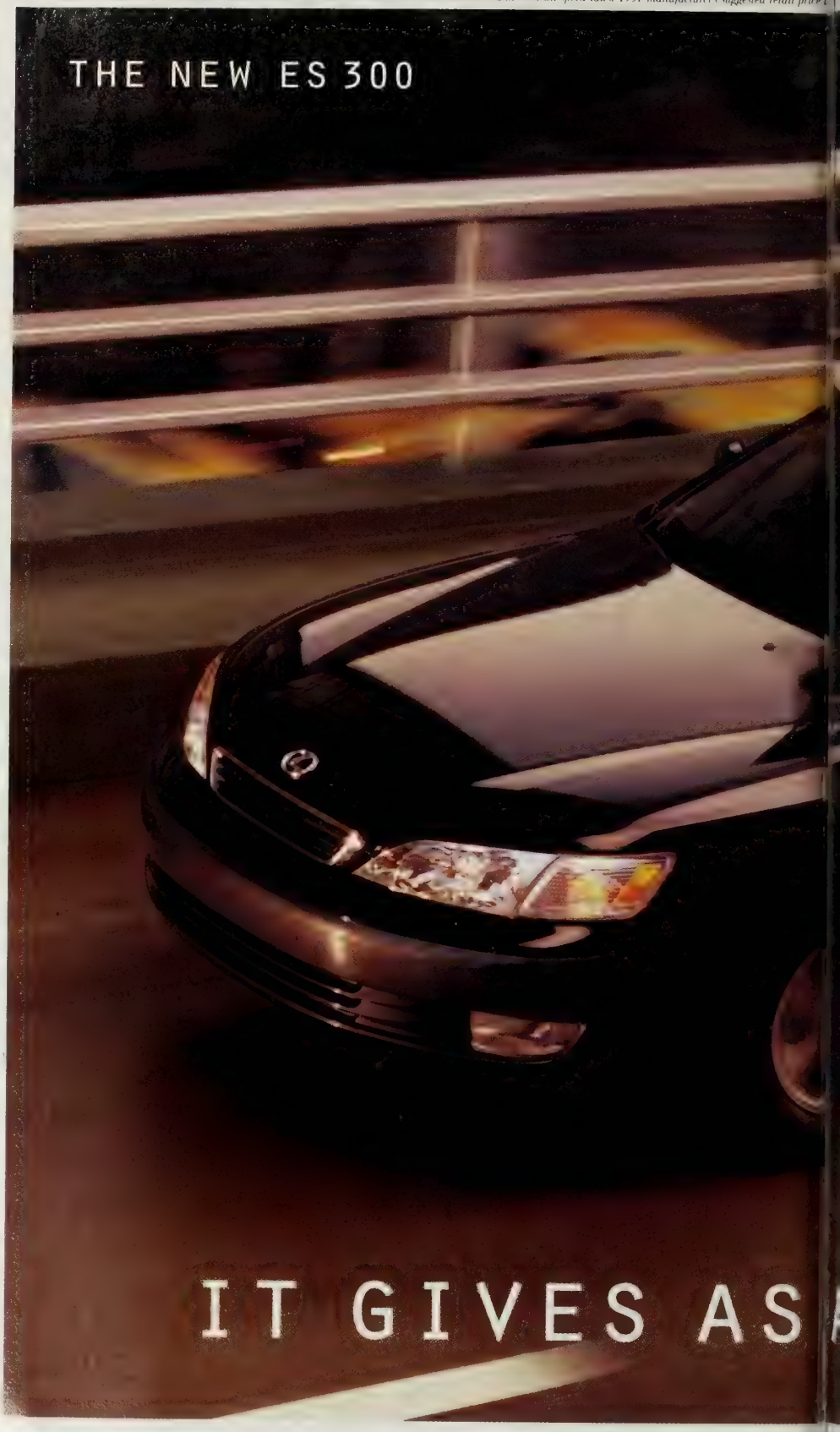

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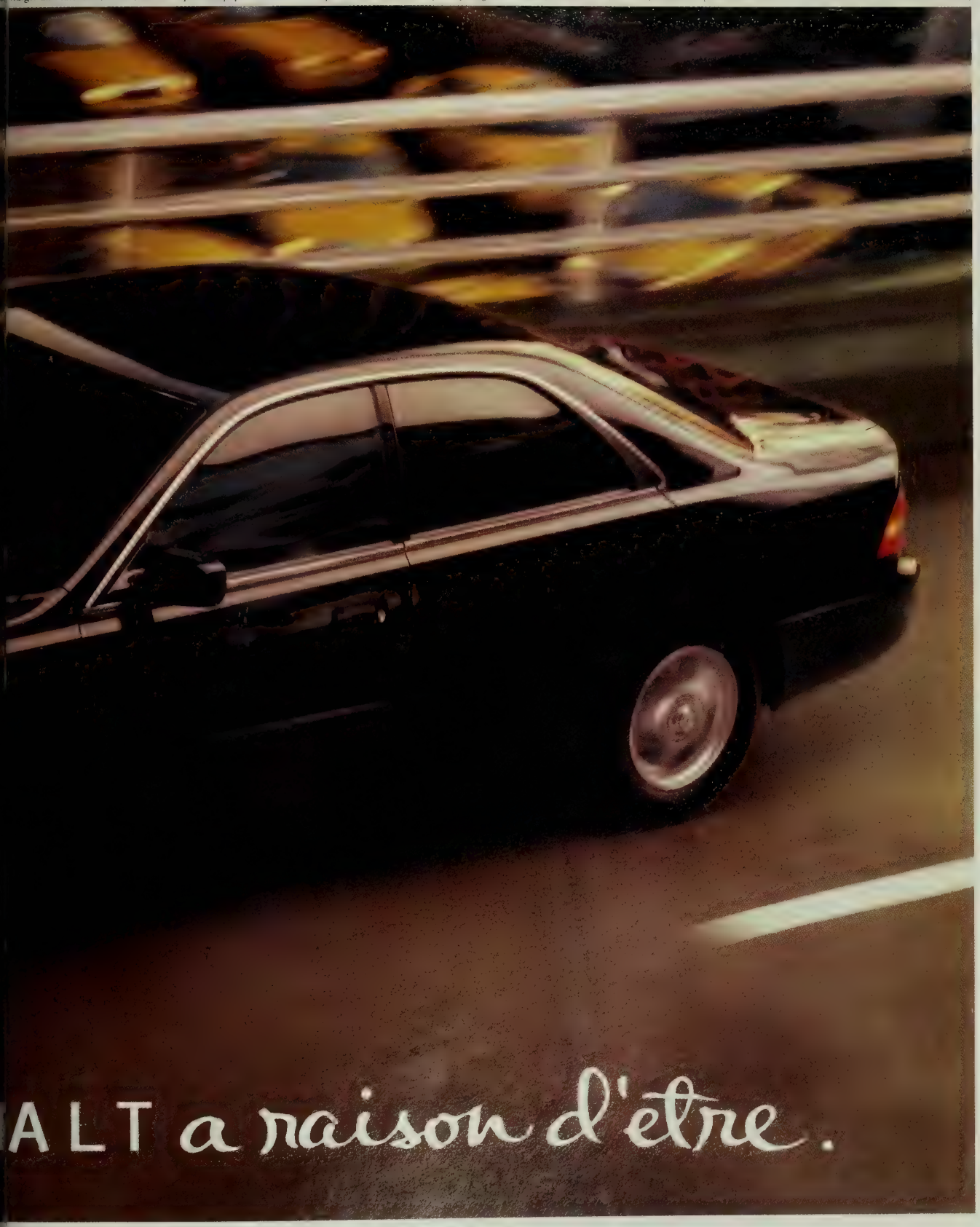

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VANITY FAIR

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CLOSING ARGUMENTS | 136

As the families of Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson finally see a measure of justice, Dominick Dunne watches Paula Barbieri, Johnnie Cochran, and Marcia Clark turn sex, lies, and big mistakes into show business—and comes face-to-face with O.J.

POLANSKI'S INFERNO | 150

Twenty years ago, director Roman Polanski fled Hollywood after unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl. Investigating the roots of the scandal, Jill Robinson evokes a 1970s Hollywood brutalized by sex, drugs, and the Manson-gang murder of Polanski's wife, Sharon Tate.

THE MAN WHO KEPT THE SECRETS | 172

Frank Sinatra, Ronald Reagan, Lew Wasserman, and Jimmy Hoffa all rendered fealty to Sidney Korshak, the Mob lawyer who died last year. Nick Tosches resurrects the ghost of Hollywood's greatest hidden power.

MARRIED ... WITH BUFFALO | 210

From her sex-kitten *Barbarella* days to her Vietnam-era stint as "Hanoi Jane," Jane Fonda has always seemed to be searching for a purpose. In 1991, she found Atlanta mogul Ted Turner and, as she tells Jennet Conant, discovered an important part of herself.

HOLLYWOOD ON TRIAL | 236

When the House Un-American Activities Committee targeted the movie industry, Bartley Crum stepped into the fray as a lawyer for the Hollywood 10. After his suicide, his daughter, Patricia Bosworth, began to understand his torment.

Vanities

VINCE CHARMING | 261

Yesterday's stars made over for today; Dracula at 100; Hollywood Lives—you are where you eat; after the cigar craze; in the Hollywood Universe; the birds of Lotusland.

Et Cetera

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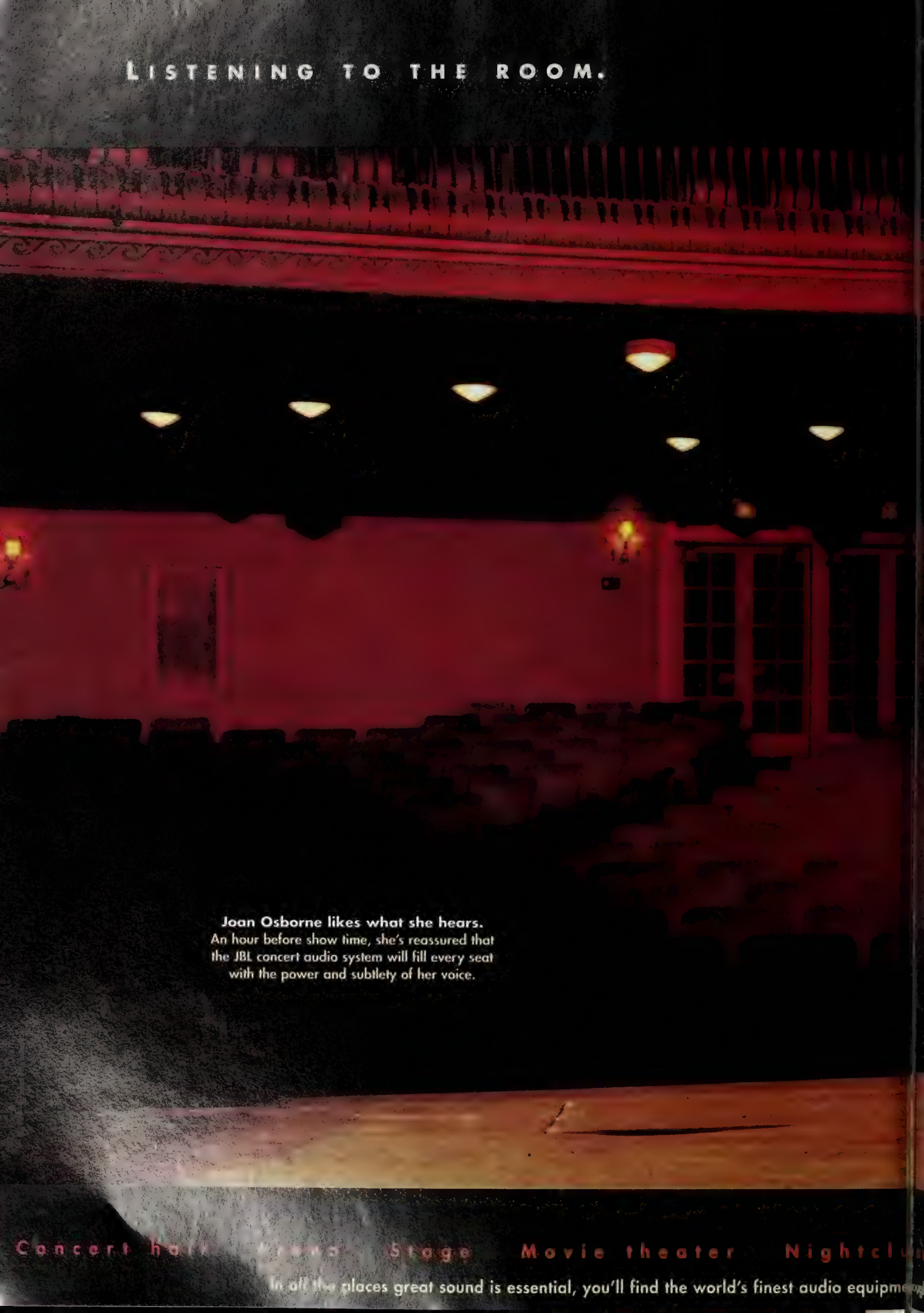
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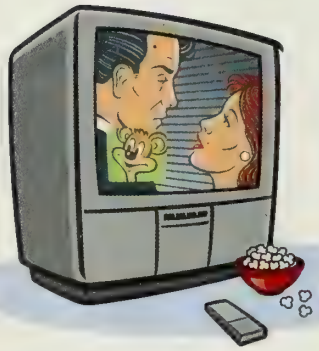

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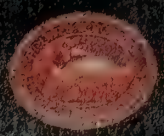

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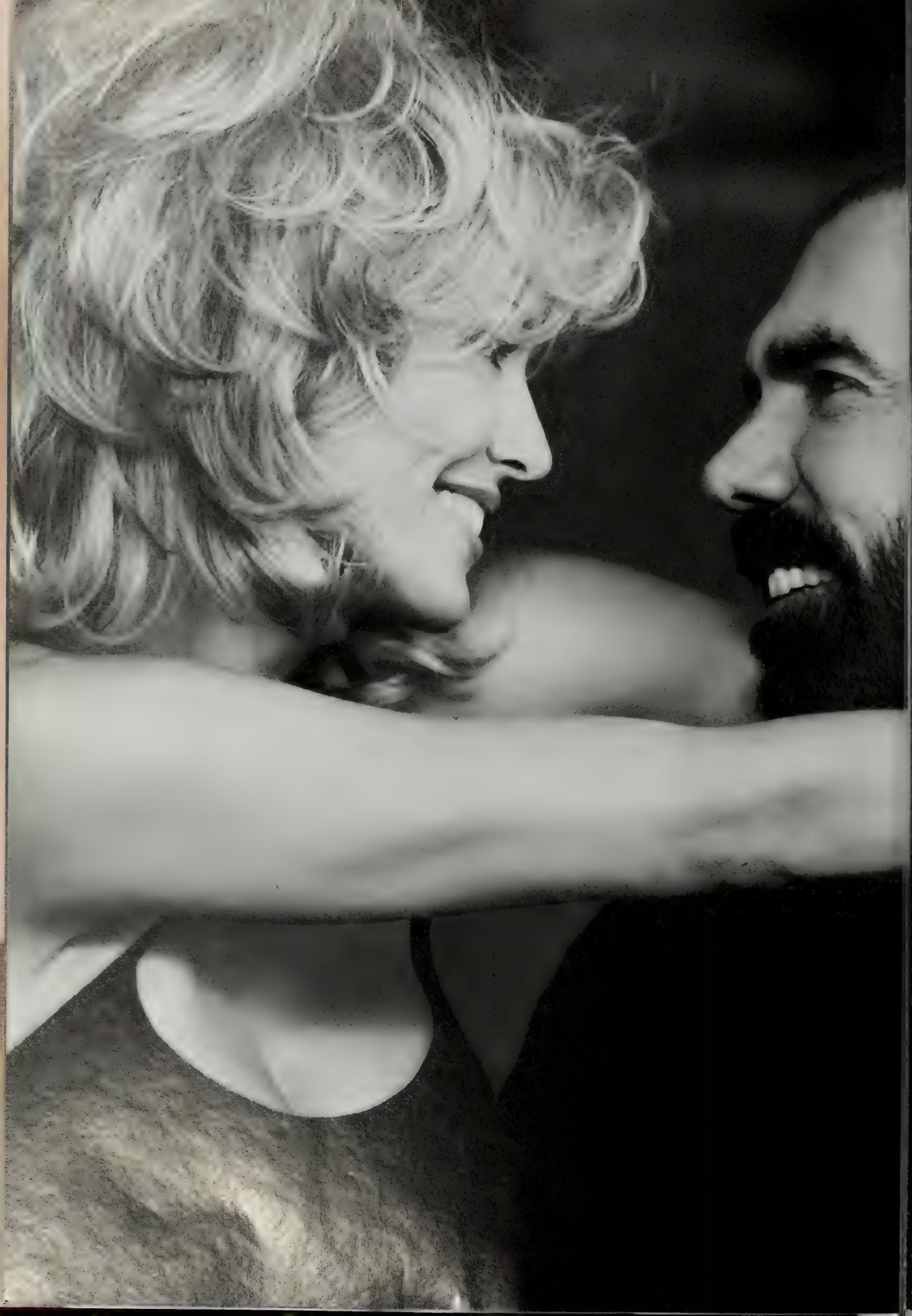

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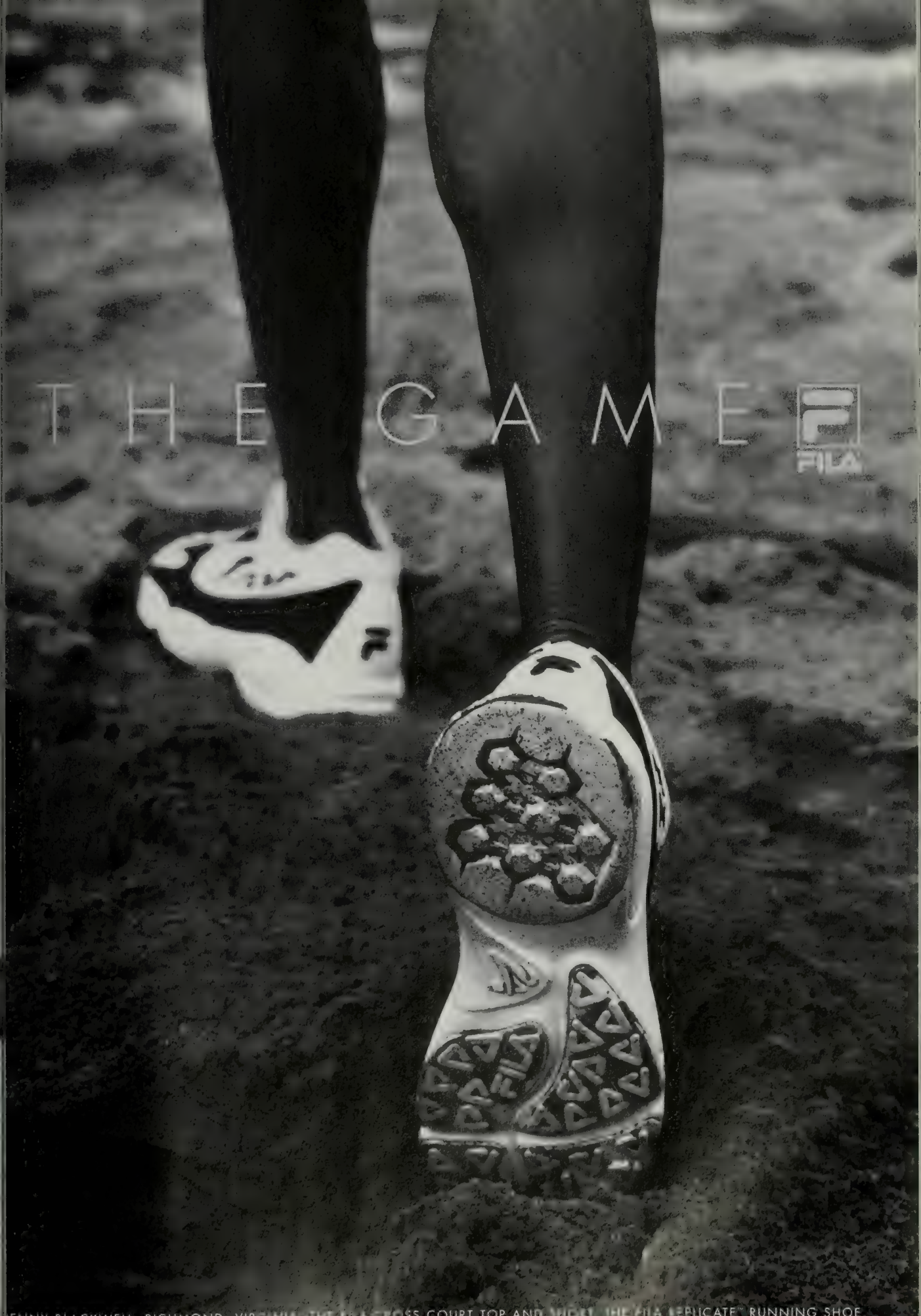

ENNY BLACKWELL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. THE FILA CROSS COURT TOP AND SHORT. THE FILA REPLICATE™ RUNNING SHOE.

Close Encounters

Los Angeles is a town one industry wide and four generations deep—a city still so young that everything, and everyone, is connected to everyone and everything else. For instance, Annie Leibovitz and director Cameron Crowe, whom she shot for this year's portfolio, both worked at *Rolling Stone* in the early 70s.

Jill Robinson, whose story on director Roman Polanski's unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl from the San Fernando Valley begins on page 150, knew most of Polanski's crowd in that druggy, oversexed Hollywood of 1977, when the crime took place. Her father was Dore Schary, who ran production at Paramount from 1948 to 1956. Jill grew up with other children of Hollywood royalty, including Jane Fonda, the subject of Jennet Conant's profile on page 210. Robinson's son, Jeremy Zimmer, an agent at UTA, is listed in "The Hollywood Universe," on page 282, a three-page foldout Who's Who of moviemaking.

Senior editor Matt Tyrnauer, who with associate editor Susan Kittenplan assembled the chart, is also a child of Hollywood. He lived in Brentwood, where composer Meredith Willson and Betsy Drake, Cary Grant's ex-wife, were neighbors. Director John Badham, also listed in "The Hollywood Universe," introduced Tyrnauer's mother to his stepfather, Robert Van Scoyk, a respected television writer and producer.

Patricia Bosworth is the daughter of Bartley Crum, the stalwart, liberal lawyer who defended the Hollywood 10. Her memoir of her father, due out from Simon & Schuster this month, is excerpted on page 236.

Dominick Dunne's family is into its sec Hollywood generation. His daughter, D inique, was a gifted actress and his son Gri long an actor and producer, has just dire his first feature, *Addicted to Love,* starring Ryan, Matthew Broderick, and Kelly Pres Dominick, who has been part of the H wood firmament since the late 50s, gave Schumacher, the director of *Batman & R* (spotlighted on page 354), his first break in movies—as a costume designer for *Play It Lays,* which Dominick produced.

In what is presumably the final installm of Dunne's incomparable coverage of the C Simpson case, the name of L.A.P.D. detective Philip Vanna appears once again. Vannatter also makes a cameo in Robins story as one of the officers gathering evidence against Polan

Nick Tosches spent much of the past year preparing his st on Sidney Korshak, the lawyer for the Chicago Mob who, most of the last half-century, moved easily among the far and powerful of Las Vegas and Beverly Hills. Tosches's spr ing, brilliant profile was missing only one thing—Korsh who died last year, had not had a decent photograph take almost 40 years. Dominick, who knew and liked Korsh thought he had a picture of the lawyer taken at a birthday p for Denise Minnelli at Luau in 1966. He dug it out and the p tograph opens Tosches's story on page 172. The photo cr alongside it reads: Dominick Dunne. A small town indeed.

Graydon Carter

Group Dynamic

BEHIND THE COVER: Vanity Fair*'s ensemble players take a break during the shoot. At the back, from left to right, are Darien Davis, Richard Ballard, Charlotte Malmlof, Craig Russell Waltcher, Honor Prouty, Marla Weinhoff, Steve Kourinian, and Shake Marterosyan. In the middle are Jeanine Lobell, Oscar Blandi, [illegible]in, Chris McMillan, Elizabeth Saltzman, Philip Andelman, Kathryn MacLeod, and Todd La Bar. In the front are Kyle Boorman, Annie Leibovitz, and Krista Smith.*

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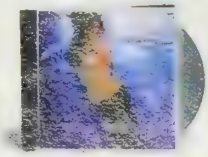

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Contributors

In decades of delving into the world's darkness, **Nick Tosches** has found that only a few books describe the Mafia without romance or mythology, most notably a novel, *The Day of the Owl,* by Sicily's Leonardo Sciascia. Tosches himself spent almost a year researching what lay behind the mythic aura of Hollywood-Mafia go-between Sidney Korshak for this issue. His 1992 biography of Dean Martin, *Dino: Living High in the Dirty Business of Dreams,* will be a Warner Bros. movie adapted for the screen by Nicholas Pileggi.

"Bald-headed eagles are larger at age two than when fully mature. Just like most William Morris agents," says **Henry Alford,** who draws parallels between birds and the Hollywood flock on page 288. After studying film at N.Y.U., Alford ended up working at a casting agency. "I was writing short, funny things and mailing them to magazines," he says, "and then it happened"—he found himself with a career as a writer for *Spy, Details,* and *GQ,* among others.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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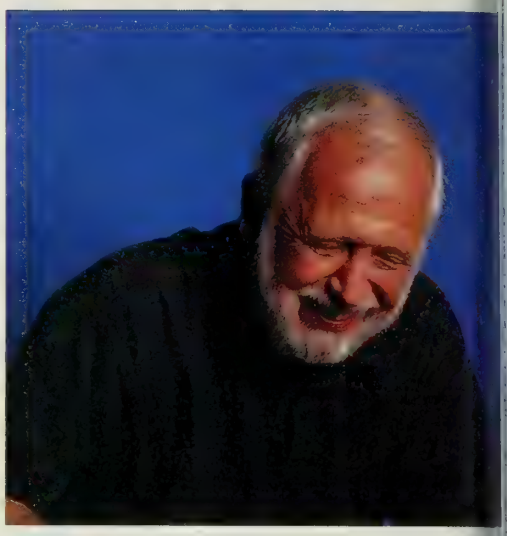

When he found a stack of old, cartoon-filled *New Yorkers* in a closet (his parents were the only people in Simcoe, Ontario, to have a subscription), 10-year-old **Bruce McCall** started obsessively drawing cars, airplanes, and anything else "that would get me the hell out of Simcoe." Now a *V.F.* contributing editor, McCall explains his flight from Ontario in a memoir, *Thin Ice,* to be published in June by Random House.

DANA BROWN

"I'm surprised how unjaded I remain about Hollywood," says associate editor **Susan Kittenplan,** who researched and wrote captions for this portfolio and for special issues past. Her love of show business dates back to childhood, when she produced plays in her parents' Upper East Side living room, casting her younger sister as the cat or the scullery maid and reserving the more glamorous roles and directing duties (a budding Streisand) for herself.

CASPER TOURGALL

After 25 years of profiling everyone from Larry Flynt to Ivana Trump, special correspondent **Bob Colacello** is generally unflappable, for which he thanks his alma mater, the Georgetown School of Foreign Service: "It forced me to deal with the powers that be." But when he got an exclusive tour of the billion-dollar, soon-to-open Getty Center from architect Richard Meier, Colacello was completely awed by the white-maned High Priest of Modernism. "He kept track of every single nail!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

GRAHAM PIGGOTT

The daughter of MGM studio head Dore Schary, **Jill Robinson** grew up with Spencer Tracy and Cary Grant as family friends. Her family was a Hollywood anomaly, however: her parents remained together and were so outspoken politically that a cross was once burned on their lawn. Now living in London, Robinson has just published her seventh book, the novel *Star Country.*

JONATHAN BECKER

High-profile crimes have long inspired special correspondent **Dominick Dunne's** best-selling *romans à clef: A Season in Purgatory* was based on the 1975 Martha Moxley killing, and the notorious Woodward murder provided mate for *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles.* Now, as Dunne reports on the conclusion of the O. J. Simpson civil trial, that case has become fodder for his next, much-awaited novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* due out in November from Crown.

NINA BRAMHALL

Illustrator **Barry Blitt,** whose cartoons have appeared in *Spy* and *The New York Observer,* says that even in the middle of the night he will wake up and put pen to paper. The last time he did it, he was horrified to discover he had drawn what looked like "Babe Ruth checking into a hotel with some pigs."

FRANCINE FLEISCHER

Patricia Bosworth's acclaimed books on photographer Diane Arbus and actor Montgomery Clift taught her the art of biography. But nothing prepared the former model, actress, and magazine edit for the 10-year emotional journey of writing *Anything Your Little Heart Desires,* the story of her father, lawyer Bartley Crum, who defended the Hollywood 10 against the blacklist. The book, being published this mo by Simon & Schuster, is excerpted in this issue.

Married to *60 Minutes* correspondent Steve Kroft and mother of a three-year-old boy, contributing editor **Jennet Conant** was fascinated to learn how the world's most high-profile media couple—Jane Fonda and Ted Turner—have managed to carve out a private niche in their very public lives. But her interview with Fonda and darker issues too: "It gave me chills to hear my childhood idol admit she wished she had done things differently," Conant says.

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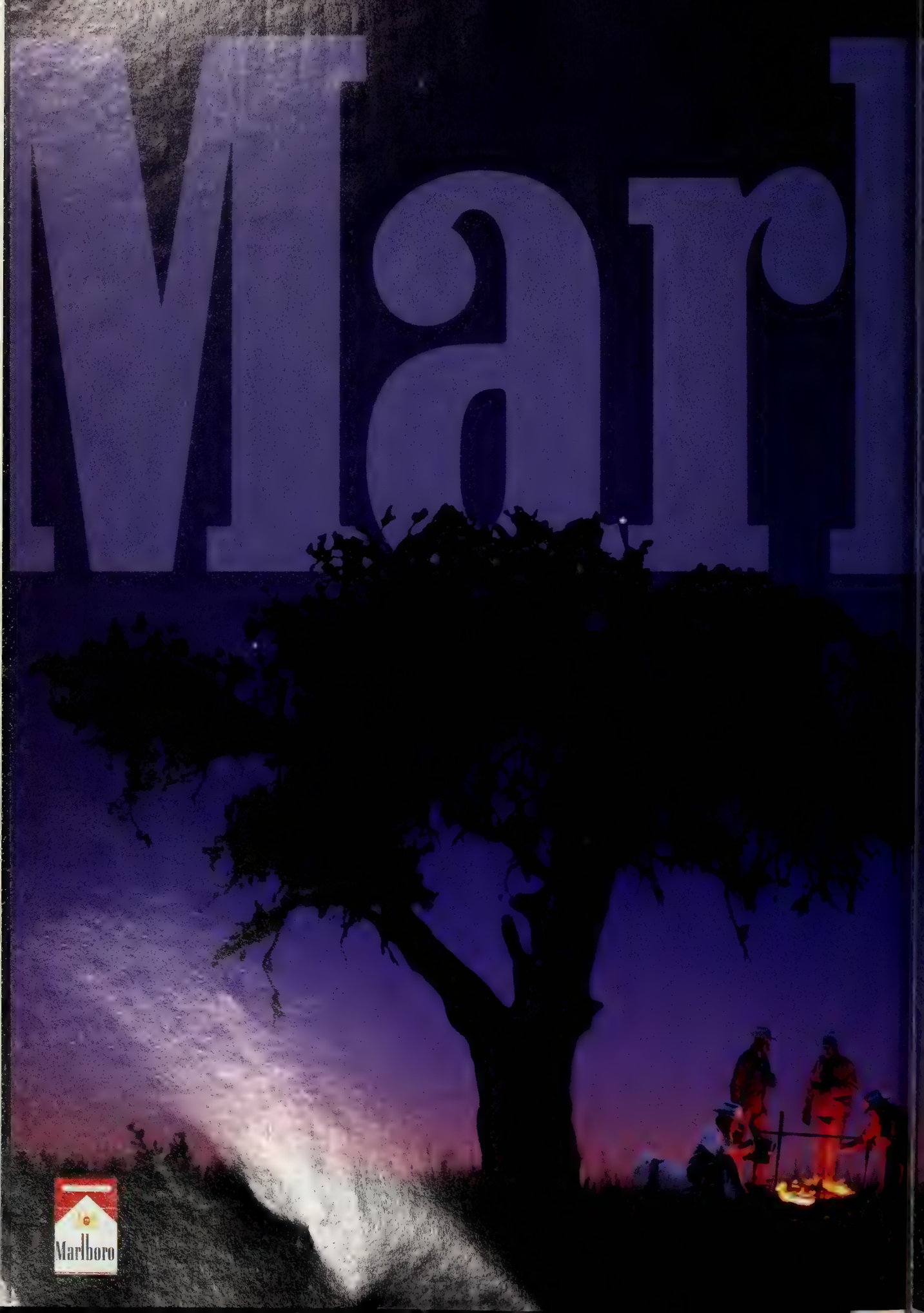
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THEIR BRILLIANT CAREERS

There's a decathlon of talent on this month's cover—10 young actresses who will star in some two dozen movies this year

"Emma Thompson taught me that as an actor it is very important not to work." At 21, **Kate Winslet** knows her compatriot's advice is excellent, but has yet to put it into practice. She'll play the part of Leonardo DiCaprio's doomed love in James Cameron's *Titanic,* one more in a long list of tragic characters. Her debut in *Heavenly Creatures* as the tubercular Juliet launched the 17-year-old Winslet's career. In 1996 she earned an Oscar nomination for her role as the coquettish Marianne Dashwood in Emma Thompson's *Sense and Sensibility.* The stubborn and bold Sue Bridehead in Michael Winterbottom's *Jude* immediately preceded Ophelia's mad descent in Kenneth Branagh's *Hamlet,* securing Winslet's position as one of Hollywood's finest imports. Fortunately, Kate Winslet has had little time not to act. —LIZ WELCH

Conviction came to **Claire Danes** early. By the age of three she had concluded that she wanted to become an actress. At 10 she was enrolled in the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute, and now, one ABC series and four feature films later, including the lead with Leonardo DiCaprio in *Romeo and Juliet,* this 17-year-old has evolving ambitions. "It's boring to do the same thing consistently," Danes says. In Francis Ford Coppola's fall release, *The Rainmaker,* she plays an abused wife, a CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

In Hollywood, the appellation "model turned actress" is a formidable label for any aspiring ingenue to overcome. But **Cameron Diaz,** a 24-year-old Long Beach, California, native, with striking, slightly askew beauty, has managed the transition from catwalk to close-up almost effortlessly. After her debut as Jim Carrey's cartoonish, sexy moll in the 1994 hit *The Mask,* Diaz opted for independent films, portraying a bride in a shotgun wedding in *Feeling Minnesota,* co-starring Keanu Reeves, and a home-wrecking ice queen in Ed Burns's latest film, *She's the One.* She spins from grounded to glamorous to screwball in the blink of an eye. This summer, she'll play a prim debutante alongside Julia Roberts in *My Best Friend's Wedding* and is set to star in *A Life Less Ordinary* with Ewan McGregor and *Head Above Water* with Harvey Keitel. Diaz is poised for A-league stardom, leaving runways in her wake. —JOHN GILLIES

JUNIOR-VARSITY VOGUING: *From top,* Cameron Diaz (wearing a Vivienne Westwood Gold Label dress, Manolo Blahnik shoes, and makeup from Lancôme), Kate Winslet (wearing a Richard Tyler dress, Gianni Versace shoes, and makeup from Estée Lauder), and Claire Danes (wearing a Chanel dress, Martine Sitbon for Stephane Kélian shoes, a Jennifer Bartlett bracelet, and makeup from Chanel), three of the young actresses who have their more established sisters looking back over their shoulders; stylist Lori Goldstein and Annie Leibovitz study Polaroids of the cover shoot; makeup artist Carol Shaw puts some last-minute highlights on Cameron Diaz.

CANDID PHOTOGRAPHS THROUGHOUT BY ELIZABETH SALTZMAN. HAIR PRODUCTS FROM REDKEN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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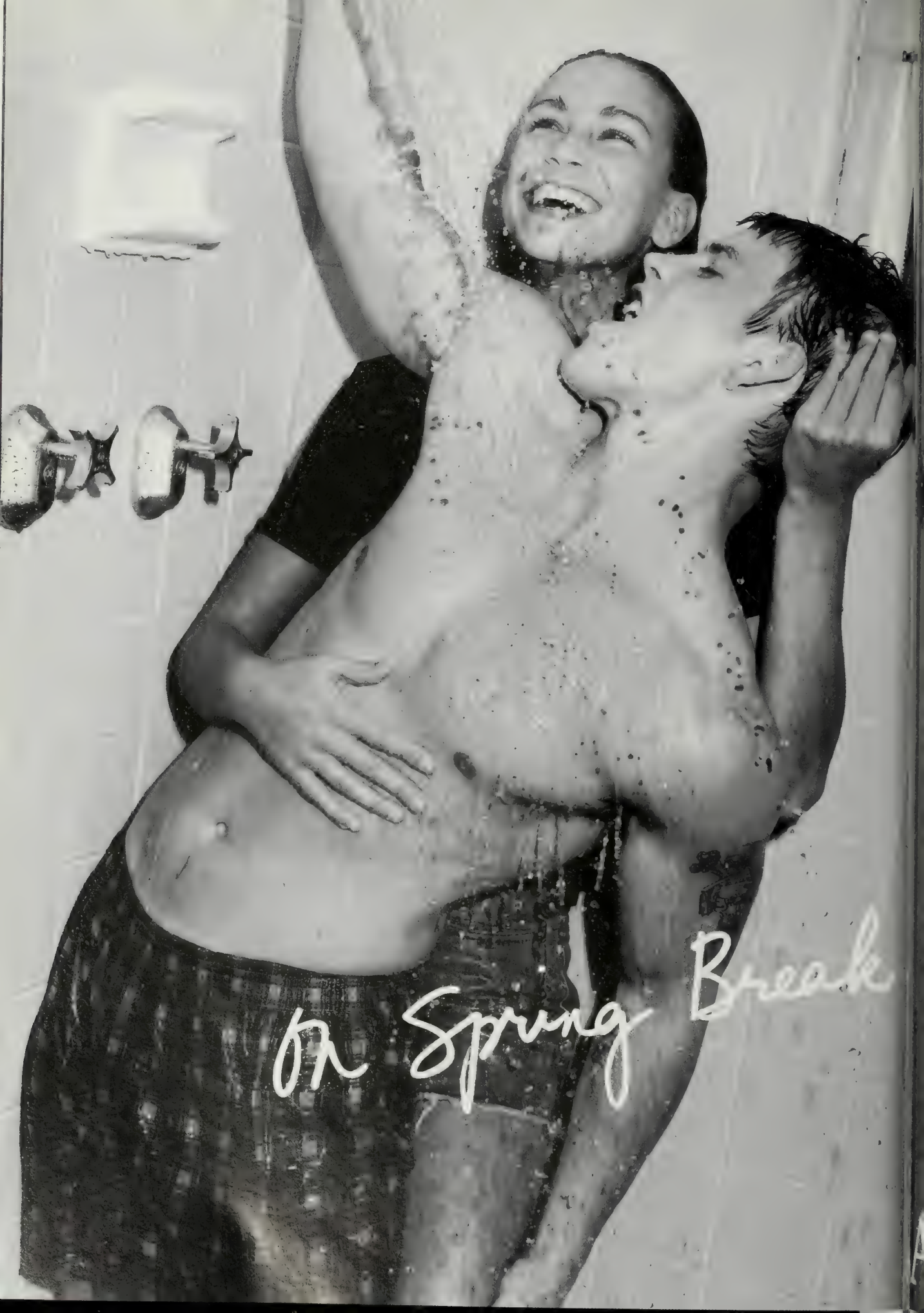
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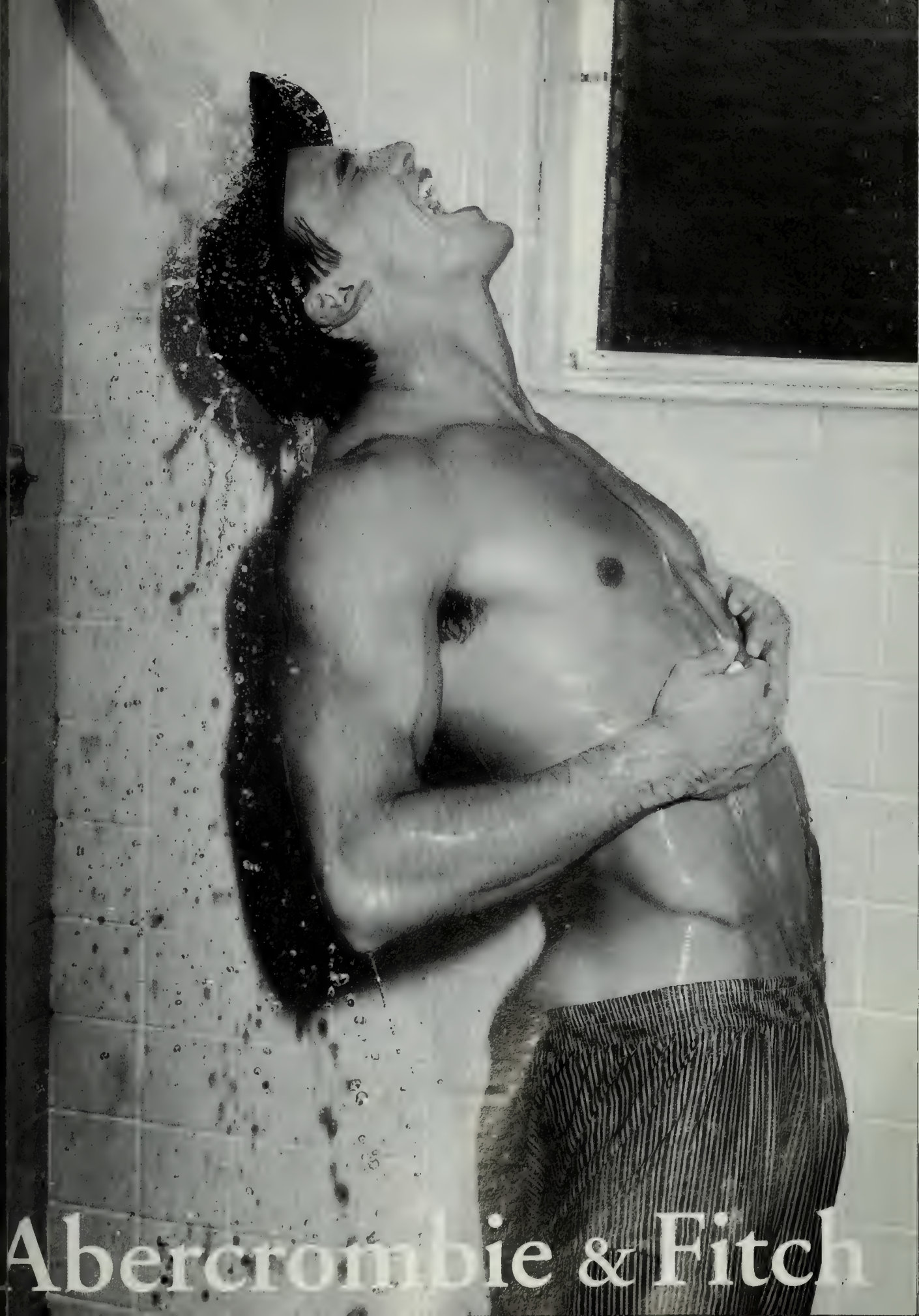
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 part which she concedes was "tricky" for a teenager. Recently she signed on to the cast of Oliver Stone's *U-Turn* and to the film version of *Les Misérables.* Danes will also appear in *Polish Wedding* as Gabriel Byrne's naughty daughter—who, Danes says, "is something of a loose goose." Now she would like to add another Hollywood brooder to her list of leading men—Benicio Del Toro. With or without the goatee? "I'll take him in any shape or form," Danes says with dead certainty. —CRAIG OFFMAN

she says with a delicate southern lilt. Zellweger's unusual background—she's the daughter of a Swiss father and a Norwegian mother who raised her in Katy, Texas—now matches the unusual roles she's been offered. In *The Whole Wide World* she plays the girlfriend of Conan the Barbarian's creator. Her next two projects, as a prostitute opposite Tim Roth in *Liar* and a rebellious Hasidic Jew in *Price Below Rubies,* reveal a complicated woman emerging from that large-lipped southern girl. —KATE WESTERBECK

Renée Zellweger is not a name that trips easily from the tongue, but her success opposite Tom Cruise in *Jerry Maguire* has ensured her an entry in the Hollywood lexicon. Her role as a struggling single mother was a refreshing change from playing girlie teenagers in *Dazed and Confused* and *Empire Records.* "It's nice to play women, not girls . . . because it challenges you to step up,"

YOUNG AND RESTLESS: *From above,* Renée Zellweger (wearing a Richard Tyler dress, Manolo Blahnik shoes, and makeup from Clinique), Minnie Driver (wearing a Chanel dress, Manolo Blahnik for Ozbek shoes, and makeup from Christian Dior), Alison Elliott (wearing a Lanvin by Ocimar Versolato dress, Marni shoes, and makeup from Elizabeth Arden), and Jada Pinkett (wearing an Eric Gaskins dress and makeup from Stila); Jada Pinkett with boyfriend Will Smith, one of last year's V.F. Hollywood cover boys; Zellweger prepares her [illegible] for a snack.

According to the British press, says London-raised actress **Minnie Driver,** there's an 11th Commandment: "Thou shalt not enjoy the United States." Alas, it seems that the 25-year-old, who stole hearts two years ago as the "solid" Irish girl in Pat O'Connor's *Circle of Friends,* has started sinning. A lot. After starring roles in *Sleepers* and *Big Night,* Driver now plays a tough-chick D.J. opposite John Cusack in the black-comedy Mob feature *Grosse Pointe Blank.* And in May she'll sweep into theaters with *The Flood,* dripping wet and gasping for air with Christian Slater. It's been a whirlwind initiation into the Hollywood fundamentals of guns, mobsters, and natural disasters, and Driver makes no apologies. "There's no danger of me taking the patronizing attitude of 'Well, I come from the grand tradition of the British theater,' because I don't," Driver has said. "I come from the grand tradition of crappy TV." —EVGENIA PERETZ

Alison Elliott was in a deli this fall when a fan accosted her: "Oh my God, did you know that you died?" It's true, her character in *The Spitfire Grill* dies, but the film was something of a rebirth for the 26-year-old actress, who began her professional career as a child model and had a short-lived role opposite Halle Berry in the ABC sitcom *Living Dolls. The Spitfire Grill* won an Audience Award at the 1996 Sundance Film Festival and was snapped up by Castle Rock for an unprecedented $10 million. Elliott earned praise across the country for her depiction of an ex-convict looking to redeem herself. This year she'll play a wealthy American heiress in Iain Softley's adaptation of Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove,* co-starring Helena Bonham Carter. And she's been cast as the lead in *Nadja,* director Michael Almereyda's new film. The rebirth continues. —BETH ALTSCHULL

Jada Pinkett is a mere five feet one inch tall and 100 pounds, but has established herself as a heavyweight in Hollywood, with starring roles in last year's blockbuster *The Nutty Professor* and the surprise hit *Set It Off,* and an offscreen CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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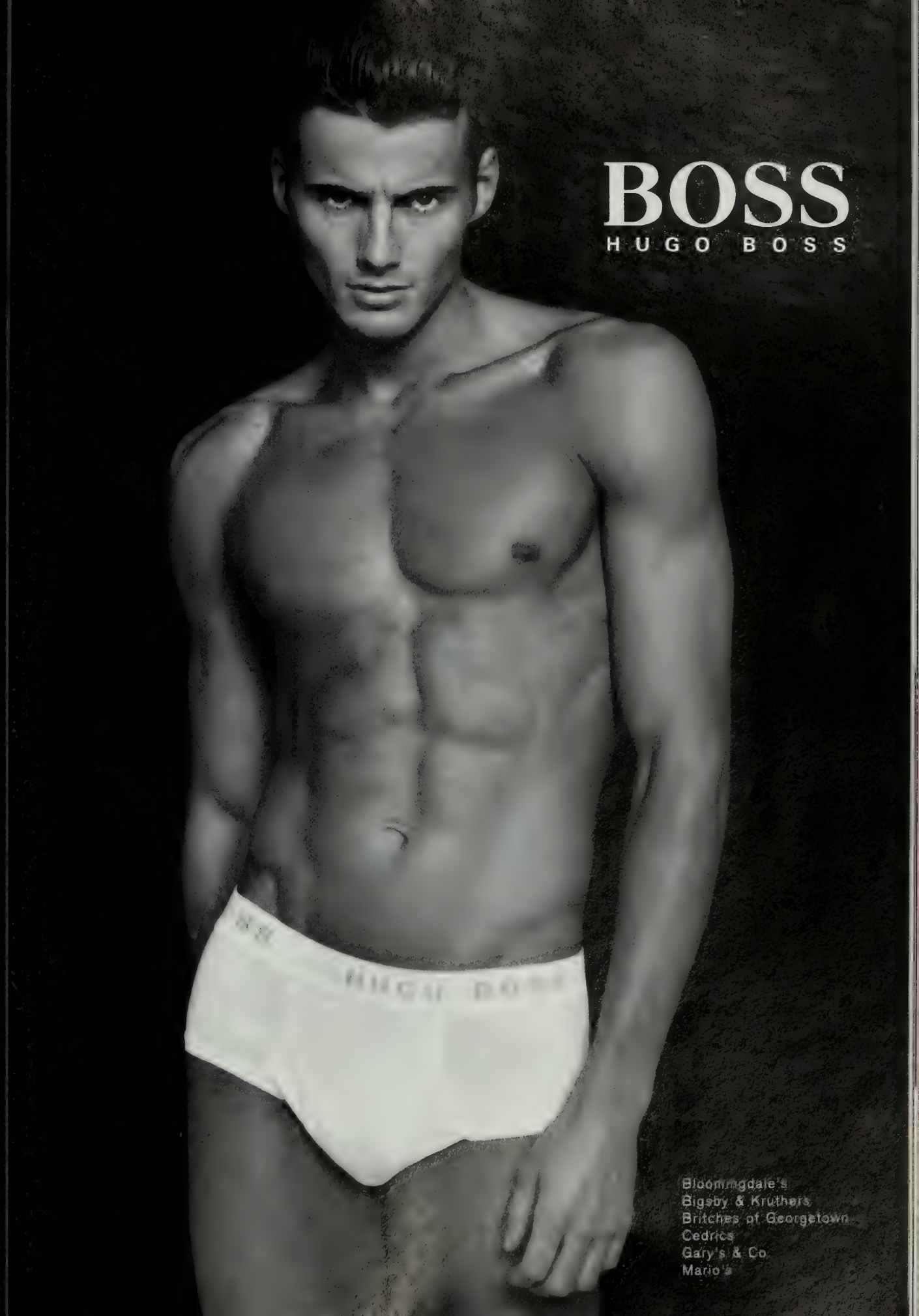
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 romance with Will Smith. Her childhood included ballet and piano lessons, and running with the neighborhood kids. She then attended the Baltimore School for the Arts (Tupac Shakur was a classmate) and the North Carolina School of the Arts. From her film debut as a teenage mother in *Menace II Society* to such roles as a guileless lover in *Jason's Lyric* and a fearless date in the upcoming *Woo,* alongside Isaac Hayes and Pam Grier, Pinkett has proved she's a contender: the girl next door—with attitude. —DANA BROWN

Jennifer Lopez has come a long way since Rosie Perez chose her over 2,000 others to be a Fly Girl on *In Living Color.* Now the Bronx-born actress is doing an on-screen dance with Jack Nicholson in *Blood & Wine*—directed by Bob Rafelson. In her first film, *My Family/Mi Familia,* she played a Mexican-American, but soon jumped into action as a transit cop alongside Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipes in *Money Train,* then switched gears again as Robin Williams's fifth-grade teacher in *Jack.* These days Lopez's dance card is full. She's been cast in *Anaconda* with Eric Stoltz as well as Oliver Stone's *U-Turn,* and currently stars in *Selena*—based on the life of the murdered Tejano singer—which she calls "the movie that changed my life." Indeed. She met her future husband on the set and was reportedly paid $1 million, making her the highest-paid Latina in Hollywood history. —SARA SWITZER

NOT QUITE READY FOR THEIR CLOSE-UPS: *From bottom,* three more emerging actresses. Jennifer Lopez (wearing an Eric Gaskins dress and makeup from Estée Lauder), Charlize Theron (wearing an Arte Cerruti 1881 dress, Marc Jacobs shoes, and makeup from Clinique), and Fairuza Balk (wearing a Romeo Gigli dress, Manolo Blahnik shoes, and makeup from Shiseido); Charlize Theron and boyfriend Craig Bierko; V.F.'s video crew gets the shoot on film while Lori Goldstein keeps an eye on the actresses.

"My mother taught me that nothing is impossible," says the South African–born **Charlize Theron.** But did her mother realize that that advice would lead to her daughter's debut as a hit woman in last year's *2 Days in the Valley*? Theron, whose career as a ballerina was cut short by a knee injury, will appear in the upcoming romantic comedy *Trial and Error,* and has just finished shooting *Devil's Advocate.* "It's a very dark thriller," she says. "*Rosemary's Baby* crossed with *The Firm.*" What's up next? "I've done a lot of films with men; I'd love to work with the great women out there." It looks as if she'll have to settle for her *Devil's Advocate* co-stars, Al Pacino and Keanu Reeves, for just a little while longer.

—FELICE BARASH KAPLAN

Fairuza Balk has played, as she puts it, "brutal" roles—from a trailer-park kid in *Gas Food Lodging* to a junkie prostitute in *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead.* Yet her childlike innocence softens the razor edges of her characters. "When I was a kid, I swore I would never grow up, never see things as an adult," says the 22-year-old actress, who lives in Venice, California. Balk's own childhood was put on fast-forward at age nine with her lead debut in *Return to Oz.* She went on to work with Miloš Forman, who directed her in *Valmont,* and Marlon Brando, her co-star in *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* This year she'll star opposite Amanda Plummer in *American Perfect* and in *The Maker* with Matthew Modine. "I look for a film that will inspire and encourage others," says Balk, "as well as myself." —RIZA CRUZ □

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DIANE AMATO
San Francisco, California

JOHNNY DEPP IS the defining actor of my generation. I look into his eyes and I don't know whether to melt or cry—and I love that he has that effect!

T. C. BENDER
Mount Pleasant, Texas

OF ALL THE interviews I have read on my dear Johnny, yours was by [illegible] most comprehensive and insight[illegible] always seems so reluctant to discuss his childhood, family, and private life, but Kevin Sessums managed to get quite a bit of history from him.

I truly admire Depp for the quirky, offbeat projects he undertakes rather than going for the blockbuster money-making projects. He is an inspiration, concentrating on the true joy and love of this business.

LISA STEPHAN
Powell, Ohio

I WAS CURIOUS to read that Johnny Depp admires his girlfriend, Kate Moss, for her "high-water booty." Could you please translate this imaginative "Depp-onics" phrase into standard English?

CARLA BARROS
Oakland, California

EDITOR'S NOTE: The unofficial Depp-onics dictionary surmises that "high-water booty" is a derrière that, in silhouette, has an upward cast to it.

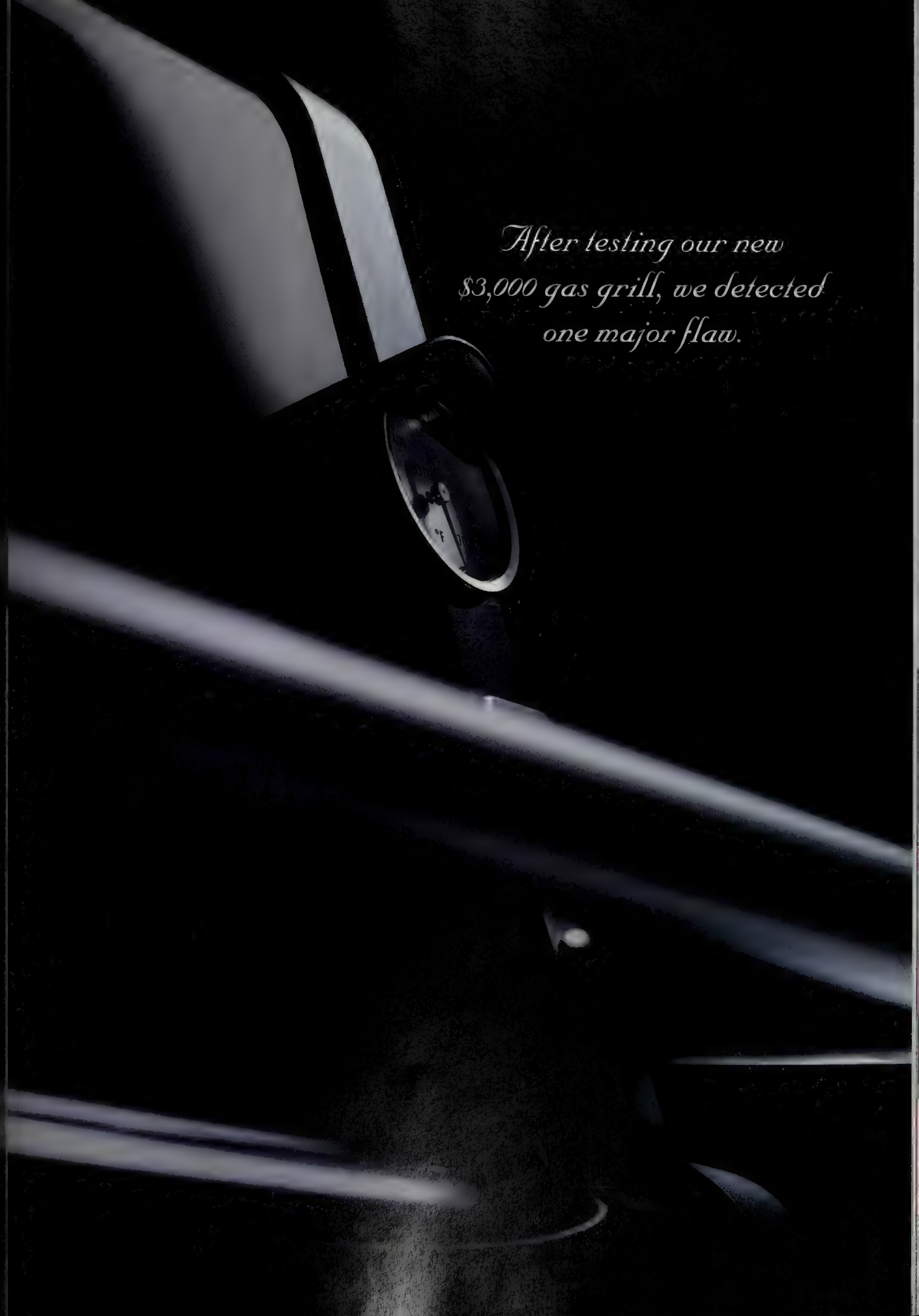
WHAT WAS Johnny Depp thinking when he spoke about "white"-ness and "high-[illegible]ter booty"? Last time we checked, [illegible] Moss was famous for her extreme *lack* of booty. If she's the "furthest thing from 'white,'" then what is Whitney Houston or Whoopi Goldberg? Johnny Depp's definition of "white" puzzles us. His former girlfriends Jennifer Grey, Sherilyn Fenn, and Winona Ryder, though white, were not all made with the same cookie cutter, and neither was Kate Moss (though you'd need a lot less dough).

There is as much variety among white women as among women of any other race, and Johnny Depp should be more careful not to stereotype.

MARY AND WENDY GUIDA
Brooklyn, New York

PLEASE. THIS TALENTED and focused actor is directing his first film, and Sessums wants to talk about Kate Moss? Was there nothing more interesting to discuss than how sad Johnny looked as Gilbert Grape? Aren't we all a little sick of the Viper Room? Have we not fed enough on River Phoenix's death? What is the point of rehashing all of that? Why would *any* interviewer bring up Sherilyn Fenn, for any reason, ever, to anyone?

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ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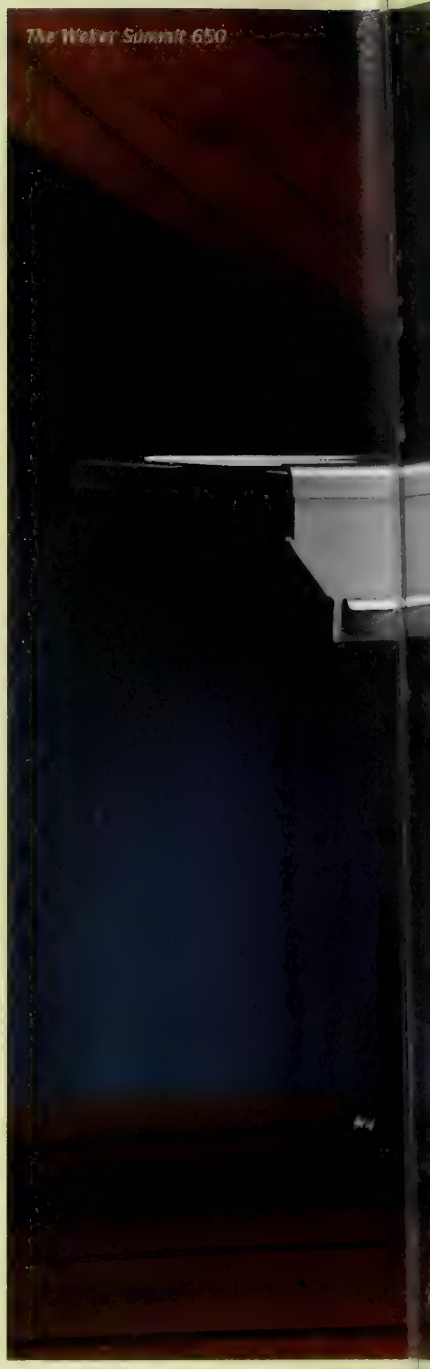

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Why don't we just ask Johnny if he liked *Dirty Dancing*? That would be as timely as anything else discussed.

KAREN BERRY
Portland, Oregon

I WAS SURPRISED to learn that Johnny Depp prides himself "on the ethnicity that enriches our culture." Was that Depp's rationale for appearing in *Donnie Brasco,* a film which—once again—mythologizes Italian lowlifes at the expense of the remaining 99 percent of our community?

BILL DAL CERRO
Chicago, Illinois

ANYONE WHO considers director John Waters his "personal guru" rates tops in my book. Johnny Depp, you are "divine."

TANYUA D. MEATES
Silver Spring, Maryland

THE QUESTION you didn't ask Mr. Johnny Depp is: Why don't you use soap and water? The man looks *sticky!*

ROBERT SANCHEZ
Denver, Colorado

The Sound and the Fuhrman

IT IS HARD to imagine that anyone's life, examined under the microscope as Mark Fuhrman's was, would not be muddied by some distasteful event or utterance ["The Detective's Story," February]. H. G. Bissinger gives an insightful background without malice or hidden agenda.

Johnnie Cochran got away with comparing Mark Fuhrman to Adolph Hitler in O. J. Simpson's criminal trial. I would counter that calling someone a "nigger" is hardly comparable to murdering even two people.

JILL M. ISHKANIAN
Santa Barbara, California

THERE'S NO DOUBT about it: Fuhrman was wrong, not to mention incredibly insensitive, to use racial epithets. But when did it suddenly become a more heinous crime to use the n-word than to brutally murder your ex-wife and her friend—all while your children sleep nearby?

GRETCHEN McKAY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MUCH-MALIGNED Mark Fuhrman has been treated as if he were the criminal [illegible] decade. Thanks for allowing him [illegible] tell his side, even if it's too late to save him from the persecution he endured.

PATRICIA L. PARKER
Florence, Oregon

MR. FUHRMAN has every right to be angry. He served his country for more than 20 years and was abused without evidence and abandoned by those he worked side by side with. He has lost rights we all take for granted.

There is one great difference between Mr. Simpson and Mr. Fuhrman. Mr. Simpson will never admit to his wrongful actions. He will have to live with and internalize his guilt for the rest of his life. Mr. Fuhrman was mature enough to recognize his error and accept the consequences of his action. He should be left alone so he and his family can get on with their lives.

LORETTA M. WEST
Framingham, Massachusetts

MARK FUHRMAN was wrong to lie in court while under oath, absolutely. But to use racial epithets in writing a novel or a play about police out in the field is an entirely different matter. A writer describing gangs, the Mob, drug lords, and convicted felons relies on a liberal sprinkling of expletives.

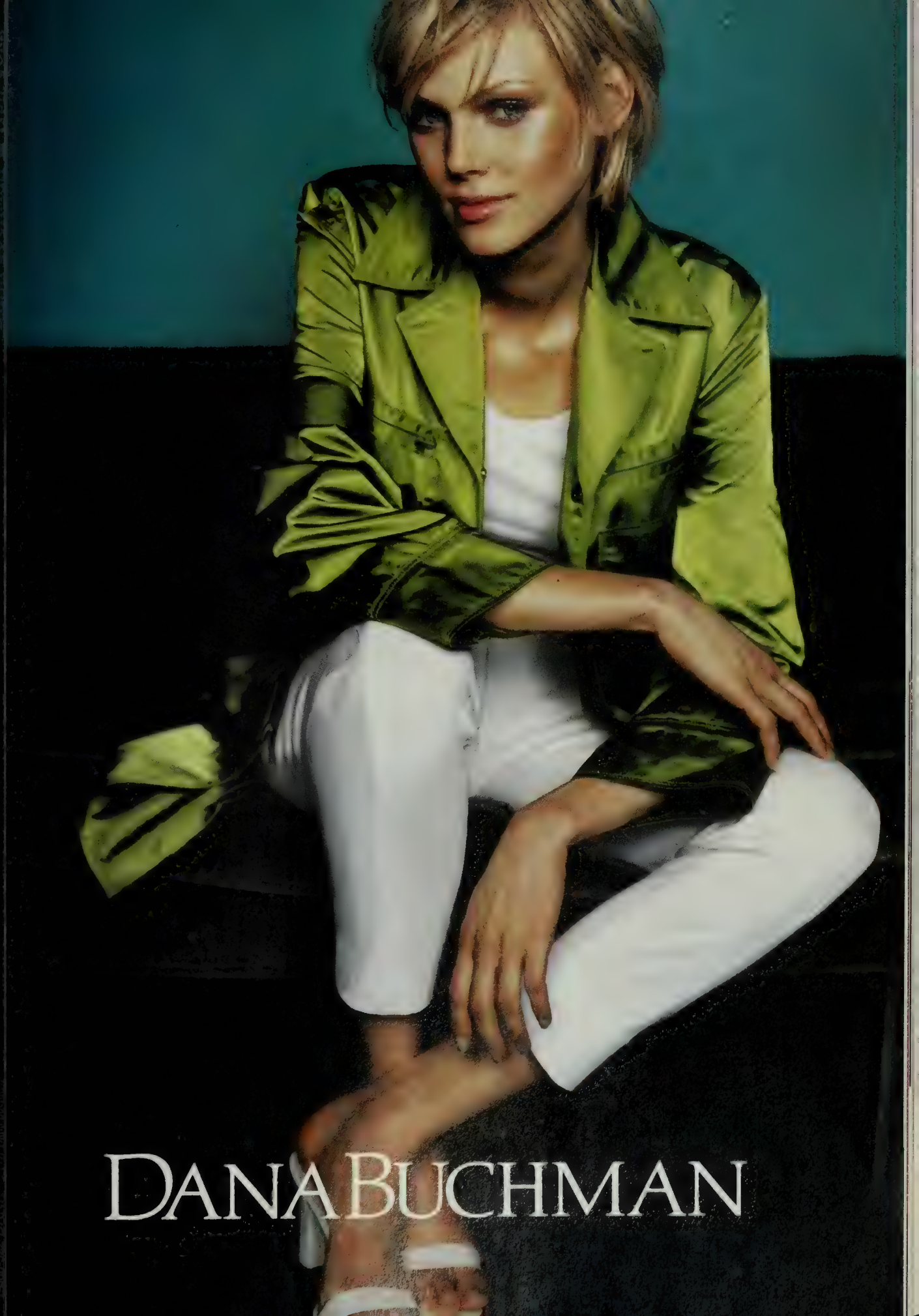
KATIE RUSSELL
Rancho Mirage, California

MARK FUHRMAN and O. J. Simpson both did thorough jobs at the crime scene. I guess one of them had to be found guilty. Yet only the media and L.A. could convict the wrong man. Thank you, H. G. Bissinger and *Vanity Fair,* for telling us what the rest of the press felt wouldn't fit into the Simpson defense's fictional theories.

RICHARD D'AMBROSIA
New York, New York

MARK FUHRMAN IS obviously a very complex and strangely fascinating man. But the battle of his life was not the one waged in the courtroom or in the media. It is the battle that is raging within his own heart and soul. It would be a shame to see Fuhrman survive the nonsense of the Simpson trial only to be destroyed by the bitterness it has left in him.

I find profanity offensive, whether it is the n-word or the f-word. I am alarmed, however, that during the Simpson trial people expressed outrage over ugly language and seemed to ignore the brutal murders of two fellow human beings. Words did not slit the


DANA BUCHMAN

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"Mark Fuhrman's dead," says the former Los Angeles Police Department detective. "I can't be me anymore. No matter how right or wrong I am . . . I can't be what I was. What I was is dead. I'm starting over."

throats of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman.

DEBRA K. McCANN
Sikeston, Missouri

MARK FUHRMAN WAS no more important than Ron Goldman or Nicole Brown Simpson in the Simpson case. He was an obstacle to be crushed and humiliated. No wonder people were reluctant to come forward. Whether people realize it or not, they're more likely to be in Mark Fuhrman's position than in Simpson's.

PATRICIA DRYBURGH
Prince George, British Columbia

MARK, REMEMBER: no good deed shall go unpunished.

NANCY COPPOLA
Miami, Florida

MORE PICTURES of Mark Fuhrman than of Johnny Depp? What is that about?

Mark Fuhrman laments that nowadays one can "travel a hundred miles and what was right in one place is wrong in another." Where exactly can one travel, however many hundreds of miles away, where blatant racism is "right"? Idaho? I don't think so.

BRIAN YORKEY
New York, New York

"THE DETECTIVE'S STORY" is shamelessly apologetic for an unapologetic man, who truly deserves no forgiveness. Fuhrman was *never* a hero. He is a convicted felon who committed perjury in the testimony he gave in the Simpson trial. By his own admission, he was "somebody who was right there from the beginning to the end. . . . Who else was at both crime scenes? . . . Who found all the crucial evidence? . . . They wouldn't have had a lot of their evidence had it not been for Mark Fuhrman." But when this detective was asked if he had planted or manufactured any evidence in the case, he took the Fifth. Case closed.

DAVID CURRY
New York, New York

H. G. BISSINGER'S LAST sentence implies that Mark Fuhrman exists in a frame of his own construction. Perhaps those of us who "cast the first stone" have constructed it with our "holier than thou" attitude. The hypocrisy shouts louder than any n-word he used within or without the context of Laura Hart McKinny's screenplay.

B. PAWLICK
San Francisco, California

Be-Jewelled

CONGRATULATIONS on your February issue. I thought the piece on Richard Jewell ["American Nightmare: The Ballad of Richard Jewell," by Marie Brenner] was particularly sensitive and informative.

SUSAN C. WATSON
Knoxville, Tennessee

RICHARD JEWELL'S STORY is incredibly sad. It appears that a simple, honorable

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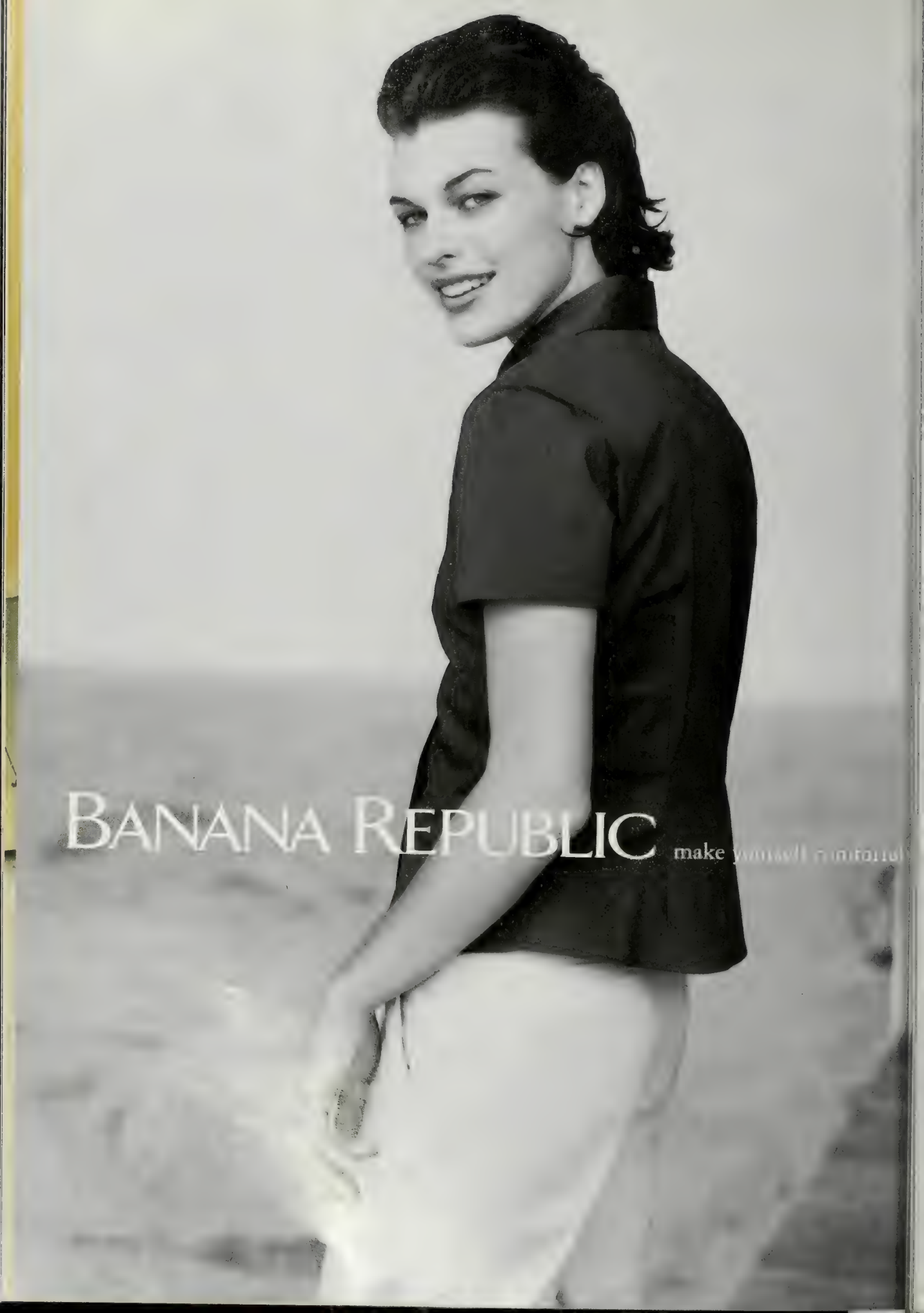
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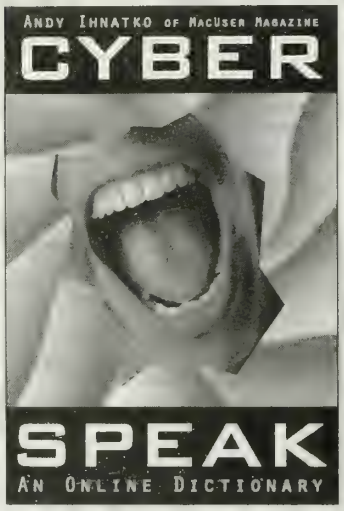

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Andy Ihnatko
of MacUser Magazine

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Richard Jewell, who was falsely accused of the Olympic Park bombing, said after being cleared by the F.B.I., "I hope and pray that no one else is ever subjected to the pain and the ordeal that I have gone through."

person who wants to follow the rules cannot succeed in America today. In fact, it seems that the two largest powers in this country—the federal government and the news media—are somehow determined to punish him for his naïve, transparent integrity.

ELDON M. BRAUN
San Francisco, California

THE SAD SPECTACLE of Richard Jewell is an equally sad chapter in the history of the once proud city of Atlanta, Georgia. As a Georgia native, I have watched with scorn while the city fathers have reduced Atlanta from a magnolia-scented capital to a mere corporate logo. I am less than impressed with the subject of your excellent article in *Vanity Fair*. Jewell, supported by his contentious gaggle of lawyers and his tearful mama, is the central character in a kind of modern Greek tragedy of a particularly familiar sort: The evil government is conspiring against me. I am one man (with lawyers!) up against the system. I haven't got a chance. Help me. Pity me. In the modern world, it seems we are all fodder for the scheming of some malign plotter, whether it be a terrorist or a corporate tycoon. Jewell is just one among many pointing us toward the fall. As a nation of potential victims, we may all get our turn. Let's hope we all profit as handsomely as Richard Jewell stands to.

DENNIS SAMS
Stockbridge, Georgia

ONCE AGAIN, congrats to *Vanity Fair* for keeping the classes straight. Dan Winters' photo of the Jewells in the February issue helped us all to remember who those people are. They sure aren't the Beautiful People, are they? Not that issue's Johnny Depp. Not Mark Fuhrman. Yeah, even Mark looked positively heroic compared with the poor Jewells. (You can do anything as long as you look good.) Maybe Richard even deserved what he got, just for looking so rednecky and déclassé.

BRITT LEACH
Pine Mountain, California

COULD RICHARD JEWELL simply have been used as a scapegoat so that fans would feel safer about returning to the Games?

BOB STONER
Greenwood, South Carolina

Wilde Thing

I WAS absolutely thrilled to see the gorgeous Michael Roberts photographs from Stephen Fry's film about Oscar Wilde ["Born to Be Wilde," by Christopher Hitchens, February]. I am a longtime admirer of Wilde and his spectacularly flamboyant wit, and it made me very happy to learn that a high-profile film is being made.

YUSUF NASRULLAH
Manchester, England

Scandal-Gate

JACOB WEISBERG'S CONCLUSIONS and spin on President Clinton and his scandals are particularly interesting ["Act Two: Ghosts in the Administration," February]. Not only was the granddaddy of all the Clinton scandals much ado about nothing, but there's really not much to any of them, except maybe the Jones encounter. Weisberg decides not to criticize the mainstream press for following poorly reported and ill-intended initial coverage with unjustified and inappropriate pummeling of Clinton and Arkansas; instead he faults the Clintons' spin, as if he wants them to take the beating and smile too. Still, I'm glad for the exoneration, albeit backhanded. That's better than most of the treatment by the press for the past four years.

BILL WORTHEN
Little Rock, Arkansas

THE MAINSTREAM NEWS MEDIA never cease to amaze me. Here, once and for

Ten fingers, ten toes...and gay. Do you still want him?

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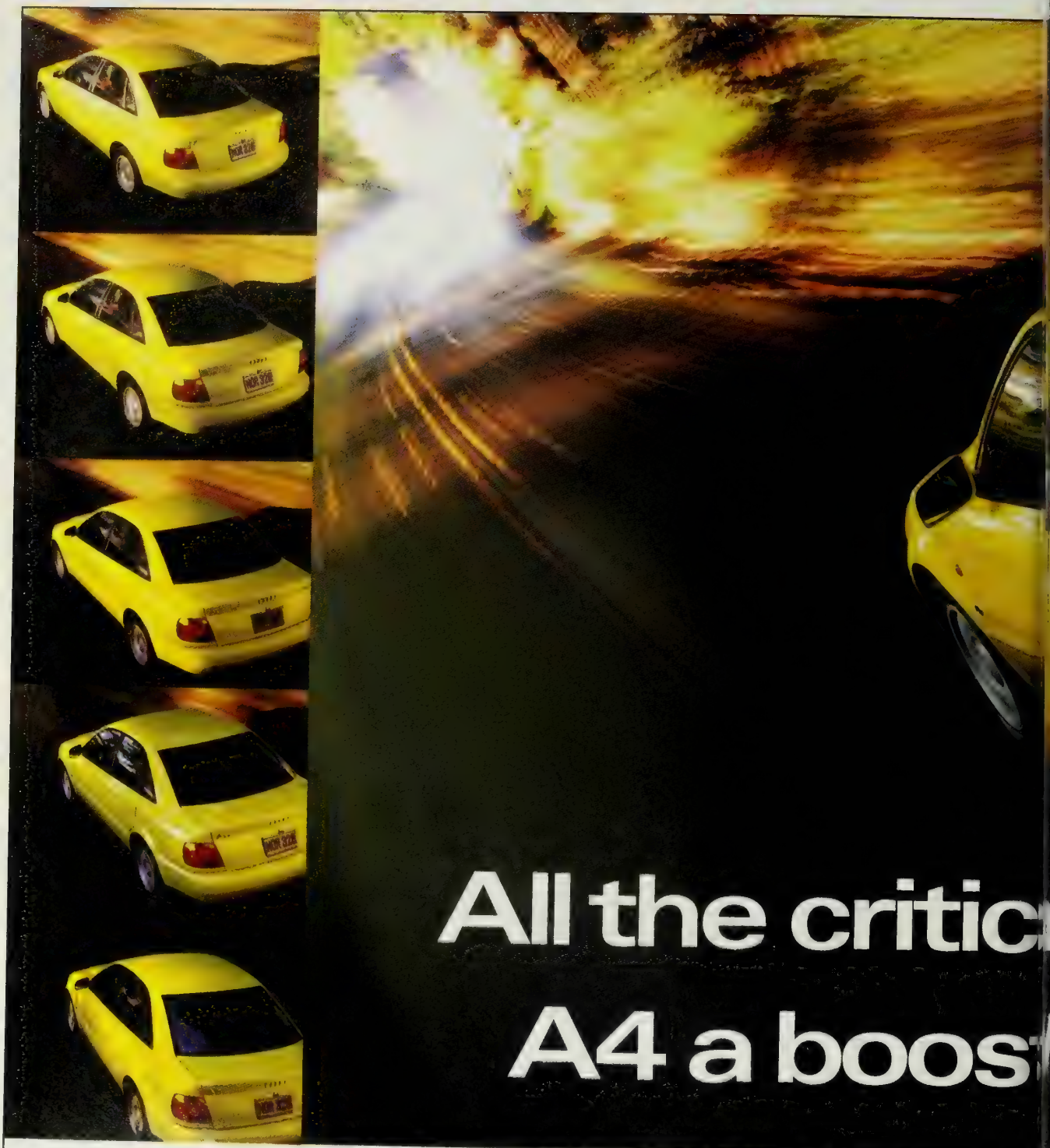

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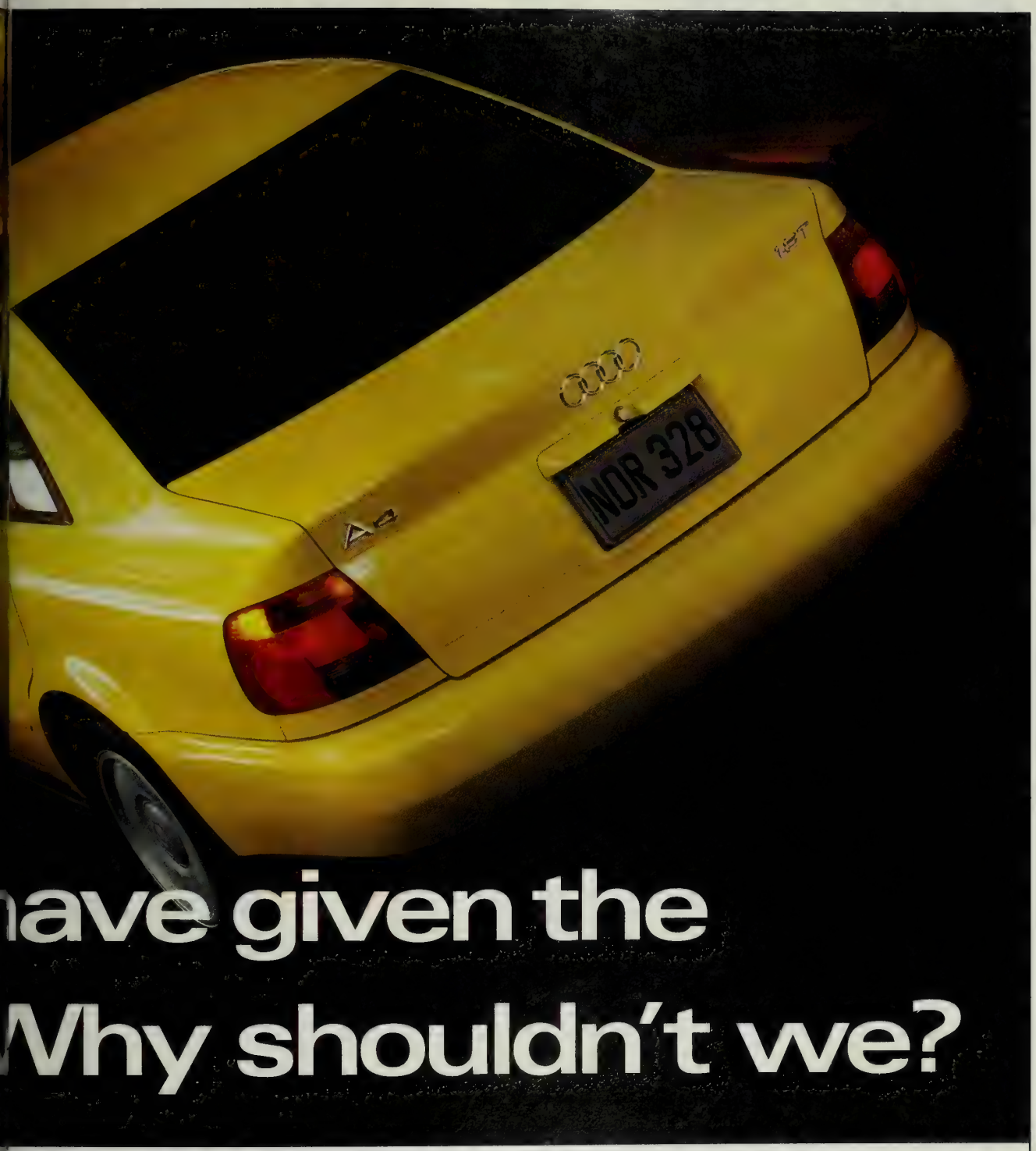

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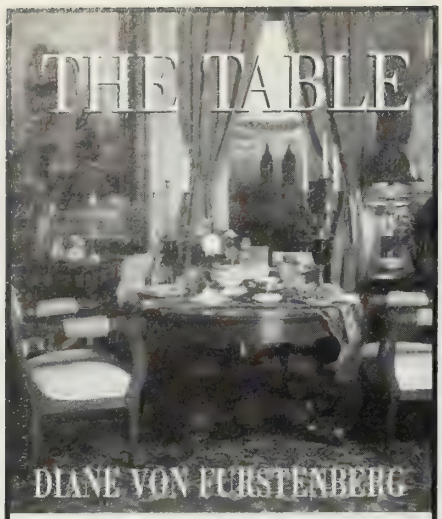

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President Clinton fields questions at a press conference on April 2, 1996.

all, the dangerous, reckless, and patently immoral Clinton scandals have reached the point where they have sickened and angered any and all truly decent people. But the cover-up continues.

BRIAN P. DUMAS
Easton, Connecticut

Bedtime Stories

IS NOTHING PRIVATE anymore ["Women Behaving Badly," by Michael Shnayerson, February]? Kathryn Harrison decides to broadcast to the world in *The Kiss* that she is immoral, idiotic, and immature. People used to aspire to be better. Now it seems as though there is a giant competition to see who can sink the lowest. Put the dirty laundry back in the closet, seek counseling, and let's regain some sense of propriety.

LINDA BRYAN
Sonoma, California

MEMOIR WRITING IS NOT necessarily about what has happened in the writer's life. What it does require is that the writer be gifted with an unflinching eye, the ability to look squarely at one's life and convey whatever he or she finds to the page. The best are funny, insightful, and very moving, and if you have that kind of talent, nothing much at all need have happened to you to write a beautiful and memorable book.

KATHLEEN VULLIS
Queens, New York

SUSANNA KAYSEN'S comment "Fiction has no readership, nobody cares. . . . If a story is 'true' it's more meaningful than a work of imagination" reflects how out of touch the publishing world is today.

I don't read anything (fiction or nonfiction) dealing with the depravity of the moment, the disease of the week, or the American obsession with angst. I won't buy any book whose author appears on *Larry King Live*. Anything written for shock value is unsophisticated and lacking in creativity. I have zero interest in characters who resort to violence or (spare me) some quasi, New Age therapy.

Readers know when an author is in love with the process of writing and when he or she is in it for a quick mil.

As an avid reader, what then are my choices? No problem. South American, Caribbean, European, East Indian, African, Oriental, and Middle Eastern authors.

I'm having a feast!

BARBARA GOODWIN
Ensenada, Baja California

Dancer and the Dance

"MORNING BECOMES ALLEGRA," by Heather Watts [February], comes across as nothing less than poetry, giving amazing insight into its subject, Allegra Kent. I don't believe anyone else could have done this subject justice, managing to convey with such imagery and in so few short lines the talent, commitment, and

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rifices made by Kent. The world of let has undergone such a change in past few years that the one solace dance-lovers will be having individu- such as Watts, who fully compre- d all the time and dedication need- to achieve the personal fulfillment y the arts can bring. It is great to see tts exercising her talents off the ge. Brava!

ARIEL RAMEREZ
Yonkers, New York

ofy Compensation

THE SEVERANCE PACKAGE for Mi- el Ovitz may well cost Disney more n $90 million ["Hollywood Vertigo," Kim Masters, February]. Just think, erica: every time we see a Disney vie, go to a Disney park, or buy a sney product, we are contributing to s kind of idiocy.

A. D. HAMILTON
Tulsa, Oklahoma

ar and Racism

E CURRENT ISSUE of *Vanity Fair* s just arrived, and I was compelled rip and save the Kipling piece Young Men and War," February]— onto! Christopher Hitchens, however ntroversial, is an enormous plus. His ight and knowledge can make some us change our set minds on many a ject.

His piece on Kipling was a double up: many of us would read about pling in any case, but could any other iter have written this?

ALICE DU BOIS
New York, New York

D HENRY FORD, laughed at for be- g a hayseed, was nonetheless correct en he said there was no righteous- ss on either side in World War I. I nk we made a ghastly mistake in en- ing it, and the peace that followed ade another war inevitable, as John aynard Keynes said it would. As for pling, his bile was at the ready for y real or imagined threat to the em- e. Understandable, but scarcely noble.

BEVERLY C. MEYER
Walnut Creek, California

A LONGTIME ADMIRER of Rud- rd Kipling's writings, I was some- at surprised at the suggestion that e talented author disliked Germans, whom he referred to as "Huns." It appears he was also not fond of Jews, whom he referred to as "Hebrews." More than likely, those terms were considered racial slurs in those days. After reading Christopher Hitchens's article on Kipling and the loss of Kipling's only son to World War I, I then read H. G. Bissinger's story on Mark Fuhrman. I, along with millions of others, am aware of how many times Mr. Fuhrman used the word "nigger" on those infamous tapes. I could not help but notice the irony. Kipling, considered by many to be one of the most gifted writers in history, made racial remarks more than likely motivated by anger, bitterness, hatred, and distrust. Does that make him right? Certainly not. Human? Absolutely.

I will not stop reading Rudyard Kipling's beautiful poetry because of careless remarks he made in anger. I will also never believe that Mark Fuhrman planted crucial evidence in order to frame a black man. Perhaps he was careless in his choice of taped remarks, but certainly not in his excellent detective work. We are all human beings capable of extreme, passionate feelings which can sometimes spill over in conversations that we later regret.

MELISSA B. COLLINS
Hopewell, New Jersey

CORRECTION—AMSCHEL ROTHSCHILD: Since the publication of the article "Empire of the Sons" in our issue of January 1997, we have been shown the official French police report regarding the death of Amschel Rothschild. It states that Mr. Rothschild was fully clothed at the time of his death and not, as our article said, naked under his bathrobe. Vanity Fair *regrets the error.*

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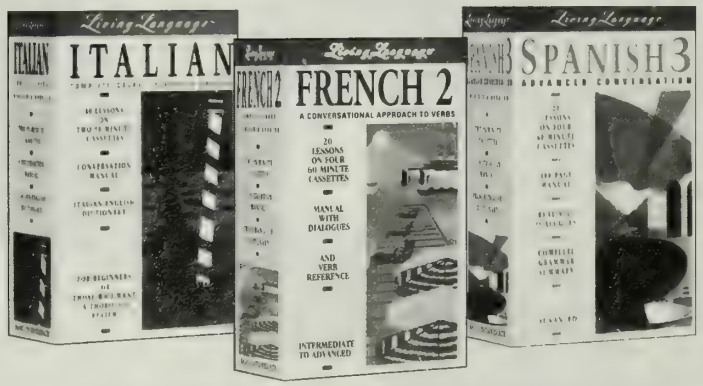

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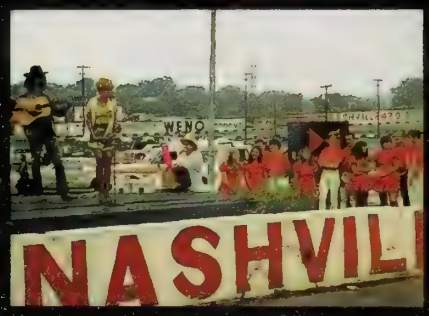

Scenes from the 70s: *From top, Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), *Carnal Knowledge* (1971), *Nashville* (1975), *Mean Streets* (1973), and *The Godfather* (1972).

WAITING FOR GODARD

Pauline Kael and her fellow film critics once wielded the power of their passions to make and break careers. Today's reviewers shuffle into screening rooms to whine about the death of the movies. Where did the love go?

Last year I briefly pinch-hit for a movie critic on paternity leave. It wasn't my first tour of duty: I had reviewed movies for eight years at *Texas Monthly,* and during the 70s and 80s attended countless other screenings as a friend of Pauline Kael's. Those were the days. Film critics had the oral swagger of gunslingers. Quick on the draw and easy to rile, they had the power to kill individual films and kneecap entire careers. David Lean, the lordly director of *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* was so demoralized after being verbally smacked around during a meeting with members of the National Society of Film Critics in a private room at the Algonquin Hotel in 1970 (the critics wanted to know, as the meeting's chairman, *Time*'s Richard Schickel, expressed it, "how someone who made *Brief Encounter* could make a piece of bullshit like *Ryan's Daughter*") that he retreated like a wounded animal, and didn't make another film for 14 years. Amongst themselves, critics engaged in personal feuds and turf wars that struck bystanders, in the words of Wilfrid Sheed, "like a cross between a thirteenth-century theological squabble and a fixed wrestling match." Once a year, like a groundhog, *The Village Voice*'s Andrew Sarris would poke his head out of a pile of *Cahiers du Cinémas* (the auteurist bible) and grouch at anyone doubting the divinity of, oh, Otto Preminger. *New York*'s John Simon cast aspersions in print and spittle in person; the mere mention of Barbra Streisand sent him orbital. On talk shows, Rex Reed and Judith Crist traded low blows.

[illegible] inters of paranoia sharpened the [illegible] Watergate period of *The Conversation* and *The Parallax View,* after all. Everyone practiced surveillance. The studios would sometimes slip a spy into the screening room to monitor Kael's responses, her sighs and whispers. Another might be stationed in the hallway to gauge the facial reactions of the departing critics. Some critics studied one another, trying to figure out how to position themselves on the film they had just seen. The dirty looks, the treacherous smiles—it made for pretty tense waits at the elevator, I can tell you. ("Ma Barker and her gang," Warren Beatty once remarked as Pauline and company dislodged into the lobby.) After a screening, a group of us would repair to the Algonquin, where the waiters took turns presenting me with a roomy blue jacket to bring me up to dress code. The postmortems were often more entertaining than the movies themselves, but a real McCoy—pleasant surprises like *Splash, Diner,* and *Stop Making Sense,* or a disturber like *Blue Velvet*—generated giddy, cage-rattling cross talk. Over time, the camaraderie settled into something more sedate. Critics became protective of their opinions, falling silent and frosting over when one didn't "get" the quirky delights of Robert Downey Jr. But there was still an anticipatory tingle at the screenings themselves, an eager expectation.

Now, jump ahead to 1996. Picture a midtown screening room, a corporate box with gray carpeting. It's winter. Determined to look like a man determined to appear conscientious, I would try to arrive early and snare a seat in the front row. As I gave the production notes intense scrutiny, I could hear the other reviewers and entertainment reporters begin to file in behind me. Such heavy feet. They shuffled like

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a prison work detail or refugees from the Russian front. Once plopped in their seats, they began to swap doctor's-waiting-room complaints about other screenings they had schlepped to that week, how warm or cold some screening rooms were kept. "I could hardly breathe." This litany of aches and pains took on the cranky age-old familiarity of a Herb Gardner play. Then the lights would dim, the lumps would settle, and a dusty beam would project a studio logo on the screen. Two hours later, lights up . . . and the survivors would slowly gather their belongings for the epic trudge to the elevator. Once we were all in our winter coats, it was like witnessing the migration of the woolly mammoths. When I remarked to people how downtrodden my colleagues on the film beat were, they'd automatically respond, "Well, it's because the movies today are so awful." True: a lot of them were awful—a paint-drying exhibition like Pedro Almodóvar's *The Flower of My Secret* had me climbing the inside of my skull. But they weren't *that* awful.

It's become a commonplace to claim that movies are worse than ever, limping to artistic extinction after a protracted slump following the glory days of the 70s, when Robert Altman, Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Brian De Palma, Steven Spielberg, Jonathan Demme, Paul Mazursky, and Bernardo Bertolucci were still young, vital, and mostly sane. Films flew off the grill then. Each week Germany's Rainer Werner Fassbinder (the subject of a current retrospective at MoMA) seemed to produce a marbled slab of bohemian angst for Vincent Canby of *The New York Times* to enjoy. No question the 70s were a factory for funky verismo compared with the computer-designed, Disneyfied present. But it's also true that a lot of the movies emblematic of that time have reputations a re-viewing won't sustain. The hectic bustle of Altman's *Nashville* now looks like a toxic spill and sounds like a garbled P.A. system. While the original *Godfather* holds up magnificently, *Godfather Part II* betrays its clumsy stitches. Scorsese's *Mean Streets,* once a model of downtown neorealism, now seems all attitude, as do *Five Easy Pieces* and *[illegible]nal Knowledge.* The 70s urban "look"—the grainy zoom-ins, th[illegible] blotchy colors (algae greens and corduroy browns), the pimpmobile sound tracks—makes for a general itchiness on the screen. Nearly all of the Westerns from that period, from Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* to Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid,* come across as mumbly, bedraggled. You're aware now of what a druggy period it was, how quickly the highs turned into hangovers. There's a lot of gangrene around the edges of this Golden Era.

Perhaps the perceived downturn in film today isn't an unprecedented crisis or a historical inevitability, but part of the natural destructive/creative flux in any art form. Cultural pessimism is an ingrained habit. Intellectuals are always picturing The End. In the title essay of *The Curious Death of the Novel,* the critic Louis D. Rubin Jr. observes how often and how eagerly fiction and poetry have been declared kaput, a temporary lull having been mistaken for a termination. Perhaps cinema, like the novel, is always dying. "Something is always destroying literature," Rubin writes, "but good books have managed to come along." Similarly, something is always destroying cinema (the Hays Office, the studio system, the breakup of the studio system, TV, big-budget debacles such as *Heaven's Gate,* superstar salaries), yet good movies manage to come along.

> ‘It was in the late 50s and 60s, with the influx of foreign films by Antonioni, Bergman, Truffaut, Godard, Resnais, et al., that a new species was born: the cinephile.’

For all the gloom-mongering, the last few years alone have seen *Pulp Fiction, Hoop Dreams, Babe, Before Sunrise, Leaving Las Vegas, Clueless, Crumb, Shine, The English Patient, Dead Man Walking, Fargo, Seven, Get Shorty, Angels & Insects, In the Name of the Father, Apollo 13, Braveheart, The Piano.* With its con-artist plot twists and macho monkeyshines, *The Usual Suspects* may become as classic a *noir* as *The Big Sleep,* and Michael Mann's *Heat,* a long lateral pan through industrial dead space and minimalist interiors, has unsurpassed passages of stripped-clean action (a bank stickup and subsequent machine-gun battle that seem to unfold in real time). The Jane Austen/costume-drama boom has tossed us a bouquet of talented young actresses—Jennifer Ehle, Kate Winslet, Kate Beckinsale. Shakespeare's plays have been souped up (a neo-Fascist *Richard III*) and done straight (Kenneth Branagh's full-length *Hamlet*). *Independence Day* was an undeniable event. I even liked the much-maligned *Mission: Impossible,* not only for the set pieces but also for the witty way De Palma kept photographing Tom Cruise's head as a sleek hood ornament.

I would argue that the state of movies today is not as mopey or dire as the state of movie criticism itself. Movie criticism has become a cultural malady, a group case of chronic depression and low self-esteem. This slump in morale reflects certain realities: the shrinkage of prestige and clout in the field (the indignity of seeing faceless hacks blurbed in every ad while your well-considered whoopee goes for naught), cutbacks in editorial space (both *The Village Voice* and *The New Yorker* now pen their reviewers in tight corrals). But it also seems rooted in a loss of romance at the very heart of the movie-reviewing profession, a love gone flat.

This sense of romance is rather recent. Often forgotten is the fact that some of the best movie criticism was written as a jazzy sideline or a ferocious fan's notes. James Agee always had other projects as he riffed along in *The Nation* or *Time* in the 40s, occasionally knocking off a dozen movies in a single column. Otis Ferguson and Manny Farber, writing at about the same time in *The New Republic,* were also idiosyncratic soloists. It was in the late 50s and 60s, with the influx of foreign films by Antonioni, Bergman, Truffaut, Godard, Resnais, et al., that a

I wasn't prepared for the wonder of it.

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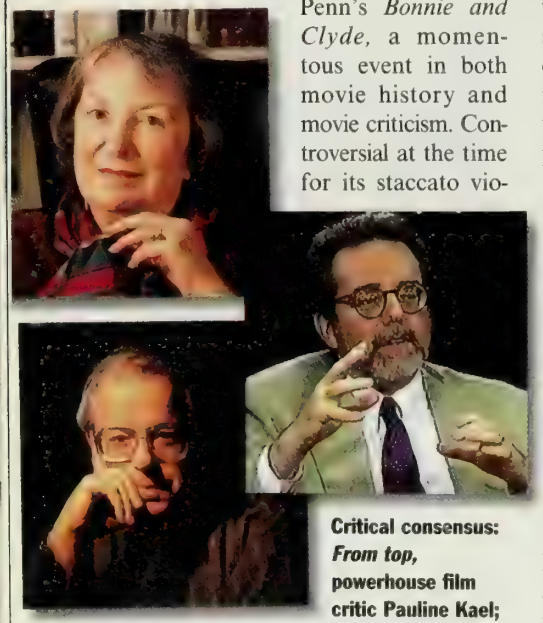
new species was born: the cinephile. This educated viewer didn't dip into the theater for a dark swim or a quick fix. The cinephile *lived* for Film. Movie theaters were houses of worship, a womb, a tomb, a secret catacomb. For the cinephile, film was an uppercase experience, religious, psychological, and erotic; a bathysphere into the unconscious; a violation of taboo. "For cinephiles, the movies encapsulated everything," Susan Sontag recalls in "The Decay of Cinema," an essay published last year in *The New York Times Magazine.* The cinephile tended to dine on subtitles, foreign films being spiritual, true-to-life, and art-infused compared with the Hollywood-billboard images in the toothpaste reign of Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

Then, in 1967, everything changed. Cinephiles no longer had to import their art orgasms from abroad. The film revolution came home. Thirty years ago saw the release of Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde,* a momentous event in both movie history and movie criticism. Controversial at the time for its staccato violence, comic flippancy, and Freudian cool, *Bonnie and Clyde* is now recognized as the beginning of the American New Wave—the onset of the onslaught that would bring us *2001: A Space Odyssey, The Wild Bunch, The French Connection,* Coppola, Scorsese, Spielberg, the whole shebang. It was Pauline Kael's bravura championing of *Bonnie and Clyde* in *The New Yorker*—a thumping essay written in response to Bosley Crowther's dismissive review of the film in the *Times* ("strangely antique, sentimental claptrap," he called it)—that signaled the end of the gentleman-hack approach to film crit in the weeklies that had prevailed since the deaths of Agee and Ferguson. Over 6,000 words long, an almost unheard-of amount for a film review at that time, Kael's essay still has the explosive force of pent-up energy that's finally found its opening.



Critical consensus: *From top,* powerhouse film critic Pauline Kael; *New York's* excitable David Denby; and *Esquire's* mournful David Thomson.

Once Kael was hired as a movie critic at *The New Yorker,* alternating six months of the year with the more belletristic and impressionistic (read: loopy) Penelope Gilliatt, she began to dominate the urban-intellectual nervous system as surely as did Norman Mailer after the triumph of *Armies of the Night.* Like Mailer's, her writing ran on adrenaline and connected with the collective libido. Her reviews were long, pinpoint-detailed, funny, argumentative, and, most of all, alive. They had a rush. Combining the Agee-Ferguson-Farber flair for slang and the cinephile's unflagging devotion with a bullshit detector all her own, she could see right through the clinical chill of a Stanley Kubrick ("The only memorable character in his films of the past twenty years is Hal the computer"), the toy machinery of a Neil Simon ("It's not Neil Simon's one-liners that get you down in *The Goodbye Girl,* it's his two-liners. The snappiness of the exchanges is so forced it's almost macabre"). Since she came to the post relatively late, at the age of 49, she had an arsenal of seeing/reading/listening life experience to deploy. (Some of today's younger critics strolled right out of Harvard into *The Boston Phoenix.*) Until her retirement in 1991, Kael enjoyed a great critical run, the greatest since George Bernard Shaw on theater, and, unlike Shaw, she doubled as a role model. With the ascendance of Pauline Kael, movie criticism evolved into more than a sideline, more than a career. It became a passionate calling.

Now comes the sad part.

> ‘Movie criticism has become a cultural malady, a group case of chronic depression and low self-esteem.’

CASE STUDY No. 1:
The Lost Flock

Outgoing and generous (O.K., sometimes a little nudgy), Kael attracted and promoted same-wavelength writers, who came to be dubbed "the Paulettes." Not every friend of Pauline's qualifies as a Paulette. NPR's Elvis Mitchell, for example, has a humorous, at-ease quality that's personally his. Veronica Geng, who reviewed movies at the *Soho Weekly News* as if she were slashing tires, was a nut for Kael nonfavorites such as *Bronco Billy* and John Carpenter's horror movies. I'm a longtime friend of Pauline's, but detest *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (which she adored) and love *Vertigo* (which didn't even make it into her *5,001 Nights at the Movies*), so where does that put me? No, the true Paulettes are those critics who still have one eye and ear cocked to Pauline's opinion as they try to re-create her glory days and make each review an event. They write as advocates, both feet on the accelerator. To name names: Steve Vineberg (*The Threepenny Review, The Boston Phoenix*), Polly Frost (formerly of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Elle*), Peter Rainer (L.A.'s *New Times*), Charles Taylor (*The Boston Phoenix*), Stephanie Zacharek (*The Boston Phoenix*), Michael Sragow (*SF Weekly*), Hal Hinson (recently departed from *The Washington Post*), and David Edelstein (*Slate*). Their gospel remains Kael's influential essay "Trash, Art, and the Movies," published in *Harper's* in 1969. A necessary, liberating piece when it appeared, it has been superseded by the triumph of pop culture over high culture, something Kael herself acknowledged in a recent interview. "I don't think anybody who wanted a recognition of [pop] wanted it to be recognised as the sole art of America."

The word hasn't filtered down to the Paulettes. They still write as if "trash" (the good kind—blatant, vital, sexy) were in danger of being euthanized by

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the team of Merchant Ivory. Gentility is the enemy—we're drowning in crinoline! they cry. Bring back hot rods and cheap lipstick. (Never mind that *The Remains of the Day* is superior to anything Altman has done of late.) The problem for the Paulettes is that even casual readers know the difference between a strong original voice like Kael's and a reedy echo. No one is heeding the Paulettes' adenoidal Tarzan yells on behalf of untamed expression. Lacking a responsive audience that shares their urgency, the Paulettes are now reduced to writing for second-tier publications, using their underdog status to champion lost causes and pet losers, like the latest Walter Hill film or the career of Eric Roberts. They're preaching in a vacant lot. Since for them movie criticism is a calling, the Paulettes are like staunch Catholics stuck in a bad marriage: they can't leave. One Paulette I know was asked to review a book for a Boston paper. "But that would be writing about *writing,*" he blurted, scandalized by the very suggestion. Writing about writing—a.k.a. literary criticism—is something that's been around for three, four hundred years, but to him it was a sneaky ploy to mess with his mind. He has since relented and reviewed an actual book. It was a movie book, which made it O.K.

CASE STUDY No. 2: *The Man Who Mistook a Movie for a Meteor*

If the Paulettes are poor little lambs who have lost their way (a support group in need of a support group), David Denby, the film critic for *New York* magazine, is the boy who cried wolf. Easily excitable and always "concerned," Denby first saw the face of cinema crack with *Staying Alive* (1983), Sylvester Stallone's bombastic sequel to *Saturday Night Fever.* Rushing to the ramparts, he warned, "This is no ordinary terrible movie: it's a vision of the end. Not the end of the world, which will probably be quieter than *Staying Alive,* but the end of movies (which amounts to the same thing). As you watch it, the idea of what a movie is—an idea that has lasted more than a half-century—crumbles before your eyes." Somehow cinema and the world survived, but a decade later, Denby spotted another menace hurtling earthward: Joel Schumacher's *Batman Forever.* The cataclysmic force of this film was such that Denby beseeched PBS host Charlie Rose to convene an emergency movie panel that consisted of himself, Janet Maslin, and Stephen Schiff. On the air, Denby deplored *Batman Forever* as a merchandising monster and mad kaleidoscope trashing all spatial and narrative logic. "One reason we all seemed to like Clint Eastwood's movie *The Bridges of Madison County* so much was that it was coherent in space. And I don't want to make this academic, but there's something definitely gone from movies forever if this kind of thing can be a gigantic hit and not bother people that way." One doesn't want to defend *Batman Forever,* a homoerotic travesty accenting the latest in erect-nipple rubber formwear. And certainly the increased firepower of movies has made them more battering. But if the alternative to disassociation is the rusty, leaky faucet of *Bridges of Madison County* (each slow drip like the tick of a clock), the hell with it, as Pauline might say.

> "Ma Barker and her gang," Warren Beatty once remarked as Pauline Kael and company dislodged into the lobby."

Unlike the Paulettes, Denby has managed to find a door out of his malaise. In *Great Books* (Simon & Schuster, 1996), his widely reviewed account of studying the classics again at Columbia University, an injection of Nietzsche helps restore Denby's faith in cinema. Reading Nietzsche makes him tingly inside, ready to rock. "By now, my taste in 'great books' had become clear: I was drawn to energy, play, vivacity, speed, perversity, and by means of these attractions, I sensed, in a roundabout way, that my love of movies couldn't have died, and would never die, no matter how urgently literature now called, for those were among the qualities I most enjoyed in movies." He sounds like a man who has found equilibrium, yet one suspects the subject could have another serious worrywart attack any minute. He should be kept under close observation and humored whenever possible.

CASE STUDY No. 3: *The Crooner in the Crypt*

Nobody sings the movie blues better than David Thomson, the author of the indispensable *Biographical Dictionary of Film* (one of the few reference works with a soulful subtext) and currently the film columnist at *Esquire.* He's the last of the true romantics, the master of melancholy. Where Denby blows steam, Thomson broods beneath the spotlight. He always writes as if he were stranded in a bar at closing time, like Humphrey Bogart in Nicholas Ray's *In a Lonely Place.* One of the few critics with original perceptions (I'll never forget his describing Lisa Bonet as being as fresh as the gardenia in Billie Holiday's hair), Thomson has a tendency to introject his own dreamy longings into Hollywood hero worship when he goes wide. His ambitious books on Orson Welles and Warren Beatty are padded and misshapen by fancy ruminations on money, fame, sex, and genius. In shorter pieces, however, his spells can have the sad self-enclosure of a Frank Sinatra ballad.

His first column for *Esquire* (December 1996) found him contemplating the spiritual condition of the American movie house. What a dump. "The place where 'magic' is supposed to occur has seemed a lifeless pit of torn velour, garish anonymity, and floors sticky from spilled soda." What's on the screen ain't so hot, either. "This is not just a lamentation that movies are in a very bad state. Rather, I fear the medium has sunk beyond anything we dreamed of, leaving us stranded, a race of dreamers." "Who Killed the Movies?" asks the title of his debut column. He points the bony finger of guilt at Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, whose summer blockbusters *Jaws* and *Star Wars* turned audiences into sensation junkies and transformed the movies into soulless technocratic entertainment. Thomson's indictment of the blockbuster mentality

What should I wear?

The reel thing: *From top*, scenes from *Heat* and *The Usual Suspects* (1995), *Mission: Impossible*, *William Shakespeare's Hamlet*, and *The English Patient* (all from 1996).

is a familiar dirge. What's distinctive is his tone. He handles the decline of Hollywood with almost fawning lechery, as if he were arranging bodies in the morgue or the wax museum into tableaux, crooning over their smooth, dead features. He could be the caretaker of Sunset Boulevard. It's perversely comic of Thomson to use his opening column to tell his *Esquire* readers, in effect, "The show's over, folks, go on home." His elegant fatalism seemed to leave him no next move. What do you do for an encore after you've announced your field is dead?

Ah, never underestimate a seducer. Thomson hasn't been a former admirer of Warren Beatty and James Toback for nothing. His next column again found him in his lair, working on his mystique. "I write about film, in the dark if I must, with notepad and pen . . . " After vamping a bit about the inability of mere language to capture the fleeting luminescence of film (yeah, yeah, yeah), he finally breaks down and brings himself to discuss an actual movie—*The English Patient,* of which he says that, in the transition from Michael Ondaatje's original novel to the screen, "something wonderful and mysterious has happened." He proceeds to marvel at its entangled intimacies and rapturous interplay of faces. In close-up, Ralph Fiennes and Kristin Scott Thomas are revolving moons. "Two faces in the night, seeing and being seen—no other medium can make such conquests so simply." He likes it! He more than likes it! "To watch a film is to fall in love . . . "

Thomson didn't pause to note the irony. He had performed funeral rites over the art of film in his first column, only to find a masterwork to cheer in his second. It's an irony that runs through the oeuvre of so many gloomsters. They keep tracing the dying arc of a tragic decline while being dazzled by individual gems. (Thomson found redemption in *Leaving Las Vegas.*) Few critics, for example, intellectualize with grimmer resolve than Terrence Rafferty of *The New Yorker.* His reviews establish their thesis or controlling metaphor in the opening paragraph and then work that baby like an Ikette. Rafferty, like Thomson, issues frequent low-moan lamentations. Yet peruse his old reviews and you're surprised by how many raves he's written, often for movies no one in his right mind would want to endure (*Cobb, Wild Bill, Beyond Rangoon*). Another tactic, much beloved by sullen *Village Voice* reviewers, is to praise movies so obscure that simply getting to the theater counts as a quest for the authentic. A 1996 Jean-Luc Godard video provokes the *Voice*'s Amy Taubin to announce, "And though compared to other recent Godard films *2 x 50 Years of French Cinema* is no more than a sleight of hand, it's nevertheless the first (and maybe the last) best film of the year." Taubin published her bleak praise of Godard in January of this year, having little faith in the 11 months ahead.

To true despairers, the occasional godsend mattereth not. Each is but a bit of scattered, shattered light on a dark downhill road to certain doom. "Wonderful movies turn up, but movie criticism now is often a report on a vacuum," Pauline Kael told an interviewer in 1994. A sentiment shared by Susan Sontag, who wrote, "If cinephilia is dead, then movies are dead too . . . no matter how many movies, even very good ones, go on being made." It may be the only time the two of them have agreed on anything. It's almost a sign of hope. Even Siskel and Ebert, when not wagging their horny thumbs up in the air ("Way up!"), have joined the chorus. The consensus has become so broad and solid regarding the irredeemable fate of Film that I can't help but wonder if the sentiment indicators have bottomed out, to borrow Wall Street language. At some point persistent gloom becomes so insupportable that something has to give—people get bored with being bored. I can see that, for cinephiles, movies aren't the narcotic they used to be, and I can understand why critics are in the doldrums. I just don't taste cinders and ash in the air. Critics need to get over themselves, and not treat the cinema as their personal cross. □

'Nobody sings the movie blues better than David Thomson.'

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CLOSING ARGUMENTS

With the verdict in the O. J. Simpson civil trial, America finally confronted a double killer. But despite the $33.5 million in damages the jury awarded his victims' famil the saga is still far from over

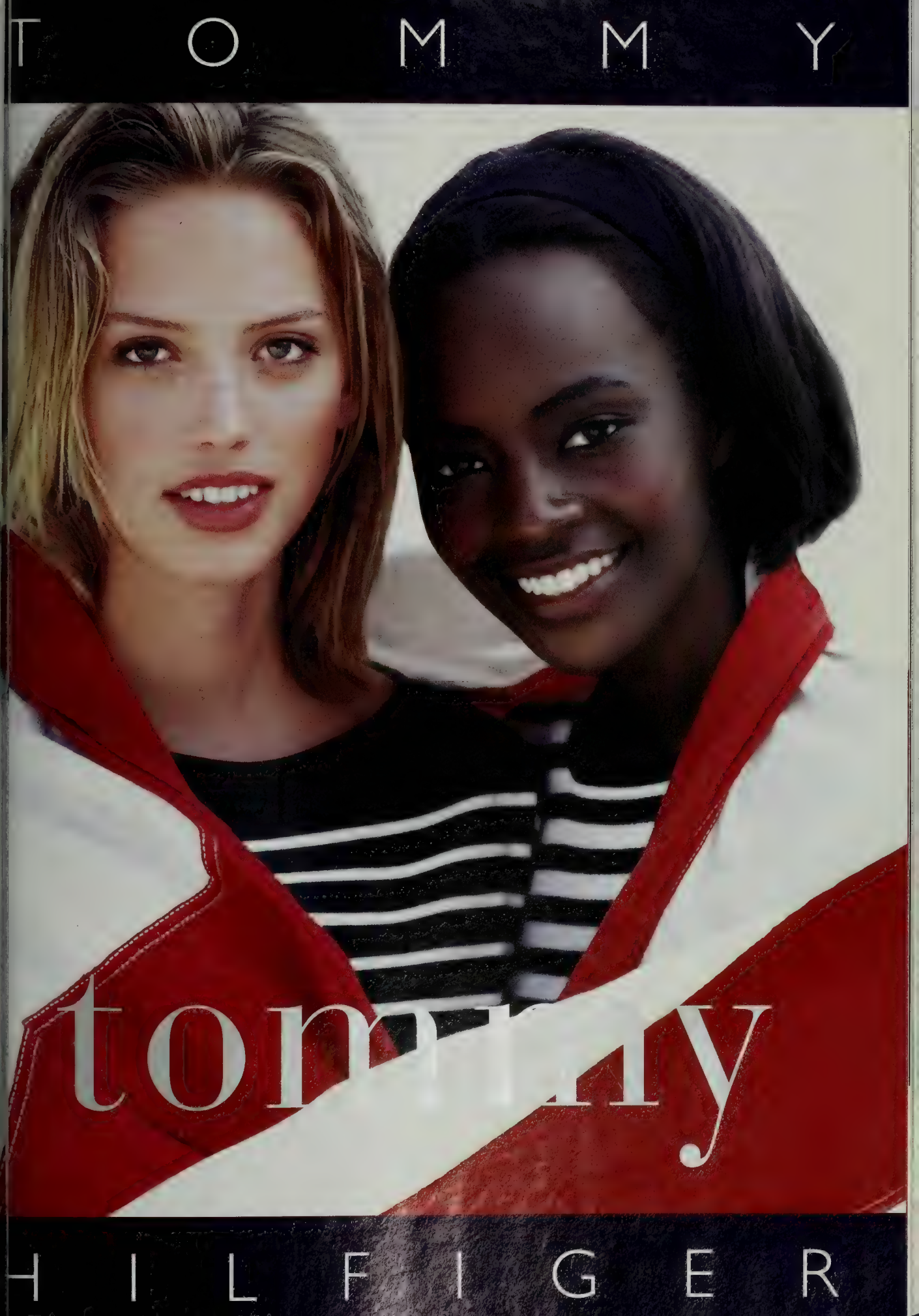
BY DOMINICK DUNN

A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME O. J. Simpson walks impassively out of the Santa Monica Courthouse after a day of testifying in his civil trial.

Finally, 32 months after the double murders, the Simpson case was over. The truth was outed. Twelve jurors who understood that their responsibility was to justice and not to settling past personal grievances with the Los Angeles Police Department combed through the evidence during their deliberations, discussed it among themselves for five days, asked for read-backs and video playbacks, and came up with the verdict that the evidence has always pointed to: they found Orenthal James Simpson liable for the deaths of his former wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and Ronald Goldman. They punished him accordingly, to the tune of $33.5 million in damages. It happened not a moment too soon. The saturation point with O. J. Simpson had bee[illegible]

Right up to the end, when his world came crashing down around him, the sheer stardom of Simpson prevailed. It didn't seem to matter if he was being cheered or jeered as he arrived at the courthouse each day in a black Chevy Suburban with tinted windows and a bodyguard who looked just like Sylvester Stallone, complete with attitude. Simpson's ever loyal sister Shirley Baker and her husband, Benny, would precede him. He was always in character, demanding our attention, sometimes waving, sometimes not, sometimes limping, sometimes not, knowing exactly how much of himself to share with the public on any given day.

National interest in the outcome of the civil trial was so intense that Simpson very nearly upstaged the president of the United States on the occasion of his State of the Union address. When that night is written about in years to come, it will be Simpson's verdict, not President Clinton's words,


TOMMY
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that will be remembered—the picture of Simpson leaving the courthouse with head held at a defiant angle as people screamed "Killer!" at him.

The person who certainly *was* upstaged that night was Republican congressman J. C. Watts Jr. of Oklahoma, who gave his party's reply to the president's speech. The event should have forged his political career in the national spotlight. Instead, it turned into an ironic moment of Americana: an African-American Republican representative, associate pastor, and former college athlete, at the top of his form, competing for airtime with an African-American former sports star, at the bottom of his form, having just been branded a killer by a civil jury. In Santa Monica, there were shouts of joy and roars of anger as the cast of characters that has held our country enthralled for almost three years—the Goldmans, the Browns, and the Simpsons—left the courthouse.

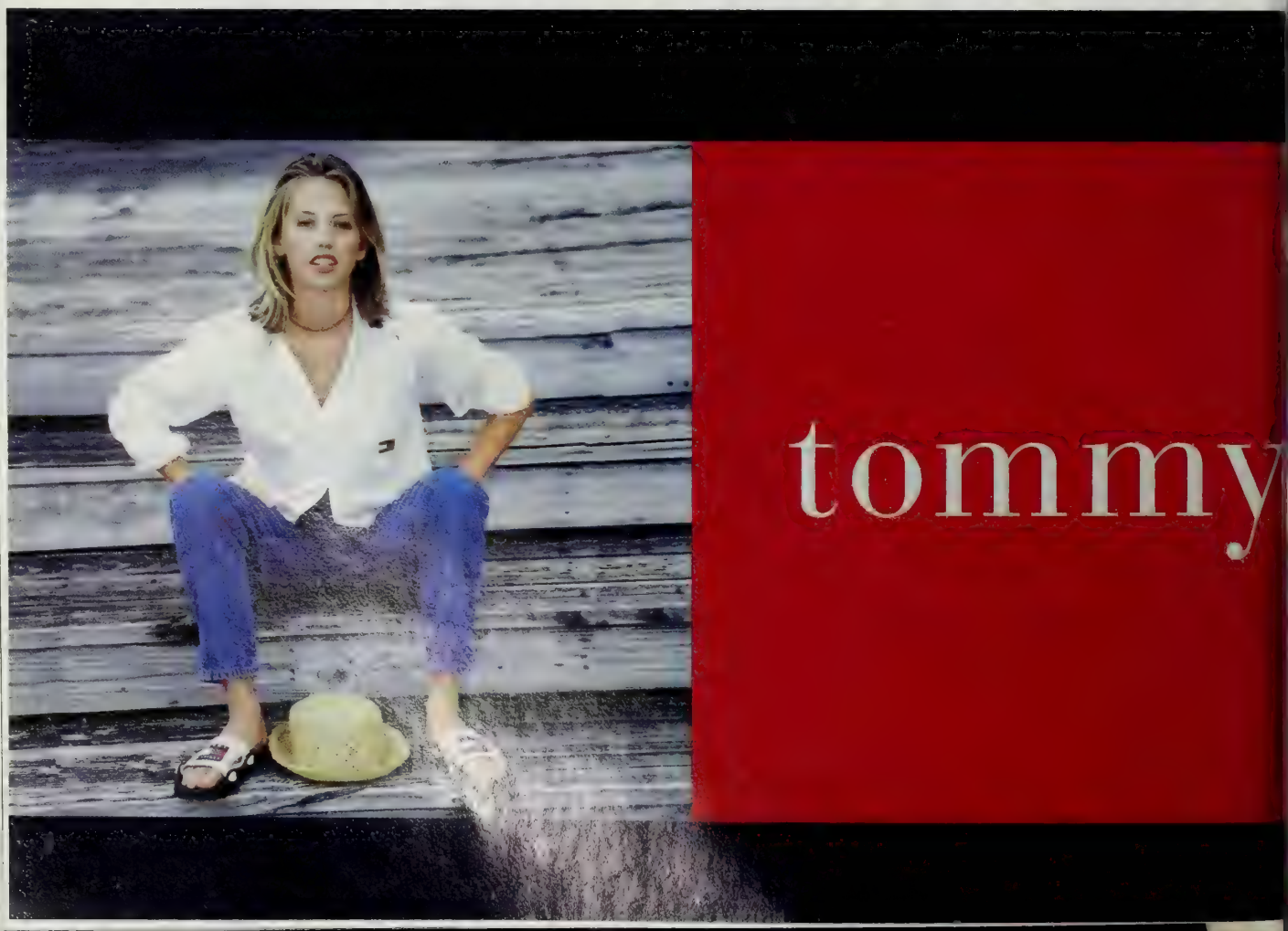
There is a messenger in this case you cannot trust, and that is O. J. Simpson. He has lied and lied and lied about every important fact of this case.

—Plaintiff's attorney Daniel Petrocelli in his closing rebuttal argument.

I never thought that the Menendez brothers, Lyle and Erik, who are currently doing life without parole at two different California penal institutions, could be beat as world-class liars, but I must tip my hat to O. J. Simpson for besting even them in that department. He lied like a man who was used to lying and having his lies accepted as truth. He may have been a lousy actor in films, but he's a brilliant one in life. He's bad at learned lines, however. He sounded very unconvincing when he said he was "Absolutely 100 percent not guilty" during the criminal trial. That line was given to Simpson by his lawyer Johnnie Cochran, which explains the awkwardness of his delivery. On his own in the civil trial, lying from his heart, he was altogether different. "He'd rather lie than eat," wrote Steve Dunleavy in the *New York Post.* Sitting in the courtroom watching him lie hour after hour was an experience I won't forget. Not an iota of shame or embarrassment emanated from him. As Daniel Petrocelli pounded away at him with his questions, sometimes standing only inches from his face, Simpson maintained confidence, assurance, even dignity during a cross-examination that would have felled a lesser mortal. Even in the face of irrefutable proof that he was lying, such as the 31 photographs of him wearing the Bruno Magli shoes that he had sworn he never owned, he continued to lie with his kind of total conviction, as if it were his God-given right to get away with murder.

In the criminal trial, Simpson's Dream Team had made much of his demeanor during the flight to Chicago on the night of the murders—signing autographs with the word "Peace," being charming—as if that were an indication of his innocence. But that's exactly what he's so good at. Of course he didn't look suspicious to those who encountered him that night. Of course he wasn't giving off signals that he had just slit the throats of two people. He has been a public personality for most of his life. He is used to being stared at, and he knows how to present his public persona no matter what is going on in his private life. Image is a thing he understands perfectly.

In the corridor outside the courtroom during a break, Petrocelli said to me, "Look what they did to Mark Fuhrman for denying he said the n-word 10 years ago. He's a felon for life.



He can't ever be a cop again. He can't ever get a permit for a gun. Now look at *this* guy. I'm showing him 30 photographs of him wearing the Bruno Magli shoes, one of which was published six months before the murders, and he says they're not his. You know what that's like? That's like saying you're not standing here talking to me. He's denying the undeniable."

Simpson had won an acquittal in the criminal trial. He had won his children back in the custody trial. But his luck finally ran out in the civil trial. To a man, the jury didn't buy his lies and denials. One juror said to Larry King after the verdict, "O.J. insulted us on the stand."

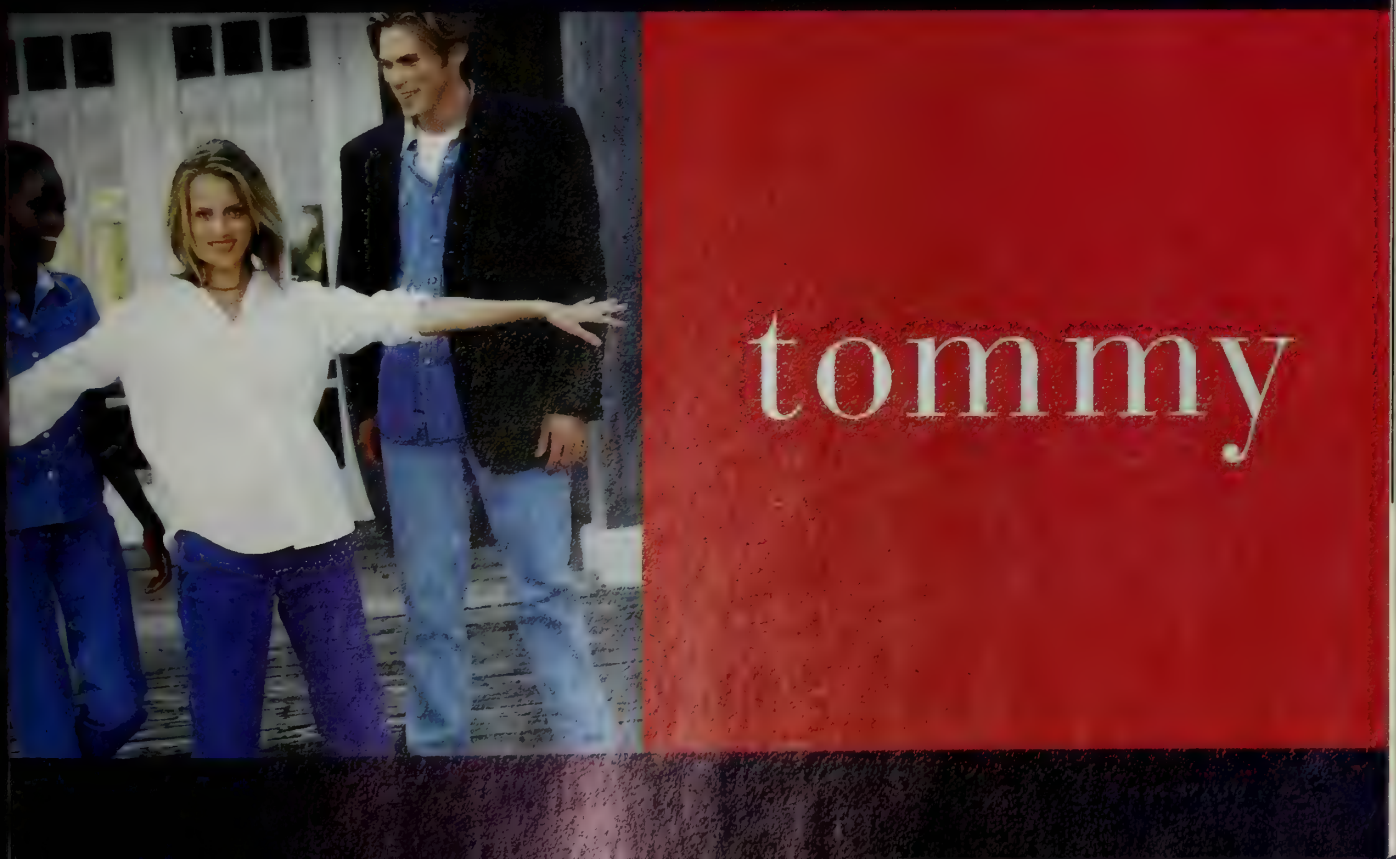
There's nothing a lawyer hates more than being made to look like a liar in front of the jury.

—Jeffrey Toobin, author of *The Run of His Life,* commenting on a coolness between defense attorney Robert Baker and O. J. Simpson after the photographs of Simpson wearing the Bruno Magli shoes turned up.

To my way of thinking, one of the worst things a defense attorney can do is mock the dead victim his client is on trial for killing. Simpson's lead defense attorney, Robert Baker, whom I always thought of as a class act in what has become an unclassy trade, shocked me utterly with the cruelty of his remark about Ron Goldman, who had fought with Simpson for his life and—as Dan Petrocelli pointed out in his eloquent closing argument—had died trying to help Nicole, the mother of Simpson's two children. In attempting to minimize Ron Goldman's ambition of one day owning a restaurant, Baker said, "Let's examine reality. Ron Goldman wouldn't have a restaurant now. He would be lucky to have a credit card." The tone of his voice matched the ugliness of his words. A chill went through the courtroom, and groans indicating a low blow went through the hearing room, where reporters and journalists who didn't have courtroom seats listened to the trial.

Stranger bedfellows I cannot imagine than O. J. Simpson and Robert Baker. Surprisingly, Baker was recommended for the job by Johnnie Cochran. The Waspy, witty, and very skillful Baker moves in high social circles in Los Angeles and belongs to the exclusive Los Angeles Country Club, where show folk, even those of a conservative nature, need not apply. So deep are the feelings of some members against O. J. Simpson that Baker and his wife have faced certain social penalties for their legal association with him, as has their son, Phillip, 28, who was also a member of the Simpson defense team. I do not know if Baker and Simpson had any sort of personal camaraderie outside the courtroom. Inside, the relationship of Baker's team with Simpson was very different from that in the criminal trial, where Simpson was constantly coddled and comforted by Cochran's team. In the civil trial no one seemed to jump to every time Simpson spoke. As for those times during the trial when Baker hit below the belt—when he denigrated Nicole and said she hung out with prostitutes, or when he minimized what the future might have been for Ron Goldman—a person who knew Simpson very well told me, "I bet O.J. insisted he say that."

Each time Simpson left the stand, there was no sense that he was ready to collapse into his lawyers' arms for solace, like a fighter at the end of a round, needing pats on his back and water on his face until he can regain himself. He stopped to speak to this person and that person, smiling,



jovial, seemingly carefree. Then he spotted me. I was a latecomer to the civil trial. It was the first time we had seen each other eyeball-to-eyeball since the day of the verdict in the criminal trial. Quite rightly, Simpson is not fond of me. I have never made any bones about my feelings regarding his guilt, either in print or on television, and he in turn has let me have it on several occasions.

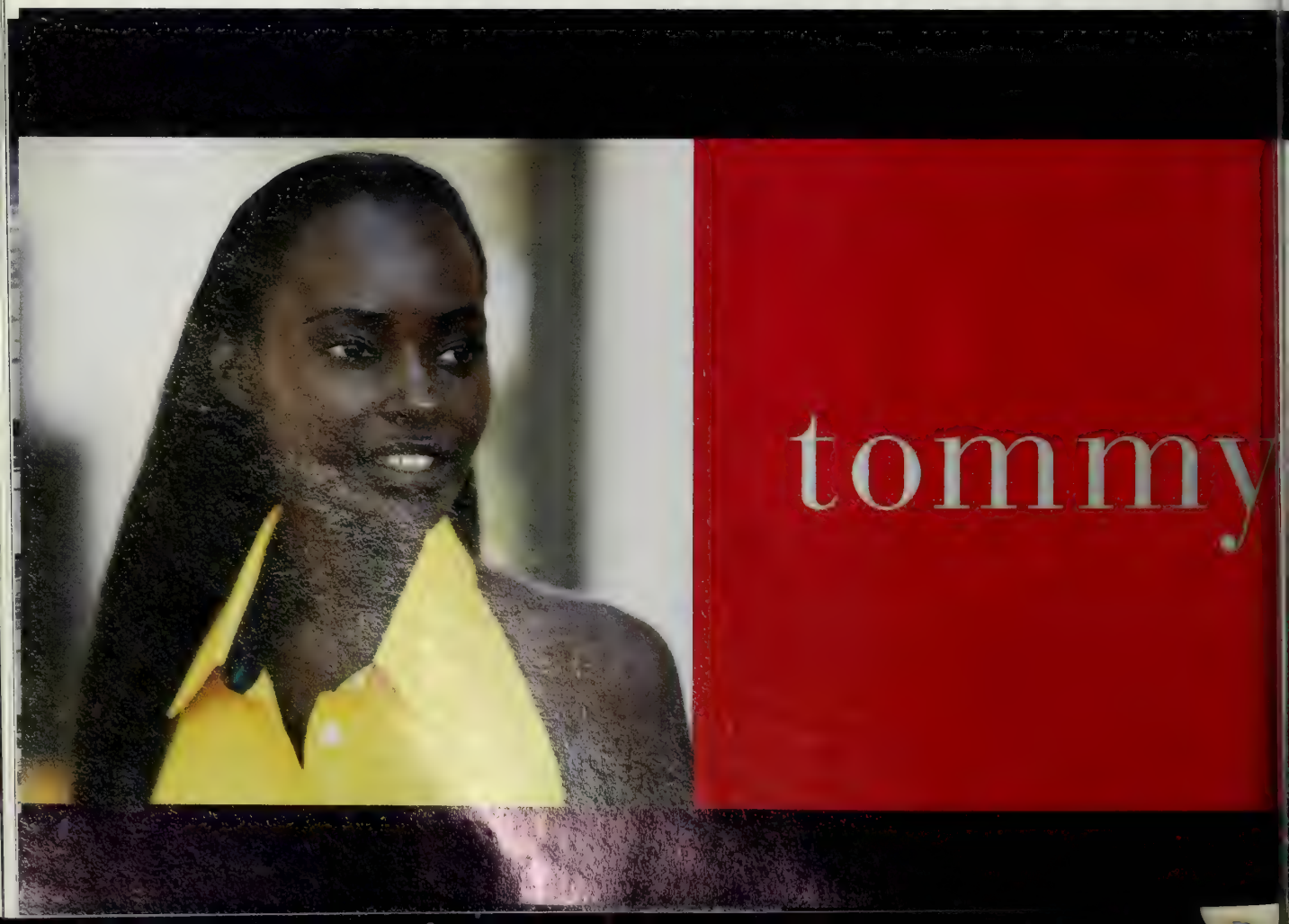
"Ohhhh," he said now, breaking into a dazzling smile and putting me on, "look, Dominick's here." He raised his hands in an exaggerated gesture, walked toward me with a big smile on his face, and began to raise his hand to shake mine. The power of his charisma is so overwhelming that for an instant I feared I would actually shake his hand. But in a hundredth of a second I remembered that the blood of Ronald Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson had been on his hands. I put mine behind my back. Undeterred by this snub, he came right up to me, still with a smile on his face, and said, "Well, Dominick, at least you can't say I didn't say hello to you." Then he moved on to join his lawyers before returning calmly to the stand to take more pummeling from Petrocelli.

The renowned defense lawyer Gerry Spence came up and said to Petrocelli, "You have brought honor back to the profession, sir."

I want you to meet this comedy-writer friend of mine. He's the guy who wrote the original line— "If the glove don't fit, you must acquit"— for Johnnie Cochran.

—A stranger at the opening of painter Sacha Newley's star-studded vernissage in the lobby of the Chateau Marmont, given by his mother the actress Joan Collins

The revelation of Simpson's civil trial was the emergence of lead plaintiff attorney Daniel Petrocelli, of the firm Mitchell Silberberg & Knupp in Los Angeles, into the big time. Articulate, passionate, and very tough, he was nothing short of magnificent. I happened to be in the lobby of the Doubletree hotel talking to Petrocelli after his closing argument when the renowned defense attorney Gerry Spence came up and said, "You have brought honor back to the profession, sir," and shook his hand. It was a very moving moment between the two men—one famous, one about to be. Petrocelli took the trial back to what it was really about: two murders. Johnnie Cochran, who ran Judge Ito's courtroom in the criminal trial, did what a lawyer does when he knows his client is guilty. He veered the focus away from the defendant. He put Detective Mark Fuhrman on trial. He made it appear that saying the n-word was a worse offense than killing two people. In his rabble-rousing closing argument, he exhorted the 12 jurors he understood so well to give a message to the Los Angeles Police Department. They did what he told them to do. The killer



walked, and Johnnie Cochran got his own television show and moved to New York.

Dan Petrocelli is not looking for a television show. He loves the law. Petrocelli was a match for Simpson in a way that Marcia Clark and Chris Darden never were. Simpson was contemptuous of Darden, and he didn't fear Marcia Clark. Too many of her mistakes had been pointed out to him. Once, during the criminal trial, I discussed the defense strategy with Larry Schiller, author of *American Tragedy,* the best-selling book about Simpson. "Very simple," Schiller explained. "The defense strategy is Marcia's mistakes." Petrocelli did not treat Simpson with kid gloves as some sort of fallen hero because of his celebrity. He treated him as if he were just another defendant on trial for a couple of murders. He called him a liar over and over again. As he pointed a finger at him, he said to the jury, "There is a killer in this courtroom."

You ain't gonna get a dime!

—A heckler screaming at Fred Goldman outside the courthouse the day before the verdict in the civil trial.

GO FOR MAMA'S CONDO!

—A sign carried by a woman outside the courthouse, referring to the condominium in San Francisco that Simpson had bought for his mother, which is listed as one of his assets.

Paula Barbieri, Simpson's erstwhile girlfriend, has reportedly signed a $3 million book deal with Little, Brown. Since Barbieri never achieved the star status of Cindy Crawford or Naomi Campbell in the modeling profession, it seems highly unlikely that any publisher would pay such a sum for her life story unless there were a clear understanding that she had something very salable to write, or have written for her, about her former lover. Their sexual union was said to be extraordinary. The sounds of their lovemaking in Robert Kardashian's house on the night before Nicole's funeral, according to an inside source, woke up the household. Barbieri's real value to the overall story, however, is that she knows what Simpson thought and said about Nicole in the weeks and days before he killed her. Just the night before, they went to a black-tie party in Bel Air together. She broke up with him the next morning, the day of the murders, and went to Las Vegas, as a guest of the singer Michael Bolton. But after the news of the murders, she returned immediately and stayed in Kardashian's house with O.J. She was present during the crucial four days between the murders and the freeway chase.

I can understand Paula getting that kind of money.
She's got all the sex to talk about, which sells, and she was there when the lawyers talked to O.J., both at the house and in jail. She was always reading the Bible or writing her Christmas cards—and listening. She knows a lot, and she's not bound by the attorney-client privilege.

—Larry Schiller, writer.

Larry Schiller, who was a rather mysterious character during the criminal trial, when he seemed to be part of the defense team following the publication of Simpson's book, *I Want to Tell You,* which he co-wrote, emerged as the visionary of the civil trial. The enormous success of *American Tragedy* turned him into a talk-show personality and trial historian. Of all the books about this case, his was the one that gave infor-

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mation no one else had access to. With the help of Simpson's former close friend Robert Kardashian, who will always be remembered as the man who carried the Louis Vuitton bag away from the Rockingham estate, Schiller told for the first time the story of what went on in Simpson's life in the days after the murders and up to the freeway chase, as well as fascinating backstage tales about the defense team.

Hardly a day went by during the criminal trial when Johnnie Cochran didn't say to Judge Ito, "Your Honor, this trial is a search for truth." In a recent newspaper interview for his new Court TV show, *Cochran & Grace,* on which he partners with prosecutor Nancy Grace, Cochran was quoted as saying, "Justice must be served." Was justice being served when Cochran's team–as described in Schiller's book–altered Simpson's house before the jury was taken through it by removing pictures of white people and replacing them with pictures of black people, and by hanging a Norman Rockwell poster of a black child entering a no-longer-segregated school which had hung in Cochran's office at the top of Simpson's staircase? Cochran has dismissed this as "an absolute lie." I can understand replacing a nude photograph of Paula Barbieri with a photograph of O.J.'s mother on the table next to his bed for propriety's sake, but the rest of the redress of the house seems to be pure deceit.

Day after day, Schiller would sit in the corridor outside the Santa Monica courtroom in an overcoat with a fur collar, receiving people, looking like a cardinal hearing confessions as he dispensed the latest news and gossip of the trial. In the dining room of the Doubletree Guest Suites Hotel, next to the courthouse, where all the important people connected to the trial went to lunch–lawyers, reporters, and sometimes Simpson himself–Schiller's table was the one to be asked to sit at. Greta Van Susteren of CNN's *Burden of Proof,* Gerry Spence, and former L.A. district attorney Ira Reiner were often guests at the table. Schiller is generous with his information, but he qualifies how you can use it. "You can use this in *Vanity Fair,* or in your book," he'd say to me, "but you *can't* use it on Larry King tonight, because it would be traced to me."

Five of the guards O.J. had in the county jail come to visit him in the house on Rockingham. They're so at home in his house that, if they're hungry, they go in the kitchen and make themselves a sandwich.

—Larry Schiller during a lunch break at the Doubletree.

In the course of my career, I have appeared in public with many famous people, including movie stars, but I have rarely been with one who drew more attention than former L.A.P.D. detective Mark Fuhrman, who is invariably referred to in print as "racist cop," when I took him and his agent, Lucienne Goldberg, to lunch in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons, that noontime bastion of the movers and shakers of New York. The kind of people who normally don't stare were leaning out of their banquettes to get a better look at him.

Fuhrman walked into the restaurant the way he had walked into court the first time he took the stand, looking like the lead in a TV series. Good blazer, good flannels, good-looking. Not a sign of I'm-from-Idaho-visiting-the-big-city.

"Are you aware you're causing a bit of a commotion?" I asked.

He shrugged and smiled; he has become used to that by now. He was in New York making preparations for the

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publication of his book, *Murder in Brentwood.* He had met with Geraldo Rivera, who had flown him to New York in a private plane so that he could avoid airport hassles. He was going to be interviewed for a second time by Diane Sawyer. Larry King and Oprah had also lined him up for interviews. He speaks in a very low voice; you have to lean forward to hear everything he says. His conversation is riveting, particularly about Judge Ito's wife, Captain Margaret York, the highest-ranking woman in the L.A.P.D. He suggested in no uncertain terms that if the truth about his volatile past relations with her in the police department had come out, Ito would have had to recuse himself from the Simpson murder trial. (Captain York declined to comment.)

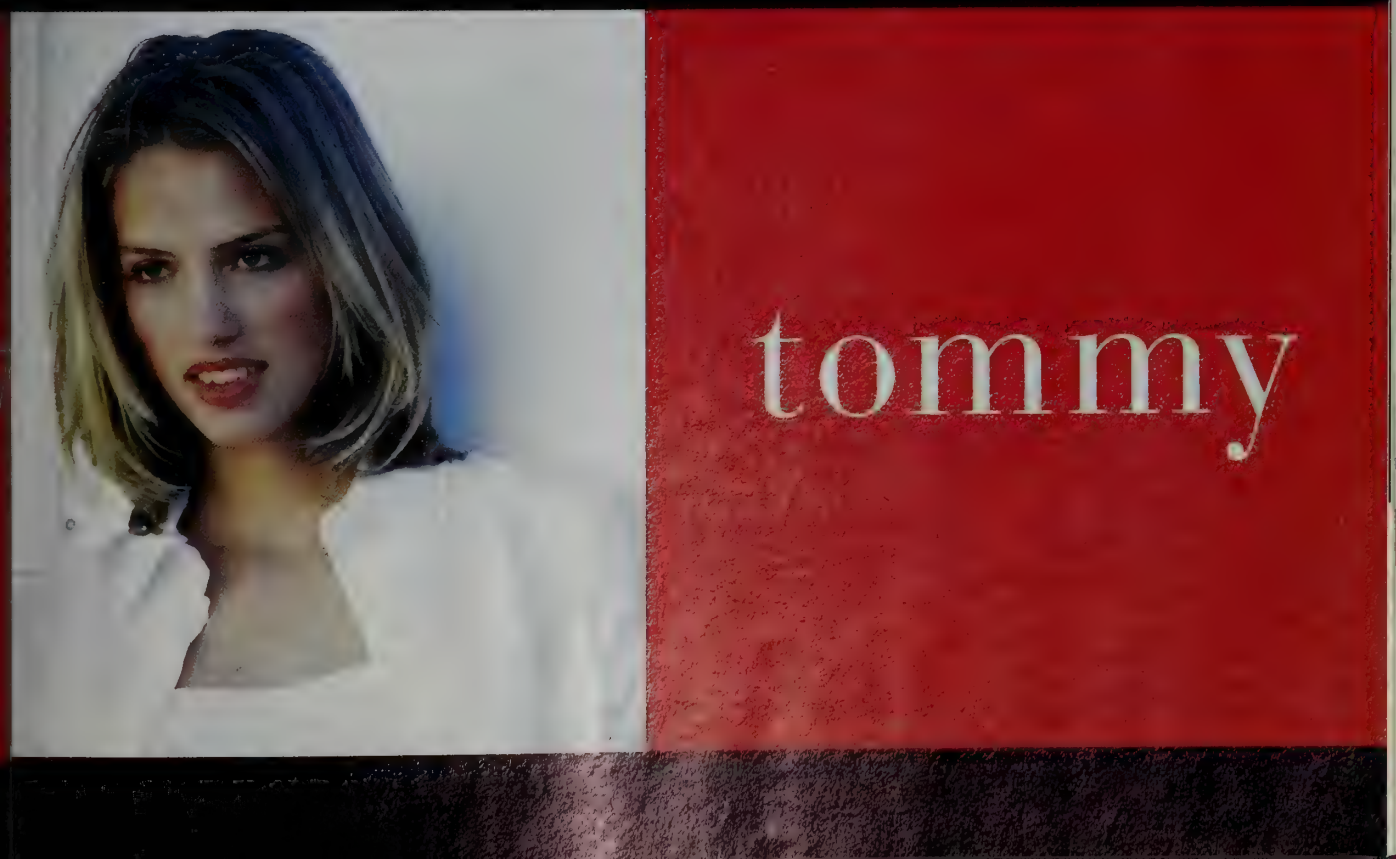
I'm showing him 30 photographs of him wearing the Bruno Magli shoes, and he says they're not his. He's denying the undeniable."

Fuhrman claimed to have had a "casual" sexual relationship with Laura Hart McKinny, who provided the defense with the tapes on which he says the n-word 41 times after he had testified on the stand that he had not said the word in the last 10 years. "I'm sorry I said that word. I'm sorry I lied about saying it," he told me. As he pointed out, though, it had nothing to do with the murders. No one in the courtroom, after all, screamed "Racist!" when Robert Shapiro did a Charlie Chan imitation of criminalist Dennis Fung as he held out a box of fortune cookies, or when Johnnie Cochran skipped down the corridor to the men's room singing "We're having Fung" during the time Fung was on the stand.

Fuhrman is harsh in his criticism of prosecutor Marcia Clark and Detective Phil Vanatter. "I am a great detective; Vanatter's only a good one," he said at one point. He said that he had told Clark he found an empty Swiss Army knife box in Simpson's bathroom on the night of the murders. For reasons unknown, this was ignored by the prosecution in the criminal trial and never brought into evidence—along with the freeway chase, the suicide note, and the taped police interview with Simpson.

Cochran had a very narrow and clear agenda.
He was going to get his client off no matter what it took,
no matter who he hurt or even ruined, no matter
how far he had to twist or even disregard the truth.
—Mark Fuhrman in his book, *Murder in Brentwood.*

"It's like rubbing salt in the wound to see certain people attain great success following the greatest debacle in the history of the world," said reporter Betsy Streisand of *U.S. News & World Report* in the courthouse corridor. She was referring to those in the legal profession at the criminal trial who have now given up law, or put it on a back burner for a



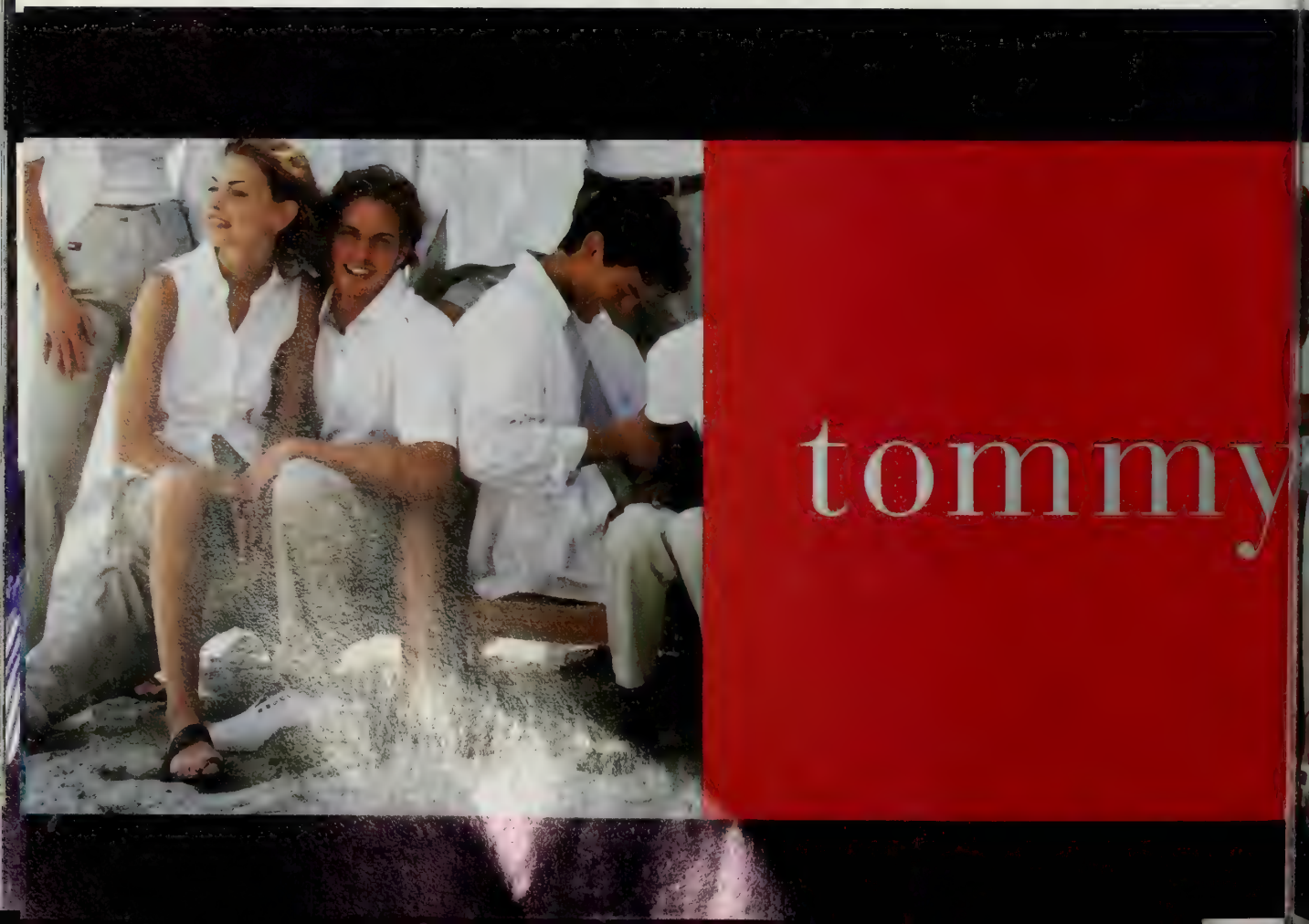
while, to go into show business. Johnnie Cochran has his Court TV show. Marcia Clark, who received a bonus from Los Angeles district attorney Gil Garcetti after losing the criminal case, has left the office and is about to appear on her new syndicated television show, *LadyLaw.* Chris Darden has also left the district attorney's office, to teach; during the Simpson civil trial, he was a regular legal commentator, along with Alan Dershowitz, of Simpson's Dream Team, on *Rivera Live*. And there's Greta Van Susteren, and Roger Cossack, and on and on.

So convincing and distinguished was the new look the makeup artist gave Simpson that he became unrecognizable in it.

Leslie Abramson has a book out. Outside of a small group in Los Angeles legal circles, Abramson was relatively unknown until I began writing about her for this magazine during my coverage of the Menendez brothers' first trial, in which she defended Erik, and which ended, triumphantly for her, with a hung jury. Because of her bombastic personality, the presence of a television camera in the courtroom, and her zealous affection for her killer client, she caught on with the public as the judicial version of Alexis Carrington, the character played by Joan Collins on *Dynasty*—a woman you loved to hate, because she would stop at nothing to get what she wanted. Following the current trend of Los Angeles lawyers preferring to be in show business, she was a regular with Ted Koppel on *Nightline* during the Simpson trial. Wanting to have her own chat show, she made a half-hour pilot, and then she made another one. Neither sold. "She's a five-minute segment, she's not half an hour," a famous lady of television said to me about her. One Saturday morning, I happened to run into one of her producers on the escalator at Neiman Marcus in Beverly Hills. "What happened?" I asked. "Let's just say she wasn't camera-friendly," he replied, stepping by me.

During the penalty phase of the second Menendez brothers trial, which she lost hands down, her own expert witness, psychiatrist William Vicary, testified on the stand in the presence of the jury and media that he had changed his notes on Erik at her request. Abramson became front-page news when she took the Fifth Amendment twice. In February, her book came out. When the deal for it was made, after the first trial, for a reported $500,000, the title was *My Life in Crime,* but the book was released as *The Defense Is Ready: Life in the Trenches of Criminal Law,* and the planned initial printing was slenderized. In it, she deals with me in a lengthy but not unexpected manner, while she dismisses taking the Fifth, usually a refuge for gangsters and the guilty, in a few paragraphs, as if it were of no moment. But it is. As Harvey Levin, the television reporter for KCBS in Los Angeles, said, "No one's ever going to be afraid of Leslie anymore."

The only breaking-news anecdote in her book concerns her participation in the previously unreported wedding cere-



mony of Lyle Menendez—who was still in the Los Angeles County Jail, as was Erik, before they were shipped off to separate prisons for life—and Anna Eriksson, who had once posed nude for *Playboy.* The wedding was performed on a three-way conference call. Lyle was on the telephone in the jail. Erik, who was best man, was on a telephone in a different part of the jail. The bride and the performing judge, Nancy Brown, were on a speakerphone in Abramson's office. Abramson acted as surrogate groom and placed the ring on the bride's finger. Then Lyle and the bride made kissing sounds. Personally, I would be too embarrassed to admit that I had participated in such a charade, but the story was clearly meant to move readers with the beauty of the moment. Hello? In the California prison system, murderers serving life without parole are not allowed conjugal visits.

Star Jones, a former homicide prosecutor in the Brooklyn district attorney's office who is now senior correspondent and chief legal analyst for the tabloid TV show *Inside Edition,* emerged as a media star during the Simpson civil trial. Jones, a rather exotic African-American woman, wears inch-long false eyelashes and dresses in a theatrical manner. "This is my Audrey Hepburn look. Audrey Hepburn was my favorite actress," she said to me one day when I sat next to her in court and commented on her hairstyle. She seemed to have closer access to Simpson than any other journalist. During breaks, she was often in conversation with him, and she was a guest in his house the night the custody case was won, celebrating the happy turn of events along with Greta Van Susteren and Linda Deutsch of the Associated Press. "I'm plugged in, I'll tell you that," Jones told me.

One of the least written about but major background figures in the Simpson saga is Don Ohlmeyer, the president of NBC West Coast. A longtime friend of Simpson's, he has been an outspoken advocate for him almost from the day following the murders. He was a constant visitor at the Los Angeles County Jail from the time of Simpson's incarceration after the freeway chase until his acquittal. He attended the much-criticized champagne victory party at Simpson's house on Rockingham following the acquittal. Shortly thereafter, as journalists camped outside the house reported that Simpson was a virtual prisoner inside, Simpson wasn't even there. He had been spirited away to Ohlmeyer's house off Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills, which, incidentally, Ohlmeyer had purchased from Simpson's former great friend Robert Kardashian only three weeks before the murders.

One of the most engrossing tales of the days following the acquittal was that a makeup artist who had worked with Simpson several times went to Ohlmeyer's house and gave Simpson a new look. She cut and shaped a mustache and goatee on his face and taught him how to apply it. The wife of one of his New York golfing friends, who had flown out to Los Angeles the day after the acquittal, selected a pair of glasses for him in Beverly Hills. So convincing and distinguished was the new look the makeup artist gave Simpson that he became unrecognizable in it. A person who saw the transformation described him to me as looking like a Cuban diplomat. Within days of his acquittal, he dined, unrecognized, with his New York friends at the Palm, a popular steak-and-lobster house catering to the sports and movie crowd. One day he drove himself in this disguise to the Beverly Hills Hotel to meet up with his friend Bobby Bender, a New York garment-industry figure. When he stopped at the light on

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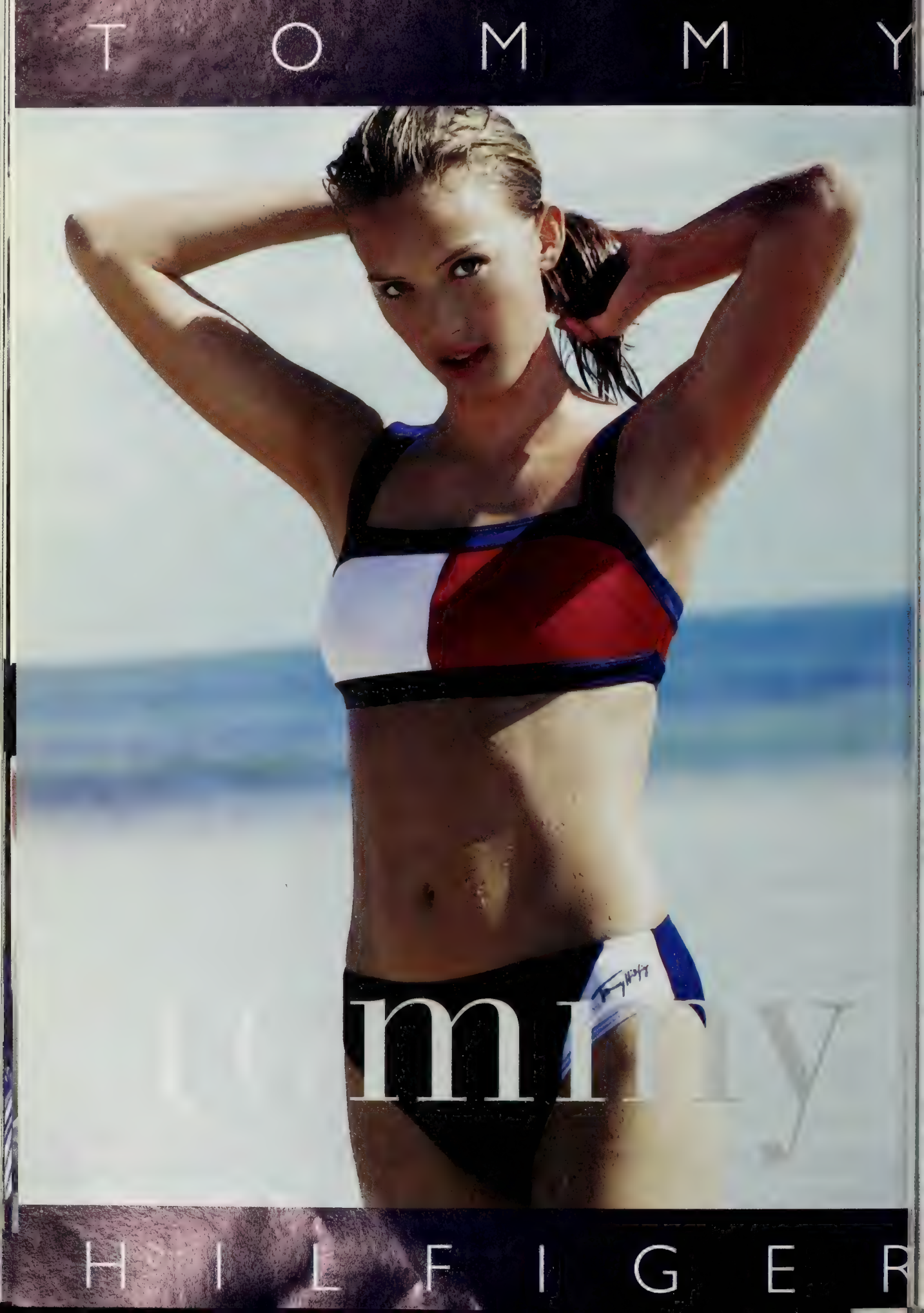
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O. J. Simpson has lied and lied and lied about every important fact of this case," Daniel Petrocelli told the jury.

Sunset Boulevard before making the turn into the hotel's driveway, a car pulled up beside him in the next lane. In the car was Kim Goldman, the sister of the man he had just been acquitted of killing. Their eyes met, and he, of course, recognized her, but she did not recognize him. At the time, Simpson told the story to several people. When I heard it, I told it to Kim Goldman during lunch one day at the Doubletree. She stared at me, aghast, and realized for the first time that it had been he.

Following the first trial, Ohlmeyer hired Jason Simpson, Simpson's son by his first marriage, to be the chef in his home. Before that, Jason had been the sous-chef at Jackson's restaurant on Beverly Drive.

Subsequently, Ohlmeyer, in his role of advocate, caused a bit of an industry stir when he departed from his prepared text at the Radio-Television News Directors Association Conference and, in an emotional outburst, chastised his own network for what he felt was unfair coverage of the Simpson trial. People I know who were present and heard the speech were dumbfounded. Although the incident was reported, it was handled gently because of Ohlmeyer's position of power. Sometime after the speech, his network announced that he had entered the Betty Ford Clinic in Palm Springs for the requisite 28-day stay.

That sort of symbolizes the defense right now.

—Laurie Levenson, CBS trial commentator who teaches law at Loyola, remarking on the arrival at the courthouse of Simpson defense attorney Robert Blasier in a wheelchair, in obvious pain from a recent disc operation, being pushed through security by his wife.

Running concurrently with O. J. Simpson's civil trial was the custody trial over his and Nicole's children, Sydney, 11, and Justin, 8, who had been living with their grandparents Juditha and Lou Brown since Simpson's incarceration in 1994. The custody trial was closed to the public, and rumors flew that ugly personal charges were made by both sides in the fight for the children. Simpson juggled the two trials, moving back and forth between them. As predicted by all the legal pundits, the children were awarded to their biological father by Judge Nancy Weiben Stock, who announced the verdict while the civil trial was still going on. During his closing argument, Robert Baker reminded the jury that Simpson had been given custody of his children.

The children were returned to their father's house on Rockingham from their grandparents' house in Dana Point, 90 miles away in Orange County. They were enrolled in new schools. For reasons of economy, two of their father's defense lawyers were being billeted on the property. Dan Leonard, from F. Lee Bailey's office in Florida, was living in Kato Kaelin's old room, and Robert Blasier and his wife were in Simpson's daughter Arnelle's old room.

What must the atmosphere in the house have been like for the children on the night after Petrocelli's closing argument, or after Petrocelli's rebuttal, when every lie Simpson had told and every character flaw he possessed were pointed out to the jury? What must it have been like after the verdict, when the jury found Simpson liable for the death of their mother? What must it have been like for them on those days in school, where they were still the new kids? "Sydney has a computer. She's on-line," a person close to the family told me. "She spends hours talking to people around the world. They're her friends."

THIRTY-ONE PICTURES DON'T LIE
A paralegal arrives at the courthouse carrying one of the 31 pictures of Simpson wearing the telltale Bruno Magli shoes—after Simpson had claimed he "never owned those ugly-ass shoes."

Judge Weiben Stock has been criticized for her decision in the Simpson case, as well as for an earlier judgment, in 1991, when she gave custody of two young children to their biological mother, even though the woman had battered her husband. At the time, the judge noted that there was no evidence that the mother had abused the children. This past January, that mother shot and killed the two children, her lover, and herself. What ever happened to common sense, Judge Weiben Stock?

Although the Brown family continues to seek custody, the chances are slim that Sydney and Justin will be returned to them.

You must send him a message as loud as humanly possible, so he can hear it on whatever golf course he is hiding out on right now. . . . You cannot kill two people and get away with it, no matter how much money you have, no matter how many lies you tell.

—Daniel Petrocelli in his closing argument for punitive damages.

Disgraced and defeated, O. J. Simpson watched the penalty verdict while eating a chiliburger in the clubhouse of a public golf course. The next day he issued a defiant statement. "This is far from over."

Will this be the end? Of course not. The trials are over, but O. J. Simpson will be among us forever. He's way up there now, in another category of fame. This man is not going quietly into the night. He's going to be making news for as long as he's around. Only days after the verdict, he was caught on videotape swinging two golf clubs like a baseball bat in the direction of an *Inside Edition* cameraman named Dan Hardy. "I looked into his eyes, and the look I saw scared the holy shit out of me," said Hardy, who has since brought charges. "It was like looking into the eyes of a killer." □

ONE FLEW OVER
Above: **The enigmatic Polanski in September 1977, in superior court.** ***Below:*** **Polanski and Tate in London in January 1967, two years before her murder.**

POLANSKI'S INFERNO

Roman Polanski, director of *Chinatown* and *Rosemary's Baby*, has spent 20 years in exile for having sex with a 13-year-old girl. That crime was tangled up in his history–his mother's death in a Nazi gas chamber and the slaying of his wife Sharon Tate by the Manson gang–and in the twisted morals of 1970s Hollywood

BY JILL ROBINSON

"Remember, it was the 60s. We were doing everything. It was free love. You know what it was like. It was Utopia. Society was moving forward on the hopes of young people. We were the young people then."

I am listening to Roman Polanski's voice from Paris, where he has lived since fleeing the U.S. before sentencing for unlawful sex with a 13-year-old girl. Some of us who were part of the 60s era might not use the word "Utopia" to cover it. But Roman grew up in Poland during World War II; the Nazis killed his mother. He had probably never felt young in his life before [illegible] to L[illegible] Angeles.

I remember Roman from canyon parties and smoky clubs as hungry like a wolf. Yet the fringe was never really his scene. He spoke French, which south of Sunset meant he was intellectual, but he learned how to work the Hollywood room. In Beverly Hills, he knew which fork to use and didn't come off like one of us ungrateful industry kids who didn't get the business. He had seen too much to be naïve.

Like a lot of people who came to Hollywood from back East or from Europe, he wanted to suck it up, ride it fast. Outsiders arrive here and look at the mountains and surf and forget the limits because their seasons are gone. They don't catch our rhythms right off.

I was born in L.A. From 1948 to 1956, my father, Dore Schary, ran MGM. I longed for stars, but even more for directors like Polanski, who seduced the magic out of you. Richard Brooks, William Wellman, Joe Mankiewicz, the Europeans: I watched them as they straddled benches by our pool, hoping they'd be interested in me, interested in that adult way. I was

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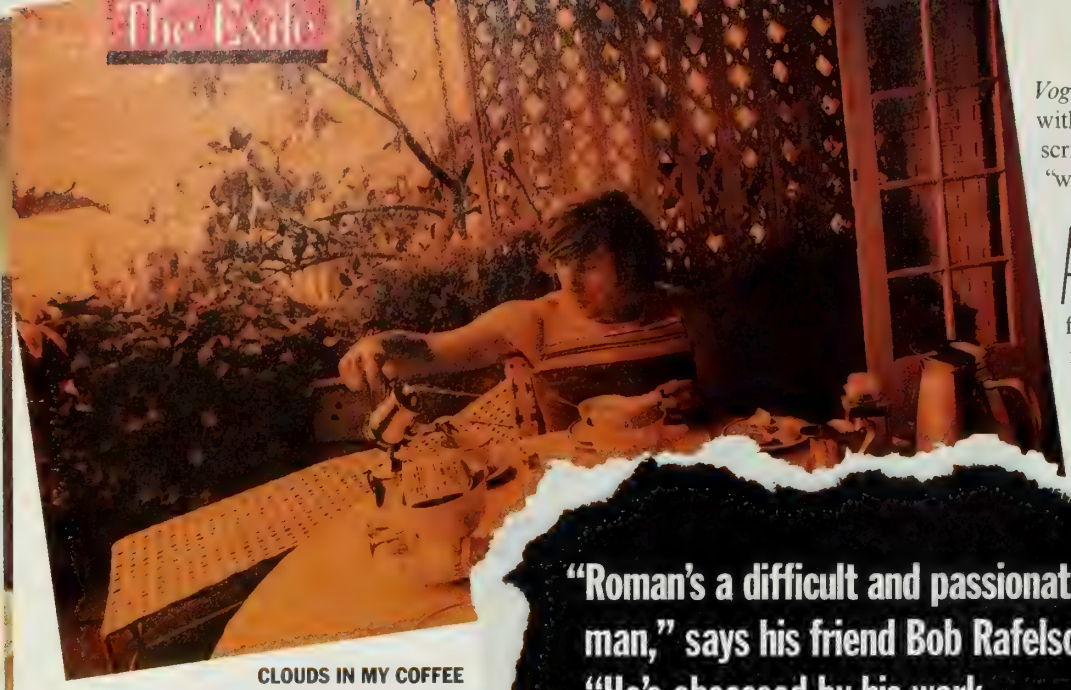

CLOUDS IN MY COFFEE
Polanski breakfasts on his balcony at the Beverly Wilshire in 1976. After the alleged rape in 1977, he would be arrested at the hotel by the L.A.P.D.'s Philip Vannatter, who years later would figure in the O. J. Simpson case.

"Roman's a difficult and passionate man," says his friend Bob Rafelson. "He's obsessed by his work. . . . Plus he's small, plus he's twisted."

burning. I wanted to feel like a star.

Maybe the girl felt that way.

She had spent her 13 years on the outside in a company town. Then he appeared. A man her mother had invited in.

On a day in February 1977 Roman Polanski drove a rented Mercedes to the far end of the San Fernando Valley to meet her. He was by this time only a visitor to Hollywood, where he had first tasted youth and freedom, a 43-year-old nomad with a suite at the Beverly Wilshire and a doctor's prescription for 150-milligram quaalude tablets. He was a man in transit, buffeted by war, death, and the rock music of changes. Since the murder of his wife, Sharon Tate, his life had been numbed and fragmented. He had skied frozen slopes in Gstaad and traveled in the company of stars, users, and an opium-smoking prince. He had wandered the world, trying to escape new sorrows and old shadows—Kraków, the war, the face of his lost mother.

Seed money for movies was tight, certainties were in limbo—tough for an autocratic little man who had learned the necessity of control. On the set he was Napoleon, dominating a world of light, action, color, and sound. He could perfect it all his way. Yet his career was fluctuating erratically between highs and false starts, despite the success of [illegible]

[illegible]

aborted project called *Pirates* and then turned to a bizarre little film called *The Tenant,* in which he himself starred opposite Isabelle Adjani. His character, Trelkowski, was, in Polanski's words, "a shy, Polish-born bank clerk whose creeping schizophrenia culminates in transvestism and suicide." Not a career move.

The memories of the home he had found with Sharon, the radiance of their California evenings filled with the sound of vintage records such as "Baby, It's Cold Outside," had been shattered first by Charles Manson's murderers and then by the recriminations and the sensationalism of the press. Utopia was smashed, youth extinguished again by loss. "Sharon's murder and the landing on the moon changed everything," Polanski tells me. "When man walked on the moon, some romantic idea of the moon was over. I believed in romance when I was with Sharon. It was happening! I mean, *why it cannot be?* But the magic illusion of romance was gone."

In Munich he had met 15-year-old Nastassia Kinski. ("My friends call me Nasty.") After a threesome with Polanski and a second young girl, Kinski had grown on him, despite the fact that "her makeup and hairdo and clothes were all wrong."

He had remade her his way when—as part of guest-editing an issue of French *Vogue*—he supervised a photo shoot with her in the Seychelles. He described Kinski to *American Film* as "woman and child at the same time."

After the shoot he had returned for the first time in 15 years to Kraków, where he had lived from age three in a house marked with a hybrid—part dragon, part eagle—carved in stone.

He had never taken Sharon to Kraków, where the dark tones of the streets had become a kind of counterpoint for Polanski to the Technicolor world of the movies, in which Jeanette MacDonald, "attired in a vaporous white gown, descended a staircase to the strains of 'Sweethearts.'"

For Polanski, Kraków remained the symbol of all the things he could not control. It was still the place where day after day he and his parents had rehearsed what he, who could pass as a Gentile, should do if they were taken away to the camps.

His proud and glamorous mother died in a Nazi gas chamber. In *Roman,* her son's autobiography, she is portrayed as resourceful, elegant in fox fur. Polanski's descriptions—"the precise way she drew thin lines over her plucked eyebrows, the equally careful way she applied lipstick to alter the shape of her lip in keeping with contemporary fashion"—summon memories of Faye Dunaway in *Chinatown.* The actress, whom Polanski had hired for "the same sort of look I remembered in my mother," enraged him with her close attention to her makeup, a fixation which may have seemed too familiar. After a period of hostility, war broke out when Polanski, concerned with perfecting a shot, abruptly plucked an errant strand of marcelled hair from Dunaway's head.

In the ads for the picture, the face of Evelyn Mulwray, Dunaway's character, rises from the smoke of the hero's cigarette like a ghost.

In L.A. he had heard about a "fabulous-looking teenager" whom he would later describe as "a would-be model who had already appeared in a TV commercial." It is not clear whether the girl had actually appeared on television. Or

KENAR

whether she had acted or modeled professionally. She was open to the idea of being, as we used to say, "discovered," but it was her mother—whom Polanski had once met briefly, at an L.A. club called On the Rocks—who seems to have held greater expectations.

On the day when he first visited the girl's home in Woodland Hills, anyone watching from a kitchen window would have noticed Polanski as an arresting presence in the neighborhood, one of the subdivisions that had sprung up in the late 40s along the hills overlooking the ranchland of the San Fernando Valley. "Roman's a difficult and passionate man," his old friend and admirer the director Bob Rafelson says in his wry way. "He's obsessed by his work. . . . Plus he's small, plus he's twisted."

Polanski saw the girl when she walked into the living room with her bird and her dog. He was showing her mother the French *Vogue* he had guest-edited. He asked if the girl would like him to take her picture.

The girl, whose parents were divorced, did not exactly live in isolation from her time. Her mom's boyfriend, who lived with the family, worked for a magazine called *Marijuana Monthly*. The girl, 13, was not a virgin. She had made love with her boyfriend twice. In her testimony, she appears tentative, embarrassed, and somewhat passive. Her reactions are muted and basic, presented flatly without detail. She seems to lack the sophistication of "professional" children.

Today, she is a housewife in Hawaii, the mother of three. She doesn't want her identity revealed, even after 20 years. She is worried about the effect of the publicity on her children. But her lawyer tells me she wants to bring her kids to Disneyland and is willing to meet with me, perhaps for a formal interview, if *Vanity Fair* will help pick up her expenses.

When I mention my article on Polanski during a telephone conversation, she gets upset. "I thought you said this story was all about me." She reminds me of the Unsinkable Molly Brown, still longing, in her way, to be "up where the people are."

On the night that Polanski met the girl's mother at O. [illegible] woman was out w[illegible] daughter, the daughter's [illegible] his buddy. Someone introd[illegible] the director. According to one Polanski biographer, the mother slept with the director that night. In court the mother insisted that the meeting was "just to say hi. That was it."

Months later it was arranged that Polanski would come see the girl. In his autobiography, he describes arriving at the family's "typically suburban middle-income" house and points out "the ill-kept lawn, the mother's boyfriend in the living room lounging in front of the TV set without really watching it."

Polanski emphasizes the fact that the mother "kissed me in the overly demonstrative way so many American women have." He says she commented on his cologne, Vetiver, which she remembered from before. He claims that the mother told her daughter "to get a load of my aftershave. . . . [The girl] sniffed my cheek."

Polanski says the girl's mother commented on his cologne, Vetiver, and told her daughter "to get a load of my aftershave. . . . [The girl] sniffed my cheek."

As they scanned the French *Vogue*, the mother described Kinski as "stylized," pointing out that her daughter was a good contrast, so "spontaneous." In her testimony, the mother said that Polanski said his pictures were of girls "seen through his eyes." When he asked her daughter's age, the mother said 13. "I thought maybe she was too old," the woman testified, "I thought he might want younger girls [for the shoot]."

Polanski says he described the planned layout as beyond "pastel, romanticized nymphets," and recalls that he mentioned the work of David Hamilton. "'You know Hamilton's pictures?' I asked," recounts Polanski. "The mother said yes, but only," he suspects, "because she didn't want to betray her ignorance."

He says that the girl kept leaving [illegible]om and returning. "Simply a way [illegible]ting herself noticed," he writes, [illegible]king she might have been nervous.

According to Polanski, he and the mother discussed the mother's getting a foothold in films. "She asked if I knew a good agent. I gave her Ibrahim Moussa's number and said I'd have a word with him. She invited me to have dinner at The Yellow Fingers, a local restaurant, but I made an excuse."

Just before Polanski left, he asked the girl if she wanted him to take her picture. She did.

Polanski, it was eventually decided, would return for the shoot on the afternoon of February 20. During one phone call, the mother said she wanted to come along and take pictures of the two of them. She was, she told Polanski, sort of a photographer herself. He said no; the girl would respond more naturally on her own.

When I mention Roman, Howard W. Koch Sr., a Paramount producer, advises: "In Hollywood you have that story every week. . . . It's just you don't know about it."

My friend Guy McElwaine, formerly ICM's vice-chairman, says that his father was known at MGM as "the bagman." "We had no money," McElwaine remembers, "but Dad had this big black bag, filled with cash, and he'd run out in the middle of the night getting people out of trouble. One big star—and I'm not telling you who—was caught in the bathtub with four girls."

Most of the other industry people say something else when the subject of Polanski is broached. They talk about "the times." A young friend of mine calls that period between the invention of the pill and AIDS "the Golden Age of Sex."

I know about that time. I spent most of it addicted to speed. My habit had started when I was a kid with asthma. The doctor gave me some white powder to breathe when I had an attack—there was no other way I could breathe in those days. But the powder kept me awake and I stayed up all night coloring with my crayons. When the powder wore off, I went out to the kennels to sniff the dogs—to bring on another attack. By the 60s, I was on heavy speed. I kept my children home from school for peace marches or, just as often, because I needed them around. I am telling you this because I want you to understand that this was a time when CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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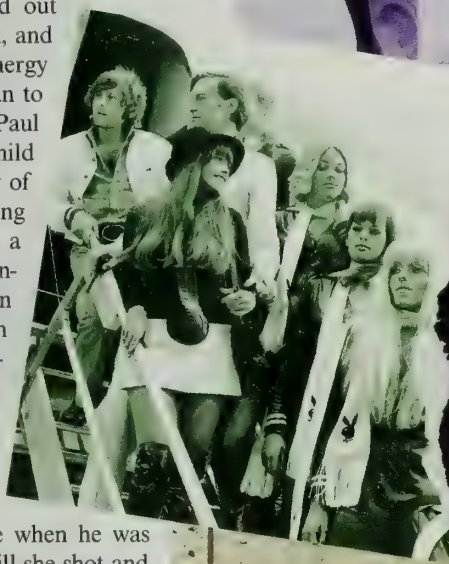
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154 a lot of us found something that was not like freedom at all.

It was the era of "Love Me Two Times," LSD, and late parties in the hills where huge tripping crowds spilled out on the grass. Roman and Sharon were the center of a hip, glamorous set. *Rosemary's Baby,* directed by Roman, had become a hit; no one was saying no now.

While Roman obsessed about his career, the rest of us talked about drugs and sex and *The Doors of Perception.* But what had started out sunny got heavy, dark, and complicated; the energy changed. Things began to get strange, surreal. Paul Petersen, a former child actor, tells me a story of the fallout of changing times. His first wife, a soap actress, got involved in a coven in Malibu and left him for another performer, the late Bill Bixby (*My Favorite Martian, The Courtship of Eddie's Father*). "They had a son who died in her care when he was six. After divorcing Bill she shot and killed herself. Our coroner in Malibu said she was the most beautiful corpse he had ever seen. She was gorgeous, Ava Gardner pretty."

The murders came—on a night so unnaturally still that one of the killers would remember hearing ice rattling in cocktail shakers in the canyon. The heat in the basin would not break.

Helter Skelter. For anyone alive in 1969—on August 9, to be precise—the words from the Beatles song which, according to myth, inspired Charles Manson's tribe of homicidal maniacs, still bring a shudder. The word PIG scrawled in blood, the smears on the French louvered doors between Sharon and Roman's bedroom and the pool. Tate, stabbed 16 times, begging, pleading for her unborn baby's life. No detail was overlooked. The Texas-born actress who had appeared in *Valley of the Dolls* and as a bumbling spy opposite Dean Martin in *The Wrecking Crew* was found, after having been hanged from a ceiling beam, near the body of Jay Sebring, a Hollywood hairdresser who had once been her lover. The other three bodies were scattered around the grounds of the ranch-style property on Cielo Drive off Benedict Canyon Road. Manson, a man who would carve a swastika into his forehead, loomed large. "I am what you have made of me," he raged. "In my mind's eye my thoughts light fires in your cities."



SUNSET BOULEVARDS
Top: **Polanski and Tate, London, 1968. After Sharon, there was no middle ground. Drawn to pure innocence and utter decadence, he drifted with stars and pleasure-seekers such as *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner and Hef's girl Barbi Benton (*center*). But nothing remained of the golden days of May 1968 (*above*), when the director and his wife lolled on the beach at Cannes.**

Rumors blossomed out of each other. Everyone had a tale, a bit of gossip, someone to blame. Polanski himself, working in London during the tragedy, became a citizen suspected of lasciviousness, excess, even witchcraft.

Mike Sarne, a director close to Roman who had dinner with Sharon at a Japanese restaurant on the night before she died, says it was all nonsense. "Roman is not magical, not religious, has no truck with anything mystical. Sharon was a wonderful cook. We'd gather at night, she'd make pasta dinners for us. I once saw her packing a trunk. She laid tissue paper between the layers. She was from Texas, but she had the kind of sophistication to appeal to Roman. They were perfect for each other. Roman's into cold showers every day, deep knee bends, hours and hours of skiing. People who didn't know Roman got so paranoid that police were around them all the time. And local residents in Malibu, where he was staying, said, 'We object to these people being here.'"

"If someone said, 'Guess which house this took place in,' first you would have thought of Polanski. Something he had done had tempted the Fates."

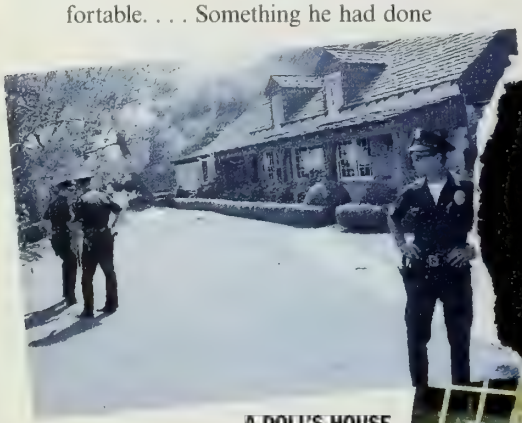
Wally Wolf, Polanski's attorney, says he had trouble introducing Roman at a press conference after the murders. "People think they see more in Roman's films than they do. They also have a preconception of what Roman is."

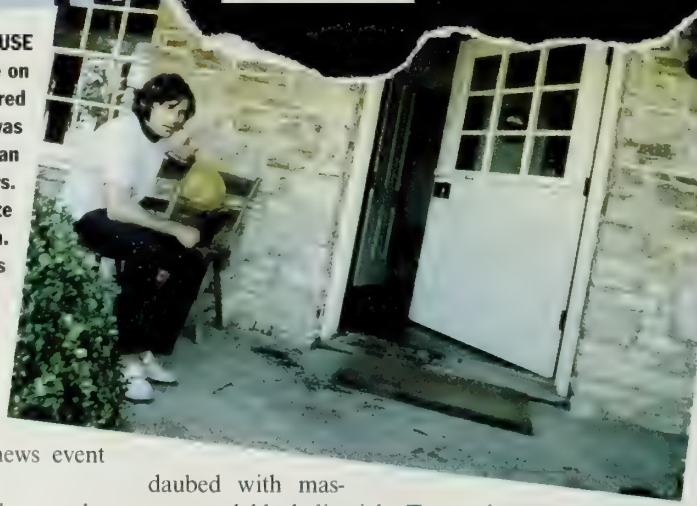
Cielo Drive is a winding street of eucalyptus trees and right angles; the city spreads out below in a cleavage of palms and ferns. Joseph Stefano wrote the screenplay for *Psycho* here. Another neighbor, Betty Freeman, lived about a half mile from the Polanskis. "You'd usually hear Porsches racing down that street," she says, "but not on the night Sharon was killed. There'd been an eerie

silence that night. For days to come they were searching up and down the canyon, and we knew no doors or windows or locks would ever feel safe again."

The murders seemed the consequence of everything all of us had done. We had gone too far, done all of the things our parents warned against—and more. But Polanski, it was believed, had gone farther than anyone.

"It's not like it came from out of the blue," recalls Bob Rafelson. "If someone said, 'Guess which house this took place in,' and if you had to sit down and think, first you would have thought of Polanski. Because something was associated with his name that made people feel uncomfortable. . . . Something he had done had tempted the Fates. . . . The point I'm trying to make is that these people were outsiders before any news event took place."





The night of the murders was so still that one of the killers said you could hear the ice rattling in cocktail shakers in Benedict Canyon.

A DOLL'S HOUSE
Above: **the house on Cielo Drive that Polanski shared with Sharon Tate was the setting for an American nightmare—the Manson murders. The victims included Tate and the Polanskis' unborn son.** ***Right:*** **his return weeks later was covered in *Life*.**

Not surprisingly Polanski began what would become his era of hostility and embitterment. He hated the idea of being reduced in the media and in people's minds to the man who lived in *that* house. "These were the films you made," he said in 1992, paraphrasing his public trajectory, "so this was the life you lead—and the death you died."

Sharon Tate had married Roman Po- [illegible] in London in 1968. She wore a [illegible] mini. Though [illegible] childhood, from the insecurity I had experienced at the age of five or six, when my family began to disintegrate. The only way of not getting hurt, I'd always felt, was to avoid committing myself deeply in the first place."

The Polanskis used drugs—mostly pot and a little acid—but probably no more than most of their peers. Sharon and Roman had done acid on one of their first dates. It was Roman's second trip. The first, not altogether pleasant, had included a vision of a woman who "looked like a princess in a children's story book. Gradually, the face was transformed into a Lotte Lenya face, extravagantly daubed with mascara and black lipstick. To my horror, her eyes and mouth became three spinning swastikas."

Tate's final legacy to Polanski, which he found after she left him in London to sail for America and her death, was Thomas Hardy's novel *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. It is, fittingly, the story of a girl whose life is ravaged by uncontrollable fate.

Polanski would film it in 1979 with Nastassia Kinski, his lover. He had never hidden his preference for being the older member of a couple.

[illegible] always liked them young, romantic, [illegible]," he told *The Guardian* in 1992. [illegible] Sharon's death, the preference seemed a necessity. "I don't know what his life was like, post-Sharon, how many other young girls he was seeing," says Toby Rafelson, Bob's wife. "He couldn't have been with older women, because I don't think that appealed to him. . . . I think what he could not do was get involved again with someone like Sharon. In other words, her age group, her looks—that sort of thing. That was too painful. . . . But a young girl, one he would not have to be serious about, one that he could just have a good time with, who was full of life and promise . . . seems like a possibility. Someone who was just going to look up and adore him."

Polanski was candid about what he was no longer capable of. "I doubt," he conceded, "that I will ever be able to live again on a permanent basis with any woman." In the course of an evening everything had changed. The house on Cielo where the music had played became, in Betty Freeman's words, "a monument to murder."

On February 20, 1977, Roman Polanski returns to the Valley and begins sorting through clothes which the girl's mother has set out. (According to court testimony, he chose a white shirt and a patchwork blouse for her daughter's modeling session. In Polanski's more elliptical account, he chose the mother's long, white Indian-style dress.)

Polanski says he wants to shoot her in Benedict Canyon, over the crest of the mountains behind the house where the girl lives—over on the southwestern side, below Mulholland. But the light is fading, and the mother suggests that they go to some hills behind their house—about a block away. The two drive there and climb through the dry brush about halfway up the hill. The girl poses as he clicks off instructions: "Sit this way." Or "Don't smile."

Polanski writes that as he began taking close-ups, he noticed "a bruise, or rather a love bite," on the girl's neck. "I asked

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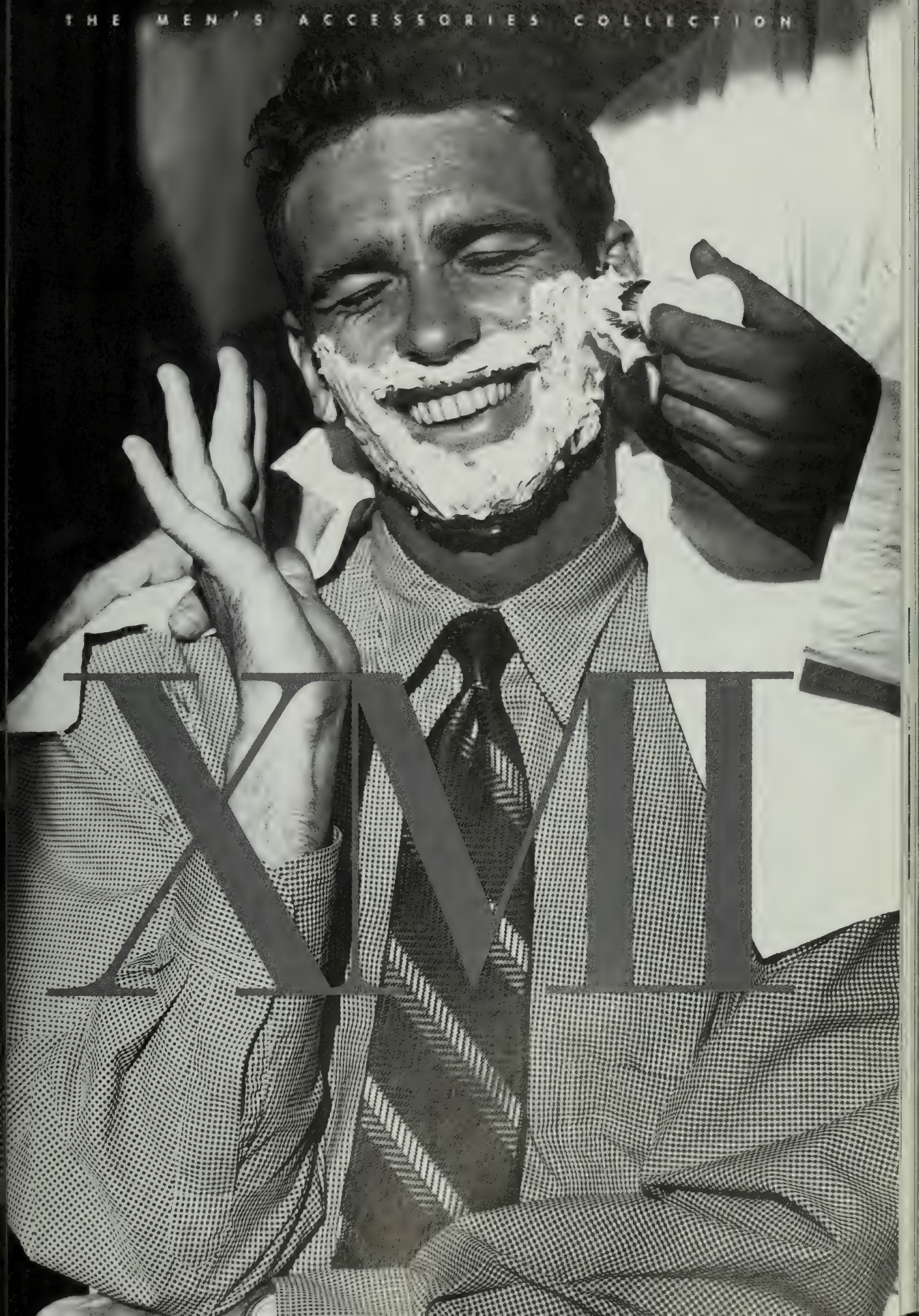

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ROMAN HOLIDAY
As guest editor for French *Vogue* in 1976, Polanski directed a shoot featuring his lover, Nastassia Kinski, in the Seychelles Islands.

if it was the result of taking karate lessons from her boyfriend. She laughed. 'It was Chuck [the name is a pseudonym] all right,' she said, 'but it wasn't karate.'"

She says she changed shirts in front of him. ("She removed her blouse," according to Polanski. "She wasn't wearing a bra but seemed entirely at ease. . . . She had nice breasts.")

They move farther up the hill; he asks her to remove her top again and she complies. In court, the girl would testify that she believed this was for "the shots [where] you don't have anything on your shoulders." She wasn't sure about telling her mom of these pictures.

According to Polanski, "I took pictures of her changing and topless. Then I asked her to unzip her jeans a couple of inches and hook a thumb in her waistband. She posed with professional aplomb. Motorcyclists had clustered around a pickup 20 or 30 yards away and were gawking. I thought she should put her blouse back on. 'They don't bother me,' she said. 'I don't care.' I insisted, feeling that her indifference to the boys [illegible] tempt to appear w[illegible] cated beyond her years.'

They quit around 6:30, when the sun goes down. Back at the house he draws her some pictures of pirates, makes some calls, and goes. She doesn't tell her mom about taking her top off. She doesn't say she doesn't want any more pictures taken. But later, in court, she would say that she did not want another session. I think, from what I have been able to learn, that she did not want to provoke a confrontation between Polanski and her mother. She did not want to be the center of a battle. And besides, Polanski was a famous director.

Nastassia Kinski grew on Roman, but "her makeup and clothes were all wrong."

You can make a lot of arguments here about what she should have done. But remember that this was a child who, whatever her sexual history, had believed, not so many days earlier, that the visiting director might be interested in meeting her pets. When I was 13 my parents took me to a party at Sinatra's. I asked for a drink. Humphrey Bogart sized me up, told me I was the only virgin in the room, and ordered my parents to take me home. This girl's mother was raising her daughter on her own in a Hollywood where Bogie wasn't around. Havoc had been wreaked in many of our lives. Before I sobered up, I lost my money and had to send my children away for a while. It was the worst thing that could have happened to me, to be in a position where I could not protect my children. I don't want to judge anyone.

By 1973 Roman Polanski was in Los Angeles working on *Chinatown,* to be produced by Robert Evans from a screenplay by Robert Towne. He was about to turn 40, an event which he termed "a depressing moment in any man's life." The city lowered his spirits [illegible]. The place had shed its 60s skin. [illegible] Hills," Polanski wrote in *Roman,* "had changed. . . . The relatively innocent use of psychedelics and grass was on the wane. Cocaine and quaaludes were now the rage. Nearly all of my friends were dead or long gone, their houses shuttered and deserted. I'd even lost my agent. Bill Tennant had simply walked out of his office one day, not bothering to empty his desk drawers, and never came back."

Polanski reworked the script, concentrating on the ending. Towne wanted Evelyn Mulwray, the Dunaway character, to live, and her father, the evil tycoon played by director John Huston, to die. But Polanski left an unmistakably personal signature at the close of his smoky *noir* drama. The film ends, as the director wrote, with Evelyn—who has borne her powerful father's daughter—being shot through the eye as she attempts to rescue her daughter from the desirous old man. In one of the closing images, the young woman is taken away from her mother's body by the grandfather, whose freedom to provide the most tender attentions is now, presumably, unlimited. Corruption reigns. The hero, Jack Nicholson's character, watches powerlessly as a friend puts his hand on his shoulder to advise: "Forget it, Jake, it's Chinatown."

Polanski goes to see the girl for the third time on March 10, around four P.M. In his autobiography, he writes that he had been "rather disappointed" in her appearance when they met. "She was about my own height, slim and quite graceful, with an unexpectedly husky voice for her age—a good-looking girl but nothing sensational."

But he keeps coming back.

In her testimony, he tells her, "Let's go. . . . Hurry up."

Again, he chooses her wardrobe—a blue dress, Rugby shirt, and T-shirt. She is wearing panties of a rust or copper color, no bra. When the mother asks Polanski if she can see the photos from the first shoot, he says later.

Polanski tells the girl that they are going to his friend's. At the house they visit (actress Jacqueline Bisset's), he introduces her to some friends—three men, two women—and takes a few shots.

Then he says, "I'm going to call up Jack Nicholson and see if we can go down to his house." She hears him talk-

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ing on the phone. (Apparently he does not speak to Nicholson. The star of *Chinatown* is skiing in Aspen after his latest breakup with Anjelica Huston, who is moving out.)

Nicholson's sprawling home is on the same road as Bisset's. When they arrive, Polanski presses the button at the gate. Someone asks, "Is this Roman?" And he says, "Yeah." When the gate opens, the girl sees a woman with black hair and two dogs. (Polanski identified her as Nicholson's associate Helena Kallianotes.)

Polanski gets his camera, puts the lens on, and chats with Kallianotes.

When the girl says she's thirsty, Polanski goes into the kitchen and gets out a bottle of champagne. (Cristal, according to Polanski.) "Should I open it?" he asks. And the girl says, "I don't care."

After the drink, the girl just stands by the pool. Kallianotes says she has work.

Finally, Polanski and the girl are all alone by the beautiful blue pool at the movie star's house on Mulholland Drive. Even the street is famous.

GUEST PRIVILEGES
Polanski took the girl to Jack Nicholson's house on Mulholland Drive. The star of *Chinatown* shared the place with Anjelica Huston, who reportedly called Polanski "a freak."

"Look at the Shirley Temple movies, you see it here. She was in diapers and then dressed like a trollop from the waist up. A critic once said something like: What you have in movies, in the dark, is a rounded [illegible] girl, sitting on a man's lap [illegible] the world's troubles go away. It's in Hollywood and in biology—an adult male mammal who has his maturity is forever breaking in girls who are coming into their first season. That's the way it works."

The speaker is Paul Petersen. Of those I spoke to in Los Angeles about Roman Polanski and the girl, he is the one I cannot get out of my mind. When he was a kid he starred as the son on *The Donna Reed Show;* today he is an advocate for child actors, the founder and president of A Minor Consideration. Petersen has no regrets about giving up acting. He says that he got started in the first place "because my mother was bigger than me."

The woman is Anjelica Huston, who can see that Polanski—whom she never liked—is nude. Apparently angered, she demands to know what he is doing there.

I think of the face of Roman's mother in a circle of smoke and Roman, all those years later, plucking the hair which distorted his perfect memory from the head of Faye Dunaway.

"Did you hear what the interviews were like for the new *Lolita*?" Petersen goes on. "Thousands of girls attempting to be teenagers and their parents sat for hours. This has to do with the desire to get it at any cost, at any age. . . . [In the Polanski case] what was being held out was the opportunity to be famous. A person in power can corrupt even the bond between mother and daughter."

After taking pictures by the beautiful pool, Polanski and the girl go inside. Standing at the big silver camera box, he starts choosing lenses. She changes into the blue dress, right there in the living room, and walks into the bathroom.

They go out to the Jacuzzi. She's still in her dress. He says he wants to take pictures of her in the Jacuzzi, but wants her to call her mom first. It's about six P.M. She says she's at Nicholson's, and when her mom asks her if she's O.K., she says she is. "Do you want me to come by and pick you up?" the mother asks. She says no.

Polanski gets on the phone while the girl goes back out and gets into the Jacuzzi.

In her testimony, she says that later, when she is back inside, he shows her this little yellow thing from the bathroom. In it is a quaalude—a drug which she admits having seen before. It has three parts. "Is this a quaalude?" he asks.

She says it is. And he says, "Oh, do you think I will be able to drive if I take it?" She says, "I don't know." And he says, "Well, should I take it?" and then she drinks some champagne. "Well, I guess I will," he says, as he takes part of the pill. "Do you want part?"

She says no. Then changes her mind. (In court the girl did not deny drinking the champagne, but she said she must have been pretty drunk to have taken the pill. The court decision makes note of the fact that she was "not unfamiliar with the drug quaalude, having experimented with it as early as her tenth or eleventh year." Polanski wrote that the girl said she had stolen the quaaludes she had used in the past—from her sister.)

With a swallow of champagne, she takes a little less than half of one section of the pill. As the camera clicks she keeps sipping from the glass.

Then she enters the kitchen. She thinks she should eat; she's been drinking too much. So she takes something from a dish in the kitchen and goes into the bathroom to take off her dress. Then, according to her testimony, she goes outside and Polanski says, "Take off your underwear." She does. Then she gets back into the Jacuzzi. With the champagne in her hand.

He doesn't take many pictures. She just looks at him. He's wearing tan pants, a sweater. He says he's going to get in, and goes into the bathroom. When he returns he is naked. He goes

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The End
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down to the deep part of the Jacuzzi.

She goes to the other end.

"Come down here," he says.

"No. No. I got to get out," she says.

"No, come down here."

She tells him that she has asthma and that she has to get out. Because of the warm air or the cold. Or something like that.

"Just come down here for a second," he says. And she does.

"Doesn't it feel better down here?" he says, holding her up with his hands on her sides and around her waist.

She tells him she'd better get out—and does, wrapping a towel around herself.

Then he goes into the large pool and says, "Get in here." She dives in one end, swims a lap, and gets out.

She is drying off in the bathroom when he comes in and asks if her asthma is bad. She says she wants to go home to take her medicine. "Yeah," he says, "I'll take you home soon."

He tells her to lie down. There are no lights on in the bedroom, which has a bed, couch, and TV. She says she wants to go home now. She's afraid. She's wearing just underwear and a towel. She'd put on the panties. She's having trouble with her coordination, walking and stuff.

When she sits down on the couch, he sits beside her and asks if she's O.K. She says "No." He answers, "Well, you'll be better."

She says she has to go home. Again.

Then he kisses her. And she's saying, "No, keep away."

He pulls off her panties. She just keeps saying, "No. Come on, let's go home." And then he starts doing what she referred to in court as "cuddliness," placing his mouth on her vagina. He is just licking and she's ready to cry. She's saying, "No. Come on. Stop it."

And he isn't saying anything that she'll remember.

She's kind of dizzy, blurry. Then he starts to have intercourse with her. (She said she didn't fight that much; she thought no one was there to help.)

"Are you on the pill?" he wants to know, and she says she isn't. "When did you last have your period?" he asks.

"I don't know. A week or two. I'm not sure."

"Come on, you have to remember."

And then, she said, he sodomizes her without saying anything. She pulls back a little bit, but not really, she recalled; she was afraid.

A woman knocks, calls out: "Roman, are you in there?" He says yes. "I just got out of the Jacuzzi and I'm getting dressed." He opens the door a crack. The woman is Anjelica Huston, who can see that Polanski—whom she has never liked and later reportedly called "a freak"—is nude. Apparently angered that he is using the house for sexual purposes, she demands to know what is going on.

As the girl listens, he says he is doing a photo session. Then she puts on her underwear and walks toward the door.

But Roman sits her back down, takes her panties off. And then, she says, he starts having intercourse again. When he stops suddenly she kind of senses that he's finished. She feels that he has ejaculated.

Today, she is a housewife in Hawaii. When I mention Polanski, she gets upset. "I thought you said this story was all about me," she says.

She puts on her dress, combs her hair. "Now wait for me," he says—but she doesn't. When she goes out she sees Huston on the phone. "Hello," Huston says. "Are you the girl Roman is taking pictures of?"

The girl says yes, walks out to the car, and begins to cry. He comes out in 10 minutes. On the way home, she testified, they don't talk much. He says, "Oh, don't tell your mother about this and don't tell your boyfriend either," and then later he says, "You know, when I first met you I promised myself I wouldn't do anything like this with you." And he adds: "This is our secret."

At home the girl's older sister notices that the girl is "glassy-eyed." When the sister sees the slides of the photos Polanski took the first day, she just walks away. And then, according to the mother, there is a shot of her daughter "bare to the waist with just her jeans on. . . . And I kind of stepped back. And the dog peed on the floor . . . and she doesn't do that. It must have been some kind of energy thing, because she doesn't do that."

"Roman gave me a big speech on how to take care of dogs," the sister said. Then, after a phone call, he leaves.

Later, Philip Vannatter of the Los Angeles Police Department (who will play a role in the O. J. Simpson case) arrives at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel with a search warrant, which he serves on Polanski in the lobby. The director asks the policeman to come back to his room. "As we walked through the lobby going toward the back portion of the main lobby toward the elevators," Vannatter later testified, "Mr. Polanski was slightly to my front and right side. As we were walking I observed Mr. Polanski reach into his left coat pocket with his left hand, side pocket of his coat, remove a small white object from the pocket that looked to me like a tablet. Was holding it in his left hand. And it appeared that he intended on dropping the tablet to the floor."

It was a quaalude, Rorer 714.

After a six-count grand-jury indictment, Roman Polanski's trial was set for August 9, the eighth anniversary of Sharon Tate's murder. But lawyers on both sides immediately began negotiating, and on the day before the trial, in a plea bargain arrived at by the prosecuting attorney, the director's attorney, and the girl's attorney and family, Polanski pleaded guilty to the charge of unlawful sexual intercourse, the least serious of the six counts against him. The judge, Laurence Rittenband, agreed to dismiss all other charges. He acknowledged the girl as "not inexperienced" or "unsophisticated," while emphasizing the fact that this was not "a license to the defendant, a man of the world, in his forties, to engage in an act of unlawful sexual intercourse with her." He also noted that "the part played by the prosecutrix's mother in permitting her daughter to accompany the defendant to the Nicholson home, un-

chaperoned, is to be strongly condemned although there is evidence that the mother asked to go along on that venture."

Rittenband set a sentencing date of September 19 for Polanski and ordered the director to undergo examination by two court-appointed psychiatrists who would report back on whether he was a mentally disordered sex offender. Many observers expected Polanski to receive probation after these tests. But several days before the scheduled hearing the judge dealt a wild card, announcing that he intended to send Polanski to Chino state prison for more extensive (90 days) psychiatric assessment. The judge then granted a stay of the incarceration to allow Polanski to complete the picture he was working on, *Hurricane,* produced by Dino DeLaurentiis. On December 16, 1977, Polanski reported to prison, where he served 42 days (the sum total of his jail time). On January 27, 1978, after completing the required testing, he was released. On February 1, Rittenband said that he intended to send Polanski back to Chino for another 48 days, and pressured Polanski to agree to voluntary deportation.

Early in February, Howard Koch was in the shower room at the Hillcrest Country Club, listening to Rittenband (who had presided over highly publicized trials including Elvis Presley's divorce and Marlon Brando's custody battle) "grandstand" about how he was going to put Polanski away "for a hundred years . . . for the rest of his life."

Koch called Polanski and told him to get out of town as fast as possible. Not long after, the Los Angeles police reportedly found Polanski's Mercedes abandoned at LAX.

Despite his vow to remain on the bench until Polanski returned to the U.S. for sentencing, Judge Rittenband stepped down in 1989, saying of the director: "I'll quote a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I've got him on my list. I've got him on my list. He won't be missed. He won't be missed." Rittenband died of cancer on December 30, 1993.

Like Roman Polanski, I left L.A. many years ago. On my last trip back to finish this story, I noticed how much the city is returning to the family feel that the studios had tried to maintain before blacklisting, before the 60s. The conversations are about children and bringing them up the way we lucky Hollywood kids were brought up. Implicit is the sense that at some time things had slipped and are now being put right. As Polanski himself told me, "Now when you speak to the ingenue on the phone, you hear the baby crying."

Howard Koch was in the shower room at the Hillcrest Country Club, listening to the judge "grandstand" about how he was going to put Polanski away "for a hundred years."

Around the time of my visit, a made-for-TV movie, *Bastard out of Carolina,* was dropped by Turner Network Television because of a graphic scene depicting the rape of a 12-year-old girl by her stepfather. The film's director had refused to modify the scene for Turner. Her name was Anjelica Huston. Artists have convenient ways to process their experience. Movies let them recreate old scenes and familiar faces. Sharon merges with Tess and Nastassia ("Call me Nasty") smiles on screens from coast to coast. But in the real world, where a kid who didn't know what she was getting into found herself crying in a rented Mercedes outside the house of a famous man, memories are harder to put to use.

Polanski's name keeps coming back. John Travolta, the star of the director's new project, *The Double,* walked off the set and flew back to the U.S. after a heated and somewhat mysterious confrontation with Roman, who had asked him to play a scene nude. Ultimately Polanski was fired. "Sure Roman's arrogant," said columnist Army Archerd. "Some of the best talents in this town are tough to work with."

Mike Sarne remains loyal: "Roman's back to normal now. He's got a wife [Emmanuelle Seigner, whom he married in 1989] who has been able to replace Sharon. He has a new life." Polanski himself refuses to say much about the present or the past. He tells me, "The artist catches violence. If it's there in the culture, he'll reflect it." He says that he was "taken in by the ingenuous times of the 60s. It was free love. . . . We were doing everything. But we all did things we might regret."

Later, a friend of mine, a New York–based screenwriter, tells me something I think of as a fitting response to that. "Sometimes," he says, "a director might be led to believe that in life, like in art, you can do other retakes. You can't." And when you spend a lot of time in Hollywood this becomes very tough to remember.

THE EXILE AND THE JOKER
Paris, 1990: Polanski, who says that he was taken in by "the ingenuous times," socializes with the ingenuous Jack Nicholson.

When I talk to the girl again, she is torn between protecting her children and wanting to tell her story. "What if it becomes a movie," she asks, before deciding that for now she wants no formal interview. Because of the kids. Maybe, I think, it's "the times." Her court testimony will have to do. "I really want this to be over with," she tells me. "I want him to be able to come back and just let it all be finished. I've forgiven him and it's all over." □

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THE MAN WHO KEPT THE SECRETS

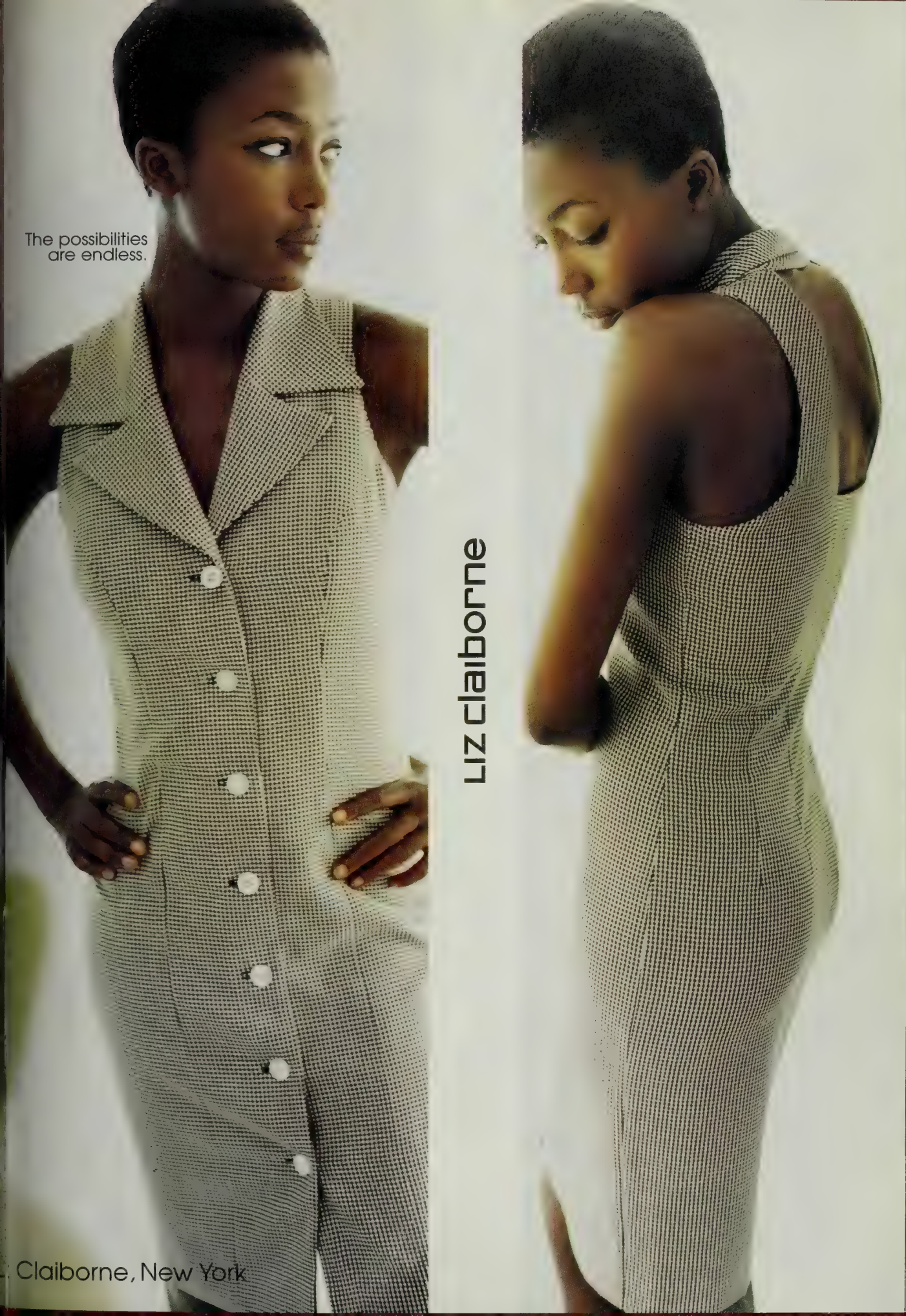
One of the great hidden figures of 20th-century organized crime, attorney Sidney Korshak was thought by many to be the most powerful man in Hollywood for the last half-century. Until his death last year, he remained an impeccably dressed enigma whose power reached deep into the lives of Jimmy Hoffa, Frank Sinatra, Lew Wasserman, and Ronald Reagan

BY NICK TOSCHES

SHADOWS AND LIGHT Las Vegas was only one of the kingdoms that glittered under the unseen auspices of Sidney Korshak, the all-powerful.

This is the story of a boy, a dream, a law degree, and a gun. It has no beginning and no end, but opens in the American desert on an October day in 1961, with a car emerging as a shimmer in the sun. In the car is Sidney Korshak.

It happens to be the feast day of Saint Teresa, who tasted the great love of God with an open mouth, and Dion's "Runaround Sue" is rising fast on the charts. This serendipity serves as an orchestral stirring as distinct as any I might devise for this tale, which reveals itself only in luminous flashes. Imagine a tale


The possibilities
are endless.
Liz claiborne
. Claiborne, New York

never meant to be told. Imagine a shimmering web of complexities dissolving ultimately into darkness.

Hollywood was largely the invention of Eastern European Jewish immigrants and their sons. Twentieth-century organized crime in America was a primarily Jewish-Italian coalition that shared the sensibilities but lacked the ethnic purity of the true Sicilian Mafia. In America, *Unterwelt* and Mafia were one, and it was in organized crime that the myth of the great American melting pot became reality. Organized crime in America was democracy in action.

Louis B. Mayer and Meyer Lansky both came from White Russia to the land of dreams, and both were pioneers in the business of the new land, each in his own way. Harry Cohn and Mickey Cohen were born to Russian Jews in New York, and both went young to California. One became the fearsome head of Columbia Pictures, the other the fearsome renegade of Hollywood crime.

Though Hollywood was far more segregated than organized crime, not everyone in the movie racket was a Jew. Frank Capra, the director whose work most reflected and influenced the romance of the American Dream, was from Palermo. He and Lucky Luciano, a habitual moviegoer, were born in Sicily in the same year, 1897. One peddled escape through flickering fable, the other through dope and booze and broads.

It was the Eastern European diaspora in America, and the embrace of Jew and Italian, that brought about the marriage of shadowland and dreamland, first in Hollywood, then, as Howard M. Sachar writes in *A History of the Jews in America,* in that "new and even more garish pleasure-capital in the nearby Nevada desert" developed by "still another confraternity of Jews."

Sidney Korshak, the guy in the car that is the shimmer with which we began, was a son of that diaspora, and of that embrace. He spent most of his life at the shifting crossroads of shadowland and dreamland. He may have been the crossroads of it all.

Luciano was deported from America in 1946, the year of Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life,* the year of the opening in Las Vegas of Ben Siegel's Flamingo, a lone fluorescent cactus blossom on a desolate stretch of Highway 91 known as the Strip.

FLAMINGO GIRL
Cyd Charisse models terry-cloth shoelets in Las Vegas. The dancer and her husband, singer Tony Martin, were part of Korshak's inner circle.

"Sidney was a suit. Bee Korshak wanted to be Cyd Charisse. Cyd told me that."

Kay Kyser was in the air. The bandleader's "Ole Buttermilk Sky" was No. 1 as Bugsy readied the Flamingo that December. Lew Wasserman, who had started out with Kyser, was a big deal in Hollywood now.

So was Korshak. But he remembered that ole buttermilk sky.

By '61 the Strip had grown into the dreamed-of mecca of worldly delights, fast money and fast women, so alluringly revealed to the masses the previous year in the classic Rat Pack movie *Ocean's Eleven.* Beneath the Technicolor fantasy lay truth, forbidden and forbidding. Every joint had its bloodstained secrets, its hidden cabals of sub-rosa ownership and looting. Korshak knew them all.

"We stand today on the edge of a new frontier," John F. Kennedy had said accepting his party's nomination in 1960. The smile of that first made-for-TV president hung over this promised land, where the New Frontier was no vapid metaphor but an already decaying carpet joint. Soon that hollow jack-o'-lantern of a smile would be blown to hell, and Korshak would know something about that too.

His car moves fast on the three-lane northbound blacktop of the divided highway. Across the road, to the left, the Hacienda, the Strip's southernmost joint, can barely be glimpsed. The bigger places loom ahead. To Korshak, the growth of this place is so familiar that he has long since ceased looking at it, long since ceased regarding it as anything more than limited testimony to the subtleties of his own dexterity. For him it is merely there now and seems especially flat in daylight, when the demons sleep.

At night there are few whom the city cannot bring to awe. At dusk the big jagged petals of the Tropicana's monstrous tulip-shaped fountain light the sky with neon flashes of rose and aqua. The giant misbegotten fiberglass sultan astride the Dunes glows with arms akimbo. The reborn Flamingo, the Sands, the Desert Inn, come magically alive with lightning winks, serpentine undulations of pastel light. The ungodly expanse of neon, incandescent bulbs, Plexiglas, and sheet metal that is the façade of the Stardust, more than 200 feet across, will, as if by *fiat lux* of some Demiurge-in-Shades, become nothing less than its own dazzling, lurid galaxy. Beyond, the neon shrikes of the Thunderbird stir beneath the moon, and, south of the city limits, the Sahara tower looms ablaze. But Korshak is no longer enthralled.

His car pulls smoothly into the porte cochère of the Riviera, halting in the

liz claiborne

iz Claiborne, New York

canopied shade. Built Miami-style with Miami money, the hotel is the first Strip high-rise, nine stories of coral-colored concrete that went up six years before, in 1955, the year that James R. Hoffa, vice president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, consolidated scores of small pension funds in 22 states into the Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund. Under Hoffa, who is now the president of the Teamsters, the Fund has become the Mob's chest of gold in Vegas, with assets reckoned at a billion.

The Riviera, with its fleur-de-lis papered walls and Fontainebleau stylings, is packed with swarms of Hoffa's men, conspicuous amid the swagger of Ban-Lon and slender iridescent ties, of kid mohair and sharkskin cut in the beltless, narrow-lapelled look of cool known as "Continental." Hoffa's men are a subduing presence in drab suits, button-downs, go-to-church haircuts. Not the usual Teamster crowd—they are attorneys gathered for the 10th annual meeting of the Teamster lawyers conference. Few party girls mingle. Hoffa, 180 pounds of muscle packed into less than five and a half feet, frowns beneath his crew cut at those who are entrapped by the snares of lust. He has been known to stalk out of a joint at the drumroll of a striptease and is now convinced that the government is using women to fleece his men of the union's secrets.

Today, Hoffa occupies the Presidential Suite, the Riviera's best. But indicted the week before for the alleged abuse of Teamster funds, he is not happy. Though he has stated publicly that the indictment will not concern the conference, there is a certain ominous gravity in the air.

The Riviera, promoted as "*FUN* around the clock!," maintains its ambience of festivity—Juliet Prowse in the Versailles Room; the Vagabonds, the Personalities, the Tunesters in the Starlight Room. Yet the soul of Hoffa seeps through.

Everyone knows him. He has been on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* twice. His nemesis, Robert Kennedy, the punk attorney general, has described his power as second only to that of the president of the United States.

Practically no one, on the other hand, knows Korshak, who strides forth into the air-conditioned lobby of the Riviera on this hot autumn day. He is a tall man in his early 50s. The faces of some gain character with age, but his has not. Somewhat handsome in youth, he is big-eared and jowly now: a near-featureless head of wan clay. His ample snout, rather than distinguishing its unremarkable environs, seems simply the midden of further plainness.

He dresses well, in the manner of one who believes that in the big race it is ultimately the conservative who scores. The off-the-rack blues and blacks of the Teamster lawyers, these are not his taste: the fabric, weave, and texture of his socks are finer than those of the suits in which they'll bury these guys. He is beyond cool, distinguished, self-assured, but—like his name, an ethnic blur—essentially nondescript. Sidney Korshak sounds no high notes.

The F.B.I.'s Bill Roemer called Korshak "the most important contact that the Mob had to legitimate business, labor, Hollywood, and Las Vegas."

Nothing about the man is obvious. Yet within moments of his unexpected arrival, Hoffa is moved hurriedly to humbler quarters, and Korshak rises—with escorts—to the Presidential Suite. Hoffa, who understands the dynamics of it all, complies. Hoffa, who keeps a battery of 150 legal experts, including Edward Bennett Williams, is well aware that the man who has claimed his quarters is a lawyer of a different kind.

To Hoffa, there was nothing nondescript about Korshak, whose aura was his, his alone. With Korshak, Hoffa well knew, the flesh played second to the fable, fantasy, and formidable fact of the man.

As it was in Vegas, so it was in Hollywood. Dominick Dunne, who moved west in 1957, remembers first encountering Sidney Korshak several years later at the home of Paul Ziffren, the entertainment lawyer and former assistant U.S. attorney who was once considered to be the most important force in the California Democratic Party. The Ziffrens, Dunne told me, "had this fantastic beach house, and they used to give these Sunday-night parties, and this one was, I think, being given for the writer Romain Gary, who was the French consul in L.A., and his wife, Jean Seberg—the actress, you know, who later had that terrible death." (She committed suicide after years of F.B.I. harassment and the failure of her career.) "Sidney was there, and I remember Natalie Wood was there. I mean, it was a jazzy Sunday-night group."

Dunne, who enjoyed taking social snapshots, was well known for bringing his Rollei camera to parties. "Not knowing that the man was never photographed," Dunne casually snapped a picture of Korshak that night from across the room. "I could hear this collective gasp. I didn't know what I had done, and then someone said, 'Don't take a picture of Sidney!'

"He was a presence in a room," Dunne said. There were those whisperings about him. "Vegas. . . . Mafia. It always seemed kind of unreal to me. It just sort of added to the glamour of it. . . . There's always that wonderful feeling of"—and here Dunne himself whispered—"knowing someone in the underworld. Especially in Hollywood.

"For some reason, which I never understood, he was always nice to me." Dunne found himself invited to the Korshak home, at 10624 Chalon Road, in Bel Air, where Sidney and his wife, Bernice, usually called Bee, hosted an exclusive party every Christmas Eve. The Korshaks lived in luxury fabulous even by Bel Air standards. Chagalls and Renoirs adorned their walls. Their wine cellar was considered one of the finest in Los Angeles. But the compound was also a stronghold with a secret walk-in vault and a sophisticated and elaborate security system.

"That was the first house I ever went to in my life where there was a guard with a gun at the door," Dunne said. "It gave me the creeps, if you want to know the truth. . . . I went to visit Phyllis McGuire once in Las Vegas—incredible woman. A guy with a machine gun answered her door. But it was at Sidney's that I saw that first."

Dunne said that Sidney and Bee Korshak had "a terrific marriage. I mean, who knows? It had the look of a terrific marriage." A friend of Bee's saw a union that was not so terrific. Sidney, said the friend, was "just a bastard" who asked

CHAOS
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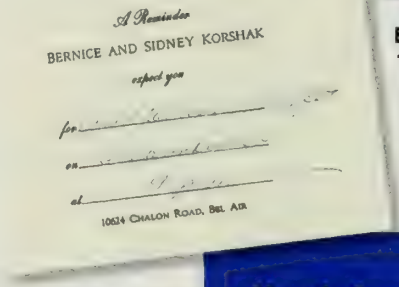
his mistresses to family parties. The friend interpreted this as proof that Korshak was not "owned by the Mob." A perceptive and informed observation, but one that also brings up the possibility that Korshak, as many suspected, was not among the owned, but the owners—a man above the rules of decorum.

In the land of dreams, Sidney Korshak was a shadow among shadows, a wisp of smoke curling around the brighter lights. What the Eisners, Ovitzes, and Geffens are to all that glitters now, Sidney Korshak was to all that was dark. His legend beguiled the legendary. His was the hidden mystery at the heart of the furnace of illusion and delusion. To some, he was evil incarnate; to others, the nicest guy in the world.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There were no unimportant, or uninvited, guests at 10624 Chalon Road, where Bee Korshak reigned among Renoirs.

He was a lawyer, yes, a serpent of the bar, and in many respects he may be regarded as an exemplar of the species at its most evolved, but that is too convenient a label by which to define or dismiss him, for his domain lay beyond the imaginings of most members of his profession. But how vast and forbidding was his domain? In truth, then, just who, or what, was Sidney Korshak?

When he died, on January 20, 1996, at his home in Beverly Hills, the truth remained largely unknown. SIDNEY KORSHAK, 88, DIES; FABLED FIXER FOR THE CHICAGO MOB. Thus the headline of his *New York Times* obituary. And thus the *Times* of Los Angeles: SIDNEY KORSHAK, ALLEGED MAFIA LIAISON TO HOLLYWOOD, DIES AT 88. As far as underworld figures go, as far as Hollywood potentates go, even as far as lawyers go, the name of Sidney Korshak meant little to the masses. But in the inner sanctums of the underworld, Hollywood, and the law, among those whose celebrated eyes and ears the masses know and revere, the name meant much. It invoked the myth and mystery of the man believed to have represented Mafia law west of Chicago, the man believed to have controlled the inner workings of Hollywood, Las Vegas, and God only knows what else.

Bill Roemer considered Korshak to have been nothing less than "the most important contact that the Mob had to legitimate business, labor, Hollywood, and Las Vegas." Roemer was 24, a college boxing champion and Marine who joined the F.B.I., which under J. Edgar Hoover officially denied the existence of organized crime in America. In the fall of 1957, when the New York state police busted a conclave of 70 Mob leaders who had converged for a national conference at the country home of the Sicilian-born president of the Canada Dry Bottling Company, the ensuing headlines rendered Hoover's position untenable. Thirteen days later, a directive from Hoover declared war against the gangsters. Bill Roemer, assigned to organized-crime investigations in Chicago, planted the first bug in F.B.I. history—in Celano's Custom Tailors, at 620 North Michigan Avenue, the downtown headquarters of the Chicago Mob.

Korshak was "probably the most important man socially out here. If you're not invited to his Christmas party, it's a disaster."

Roemer, who did not smoke, died of lung cancer last June, never revealing to friends that the end was near. When I reached him at his home in Tucson, he explained that he had the strength to talk only in the mornings, but he wanted to help me. In several conversations, he told me kindly and lucidly what he knew of Sidney Korshak.

Roemer remembered the exact date the bug was planted: July 29, 1959. "Jimmy Celano had a private office in which he had a bar and a sofa and a desk and a couple of easy chairs and a safe and so forth. This was the meeting place, mornings and afternoons, of the Chicago Mob."

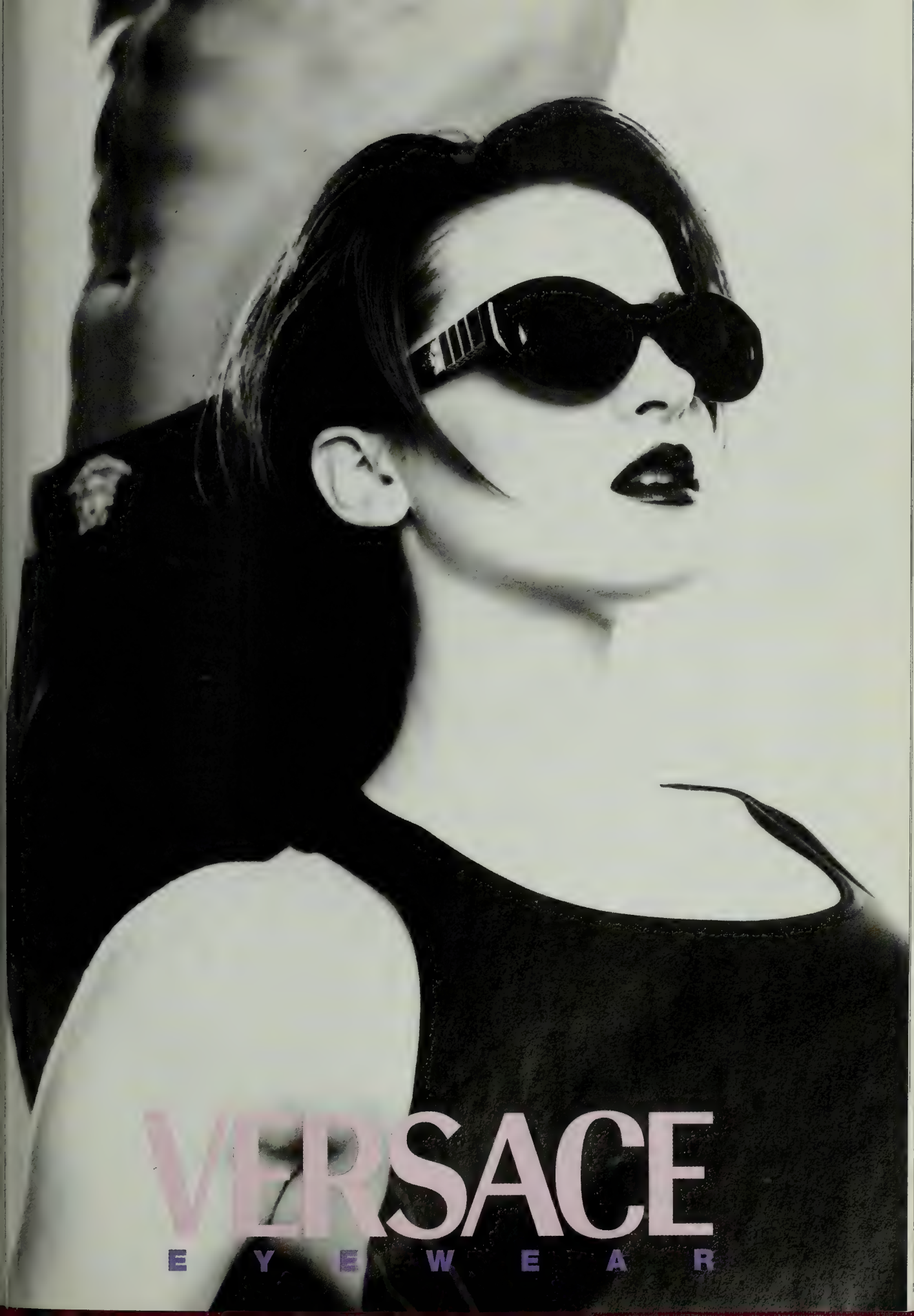
The device that Roemer and his men installed "was an old World War II–vintage microphone. Today they have microphones the size of your fingernail that don't have to be wired. This one was the size of a pineapple, and it was hard to conceal. We put it behind the radiator, then had to wire it out of the building to a place where we could monitor, five miles away, at our office." (The thought of five miles of covert wire gave me pause. A source explained, "We used the telephone lines. In other words, we wired it down to the mainframe, and the telephone company cooperated.")

I asked Roemer if he had been scared going in. "Yeah. There was anxiety. We heard and we suspected there was a guard inside with a shotgun, and if he heard us he had every right, legally, to shoot us as we came in."

The pineapple, nicknamed Little Al, worked for nearly six years, including the summer of 1965. Through it, the voices of Chicago's shadowland potentates—Tony Accardo, Gus Alex, Murray Humphreys, Sam Giancana—helped to reveal for Roemer and the F.B.I. the inner workings of their familial enterprises, a world at whose center lurked the presence of Sidney Korshak.

But Korshak's voice was not among those heard. "I think he was smart enough to know that sooner or later Celano's was going to be identified as the Mob headquarters," Roemer said. "I don't think he wanted to be seen there, and I don't think he wanted them seen at his law office at 134 North LaSalle. I think they met surreptitiously."

There were, however, veiled references to Korshak, as well as equally cryptic telephone messages left at his office by callers from Celano's. Roemer


VERSACE
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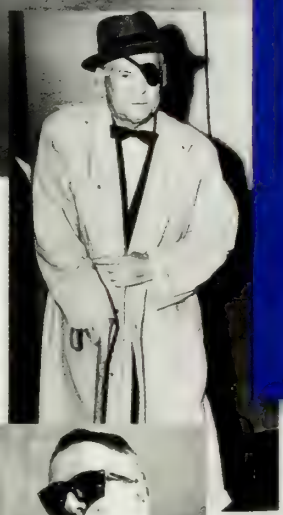
mentioned a code name, Mr. Lincoln, but was unsure as to whether it referred to Korshak or one of the callers—a man named Murray Humphreys. Known as the Camel, more often as the Hump, this British-born hood, who died in 1965, was regarded as an elder statesman of the Chicago Mob's ruling elite. "I remember him [Humphreys] calling Korshak's office and asking for Mr. Lincoln. Or no—excuse me—he told Korshak's secretary that it was Mr. Lincoln who was calling."



LEADING LIGHTS Capone emissaries Murray Humphreys (*right*) and Gus Alex (*below*, right) could chill hot spots on Chicago's jazzy Rush Street, pictured above.

There was an F.B.I. control file kept on Korshak: No. 92-789. The prefix, 92, Roemer explained, designated racketeering; the number 789 was an identifying number assigned sequentially. "In other words, after we established the Chicago program in 1957, Korshak was the 789th file that we opened under that program. Sam Giancana, for instance, was 92-349."

But "to my knowledge," Roemer said, "we never went out and conducted any real investigation on Korshak." The reason was that "we just never investigated lawyers in those days." The bureau, of course, was itself made up predominantly of lawyers.

Korshak was already bigger than Chicago by the time Little Al was installed. Though he kept a place at 2970 Lake Shore Drive and his office at 134 North LaSalle Street, by 1959 he also maintained residences in Las Vegas, at the Essex House hotel in New York, and in Los Angeles, where there was a permanent suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. There was also a summer home in Paris and a villa at the Ocotillo Lodge in Palm Springs. A house in Van Nuys, California, was held in the name of his wife. The Bel Air home became his in the spring of 1960.

Gussie Alex, "one of the wiliest and slickest crooks" in Chicago, was a "ruthless, vicious killer" with a long history of mental breakdowns.

In 1958, Bill Roemer was sent by the Senate rackets committee to serve a subpoena on the Chicago gangster Gus Alex, an associate of Korshak's then in hiding. On July 14, 1958, Roemer called on Korshak, whom he found to be "a refined, finesse-type guy" who "dressed very, very well" and "had himself under control." Korshak patiently told Roemer that, although he knew Gussie, it was only because their wives were friends. Roemer suggested that, if this were true, perhaps he should be talking to Korshak's wife, Bernice.

"You leave my wife out of this," Korshak said.

Roemer calmly told him that if Mr. Alex could be found in the next few days, there would be no need to bother Bernice.

When nothing happened, Roemer telephoned Korshak: "Well, Mr. Roemer," the lawyer began, "I guess you will have to talk to Bernice then. I'll tell you where you can reach her this evening. She will be at the Mocambo on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles having dinner with Peter Lawford and his wife."

As Roemer knew, Lawford's wife was Patricia Kennedy, one of Jack and Bobby Kennedy's sisters. Jack was a member of the rackets committee, Bobby was its chief counsel.

Roemer called the bureau in Washington and told his supervisor where and with whom Bernice Korshak could be found that evening.

"Are you kidding, Roemer? They wouldn't touch that with a 10-foot pole."

Although Korshak moved secretly in the world of shadows, he moved openly in the world of dreams. He was "probably the most important man socially out here," gushed Hollywood columnist Joyce Haber. "If you're not invited to his Christmas party, it's a disaster."

His magic proved as potent in Los Angeles as in Chicago. Producer Robert Evans was a regular at Korshak's parties. Nick Dunne said that "Bob wasn't such an asshole in those days." He "was hot stuff, and Sidney adored him, absolutely adored him."

When Charles Bluhdorn, the Austrian immigrant who transformed a small Michigan auto-bumper business into Gulf & Western, took over Paramount Pictures in 1966 and brought in Evans to run it for him, both were outsiders, mavericks. As a woman who wishes to be indentified only as a "Beverly Hills socialite and wife of a retired movie mogul" told me, Bluhdorn "bought Paramount to get laid. It was that simple." Bluhdorn and Evans hit it big in 1970 with a piece of schmaltz called *Love Story*. By then Bluhdorn was involved with the infamous Sicilian financier Michele Sindona, who would die in prison under mysterious circumstances. (Bluhdorn's own death, during an international flight in 1983, would be regarded by many as mysterious as well.) Korshak was no stranger to Bluhdorn. Evans brought them together in the days before *Love Story*.

Without Korshak, *The Godfather*, the crowning glory of the Bluhdorn-Evans reign at Paramount, would not have been what it was. Neither Francis Coppola, the film's director, nor its star, Marlon Brando, could envision the picture without Al Pacino as Michael Corleone. But Pacino was bound

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by contract to do another movie at MGM, whose top brass refused to release him. Coincidentally, problems threatened the construction of the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. Korshak agreed to intercede on behalf of Paramount. Within 20 minutes, Pacino was free and MGM looked forward to a brighter tomorrow. Evans has described Korshak as "my *consigliere,*" as "my godfather."

Indeed, it has long been believed that the character of the *consigliere* played by Robert Duvall in *The Godfather*—the lawyer who had that horse's head put in the producer's bed—was based on Korshak.

I asked Mario Puzo, who wrote the original novel, about this. He said that when he wrote *The Godfather,* "I had never heard of Sidney Korshak." Like so much else in the novel and the movie, it was a fanciful and romantic figment that the imagination of America accepted as fact. "The word 'godfather' had never been used in a Mafia sense," Puzo said. But after the book and the movie, "they even started calling themselves godfathers." Puzo laughed his friendly laugh. "It's a fairy tale."

The author did, however, eventually come to know who Korshak was. "It was obvious," he said, "that he was the lawyer for the guys in Chicago."

KORSHAK'S STAR POWERS ***From above,*** **a friend said Sidney and Lew Wasserman (MCA's monarch, seen with Alfred Hitchcock) "were two of a kind." Their cohorts included billionaire Kirk Kerkorian, seen in 1969; producer Robert Evans (with Ali MacGraw), who called Korshak "my *consigliere*"; and Charles Bluhdorn, Evans's lamented Paramount boss.**

"Korshak negotiated more as the lawyer and Wasserman negotiated as the party to the negotiations. If Lew didn't get it done, Sidney would get called in."

In the fairy tale, things are simple, clear, and vivid: the horse's bloody head is placed beneath the silken sheet without waking the producer. We do not question this—and that is that. In the real and far more incredible world of Sidney Korshak and his associates, things are more complex. Every move, every moment, is a nexus of further intricacies, each ultimately unraveling—infinitely, it seems—into darkness.

Korshak strides across the lobby of the Riviera on a hot autumn day and Jimmy Hoffa steps silently aside. Korshak picks up a telephone years later and *The Godfather*'s problems are solved. Simple enough, until one wonders how and why.

The Riviera was clandestinely controlled by a consortium. Moe Dalitz represented the Cleveland-based, predominantly Italian Mayfield Road Gang and its predominantly Jewish counterpart, the Cleveland Syndicate. (Dalitz, who once listed his religion as "preferably Jewish," was a founding member of the latter.) Meyer Lansky spoke for himself and his New York associates. The guys from Chicago spoke for themselves and their friends at home. The union of this triumvirate, not only at the Riviera but also at the Stardust and Desert Inn, was established on January 5, 1961, when Dalitz met in Chicago with two of that town's criminal lords, Tony Accardo and Sam Giancana.

Before hitting Cleveland, Dalitz—born in Boston on Christmas Eve 1899—had been a member of Detroit's Purple Gang. It was in Detroit that he came to know a young German-Irish kid named Jimmy Hoffa, who had moved there from Indiana with his widowed mother in 1925. Hoffa became president of Detroit Local 299, and in 1936 married a Polish girl. But despite his later puritanical leanings, Hoffa had a mistress named Sylvia Pagano. She brought him together with Dalitz, who gave him his first payoff. He was introduced by Paul "Red" Dorfman, a former Al Capone associate, to the guys in Chicago who eventually helped him gain the presidency of the Teamsters. The Teamster pension fund headquartered in Chicago was by the time of Hoffa's rise "managed" by Dorfman. Lucrative contracts for the union's insurance went to an agency set up by the Dorfman family, an agency in which Sidney Korshak was a key stockholder.

The hundreds of millions lent by the Fund to Vegas casinos and other Mob enterprises were arranged largely by Korshak, who collected a generous fee for every deal made. When Korshak entered the Riviera that day, it was not just as one of the forces who ruled it. He was also a representative of those who ruled Hoffa and the Fund. In a manner of speaking, he owned not only the joint, he owned Hoffa too.

As for the call that straightened out both MGM and *The Godfather:* Korshak's friend Kirk Kerkorian, the former used-car salesman who had taken over MGM, has been involved in Vegas since the days of Bugsy Siegel. The land on which Kerkorian erected the MGM Grand was purchased from Moe Dalitz. When Kerkorian sold his Vegas interests, it would be to the Hilton organization, whose executive vice president of the casino-hotel division had ties to Lansky, Dalitz, and Red Dorfman's stepson, Allen. The Hilton was one of the many corporations from

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which Korshak drew consultancy retainers.

The financing and building of the Grand involved a complicated real-estate and film-leasing deal between Kerkorian of MGM, Bluhdorn of Gulf & Western, and Lew Wasserman, by now the head of MCA. The deal would be mediated, in the fall of 1973, by their mutual friend Sidney Korshak. Wasserman's rise had brought him in contact with the underworlds of both Cleveland and Chicago; MCA's ascendance in Hollywood in the late 30s was simultaneous with the Chicago Mob's infiltration, through union control, of the movie business, and with Sidney Korshak's own move to the Coast. Wasserman was perhaps the most powerful and revered figure in Hollywood, and Sidney Korshak was perhaps his closest friend.

CLIENTELE

Korshak represented Ben "Bugsy" Siegel, seen here in 1940 being questioned in connection with a murder, and to Ben's boss, Meyer Lansky (*bottom,* left)—superpower of shadowland—Korshak was hardly unknown.

Korshak said, "You know that bullshit about Ben Siegel being killed because he spent too much? Absolute fiction."

In the life of Sidney Korshak, these are mere moments, which offer a glimpse into the specter, shadow, and power of him. They are illuminating glimmers on a gossamer web of remarkable complexities, a pattern of associations which dissolve ultimately into darkness. From Gulf & Western to Hilton and Hyatt, Max Factor to Schenley, the Los Angeles Dodgers to the San Diego Chargers, Diners' Club to the Madison Square Garden Corporation, Korshak represented more than a hundred corporate clients, whose affairs he sometimes spun inextricably and often imperceptibly with those of clients who dwelled in less public venues. One thing is clear: all roads lead back to the city of Chicago, where the web had originated.

Harry Korshak—a Jewish immigrant from Kiev, Russia—came to the West Side of Chicago late in the last century. There he married Rebecca Lashkovitz, also an immigrant, from Odessa. They had three sons. The eldest, Theodore, born in 1903, would not be publicly acknowledged in later years by his younger brothers, Sidney and Marshall. Ted's first known arrest, for disorderly conduct, came in 1925. Under his rightful name and various aliases—Fred Korshak, Phillip Korshak, Phil Cohen, the list goes on—his rap sheet, mostly for narcotics violations, stretched over the next 30 years. Most of these run-ins ended with discharges. In January 1950, following a narcotics bust by a lieutenant of the Illinois state attorney's office, he was sentenced to a year in the House of Correction. The last mention of him, in a Chicago Crime Commission memorandum of September 1955, states that Ted Korshak was believed to be living, off and on, at the Park Shore Hotel, 1765 East 55th Street. He was "alleged to be a narcotic addict and somewhat of a confidence man. When necessary, he got his daily bread from either his two brothers or his mother." Ted died in Chicago in September 1971.

Sidney Roy Korshak was born on June 6, 1907. He attended Marshall High School, where he enjoyed something of a reputation as a basketball player, and the University of Wisconsin, where, like Bill Roemer at Notre Dame, he was a collegiate boxing champion. He graduated in 1930 from the law school of DePaul University in Chicago and followed in the footsteps of his Uncle Max, who had served as assistant corporation counsel for Chicago from 1911 to 1915. Sidney's own career as a city lawyer, however, did not last long.

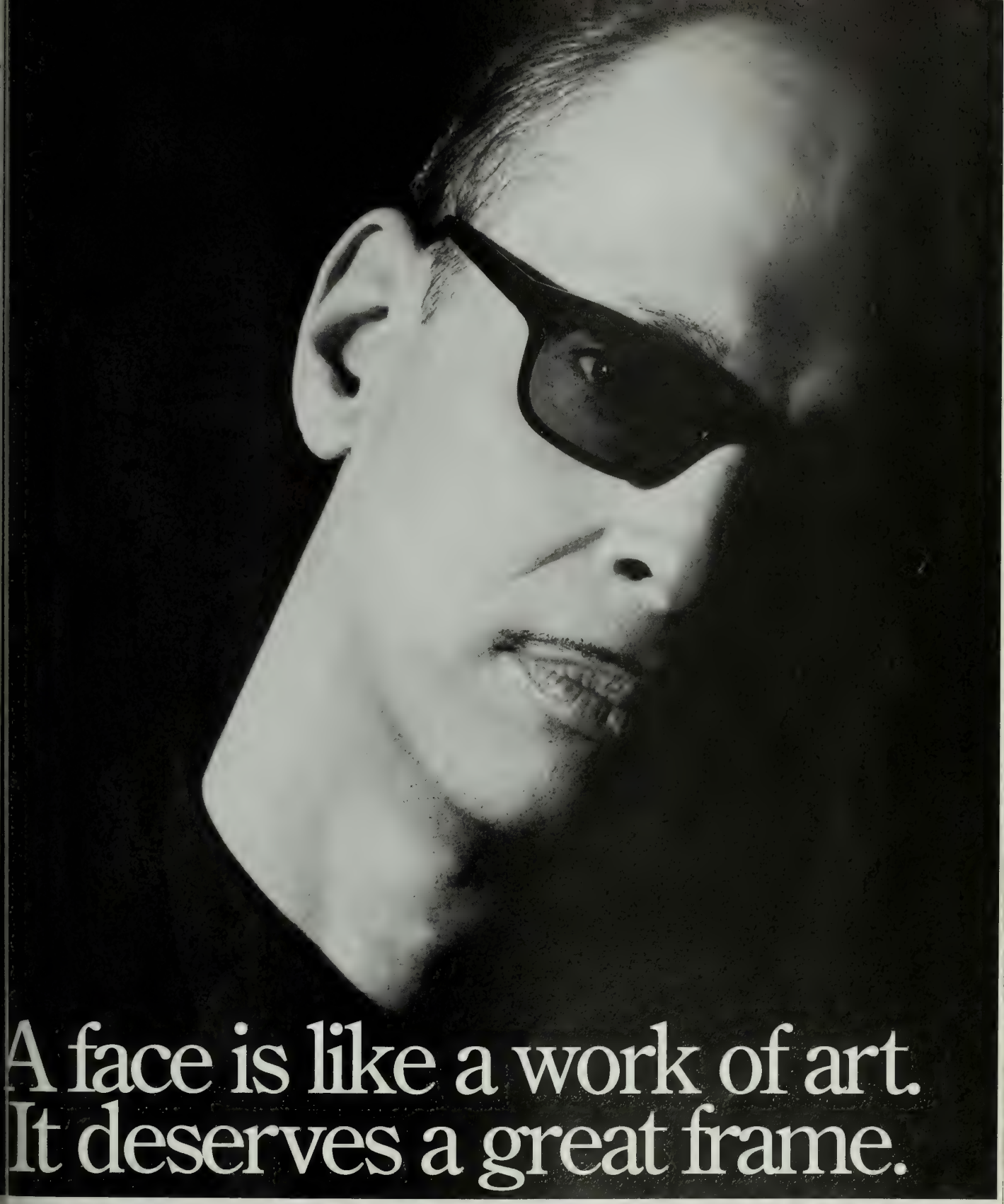
Our first public glimpse of Sidney Korshak, in May of 1931, is in a report of his arrest, with his brother Ted, following an early-morning brawl at a nightclub called the Show Boat, at Clark and Lake Streets in the Loop. According to one report, "Police who searched the brothers later at the detective bureau said they found a gun in Sidney's pocket." Booked on charges of carrying a concealed weapon and disorderly conduct, he was released, pending arraignment, on a bond of $2,400. Ted, previously scheduled to appear in felony court two days later on a charge of larceny, was released without bond. At Sidney's arraignment, charges were dropped.

The earliest documentation of Korshak's private practice appeared soon after his arrest: in two handwritten court reports, from September and October 1931, S. R. Korshak is listed as the defense counsel at the bench trial of a pair of young hoods charged in the matter of a stolen Chrysler. Korshak lost the case.

The Hollywood columnist James Bacon worked for the Associated Press in Chicago in the 1940s. During this era a crusading judge had started the practice of using vagrancy arrests to harass wealthy gangsters. "That's when I first became aware of Korshak," Bacon said. "They would arrest these guys on vagrancy. They might have 20 grand on them, but they would be arrested for vagrancy. Sidney was always the lawyer down there defending them. I remember there was one guy, Sam 'Golf Bag' Hunt, who always carried a machine gun in a golf bag instead of a violin case."

Bacon, who would also know Korshak in his golden days in Los Angeles, said he was "very charming and soft-spoken," a "very pleasant" man, "a very likable guy." He certainly did not *seem* like a Mob figure. "If you'd known him, you'd have liked him," Bacon told me. "He was that kind of guy."

James Bacon figures that it was Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik who brought Korshak into the fold of the Mob. This echoes what Bill Roemer told me, that it was Guzik "who developed Korshak." Guzik, Roemer said, was "the original



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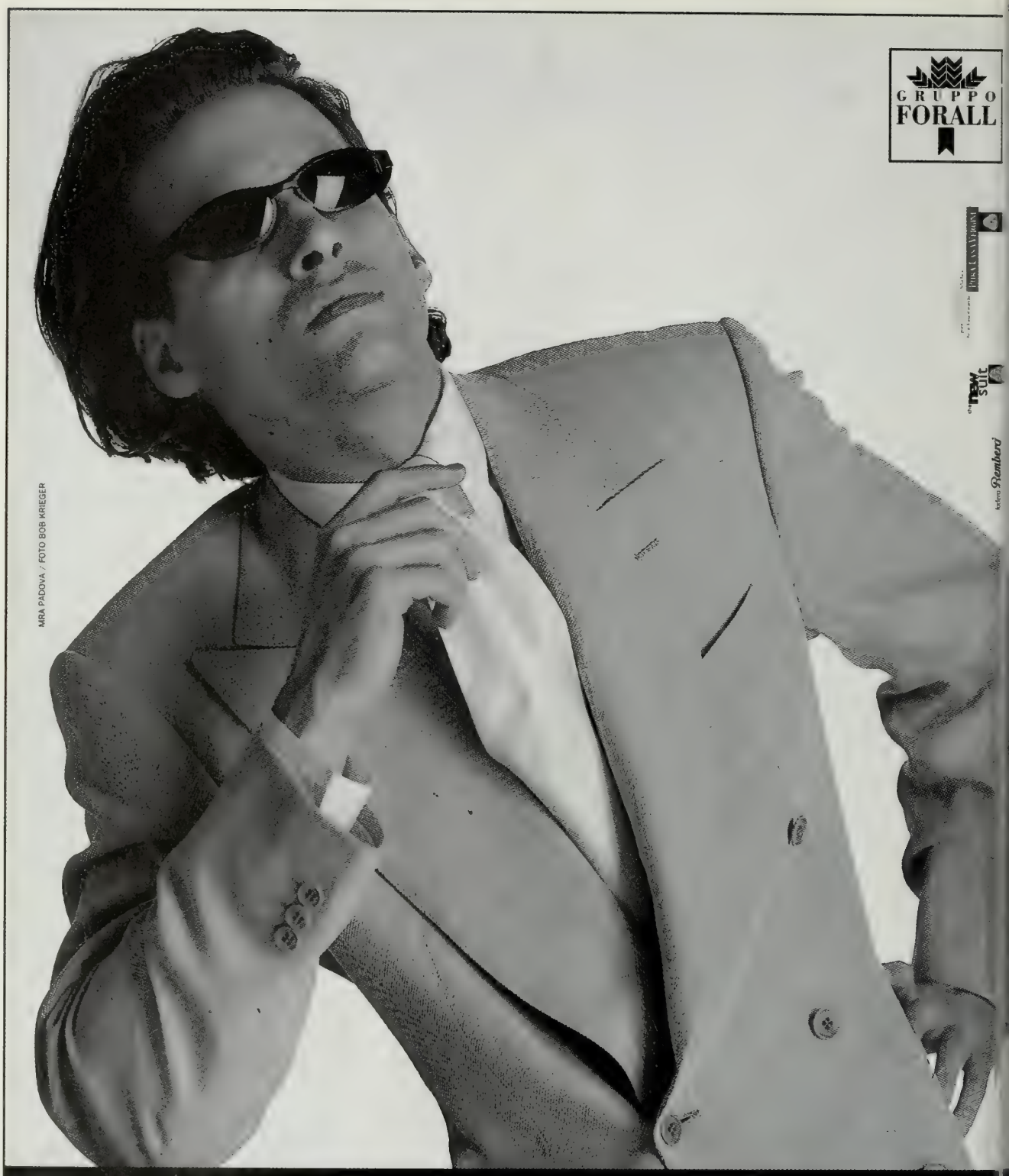

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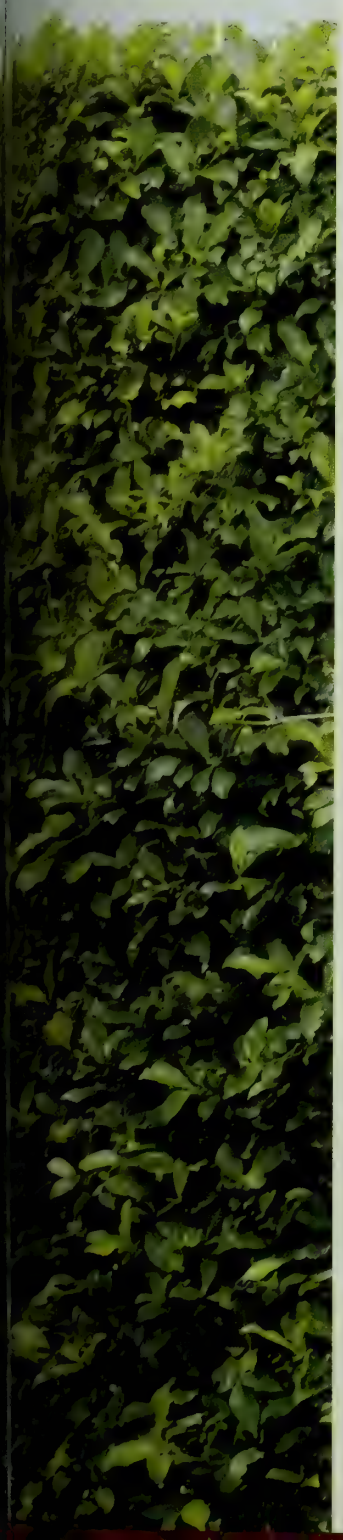

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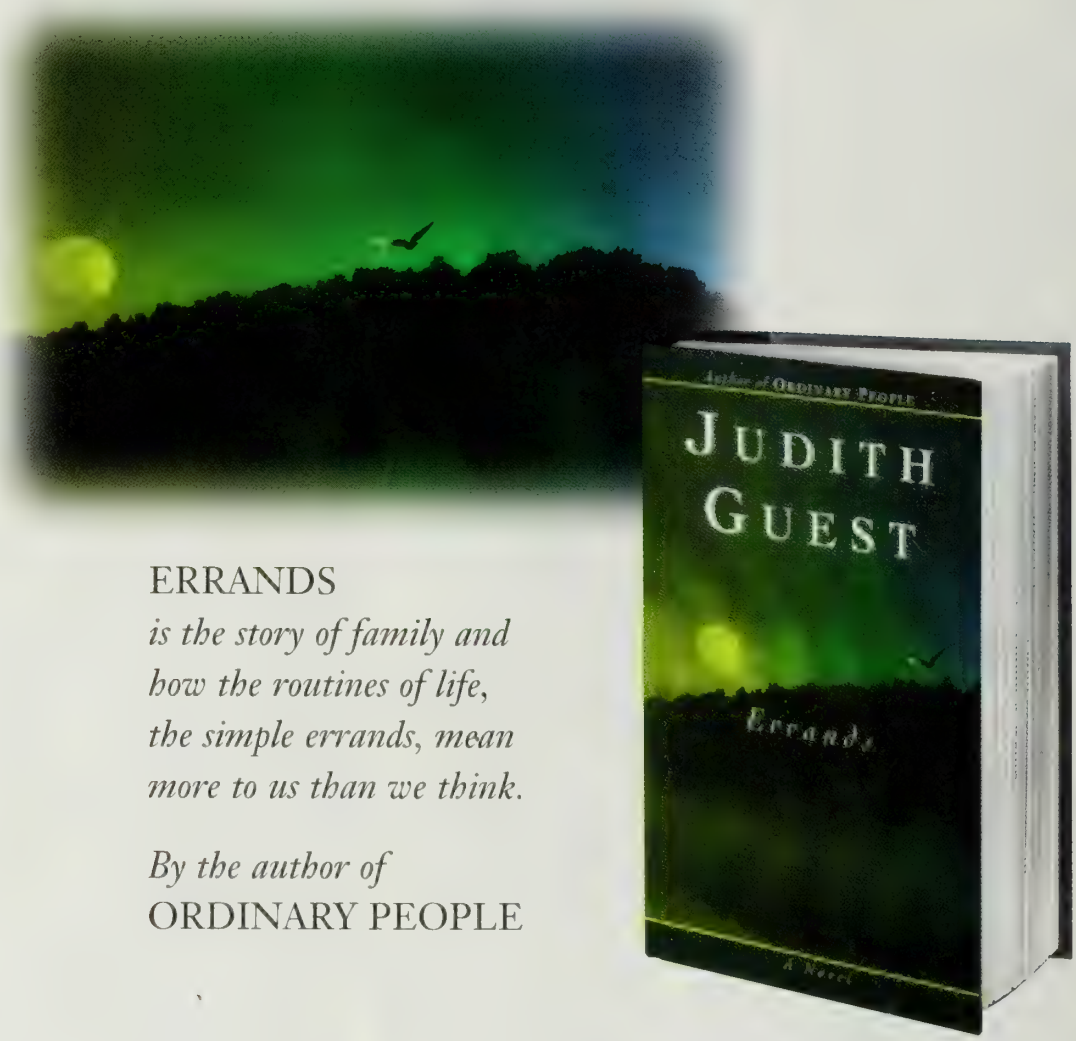

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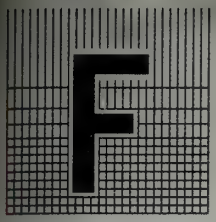

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leader of the connection guys. We called them the corruption squad. They called themselves the connection guys." They were the ties between those in the shadows and those in the light.

Guzik's deadly protégé, Gussie Alex, would later assume his mentor's role as the Mob's connection man. Alex, born in 1916 and now imprisoned, has been described as "the political fixer and power behind First Ward politicians" and as a "ruthless, vicious killer" whom Chicago police acknowledged as "one of the wiliest and slickest crooks" in the city.

In 1956, when Guzik died, Alex—according to Roemer—"took over the responsibility for Korshak in the Mob." Roemer said that after Humphreys died in 1965 Alex became the top connection guy "right into the 90s, until he was convicted and went away to prison." (Alex, now 80, a man with a long history of mental breakdowns, is scheduled to be released in the spring of 2006.)

When Alex applied to rent an apartment on exclusive Lake Shore Drive, in 1957, he submitted a letter from Korshak, who recommended Alex as a man of "excellent financial responsibility" who he was sure would be an "excellent tenant."

A confidential report found in the files of the Chicago Crime Commission states that "documents relating to Marshall Korshak [the third Korshak brother] and Gus Alex were first discovered by John McShane of the Senate Rackets Committee and that Bob Kennedy was fully briefed on the contents." However, "it had been Kennedy's policy throughout the hearings to shy away from matters concerning possible political corruption."

Jerry Gladden, the chief investigator for the Chicago Crime Commission, had been a sergeant in the intelligence unit of the Chicago police department. Shortly before his retirement last fall, he told me that Bobby Kennedy's policy was Chicago's policy. "We didn't look at any political guys if we wanted to stay in the unit."

In Guzik's era, Gladden said, "everybody made money and nobody went to jail. In those days, it cost Guzik a hundred dollars to walk through the Loop. He made no bones about it. There were certain cops who used to walk the Loop, Michigan Avenue, Main Street, looking for him. . . . Bondsmen, to pay back favors, had parties once a month, and they had all the girls there, and the booze and what have you, and their favorite judges and lawyers and policemen would be at these things. Everything was for sale. They were selling murders for 10 grand."

RIV-ING IT UP
From top, **Jimmy Hoffa, right, at the debut of Caesars Palace in 1966; Moe Dalitz, left, repped Cleveland's Mayfield Road Gang and the Cleveland Syndicate in the consortium that controlled the Riviera, the high-rise which brought the "Miami Modern" look to Las Vegas in 1955.**

In a manner of speaking, Sidney Korshak owned not only the Riviera, he owned Jimmy Hoffa too.

Korshak's parties in these years were much remembered. A former Chicago judge has been quoted as saying, "Sidney always had contact with high-class girls. Not your fifty-dollar girl, but girls costing two hundred and fifty dollars or more."

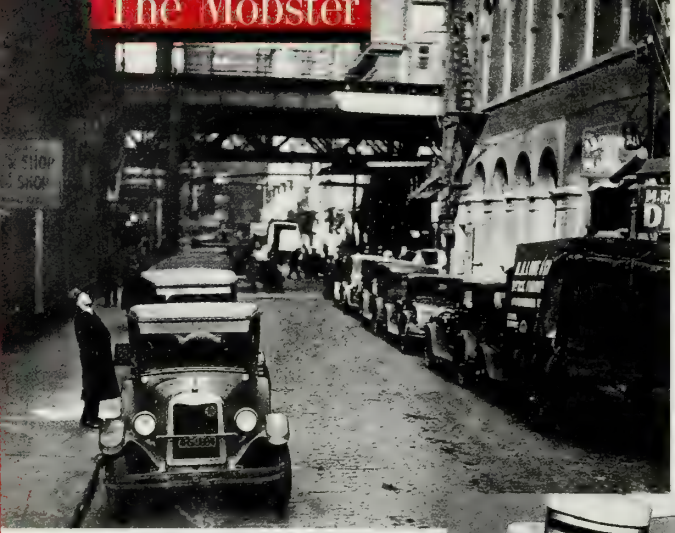
Capone was 21 when he arrived in Chicago from Brooklyn in early 1921, brought to town by his boyhood idol, Johnny Torrio, a former Brooklyn gang leader who had been imported in 1909 by Big Jim Colosimo, the profligate vice lord of the South Side badlands. Colosimo's partner in crime was his wife, a slovenly madam named Victoria Moresco. According to Richard Lindberg, the author of *Chicago by Gaslight,* Jake Guzik and his brother Harry were already working for Colosimo as pimps and brothel keepers by 1910, the year that the lavish Colosimo's Café opened on South Wabash.

Colosimo was murdered in the spring of 1920 at the age of 43, following his divorce from Victoria and remarriage to one of his café singers.

Torrio took control of Chicago through 1925, when, following an attempt on his life and a stretch in jail, he "retired" to New York, where he became the éminence grise, elder statesman, and adviser to a group of younger men that included Frank Costello, Lucky Luciano, and Meyer Lansky. Capone held Chicago from 1925 to 1931, when he was indicted, tried, and imprisoned for income-tax evasion. Through those years, Jake Guzik was his closest ally.

Short and pudgy with sunken, bulging eyes, Guzik was violent neither in word nor in deed. Irving Cutler, the author of *The Jews of Chicago,* told me of Guzik's storming into the office of the *Jewish Daily Forward* one day, raising hell about a piece implying that he was a gangster. The editor asked why Guzik was angry with the *Forward* when the *Chicago Tribune* printed far worse about him far more often. "Because my mother reads *your* paper," he bellowed. Later, in 1928, when his mother died, Guzik, pulling up in a black limousine to the Orthodox synagogue at 30th and Wabash, paid the rabbi $500 to ensure that her soul would not be swindled out of a full 30 days of *Kaddish.*

Joe Kraus of the Chicago Jewish Historical Society believes that it was Guzik who brought in Sidney Korshak. But he also refers to the Korshak fami-



GOOD NEIGHBORS
Korshak learned moxie from LaSalle Street's brassiest knuckles—some say he was a driver for Al Capone (*right*, 1928); he was a protégé of Jake Guzik's (*below*, with his brother Sam in court, 1930). "Greasy Thumb" Guzik probably brought Korshak into the fold.

ly's political connections: Sidney's uncle Max M. Korshak, whom Sidney used as a reference in his application for membership in the Chicago Bar Association, was a master in chancery of circuit court, and a cousin, Don Korshak, was an assistant state's attorney. In a city where crime and politics were so inextricably entwined, it may have been through family that young Sidney entered the shadows. Perhaps the decisive connection was that of neighborhood, that of Magen David.

By the time of Capone's reign, Guzik lived comfortably in a respectable suburb. But he had grown up, according to Richard Lindberg, "in a Jewish neighborhood right along Roosevelt Road, just a little bit west of Maxwell Street. This encompasses an area of Chicago called Douglas Park. It was an extension of the original ghetto on Maxwell Street that was inhabited by a number of Eastern European Jews coming over in the 1880's and the 1890's."

This part of the West Side, known both as Douglas Park and Lawndale, was also where the Korshak family settled and lived. Evidence suggests that Sidney's father and Uncle Max were in Chicago in the 1880s, and Max, born in 1884, may have been an American by birth. In any case, they were there before Guzik and were roughly Guzik's age. They may have started out in the original Maxwell Street ghetto, and, as they prospered—Harry in the construction business, Max as a lawyer—moved to better quarters. The Korshak home, where Sidney and his brothers grew up, was at 3112 Douglas Park Boulevard, in a preferred part of the neighborhood.

When his mother died, Guzik pulled up at the synagogue in a black limo and paid the rabbi $500 to ensure that her soul would not be swindled.

Cicero, Capone's headquarters, lay just west of Lawndale, and it has been rumored that, as a student, the young Sidney Korshak worked occasionally as Capone's chauffeur. But it is unlikely that the two ever met. Capone was sentenced to 11 years on October 24, 1931, five days after Korshak's first known clients were sentenced. Though Frank Nitti became the figurehead of the Chicago Mob when Capone went away, the true powers were Tony Accardo, Paul Ricca, Capone's cousin Charlie Fischetti, and Guzik. These were the men who controlled Chicago for the next 20 years, and Sidney Korshak knew and worked with them all.

In those days, Korshak cut quite a figure. Tall and lean, he had deep hazel-brown eyes and black hair, groomed straight back in a lone full wave. Except for the telltale reminders of work beneath his eyes, he looked more a society playboy than an immigrant's young attorney son.

It was with a splash of glamour that Chicago at large came to know him. Following New York's precedent, breach-of-promise suits involving broken betrothals were outlawed in Illinois in June of 1935. On the morning of June 29, a rush of seven such suits were filed before the ban went into effect. One was brought by the stage and film starlet Dorothy Appleby against the Chicago furniture heir Sidney M. Spiegel Jr.

Appleby, 29, was described in a *New York Review* profile of 1930 as "one of our most prominent flappers." In 1925 she had appeared to be married to Teddy Weinstein, a Broadway character who also went by the name of Teddy Hayes and who told people that he was Jack Dempsey's trainer. He revealed their marriage as a sham during his courtship of Ruby Keeler (before her marriage to Al Jolson). In 1931, in what the New York *Daily Mirror* called "a romantic tantrum," Appleby married Morgan Galloway, a Kentuckian. A week later, she attempted suicide in the lake in Central Park.

Three years after their 1932 divorce, she met Spiegel, who she said won her heart in a whirlwind Hollywood courtship. In her Chicago suit against him, which she entered fresh from a Maine drunken-driving bust, she sought a quarter of a million, claiming that he had promised to marry her aboard the *Île de France*. The suit was filed for her by Philip R. Davis, for whose law firm, at 188 West Randolph Street, Sidney Korshak then worked.

The suit, handled by Korshak, was settled out of court in September. Spiegel's attorney maintained that the would-be bride netted under a grand, but the coverage that came with it was priceless for the actress. Korshak also parlayed that publicity into local celebrity.

DOROTHY TO WED HER LAWYER, proclaimed a Chicago headline of September 19, 1935. The story that followed

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mentioned what was likely Korshak's first trip to Los Angeles: "Korshak was on his way home yesterday with Miss Appleby's promise after visiting her in Hollywood." Beneath a photo of Korshak, dapper and somewhat louche, was the italicized phrase *Wins Client's Hand.* It was reported that "Miss Appleby, playing in Jean Harlow's new picture, confirmed the engagement."

The Harlow movie, *Riffraff,* was not notable. But the year of Korshak's visit to Hollywood was. Harlow was the lover of Abner "Longie" Zwillman, an East Coast gangster tied to both Moe Dalitz and the Chicago outfit. In Hollywood, the man who kept an eye on her for Zwillman was Johnny Rosselli, a Capone man before he joined forces with Jack Dragna, L.A.'s pre-eminent criminal presence.

When the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE) struck for better wages and conditions in 1933, the studio bosses called Rosselli in as "labor negotiator," a role for which Sidney Korshak's prowess was to become legendary. The alliance's president, George Browne, had been one of the Chicago Mob's second-rate local leaders. His assistant, Willie Bioff, was a pimp, thug, and shakedown man controlled by Capone's heirs.

At a 1934 Chicago meeting (Browne and Bioff were not invited), Rosselli explained the profit structure of the movie industry, and a plan was laid for a wholesale extortion operation of the major studios through IATSE. Rosselli would operate as the puppet master of Browne and Bioff. With a new strike, against Paramount theaters, in the fall of 1935, IATSE dealt its first blow. Soon union members were hit as well—with a 2 percent levy on all pay, a shakedown that IATSE's rulers designated as strike insurance. Within six months, the blackmailing was refined: the major studios would each contribute 50 grand a year to IATSE in return for labor peace.

Korshak's engagement to Appleby was still in the news in Chicago as 1935 neared its end. "I am going to spend Christmas at Palm Springs, Cal., and New Year's Day in Mexico with Miss Appleby," said the lawyer. According to one report, he added that Mexico would be a "good place for a wedding ceremony."

In the summer of 1938, when the Chicago *Daily Times* reported that an argument "about $150" had developed into a fistfight between Korshak and a bailiff outside police headquarters on South State Street, the attorney was described as "reportedly" still "engaged to movie actress Dorothy Appleby." After that, there is no further mention of her in the life of Sidney Korshak.

The youngest Korshak brother, Marshall, born in 1910, had pursued a political career after graduation from John Marshall Law School in Chicago. His offices would include alderman and state senator (1950–62). "Marshall was an important legislator and politician," Bill Roemer told me, "and, of course, we always felt that he was put in there because he was the younger brother of Sidney."

Marshall was a rising figure in the city's Democratic machine when, in February 1939, Sidney himself had a brief flirtation with political office, as a candidate in the 48th Ward. Tom Courtney, his endorser, was a state's attorney whose reign on the West Side was maintained in close cahoots with Guzik and other underworld figures.

A week after a wedding that the *Daily Mirror* called "a romantic tantrum," Dorothy Appleby attempted suicide in the lake in Central Park.

In December of 1939, Korshak formed a partnership with Harry A. Ash, a former Cook County inheritance-tax attorney and a former assistant attorney general of Illinois. Their offices were located at 100 North LaSalle, which was also the address of the First Ward Democratic headquarters, the front for the Mob's connection guys—Guzik, Humphreys, Alex—and the political figureheads in their grasp.

Back in California, Bioff and Browne were headed for trouble. The locals had lost their autonomy, and union members who dared to protest ended up out of work and often beaten up. A Los Angeles attorney, Carey McWilliams, stirred an assembly committee of the California legislature to investigate IATSE. Two days before public hearings opened, in November 1937, Bioff paid a $5,000 "retainer" to one Colonel William Neblett, who was associated in the practice of law with William Mosley Jones, speaker of the California assembly. The investigation that ensued was a charade: halfhearted, short-lived, and inconclusive. Chicago's stranglehold on Hollywood seemed invincible.

AMONG THE LILIES
Korshak wooed but never wed Dorothy Appleby, a bit player in Harlow's *Riffraff* (1935). She is seen (*center*) during a Broadway run of *Young Sinners* in the 30s. *Above,* Paramount starlets, including Korshak's future wife, Bernice Stewart (far left), in 1939 at the "Style Revue on Ice" in the Iridium room of Manhattan's St. Regis hotel.

In 1938, however, a formal complaint against IATSE was filed with the National Labor Relations Board on behalf of the Motion Picture Technicians Committee.

The government was building its case.

Late in 1939, as Korshak and Ash opened their LaSalle Street practice, Bioff was extradited from Los Angeles to Chicago to face an outstanding 1922 pandering rap. Upon his return to Chicago, several men arrived at his

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room at the Bismarck Hotel, on Randolph Street, across from City Hall and around the corner from Korshak's office. Among them was Charles "Cherry Nose" Gioe, a 35-year-old cohort of Tony Accardo, who had been involved in the original IATSE-takeover plans. Bespectacled, with a deep-dimpled chin, a receding hairline, and a not unpleasant grin, Gioe introduced Bioff to another relatively young man with a not unpleasant grin.

"Willie," he said, "meet Sidney Korshak. He is our man. I want you to pay attention to Korshak. When he tells you something, he knows what he's talking about. Any message he might deliver to you is a message from us."

Bioff was remanded to the Bridewell prison to serve out the pandering sentence. Korshak visited him there in 1940. But the young attorney had problems of his own. George Scalise, a former pimp whom the Chicago outfit, in cahoots with New York, had placed as a shill union president, was under grand-jury investigation for looting the 70,000-member Building Service Employees International through fraudulent accounts set up by his order. Found among subpoenaed union records were canceled checks made out to Korshak. Called to criminal court to testify before the grand jury on May 13, 1940, Korshak said that he had been paid $8,750 by the union in March: $3,750 for drawing up new bylaws, and five grand for surrendering a contract that retained him at $15,000 a year to act as counsel for the union.

Though the press made no note of it, the state's attorney questioning Korshak was Tom Courtney, the West Side power broker who had sponsored him in his political candidacy the year before. As he left the grand-jury room, Korshak told reporters that he had never met and did not know Scalise.

Willie Bioff, upon his release, returned to California. On May 23, 1941, a federal grand jury indicted him and Browne on charges of conspiracy, extortion, and racketeering. The trial of Bioff and Browne opened in federal district court in New York in October of 1941. Brought to the stand, the executives of the major studios explained elaborate methods of padded expense accounts and bogus vouchers used to conceal payoffs. Bioff laughed out loud in court as a Warner Bros. accountant testified that one such remittance was entered as entertainment for the picture *Gold Diggers of 1937*.

Throughout the trial Bioff did exactly as Korshak had advised him. He admitted openly that he had personally collected more than a million dollars from movie officials, but he denied that it was extortion money.

In November, when the verdict was delivered, after less than two hours of deliberation, Browne and Bioff were both found guilty of all charges and sentenced to 10 years in federal prison.

Two years later, government investigators in New York uncovered evidence of the greater conspiracy that had operated behind Bioff and Browne. Confronted with this evidence, Bioff, who had previously followed Korshak's counsel and taken the rap for the Mob, decided to tell something of the truth.

In March 1943, grand-jury indictments for violations of federal racketeering statutes were returned against Frank Nitti, Paul Ricca, Johnny Rosselli, Cherry Nose Gioe, and several others. One of them, Nick Circella, alias Nick Dean, had fled when he had originally been indicted with Bioff and Browne.

At a 1934 Chicago meeting, Rosselli explained the profit structure of the movie industry, and a plan was laid for extortion of the major studios.

After being apprehended, he had pleaded guilty but refused to talk, and was sentenced in 1942 to eight years.

Rightly perceived by the Chicago outfit as a weak link, Circella had already begun to cooperate with the prosecution. In February, his girlfriend, Estelle Carey, was visited by friends of the innocent. She was gagged and tied to a chair; gasoline was poured over her, an ice pick was plunged into her vagina, a match was lit, and she was left to die aflame.

Frank Nitti's reaction to the indictments came six hours after they were handed down. Waving a .32-caliber pistol as he staggered along the Illinois Central Railroad tracks, he raised the gun to the side of his brown fedora and blew himself to hell.

Harlow's watchdog, Johnny Rosselli, sensing the coming storm, had enlisted in the wartime army. His regiment was destined for Normandy, but the grand jury got to Rosselli first. He became the last witness to be called before the grand jury, yet remained a stand-up guy. When the indictments came down, a separate charge of perjury was announced against him. Arraigned in uniform, he was moved from the Waldorf-Astoria to the Tombs.

The trial got under way on October 5, 1943. Willie Bioff, the government's star witness, was asked about IATSE's alleged five-year plan to take over 20 percent of Hollywood's profits and a long-term plan to gain a 50 percent interest in the studios themselves.

"If we'd lasted that long, we would have," Bioff answered wistfully.

His character was brought into question, and he admitted that he had once organized the kosher butchers of Chicago to prevent price-cutting, which kept the poor from getting meat.

"Too much meat is bad for poor people," he rejoined. "Anyway, Jewish people are subject to high blood pressure and diabetes."

By way of self-explanation, he reflected, "I was just an uncouth person, a low-type sort of man. People of my caliber don't do nice things."

Then, in Chicago, the headlines hit: CHICAGO LAWYER "OUR MAN," SAYS BIOFF AT MOVIE TRIAL, declared the *Sun*; BIOFF NAMES SID KORSHAK AS MOB AID, declared the *Herald-American*.

At the time, Korshak was out of town, serving in the army as a military instructor at Camp Lee, Virginia. In Los Angeles in 1941—the year he counseled Bioff at the Ambassador Hotel—he had met a former model, dancer, and ice-skater named Bernice Stewart. In August 1943, when Korshak was on leave, they had been married at the Ambassador Hotel in Manhattan by a city magistrate. Upon his discharge, his address would no longer be that of his mother, 5050 Sheridan Road. He and Bernice would move into the Seneca, at 200 East Chestnut Street, a 16-story luxury property owned by the Mob financier Alex Louis Greenberg, who would be slain in 1956, two years

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after a confidential source advised the F.B.I. that Korshak was a hidden owner with Greenberg of the Seneca.

The verdict for Rosselli and his friends came down a few days after Christmas of 1943, and in April of 1944 they were sent to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. Their 10-year terms were cut to a third, thanks to Korshak, who brought about their parole, in August 1947, with a letter written for him by the Illinois state superintendent of crime prevention, his former partner Harry Ash. The parole was a scandal, resulting in a congressional-committee investigation and the resignation of Ash. It was also a work of wizardry, resulting in the everlasting awe and esteem of the underworld for Sidney R. Korshak, attorney-at-law.

GOING HOLLYWOOD
***Right,* Willie Bioff—seen in New York in 1941—seconded George Browne, puppet head of IATSE, the union the Chicago Mob used to enter the movie business. *Below,* Johnny Rosselli—the Mob's man behind Bioff and Browne—leaves the U.S. Capitol in 1975.**

Bioff and Browne were released from prison early, too, freed by an appreciative government late in 1944, soon after Rosselli and the others had begun serving their time. Assuming a false identity, Bioff lived for a decade in Phoenix, where he became a friend and adviser of Senator Barry Goldwater, who knew him only by his assumed name of William Nelson. It was under the name of Nelson that Bioff, with the boldness of a fool, took a job in 1955 as an entertainment consultant for the Riviera. In November of that year, back home in Phoenix, he turned the ignition key in his pickup truck and was blown asunder.

Throughout the 30s and 40s, whatever notoriety befell Sidney Korshak was local, confined to a Chicago public that seemed to either shrug forbearingly or smile understandingly. Except for *Variety,* the national media had ignored Bioff's testimony about him. All that changed with a feature story in the September 30, 1950, *Collier's.* "The Capone Gang Muscles into Big-Time Politics," by Lester Velie, was point-blank: "Legal advisor to some of the mob is Sidney Korshak." In addition to his underworld connections, Velie exposed Korshak's ties to political leaders such as Jacob Arvey, the chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party.

Visiting Korshak at his plush offices on North LaSalle, Velie had noted frequent telephone calls from intriguing characters, including Jake Arvey's connection man, Artie Elrod; Joe Grabiner, identified as Chicago's biggest layoff bookie; and Tom Courtney's cohort police captain Tubbo Gilbert, described as "the richest policeman in the world."

The headlines hit: BIOFF NAMES SID KORSHAK AS MOB AID, declared the *Herald-American* in Chicago.

At a luncheon interview with another source, Velie mentioned these callers. "The next day an amazing change came over Korshak's office. Suddenly, over the switchboard, all callers lost their identity and became Mr. Black, Mr. White, Mr. Green. Callers in person also took security measures." Velie tried to interview Jake Guzik, whom he found in the company of Gus Alex.

"I don't give no interviews," Guzik said.

"How do you make a living?" the reporter asked.

"I play the horses."

Soon after the *Collier's* article appeared, investigators for Senator Estes Kefauver's organized-crime committee arrived in Chicago. Among those interrogated was the paroled Cherry Nose Gioe, who was Korshak's neighbor at the exclusive Seneca.

Korshak himself was subpoenaed by the Kefauver committee on September 1, 1950. Curiously, however, he was never called as a witness. Curiously again, on October 26 he ostensibly took it upon himself to come forward, telling reporters, in the words of the *Tribune,* that he "appeared voluntarily before the investigators to clarify allegations which appeared in a recent article," and that he "told George S. Robinson, committee investigator, that Velie's magazine story was a 'series of diabolical lies' and that Velie was a 'journalistic faker and unmitigated liar.'"

It is curious yet again that no record or transcript of Korshak's meeting with the Kefauver committee exists among the voluminous documents relating to its Chicago investigations. This may have been because, as he claimed, he "appeared voluntarily" and thus, by conditional agreement, his words were to be treated as wholly off the record. Then again, it may be true, as has been asserted, that the real purpose of Korshak's meeting was blackmail. As reported many years later by Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times,* "One trusted Korshak friend and business associate recalled in an interview that shortly after the committee's visit Mr. Korshak had shown him infrared photographs of Senator Kefauver in an obviously compromising position with a young woman." According to Hersh's source, "A woman had been supplied by the Chicago underworld and a camera had been planted in the Senator's room at the Drake Hotel to photograph her with Mr. Kefauver."

Korshak's words to the reporters that autumn day were, in effect, his farewell to them. For the rest of his life, he shunned all publicity, and for more than a quarter of a century his name and image all but vanished from public awareness. He became not only the most potent but also the most invisible of powers.

Los Angeles, where nothing was real, was a good place to pretend to be an illusion. When Korshak was mentioned in an Associated Press dispatch from Hollywood in the summer of 1952, it was as an CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

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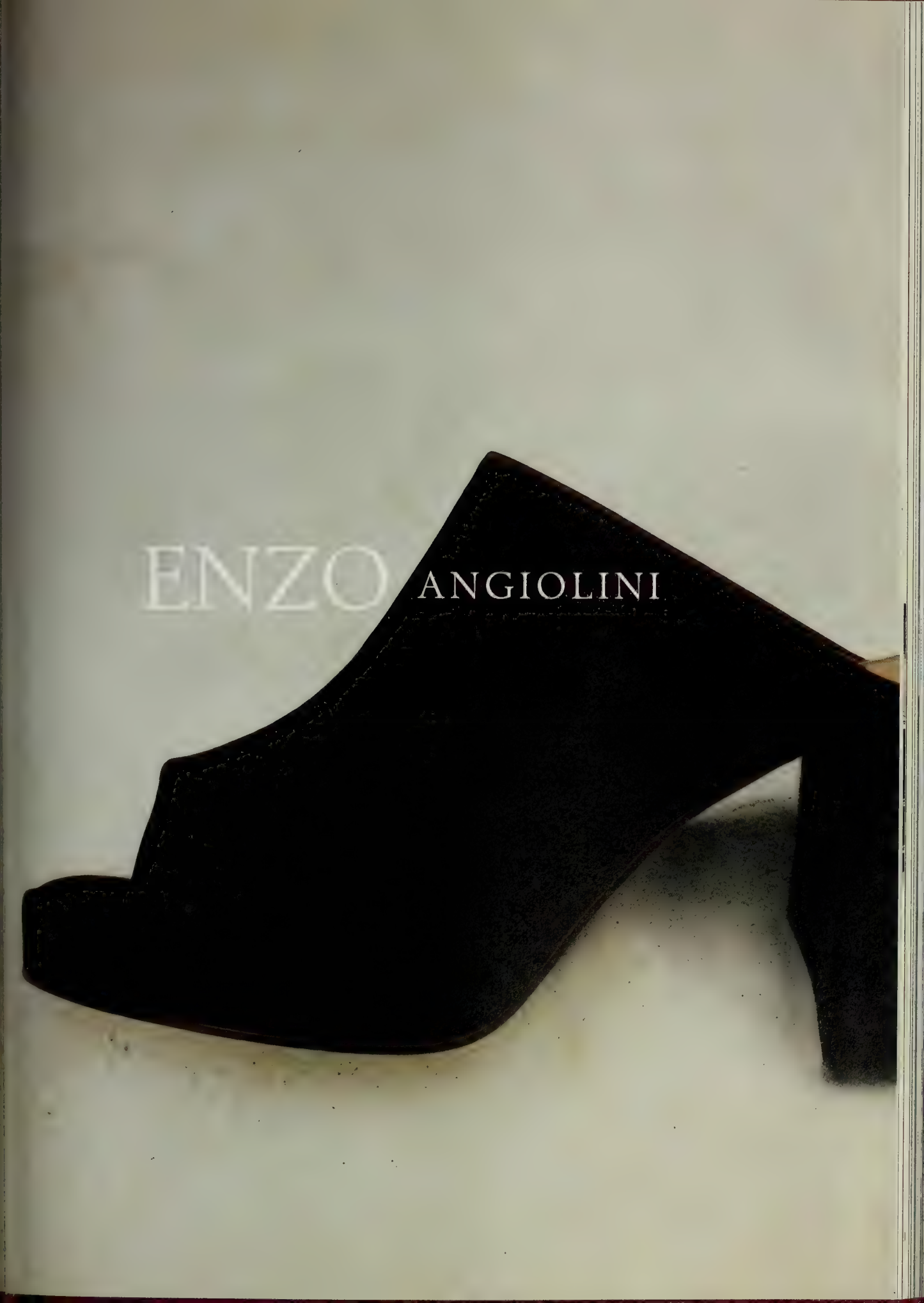
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192 innocent. The item reported the ejection of the actor Gary Merrill from an affair at the Mocambo. Merrill, the husband of Bette Davis, had disrupted a speech by Danny Thomas with drunken heckling. The party had been given by Harry Karl, the wealthy head of a chain of shoe stores, in honor of a visiting Democratic national committeeman from Illinois, Korshak's old friend Jacob Arvey, who had just triumphantly put across his protégé, Adlai Stevenson, at the Democratic National Convention. Present with Karl, his wife—Marie "the Body" McDonald—and the Arveys were Sidney and Bee Korshak.

The *Chicago Tribune* was given pause. An editorial remarked:

> Attorney Korshak's status as joint guest of honor with Col. Arvey is interesting. . . . The friendship between Korshak and the man who made Stevenson governor and had more to do than any other man with making him the Democratic nominee for President is worth a moment's reflection. Senator Kefauver paid a chilly little social call on Stevenson last week. We wonder if he referred to the friend of Stevenson's friend whom he had met professionally. And we wonder about Stevenson's boast in his Governor's day oration that he was happy to be a captive of the city bosses.
>
> Arvey is a city boss. How much of a piece of Stevenson does he own, and, by extension, how much of a piece of the candidate does Korshak own? And, if they have a piece, how much of that piece can the mobs call theirs?

Gradually more strands of the web are visible; every moment a nexus. Harry Karl, the shoe king, would divorce Marie McDonald. Some said that upon the death of Harry Cohn, the former head of Columbia Pictures, Korshak brought Karl together with the widow, Joan. They were married in the Korshaks' Chicago apartment, at 2970 Lake Shore Drive, on September 1, 1959. A few weeks later, in Los Angeles, Joan filed for divorce from Karl.

It is believed that Cohn, who left Joan an estate of $4 million, had been fronting for underworld Chicago investors at Columbia. The story goes that when his estate went into probate, Korshak connived the marriage of Cohn's widow as a scheme through which the true investors in Columbia could regain title to their holdings without disclosure in public records.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
From top, **Cherry Nose Gioe, a Capone stalwart, was killed in a storm of gunfire in 1954; true to his nature, Ben Siegel fell in Beverly Hills in 1947; in 1976, Johnny Rosselli's body was pulled from a 55-gallon oil drum in Miami's Dumbfoundling Bay.**

Several months later, on June 4, 1960, Korshak acquired his Bel Air home, at 10624 Chalon Road. The grantor-grantee records of Los Angeles County show that the property was granted to Korshak by deed from Karl's Shoe Stores, Limited. Karl was also a husband of Debbie Reynolds, whom Korshak helped to make a wealthy woman, reportedly negotiating a million-dollar deal for her Las Vegas debut. (A 1963 F.B.I. dispatch, grasping for details of the activities of the ever more elusive Korshak, reports that he was "present at the opening performance of the Debbie Reynolds show at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, in January, 1963.")

"Sidney was like a little baby. He always tried to help people. I'll say that. He'd help anybody."

The veteran director George Sidney's wife, Corinne, grew up in Brentwood as the daughter of a prominent criminal-trial attorney, Carl S. Kegley. "When I was a little girl," she told me, "my sister and I had these little identical pleated red skirts and red Dutch hats. My father took us to see the Kefauver committee hearings. We watched them question this man, Frank Costello, from the Copacabana supposedly. And I thought, Why are they being so mean to this man? Mean. Asking mean questions, being mean and rude."

It was a childhood memory that evanesced. Corinne grew up, studied journalism at the University of California at Berkeley, became a model with 29 national-magazine cover credits, was the first full-face *Playboy* cover girl, in May 1958, became an actress in film and television, and ended up as a Vegas showgirl. In 1968 she married Jack Entratter, a former front man of Frank Costello's, the man whom she had seen interrogated. Entratter, at that time the president of the Dunes, for many years had run the Sands, the headquarters of the Rat Pack during the golden years of Vegas. The marriage soon ended in divorce, but the couple remarried in 1969. "I spent most of my time in the powder room," she told me. "Sometimes I tell people that's why I'm still alive." In Vegas, "I had bodyguards around me at all times. I never went for a walk with the dog that I didn't have two guys either watching or following me."

It was in Vegas, before her marriage, that Corinne had met Korshak. "I think it was the Gourmet Room, about '67, '68. It was an era, if you can imagine, when, in Vegas, we dressed up. Beads, real jewelry. There wasn't a woman sitting there without a 10-carat diamond or a suite. We all looked the same. We all had the same hairdresser. We all had the same jewels. We all had the same collections of Impressionist paintings. We wore sable and chinchilla. We dressed to go to dinner in Vegas."

For Corinne, there was no Korshak aura. "Sidney was a suit, as they say. That was my impression." Korshak's wife, she said, "wanted to be Cyd Charisse. Cyd told me that."

As Corinne speaks, her three poodles yap incessantly. There is no great wood-

en door in the Sidney home heavy or thick enough to baffle the frenzy of their high-pitched, piercing yelps. As they cry out for death at my hands, theirs become the prominent voices on my tape.

"He was deified by himself and hated by others." Irv Kupcinet, the best-known newspaperman in Chicago, was a close friend and ally of Sidney Korshak's. It was in Kupcinet's *Sun-Times* "Kup's Column" that the Korshak-engineered takeover of RKO from Howard Hughes was revealed in September 1952. When

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Greg Bautzer in Palm Springs in 1949 with Joan Crawford and her poodle, Cliquot. Bautzer, an attorney associated with Korshak, Ben Siegel, and Meyer Lansky, boasted of having deflowered Lana Turner.

The Wall Street Journal reported the takeover the following month, it described Korshak as "a sort of catalytic agent" who "is excluded from the group which purchased Hughes' stock."

This group included Ralph Stolkin, the Chicago businessman who built an empire "upon the foundation of a yokel gambling device—the punchboard." Stolkin's father-in-law, Abe Koolish, who had been indicted in 1948 for running a mail-order-insurance racket, and Ray Ryan, an oilman who had been a business associate of Frank Costello's, were also included. Arnold Grant, like Korshak, was not a purchaser of record but was named the new, $2,000-a-week chairman of RKO. He had been a member of the Hollywood law firm of Bautzer, Grant, Youngman and Silbert. Greg Bautzer of the firm was also a Korshak associate. Bautzer was the lawyer who had worked for Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky, setting up the corporation from which the Flamingo was born. He was an attorney who never tired of telling his tale of deflowering Lana Turner. ("I didn't enjoy it at all" was Turner's less told side of the story.)

Korshak was retained—or, perhaps more precisely, retained himself—as RKO's labor-relations consultant. It was a role he did not long keep, for when the government and press began looking into their backgrounds, he and Koolish resigned.

Korshak's colleague Greg Bautzer claimed to have taken Lana Turner's virginity. Lana countered: "I didn't enjoy it at all."

The screenwriter Edward Anhalt remembers a night in Dave's Blue Room in 1946. Bugsy Siegel was there. Ray Ryan was there. The producer Cubby Broccoli, later known as a close friend of Korshak's, was there. Some years later, Tony Curtis wanted to do a movie about Bugsy. "Tony just loved Ben Siegel," Anhalt said. "So we went to Howard Koch, and Paramount decided that I would do the script and Tony would be Ben Siegel. In the process, someone told me to call Korshak, who had represented Ben Siegel.

"So I had lunch with him a couple of times, and we talked about Siegel's murder. He said, 'You know all that bullshit about Ben being killed because he spent too much money? Absolute fiction.'" He was killed, according to what Korshak told Anhalt, because he was beating up on Virginia Hill, and her first lover, "the guy from Detroit," in Anhalt's words, "the guy from the Purple Gang," who was very fond of her, "was very offended by it." "He warned Siegel, and Siegel paid no attention to the warning, and they whacked him." The guy from Detroit would seem to have been Moe Dalitz.

Korshak, Anhalt said, "was very mellow," with none of the airs of a gangster. In this respect he reminded Anhalt of Frank Costello, whom Anhalt also met: "Neither did Costello have any image like that. If you didn't know who he was, you'd think he was a pants manufacturer or something."

Irv Kupcinet, whose first column appeared in 1943, told me last summer over lunch in Chicago that he knew Korshak for "about 50 years." As a friend, the attorney was a man "who could turn more tricks with a telephone call than anyone I knew." Professionally, "he was not beyond using his labor negotiations to strike up deals. He could call off a strike with a phone call, which he did any number of times. He was very close to Jimmy Hoffa, and Hoffa respected him." After the Mob moved in on the Teamsters, Kupcinet says, "Sidney was very important in getting loans through Jimmy Hoffa."

When Hoffa disappeared, there was speculation, Kupcinet told me, that "Sidney had lost his main man. But it didn't turn out that way. He still had plenty of clout with the people that succeeded Hoffa."

F. C. Duke Zeller, the author of the recent *Devil's Pact: Inside the World of the Teamsters Union,* told me that Korshak continued to work closely with Frank Fitzsimmons, who took over the Teamsters in 1971, while Hoffa was imprisoned. Zeller, who worked for 14 years as a government liaison and personal adviser to four Teamster presidents, told me that "virtually every Teamster leader on the West Coast, in the Western Conference, answered to Sidney Korshak."

I asked Kupcinet about Hoffa's disappearance. "Hoffa," he said, "made one of the few mistakes of his life when he got into that car and sat in the front seat. Ordinarily, Jimmy Hoffa would never sit in the front seat. He would never sit in the front seat. And they put the thing around his neck and strangled him and knocked him off. A lot of people who knew Hoffa couldn't imagine why he did that." Kupcinet said that it was "hinted that it was his adopted son," Chuckie O'Brien, who set him up, a charge also made by the late Teamster president Jackie Presser in the book *Mobbed Up,* written by James Neff. In Duke Zeller's book, O'Brien reiterates his long-standing denial.

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Presser, believed to have been a government rat, told Zeller in 1986 that Chicago wanted him killed, and that Korshak was "a key player." There was more. Presser, Zeller told me, "always felt that Korshak was dealing with the White House and had some sort of revolving-door status there. Jackie was both jealous of it and feared it."

George Sidney had told me that Korshak once remarked to him that "the secret of my success is I never go to trial." He was a lawyer who stayed out of courtrooms. As far as Irv Kupcinet knows, "the only time he ever appeared in court was on my behalf, when I was arrested out there for drunk driving." It was back in 1958, and Kupcinet was acquitted.

Korshak was "a man who was more investigated by more authorities than any person I ever heard of: the F.B.I., the Secret Service, the local police in various communities. Never once was he ever indicted or charged with anything."

Korshak was "a very dear friend" who would "do anything in the world for you." But Kupcinet conceded there was also a dark side: "He could be very tough on some members of the Mob who would get in his way and interfere with him. He knew and had the backing of [Chicago crime boss] Tony Accardo. Tony Accardo loved him; he depended on him." Korshak, Kupcinet said, "was considered to be a fair-haired boy in the organization with the blessings of Tony Accardo."

According to an F.B.I. informant, it was also through Korshak and Jake Arvey that Accardo and Gus Alex, by 1961, were able to acquire large blocks of stock in the Hilton hotel chain. Korshak was involved not only with Hilton but also with the Hyatt chain, having arranged a Teamster loan for Hyatt. He was close to the Pritzker family, who owned Hyatt, and to the Hiltons as well. Today, Korshak's son Harry is married to the sister of Trish Hilton, the widow of Nicky Hilton.

Besides Lew Wasserman and Paul Ziffren, one of Korshak's closest friends, Kupcinet said, was Frank Sinatra. "Frank and Sid were very close friends. Very close friends. I know Frank leaned on him for a lot of political and legal advice." In 1976, when Sinatra married Barbara Marx, Bee Korshak was the matron of honor. It was a wedding that Ronald Reagan interrupted his presidential campaign to attend.

Reagan's involvement with the triad of Korshak, Wasserman, and Ziffren was an important one. A former client and longtime associate of Lew Wasserman's, Reagan had been supported by Korshak in 1970. And though he was a leading Democrat, Paul Ziffren was to become, in 1979, a law partner of William French Smith, the personal attorney of Reagan, who would later be named attorney general. One of Reagan's first acts as president would be to call for cuts in the Justice Department budget, cuts which the F.B.I. warned would mean "no new undercover operations" against the Mob, Korshak, the forces of Chicago, or associates (such as Moe Dalitz) of Reagan's "best friend," Senator Paul Laxalt.

Kupcinet said, "All the boys were close to Sid." As for his involvement with the Mob, "There's nothing wrong with that. Some of our best lawyers—Clarence Darrow, Edward Bennett Williams—represented the underworld. They're entitled to the best law money can buy," Kupcinet said with a grin.

"An associate recalled that Korshak had shown him infrared photos of Senator Kefauver and a woman in an obviously compromising position."

I had heard that Korshak's friend Paul Ziffren was a notorious womanizer as well. "Paul," I was told, "had a lot of girlfriends around town who might sing for you." Another source told me that he knew from Joe Bonanno's mistress, a former prostitute who serviced Ziffren often, that the great Democrat led a secret life of diapered sexual infantilism.

I asked Kupcinet about the women in Korshak's life.

"He didn't fool around with women."

"He didn't? Yeah, he did."

"A few."

"Stella Stevens, somebody told me."

"Stella Stevens. Very close to Stella."

"And—come on."

"Jill St. John."

"Then he liked the girls."

The actress Jill St. John, who declined comment for this article, was involved with Korshak in business too. In 1968 the Chicago millionaire Delbert Coleman, a friend and client of Korshak's and the chairman of a Beverly Hills conglomerate called Parvin-Dohrmann, bought 300,000 shares of Parvin-Dohrmann for $35 a share. St. John bought in for a thousand shares. In the months that followed, the value of the stock, manipulated on the market by Coleman and Korshak, increased by 300 percent. Korshak, who, of course, had been appointed labor counsel of Parvin-Dohrmann, negotiated the company's $15 million purchase, with the proceeds of the artificially inflated stock, of the Stardust Hotel and Casino. (Years earlier, the Accardo and Dalitz factions had vied for control of the hotel and Korshak had acted as mediator.)

Korshak's fee for arranging the Stardust purchase by Parvin-Dohrmann from the Mob—which, it was likely, would never truly lose it—was half a million, paid in secret. It was Parvin-Dohrmann's failure to disclose this payment to its shareholders that resulted in the Securities and Exchange Commission's suspending trading in Parvin-Dohrmann and ultimately entering judgments of permanent injunction and disgorgement of profits against Korshak, St. John, and others. Korshak arranged for Edward Bennett Williams to represent St. John at the hearings. For his half-million-dollar fee, Coleman later said, Korshak simply made an introduction over the telephone.

In 1972 the Internal Revenue Service charged Korshak with fraud for declaring a $10,000 gift to St. John as legal fees to her attorney. The charge was one of many that the I.R.S. brought against him after a long and determined investigation. Korshak, the agency reckoned, owed $924,000. There may have been those who thought he was getting off easy, but Korshak fought the I.R.S. for two years. Together he and Paul Ziffren, a former Internal Revenue Service counsel, must have proved formidable, for, on the eve of a scheduled Tax Court trial, the I.R.S. settled with Korshak for 20 cents on the dollar, and all fraud charges were dropped.

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The great bonds of Sidney Korshak's later life had been forged in Chicago in the 30s. Twenty-three-year-old Lew Wasserman had arrived in town from Cleveland at the end of 1936 to work for the Music Corporation of America (MCA), an agency that had been founded in Chicago by Jules Stein, an Indiana-born graduate of the medical school of the University of Chicago. Stein and his partner, Billy Goodheart, started out promoting bands in the clubs of Capone's South Side. MCA found its first big act, Guy Lombardo, in 1928, and by the mid-30s had Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, and Artie Shaw.

"Lew's last job in Cleveland," said Dennis McDougal, who is working on a biography of Wasserman, "was as acting general manager of the Mayfair Casino, which was basically a very high-class, high-roller Mob casino. The hidden owners were Moe Dalitz and his partners, the Silent Syndicate who founded the Desert Inn and went on to become the hidden owners of the Riviera and then ultimately La Costa." Wasserman's rise at MCA in Chicago was meteoric. Within a year he went "from just another shipping clerk," said McDougal, "to what he later described as the national director of publicity."

MCA, according to McDougal, was involved with the Chicago Mob "up to their eyeballs," working closely not only with Chez Paree, the outfit's premier club, but also with Ralph Capone's places on the South Side. As Irv Kupcinet told me, "When you worked in nightclubs in that era, you had to know the underworld, because they dominated the field, and if you wanted to work, you had to be with them."

Joe Glaser was a fight promoter and fight fixer for the Capone Mob. His family owned several Chicago nightclubs, including the Sunset Café, which he managed. Louis Armstrong, who in 1935 aligned himself with Glaser (who would be the performer's manager for the rest of his life), played there in 1927. Armstrong later moved to New York, returning to Chicago in 1931 to play the Show Boat, the same year and joint in which Sidney and Ted Korshak had been arrested for brawling.

Glaser worked briefly as an MCA agent in the early 30s, and when he later incorporated his own agency, the Associated Booking Corporation, in 1940, it was with a loan from Jules Stein. According to Dan Moldea, the author of *Dark Victory: Ronald Reagan, MCA, and the Mob*, it was Glaser who introduced Stein to Korshak. It seems likely that it was Stein who then introduced Wasserman to Korshak.

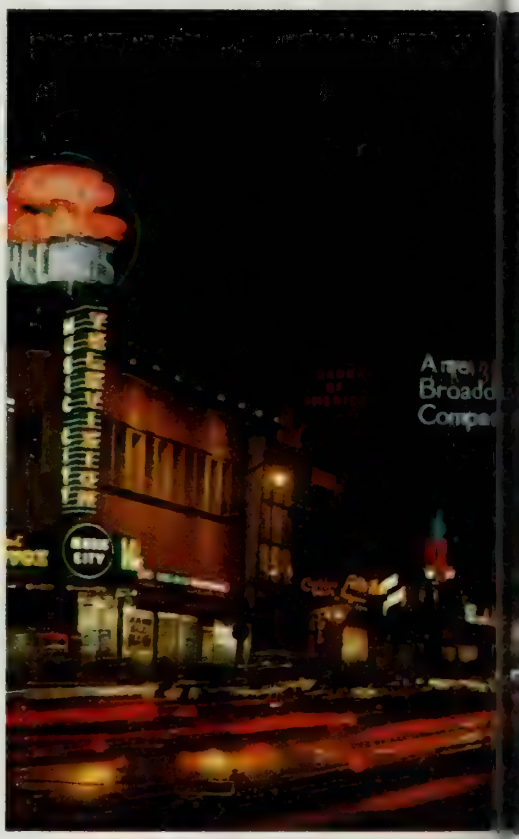
Paul Ziffren, an Iowa boy, attended law school at Northwestern University in Chicago and became a member of the Illinois bar in 1938, beginning his practice in Chicago, where he became a partner in the firm of Gottlieb & Schwartz in 1942.

Ziffren moved to Los Angeles in 1946, becoming a partner in Swartz, Tannenbaum & Ziffren, then, with his brother, establishing his own firm, Ziffren & Ziffren, in 1950. By 1950 Ziffren and his friends were all in L.A., as were guys like Rosselli. Wasserman moved to the new, West Coast office of MCA in 1939. Joe Glaser eventually moved west as well, establishing the Beverly Hills office of Associated Booking three blocks from that of MCA.

Korshak controlled Associated Booking, however invisibly. Though he was the most legendary lawyer in Hollywood, he never opened a law office in Los Angeles or bothered with a license to practice in the state of California.

"It was casting, in a sense," George Sidney told me, of the days he ran Columbia for Harry Cohn, the days when they would call in Korshak to take care of things. "You would cast an actor, you would cast a lawyer."

Frank Rothman, the venerable Los Angeles attorney and former head of MGM, was a friend of Korshak's for more than 30 years. "He was not an admitted California lawyer," Rothman said, "and he referred a considerable amount of legal business to me." Rothman found Korshak to have a stern exterior but to be "very warm, very gracious, very thoughtful. You had to know Sidney to see all these great qualities." He was "a meticulous dresser. He was a gentleman, an absolute gentleman. You never heard any profanity out of Sidney. You didn't hear any forceful statements out of him. He was never threatening or anything of that kind. He was just a real elegant man."



Sidney Korshak and Lew Wasserman, Rothman said, "were two of a

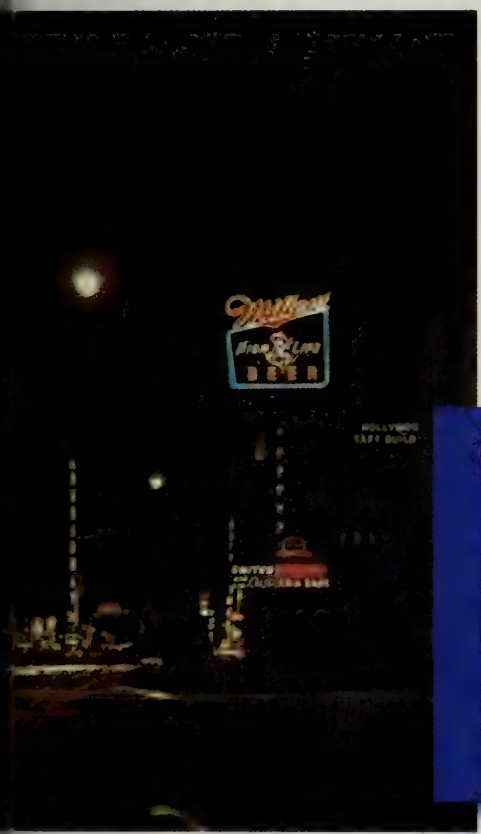
kind, but Sidney negotiated more as the lawyer and Lew negotiated as the party to the negotiations. The way it would work was, if Lew didn't get it done, Sidney would get called in." Korshak "would always have lawyers with him. He was always very careful not to practice law in California. That's why I was in the picture. I was the lawyer."

Korshak, Rothman said, "was at the Bistro almost every day." He owned a piece of it and was known to conduct much of his business there, at a corner table equipped with two telephones. When he operated out of an office at all in Los Angeles, it was at Associated Booking. While Glaser handled a roster of black acts that, besides Armstrong, included at times Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker, Korshak cultivated his own small circle of entertainers: Tony Martin, whom he knew from Chicago, and Tony's wife, Cyd Charisse; Dinah Shore; Debbie Reynolds; and Jill St. John.

Tony Martin, older than Lew Wasserman but as open and radiant as a flower in the sun, speaks fondly of Korshak. "I first met him in 1933 in Chicago at the World's Fair, and we buddied around," he told me. "I was a singer, he was a lawyer, that's the way it was." Martin, at the time, was traveling with Tom Gerun's orchestra. Korshak "recommended me to play the Chez Paree when I was out on my own and already in movies." He remembered Korshak and their lifelong friendship fondly. "He loved good food, and he used to take me to these wonderful restaurants in Chicago, the fun places. And then he moved out here, and my friends were his." He mentioned several names, among them Harry Karl, the late shoe king, and David Janssen, the late actor. "Most all the gang is gone now."

I asked Martin if Korshak was a fun-loving guy.

"Oh, yes. He was at the ball games all the time. We had a box together. He was a Dodger fan, so was I. We used to go to all the ball games at night."



BEVERLY HILLS KORSHAK
From far left, **Korshak's friends included Jill St. John (getting a touch-up, 1963) and Stella Stevens; Robert Kennedy chats with his brother-in-law Peter Lawford and agent of influence California committeeman Paul Ziffren at the 1960 Democratic convention; Hollywood—where Korshak became a legend among the legendary—as seen in 1955 from the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine; when Frank Sinatra married Barbara Marx in 1976, Bee Korshak was matron of honor.**

"Frank and Sid were very close friends," says Irv Kupcinet. "I know Frank leaned on him for a lot of political and legal advice."

It was Korshak whom Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers' president, had called in to prevent an opening-day strike by Teamsters parking-lot attendants at the new Dodger Stadium in 1962. Korshak not only prevented the strike but had the parking concession awarded by O'Malley to a new outfit, Affiliated Parking, connected with a different Teamsters local. The 1962 Nevada charter of Affiliated Parking showed Korshak to be an owner of record. In 1960, Korshak had been similarly called in to resolve labor difficulties that threatened the start of the Santa Anita racing season.

Was there ever an air of danger about him?

"Oh, no, no, my goodness, no. He was like a little baby. He always tried to help people. I'll say that, he always tried to help people. He'd help anybody. He loved his family. His two sons were his treasures."

Martin never saw him "be a heavy in any way, never. Of course, I don't know his business. Whatever he did, he must have been successful, that's all I know. I found him to be a gentleman all the time. His language was perfect. He was not a drinking man, and he didn't smoke. He was a robust, tall good dresser. He loved to get his clothes at Pucci's in Chicago. In fact, he bought me my first good suit from Pucci's."

Soon after Chicago gained control of the Riviera, Gaming Control Board records showed Tony Martin as a licensee with a 2 percent share of the Riviera listed in his name.

The trio of Korshak, Wasserman, and Ziffren were a portrait of refinement, elegance, and respectability. Together, they were the triumvirate of absolute power in Hollywood. When they moved in concert, there was not a candidate that could not be elected or ruined, not a problem that could not be caused or solved, not a deal that could not be made or killed.

Today they are all dead except for Wasserman, who is now in his 85th year and has declined my request for an interview regarding Sidney Korshak. He has also declined to speak with Dennis McDougal, his biographer. I asked Dan Moldea if Wasserman responded to *Dark Victory*.

"Yeah. God. I was told by a person who was at a meeting with him—a good, credible guy, a fringe Mob guy in L.A.—that Wasserman slammed his fist down

on the table and said, 'I want Moldea destroyed.' He didn't want me killed or anything like that. He just wanted me *destroyed.* And I'm still here."

Silence on the subject of Sidney Korshak among those who knew him is pervasive. Tony Martin assured me that speaking to Sidney's son Stuart would "be no problem." Stuart, Martin told me, "went to Yale, you know, and studied law. He's a nice boy, a real fine boy." Unfortunately, a message left for him at Korshak, Kracoff, Kong & Sugano, his law firm, remained unanswered, as did a letter I sent to Korshak's widow, Bernice.

Korshak's other son, Harry, produced a couple pictures for Paramount during the Bluhdorn-Evans years—*Hit!* and *Shelia Levine Is Dead and Living in New York*—and one, *Gable and Lombard,* for Wasserman's Universal. I heard that he had since devoted himself to painting and was living in London. The producer Sid Beckerman, a great guy to those who know him, a tough-guy legend to those who tell tales of him, said that he remembered meeting Harry at Paramount. Harry, he said, was "also a lawyer, although he's never practiced law." Beckerman recalled him as "a nice kid."

Reached in London, Harry Korshak did indeed seem like a nice man. But there was nothing he wished to say.

"I really have no interest in contributing anything," he said, in a manner that seemed not cold but sadly sincere. "I'm terribly sorry," he said.

Dani Janssen, the widow of David Janssen, said, "Sidney was my late husband's surrogate father practically. Very, very, very close. I'm so close to Bee that I wouldn't do anything without her authorizing it. I can't, in other words. I hope you understand the position I'm in."

Dani is a charming woman, and we continued to talk awhile. She asked me why I was writing about Sidney Korshak.

"They asked me to." It was the simple truth. The thought had never occurred to me. Later, after eight months' digging, I would wish it had never occurred to them either.

"Ah, that's a good answer."

Like Tony Martin, she had only the fondest memories of Korshak. "He was such a great, human friend," she told me. "Without Sidney I may not have lived through the losing of David. He was extraordinary—that's all I can say."

Then she told me what I knew, and what I was coming to know better every day. "Actually," she said, "Sidney was an enigma."

Enigma. The Englishing of a Latin rendering of a Greek word, ultimately from *ainos,* Ionic and poetical, for "fable."

So where does the fable of Sidney Korshak end? Where does the truth begin? Where—between the "little baby" who "always tried to help people" and the man who was "the most important contact that the Mob had to legitimate business, labor, Hollywood, and Las Vegas"—does the real Sidney Korshak lurk? Or are they one and the same, a Janus of good and evil?

During our mutual musing one evening, Joe Kraus of the Chicago Jewish Historical Society wondered aloud if the mystery could ever be solved.

> **"Beads, real jewelry. There wasn't a woman sitting there without a 10-carat diamond or a suite. We all had the same Impressionist paintings. We wore sable and chinchilla. We dressed to go to dinner in Vegas."**

"One thing you can be sure of," I said, "is that he was brilliant. He was invaluable." All his life, I said, all around him, they went down in their own blood. Gioe was murdered by his own in 1954. Bioff was blown up in 1955. Alex Greenberg was hit in 1956. Gus Greenbaum, the manager of the Riviera, was murdered in his bed, his throat cut from ear to ear, in 1958. Giancana in June of 1975, Hoffa in July. Even Rosselli, what was left of him, his legs and torso sawed apart, found in an oil drum floating in Dumbfoundling Bay in the summer of '76. Ray Ryan, blown to hell in 1977. Dorfman, slain in 1983.

Sidney Korshak, who moved among these men, who knew the secrets that they knew—not only the secrets of the forbidden anatomies of Vegas and Hollywood, of politics and the Mob, but also the vaster secrets, of the fates of the Kennedys and such, that Giancana knew and Hoffa knew and Rosselli knew—and more, the secrets of the fates of those men themselves. Sidney Korshak, who lived unseen in the unseen heart of the beast, and who at the same time "entertained beautifully in Bel Air." Sidney Korshak escaped—no, prevailed, prospered, in blessed fortune—without so much as a scratch.

The relative anonymity and subdued respectability that Korshak had cultivated since 1950 was jeopardized in the summer of 1976 when a four-part front-page series by Seymour Hersh and Jeff Gerth appeared in *The New York Times.* Though, like the forces of the government for so many years, the series could not conclusively indict him on anything, it did have its effect. Korshak, escaping the glare, entered Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, where he remained for the duration of the series, "suffering," it was reported, "from diverticulitis"—in this case, a linguistically interesting ailment, it and "diversion" sharing the same root.

Nat Hentoff, writing in *The Village Voice,* came to the defense of Korshak, "a citizen whom the government has not been able to nail and so now is delighted to try in the press. Sy Hersh is protected by the First Amendment. Even a Sidney Korshak should be protected by some of the others."

Jeff Gerth told me that, in the researching of the story, there appeared to be a leak from the accounting department of the *Times* back to Chicago, where his movements seemed to be closely monitored through the paper trail of his expense reports. And perhaps it is no more than mere coincidence, but all the documentation gathered by Hersh and Gerth was subsequently lost during a transfer from one *Times* office to another.

In a 1978 report, California state attorney general Evelle Younger included Korshak in a well-publicized list of organized-crime figures with ties to California. In the spring of 1979, during a statewide racetrack strike, Korshak was asked to step down as a labor negotiator, "only because of the press of his other business." That summer, the CONTINUED ON PAGE 209

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IT HAPPENED

LAST NIGHT

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IT HAPPENED

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Photographed by Richard Avedon

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The heart grows Fond Jane Fonda and Ted Turner at t Goodwill Games in Seatt in July 1990. Other early dat included the Academy Awar and dinner at th Kremlin with Gorbache

MARRIED... WITH BUFFALO

The 1991 marriage of Jane Fonda, Hollywood's liberal activist princess, to Ted Turner, Atlanta's iconoclastic billionaire communications mogul, had all the marks of a perilous match. But it turns out that Ted has just what Jane needs–and vice versa

BY JENNET CONANT

"How could somebody who's been his own boss go and work for somebody else after 35 years?" Ted Turner grins broadly, clearly savoring the implications behind the constant query. It's a chilly afternoon in early November, only a few weeks after the brash Atlantan agreed to merge his broadcast company with Time Warner and assume the more docile role of vice-chairman under Gerald Levin, but already he is having to reassure industry leaders, gathered at the Museum of Television & Radio in New York, about the future of the union.

"Well," he explains in the tongue-dragging southern drawl he loves to put on for the East Coast media elite, "when I married Jane Fonda, I mean, I was taking on a real risk there, too. 'Cause she's got a lot of ideas, and she doesn't exactly toe the party line, you know." There are a few appreciative guffaws from the floor. Turner flashes the look of a husband who knows he is venturing into dangerous terrain and raises his voice an octave or so. "She goes, 'I don't wanna go to that movie,' or 'I don't wanna go to that restaurant.'" He pauses a beat before intoning, "Yes, dear."

"Well, if I can do that I can probably live with the executives of Time Warner," he continues. "At least they let me go home at night, and I get a few hours a day when I'm free and I can do whatever I want."

Spoken like a man on the eve of his fifth wedding anniversary to his third wife. When Robert Edward Turner III, the billionaire communications mogul, married "Lady Jane" Seymour Fonda, second-generation Hollywood aristocracy, on December 21, 1991, in a private ceremony at Avalon, his sprawling 8,100-acre estate outside Tallahassee, Florida, the press hailed the event as the "merger of two empires"—the beginning of a powerful new show-business partnership. The man who had turned the world into an electronically

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connected village was going to allow Fonda, as famous for her offscreen antics as for her two Academy Awards, to go global. The glamorous Turner-Fonda liaison seemed destined to set a new standard for mutual enhancement and media glory.

The immediate result was considerably less spectacular. Fonda, a major movie star since the 1960s, quickly retired from the screen, stating, "There simply aren't the roles for women my age." She folded Fonda Films, her independent production company, after the box-office dud *Old Gringo.* She scaled down her involvement with her multimillion-dollar exercise-video business, though the backlist, featuring her taut spandexed form, is still selling. She unloaded her house in Los Angeles, quit attending Hollywood functions, and declined interview requests. As a current friend puts it, "Jane no longer considers herself part of Hollywood. She doesn't want to be associated with it anymore."

To all appearances, Fonda, who has had as many distinct lives as Madonna has had makeovers, has wrapped herself body and soul in her new incarnation as Mrs. Ted Turner, the very private wife of the most public of men. These days, she can be glimpsed only now and then, accompanying Turner on foreign trips, cheering at Braves games (he owns the team), or glued to his arm at black-tie media functions. Dressed in daringly youthful evening gowns that show off her embellished bustline, she has been known to smile at her husband in a manner described by one reporter as "the fixed, adoring gaze of a dutiful corporate wife."

The change is so profound as to be stunning to her old friends and former colleagues, who never see her anymore and say they hardly recognize the rabidly loyal spouse they occasionally read about in the papers. In recent months, she has lashed out at her husband's chief rival, Rupert Murdoch, accusing him of bribing New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani by hiring Giuliani's wife, Donna Hanover, as a correspondent for his Fox television station. Even more incredibly, Fonda supported Turner's decision to yank Anjelica Huston's critically acclaimed movie about child abuse, *Bastard out of Carolina,* off his TNT network for being too graphic.

When she is not being castigated by her old liberal pals in Hollywood, she is being condemned as Public Enemy No. 1 by her new conservative foes at Fox, who have retaliated in recent months by lampooning her as a dangerous flake, and, in the Murdoch-owned *New York Post,* by dredging up her infamous past as "Hanoi Jane." Fonda—who went from being a 50s Hollywood princess to being French director Roger Vadim's spunky sex kitten in *Barbarella,* to embracing every cause from the Black Panthers to Native Americans during her radical-chic period with boyfriend Donald Sutherland, to becoming the devoted lieutenant of a scruffy leftist militant named Tom Hayden—has metamorphosed once again.

"Before, Jane was always evolving, growing up and

Turner has given Fonda back the luxurious days of her childhood. "Oh, he's very much like my father," she says.

Home on the range: *Top,* Henry Fonda and Jane in about 1944. *Above,* Frances Fonda; her daughter from a previous marriage, Pan Brokaw; Peter Fonda; Henry Fonda; and Jane, in Fairfield County, Connecticut, circa 1947. Frances would take her own life in 1950.

'VERTIGO'

A Masterpiece Revisited

Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* could only have taken place in San Francisco–its picturesque but daunting hills play an important role in this story of obsession and acrophobia.

Discover® Card presents this *Vertigo* Tour of San Francisco. And, with the video release and restoration of the film, you can now see *Vertigo* and San Francisco the way Hitchcock envisioned them.

Shown here: Kim Novak and James Stewart

EXPLORE HITCHCOCK'S

Through the streets of San Francisco: Visit the sights made famous by *Vertigo*...

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A film whose genius at first eluded critics, *Vertigo* is now revered by film aficionados everywhere. Use the map provided to chart your own *Vertigo* tour of San Francisco.

The mysterious, serene Madeleine Elster, as portrayed by Kim Novak, meanders through San Francisco, with no traceable method to her seeming madness. She hesitates at the brink of San Francisco Bay, then takes a desperate plunge into the icy brine.

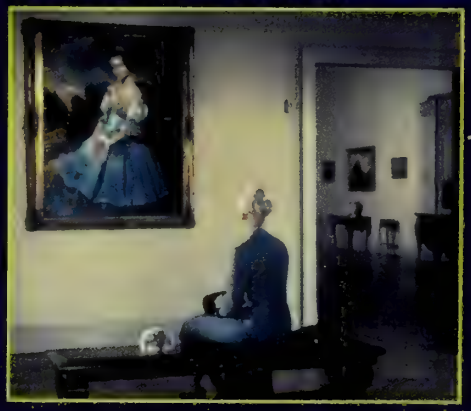
Scottie, the ex-police detective played with characteristic warmth and wit by James Stewart, is grounded by a fear of heights. In a furtive attempt to make sense of Madeleine's enigmatic trail, he traverses the city—from the Mission Dolores to the Golden Gate Bridge.

A Woman on the Verge

Fort Point, neighboring The Pre
When Madeleine throws hersel
the bay, Scottie goes in after
and the intrigue between
begins. This breathtaking poi
view the Golden Gate Bridge re
a much-traveled tourist spot.

The Curse of Carlotta

California Palace of the Legion of Honor in Lincoln Park (entrance at 34th Avenue and Clement Street): Madeleine sits quietly, rapt in a portrait of her great-grandmother, Carlotta Valdes. Though the painting was created for the film, many paintings are still there—as is the bench on which she sits. Gallery 6, where Carlotta was showcased, still features the Renaissance art that was there during the filming of Vertigo.



Anxiety

al hospital at 351 Buena Vista ve: Currently an apartment build- his was the mental hospital Scottie recuperates from a rous onset of vertigo. Scottie cked in the grip of acute cholia until he meets Judy, also by Novak.

The Fairmont Hotel

Atop Nob Hill: A memorable location in Vertigo, the renowned Fairmont Hotel is still the premiere address for visitors to San Francisco.

From Ernie's to The Essex:

Ernie's Restaurant, 847 Montgomery Street: Madeleine glided through Ernie's, a sophisticated San Francisco haunt which now boasts The Essex Supper Club. Only the exterior was used in the film—the inside shot is pure Hollywood.

The Street Where She Lived

The Brocklebank at 1000 Mason Street: The building where Madeleine resides in the film remains an elegant San Francisco residence apartment building. The scene-setting courtyard imbued the character with fitting digs for a San Francisco society figure.

She Suits Herself

259 Post Street: Ransohoffs, the toney ladies shop which sells Madeleine's hallmark grey suit subsequently went out of fashion—and fashionable Escada is now in its place. (Shown here, en route to Ransohoffs, at Podesta Baldocchi)

The Plot Thickens

Mission Dolores at 16th and Dolores streets: A transfixed Madeleine visits the grave of Carlotta. The mission is still there, but the tombstone—made for the movie and a tourist attraction for years—was finally cleared out in respect for the sincerely departed.

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changing—arguably for the better. But this is very different from the transformations she went through with Hayden and Vadim," says a producer who was one of her closest friends for years. "In marrying Turner, she made a pact with the Devil. She sold out."

The ambitious actress who once courted the limelight, the liberal firebrand who confidently preached the virtues of artistic freedom and grassroots politics, now seems surprisingly unsure of herself and, at times, defensive. When she emerged briefly this past fall to promote her new cookbook, *Jane Fonda: Cooking for Healthy Living,* on the *Today* show, she looked like a startled deer, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, one foot tapping out a jittery Morse code under her chair. At one point, Fonda, as demure as a 50s housewife in a pastel twinset, her long hair streaked and styled to Barbie-doll perfection, even worried on air to host Katie Couric about smudging her lipstick as she balked at sampling a forkful of salad with her own low-calorie yogurt dressing. She seemed terrified that at any moment Couric might bring up something from her past that would scuff the shiny new façade she had worked so hard to create.

Fonda's book—a genteel, First Ladyish project befitting the wife of a prominent man—provides a sometimes unintentionally funny peek into her newfound domestic bliss. Anecdotes about life with Ted are salted throughout the opening chapters, while the menu plans, she explains, are "not what I myself cook, but rather how I like to eat," since "there's not much time for me to do the cooking." What with all the entertaining, horseback riding, and gallivanting around the countryside, she and Turner "are usually outdoors right up until mealtime."

Though she is promoting the book in her new persona of Mrs. Ted Turner, as she is often introduced at formal functions these days, it is vintage Fonda. Having wrestled with bulimia since childhood, she has even included a brief section on eating disorders. She recalls that at the peak of her fanaticism she would tell people who commented on her radically restricted eating habits that "if I even eat an apple, I will put on weight." Fonda, who has now turned to yoga, blithely notes that her life today is "much easier and healthier." Never mind that her past obsession with weight and "going for the burn" led a generation of women to diet and exercise compulsively alongside her.

The recipes are based on meals meticulously prepared by the three personal chefs she and Turner employ in the seven principal homes around the country where they spend their "non working time." Turner, who is the largest private landowner in the United States, divides his days between his sprawling ranch in New Mexico, which occupies more than one million acres, his 107,000-acre Flying D Ranch in Montana, and his 5,000-acre Hope Plantation in South Carolina, as well as an elegant estate in Georgia, and an island off the coast of South Carolina. When he and Fonda are not vacationing, they are headquartered at Turner's deluxe penthouse atop the CNN Center in Atlanta.

By turns imperious and ingratiating, Fonda can sometimes appear maddeningly unresolved and unreflective. When I first approached her about doing an interview, she was adamantly opposed to the idea, and clearly dreaded being dragged back into the limelight. "I don't want the focus to be on me," she insisted at our first meeting in Atlanta, her slate-blue eyes wide and pleading, her manner flustered and desperate.

When she reluctantly agreed to talk about herself, she expressed what has been obvious, but unspoken, for so long. She is, to put it simply, tired of being a role model, tired of all the baggage that comes with being Jane Fonda. The daughter of Henry Fonda—the actor who as Abe Lincoln, Tom Joad, and Wyatt Earp came to embody the classic American hero—she has lived out her whole life in the public eye, held always to what she felt was an impossible standard. And, more painful, she is completely aware that, these days, she is seen as having disappointed her public. "I think some women, who for whatever reason—maybe it's because they are single and it is very hard, or they really don't understand what the women's movement is about—so they see the society pages and pictures and they assume then that means—and it hurts—I read it sometimes, 'in her evening dresses on the arm of . . . '"

"I kind of am self-conscious about myself and how I live," she told me. "I've been so in-your-face for so long, and I'm not talking about the Vietnam stuff, I mean way before then, and I've been stumbling along trying to find myself. You know what I don't like—and my daughter sort of sees it this way, too—is that I'm this person and then I switch and I become this person, and then I switch and become this person, whereas it doesn't feel that way to me at all. . . . I think I've been so lucky."

Fonda is almost 60 now, and, no longer harnessed to a career driven by box-office returns, she has consciously chosen to live out this latest chapter of her life in the shadow of her publicity-loving husband, whether or not it conforms to popular notions of what is politically correct. After almost four decades spent riding the crest of the *Zeitgeist,* she seems curiously out of sync with the times. It may be, in part, because the man she calls her "buccaneer" is a bit of a throwback himself, a flamboyant, eccentric entrepreneur from a more colorful era. And it may be that after years as Citizen Jane she just wants to be taken care of, for a change.

"This is different from the transformations she went through with Hayden and Vadim. . . . She made a pact with the Devil."

"I see a searcher," says Richard Roth, who produced *Julia,* "someone who has always been looking for the best in life and to be the best. Maybe she has finally found it."

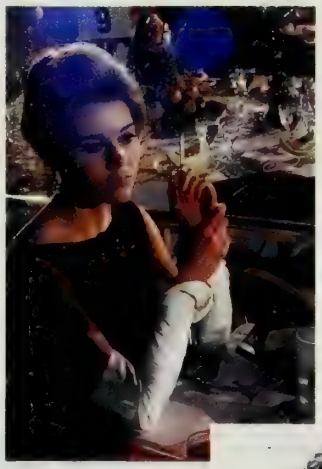
Opening the door of the Presidential Suite at the Waldorf Towers, Fonda immediately starts apologizing for the palatial accommodations. "They were booked solid, so they put us here," she says, adding with a vague gesture in the direction of several large rooms tastefully appointed with antiques, "I haven't even been in most of these."

Settling nervously on the edge of a sofa in the cold, ornate living room, Fonda appears guarded, wary, and surprisingly vulnerable. She is thin to the point of being frail, and deep parentheses frame her strained smile. It is strange to think that after so many years, and so many roads traveled, she could seem so tentative. Her hands are never still; they twist in her lap or torture the last button on her cashmere cardigan. She is wearing the opal engagement ring that Turner gave her.

She has agreed to talk only if she can focus on the work she has been doing with pregnant teens in her new home of

Atlanta, a cause to which she has quietly dedicated herself in recent years—and one that, for reasons she has never before disclosed, is very close to her heart.

"I had been involved for 25 to 30 years in women's health, in girls' health, and together with my ex-husband Tom Hayden I ran a children's camp in the hills above Santa Barbara," she begins, a torrent of words spilling out so fast that she swallows the ends of her sentences, as though she is trying to keep pace with her racing mind. "It was an interesting camp because there were real young kids, rich kids, white kids, wealthy black kids, poor Hispanic kids, handicapped kids, and deaf kids. Mike Ovitz's son was there. Girls who had never made their own beds were living in a bunk with girls who had never had a bed of their own." After a theatrical pause she adds, "I adopted one of those girls, and I've learned so much through her."



Me, Jane? *From top,* Fonda at an Actors Studio benefit in 1961; posing for stills to promote *Barbarella* in 1968; on the beach in the late 1960s; and singing anti-war songs in North Vietnam in July 1972.

Fonda says she won't go into detail about this daughter, for fear of "invading her space," but explains that the girl came from a fractured family, and that her siblings had "many, many kids and no jobs and drugs and the whole thing and this is a kid who when she was younger said, 'I want to have a baby. I need something to belong to me.' Who said to me once in my living room, 'I've been here for a month—I never realized mothers don't beat their children.'"

Fonda has an actressy intensity, and she is so dramatic that it is sometimes difficult to believe that she cares about this latest cause as much as she wants you to believe—until she stops with the rhetoric and social theory and sad stories, and turns to herself. "I was not the parent that I could have been and should have been," she admits. "I don't beat myself up about it. You do the best you can. For those of us who weren't parented well, how do we know how to be good parents? I wasn't always healthy, that's how I got into the Workout. You teach what you need to learn. I am learning about parenting. If I had known then what I know now, I would have done things differently."

"I've been so in-your-face for so long. . . . I've been stumbling along trying to find myself," Fonda says.

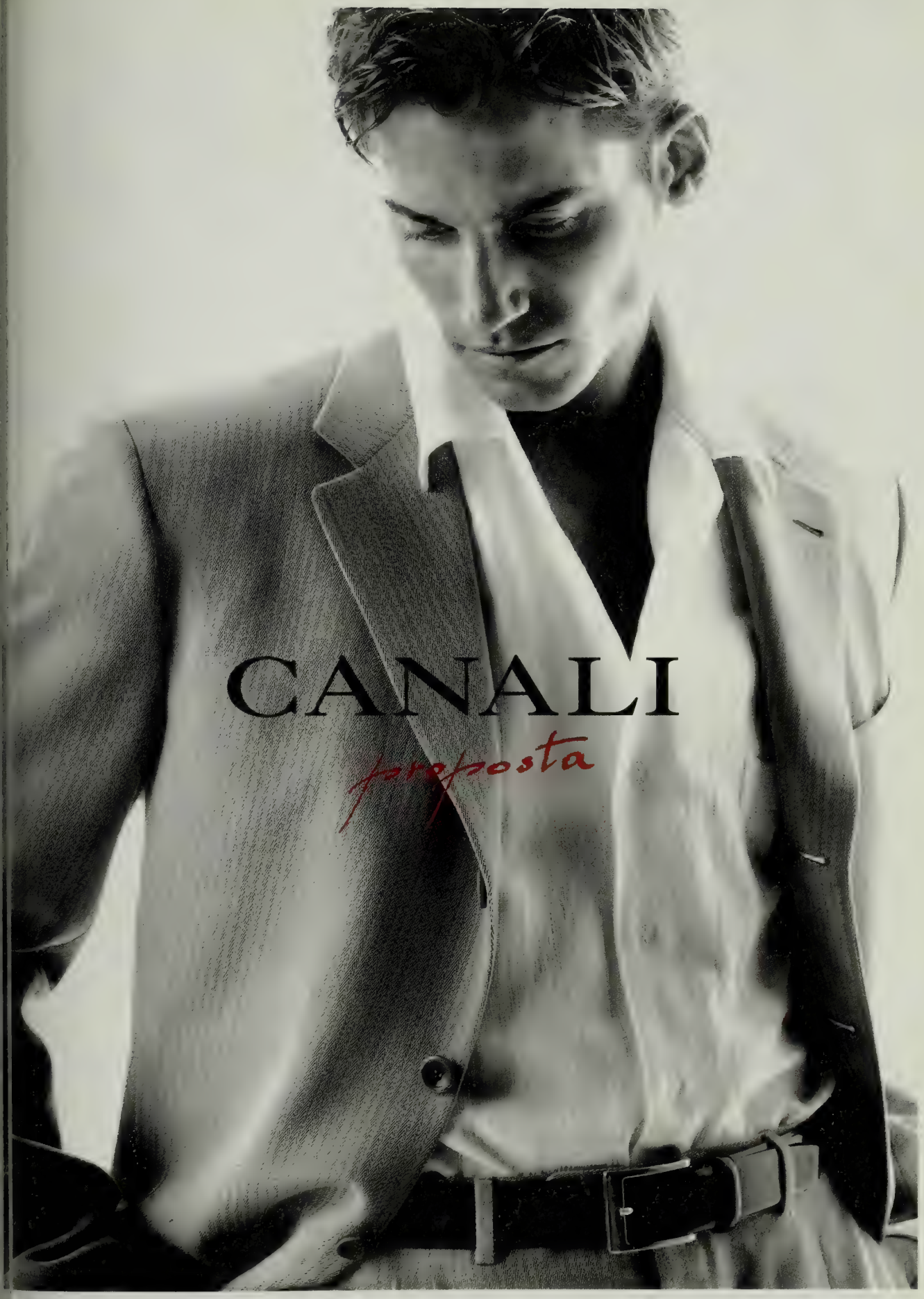
Fonda attempts to remain as relentlessly upbeat as the aerobics coach she once was, and every pain or past injury is immediately turned into evidence that she is growing stronger and better. "If you are willing to step up to what you are responsible for, and learn from your mistakes, you can change right up until the end," she says, dedicated as always to the idea of self-improvement.

"One of the things that's good about getting older is you gain compassion," she says. "I understand more. I've learned a lot in my life. I've learned a lot from Tom [Hayden]. I've learned a lot from Ted. Ted has huge arms that he opens to lots of people that he doesn't necessarily agree with, and I watch them change as a result of it. He's got an expression, 'You can catch more bees with honey,' or whatever that expression is." Fonda allows herself to laugh. "I feel like this is what I've been preparing for my whole life."

In January, at her invitation, I went to Atlanta to see the kinder, gentler Jane Fonda—the star turned supporting player, the activist turned philanthropist. Her office had informed me that she would be the featured speaker at a conference she had put together on behalf of the Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention, the nonprofit organization she helped create two years ago with funds from the Turner Foundation.

As I walked into the lecture hall in the Omni Hotel, adjoining the mammoth CNN Center, the first thing that hit me was her voice. She has the same flat, midwestern vowels as her father, but there is an overlay of the educated Vassar girl, and an earnestness that is all her own. And it is so peculiarly familiar, after so many years and so many movies, from *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *Klute* to *On Golden Pond.*

As she greeted the 400 local health-care workers, educators, and community organizers packing the room, Fonda received a standing ovation. She began with a standard, crowd-pleasing anecdote about watching the Super Bowl and not knowing whom to root for. She picked the Patriots, she said, because she is



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always "for the underdog." This brought the obligatory clapping. Fonda went on to say that she was sad when the Green Bay Packers won, until she learned that the team "was owned by the community. Not by some rich guy—sorry, Ted!—but by the community, and that's good." Another burst of applause.

For a second, I half expected to see her in one of those 1970s shag cuts, a turtleneck, and jeans—plain Jane the crusader. But the prosperous, well-tended woman onstage looked entirely era-appropriate in her gray Armani pantsuit, black ponyskin Gucci loafers, and quilted Chanel bag. Heavy gold orbs dotted each ear. Round tortoiseshell glasses signaled her serious frame of mind. Her speech was the dry, dutiful stuff of local campaigning, but it showed her reformer's zeal to be unabated. Georgia has the highest rate of teenage pregnancy in the country, and Fonda has made the problem her personal cause since moving here five years ago.

Fonda won't go into detail about her adopted daughter, but says the girl came from a fractured family.

But even in her local do-gooder mode, slinging jargon Tipper Gore–style, she managed to touch a chord with her moving descriptions of girls who are winding up mothers before they have a notion of what life is about. She clearly had her audience's respect, even when she told her listeners, a third or more of whom were black, that she didn't want it to seem like her campaign was just a bunch of "middle-class, middle-aged, white women" telling everyone what to do. Brenda Staten, a black delegate sitting beside me, muttered under her breath, "You can say that again!" But she told me she believed Fonda's heart was probably in the right place. "She's a woman with a strong social conscience who has to be doing something," she said with a knowing smile. "And we don't have a Vietnam War anymore. This is the social issue of the day."

When Fonda and Turner are in Atlanta, she matches his rigorous work schedule with long days at her office in the CNN building, days filled with meetings with local and state officials and community activists. She keeps a determinedly low profile as she goes about her volunteer work, and seems to be trying to find a way to carefully tailor her activities to the framework of Turner's life. But her colleagues say that just because she is less outspoken doesn't mean she is any less committed. Michelle Nunn, the daughter of former senator Sam Nunn and executive director of Hands On Atlanta, a local volunteer organization, recalls that Fonda was so eager to get into the trenches and help that after they had finished building a playground in the poor community of Mechanicsville, "Jane was still dashing around picking up trash—really wet, icky stuff that had been there forever—while the rest of us stood around feeling foolish."

"She has a fire in the belly which is infectious," says Michael Dalmat, the coordinator of the teen-pregnancy-prevention program at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. "She's not some celebrity who is involved in just a passing way. She's in it for the long haul. She's already made quite a mark on the state."

Fonda admits that it took her some time to find herself after marrying Turner. "I was in a new state with a new culture and no friends, and it was a different kind of environment for women." After a while, she says, she began to feel the same way as when she started out in movies, making light comedies such as *Tall Story* and *Sunday in New York,* and trying to fit in rather than do the work she really cared about.

"I was thinking, What meaning does my life have?" she says. "It's in my blood to be a wife. I've been married all my adult life. I need family. I'm not happy when I'm not married even if the marriage isn't good." She laughs wryly, shaking her head. "I finally got it right, but I need more than that."

Fonda has a way of talking about herself that is strangely rote at times, as though she is addressing criticisms that haven't been voiced but that she has heard or read for years. "Don't forget that my dad is the man who made *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *12 Angry Men* and *The Ox-Bow Incident.* That was part of who he was, although he never talked about it. So it's in my blood. My dad always kind of by osmosis let us know it's not enough to have privilege, that part of your responsibility in life is to level the playing field, because you can't live in a stable society without a more level playing field."

When she seized on teen pregnancy, she says, she took her proposal to Turner, and he backed her with an initial $350,000 grant. "What that says about Ted is very profound," she notes pointedly. "This is a man who was not raised to have a wife who is strong, and who has her own life that is every bit as interesting as his is. . . . But he has adapted to this so beautifully and he is so proud of me."

It helps that Fonda's driving need to make a statement beyond herself is more than equaled by her husband's, although he brings a capitalist's edge to his civic-mindedness. Like Fonda, Turner, who is worth more than $2 billion, stops to pick up trash on Atlanta streets, and favors unpretentious cars such as the Toyota Cressida and Ford Taurus. In the past, when not flying in his own Cessna, which is modest by mogul standards, he and his CNN executives have always traveled coach.

Turner, however, can be wildly generous when trying to shape the course of history. Among his philanthropic activities is the Turner Foundation, a private family fund established in 1991 to help tackle environmental, population, and reproductive-rights issues. The board is made up of Turner, Fonda, and his five children from his previous marriages. Last year, the foundation gave out $7.5 million to various groups, and beginning in 1997, Ted and Jane are committed to giving away $25 million a year.

At times, the two seem almost interchangeable. In 1992, when Turner gave a rambling, three-hour talk at the Kennedy School of Government that threatened to never end, Fonda reportedly got out of her chair, took over the lectern, and finished the speech for her grateful husband. "They are incredibly well matched," says Peter Bahouth, executive director of the Turner Foundation. "They have unbelievable energy and they take everything in. They're not cynical. They're not closed off and secluded, not one of those couples who are surrounded by a lot of people there to protect them."

Confronted with the notion that Fonda is now no more than a trophy wife, friends of the couple's beg to disagree. "I have to give Jane credit," says one Turner executive. "She's figured Ted out pretty well. He never could be alone, he

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couldn't stand it. So he never was. Even when he was married, he always had a girl with him. Jane never leaves him alone. They're always together. It's probably the only time in his life he's been with only one woman."

"Look, Ted is a very high-maintenance guy," says a longtime girlfriend of Fonda's from Los Angeles. "He is known for loving-the-one-you're-with syndrome, and fooling around on his wives. Jane's marriage to Tom suffered because of all the travel, campaigning, and being on location. It was too much time apart. She doesn't want that to happen again. So she's made being with Ted a full-time job. Remember, this woman has never known how to do anything in moderation—she never dieted halfway, she never learned how to ski halfway, and she never took up a cause halfway."

The men who loved her: *From top,* Fonda with her husband, director Roger Vadim, in the mid-60s; with Donald Sutherland in Manila in 1971; with Tom Hayden in London in December 1972; and with Lorenzo Caccialanza at the 1989 New York premiere of *Old Gringo.*

When the double-edged sword of fame cuts the wrong way, it usually hits bone. Fonda's marriage to Hayden unraveled in 1989, and it did so in a painfully public fashion. For years, she had looked the other way during his frequent dalliances. But upon returning from location on *Old Gringo* in Mexico, Fonda was stunned to learn that Hayden had become openly involved with a 32-year-old Harvard-educated Dukakis speechwriter named Vicky Rideout. Fonda reportedly demanded that he end the affair, and he refused. By the time he finally packed his things and drove off in his faded Volvo station wagon, crews from the tabloid TV shows were camped outside their suburban Santa Monica home. The Hollywood couple who had relentlessly used their celebrity to popularize Hayden's campaigns could not expect privacy during what would turn out to be a very bitter divorce. They had made everything, including the details of their personal lives, political.

She was amused by Turner's interest, but took off for St. Barts and Europe with a younger Italian soccer player.

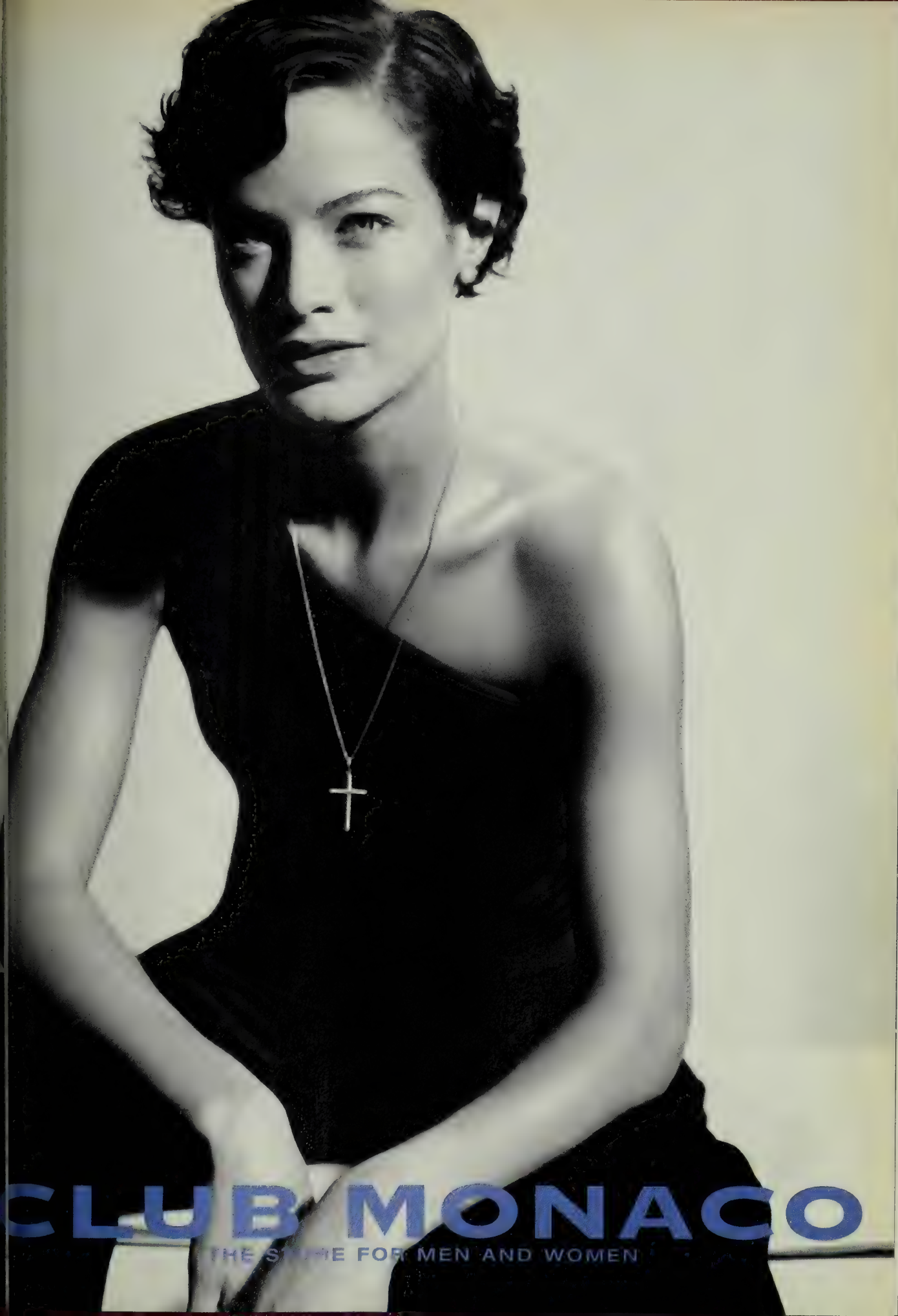
At 51, Fonda was, in her own words, in "free fall." Though she had plowed millions into her husband's political career over their 17-year marriage, the then state assemblyman, who earned $40,000 a year, was entitled under California's community-property laws to half her holdings, estimated to have been between $30 million and $100 million. Her box office, after the huge success of *On Golden Pond* in 1981, had begun to fail. The financial thriller *Rollover* and *The Morning After,* in which she played an aging alcoholic, had both bombed, and following eight years of development by Fonda Films *Old Gringo,* co-starring Gregor Peck and TV heartthrob Jimm Smits, was in jeopardy. Mean while, the tabloids were havin a field day with reports tha her relationship with Smits wa more than professional.

The breakup wa hardest on Fonda' two children, who ha already suffered fron having absentee par ents. Fonda's 16-year old son by Hayder Troy Garity (he uses hi paternal grandmother' maiden name), shuffle between the Sant Monica house and hi father's apartment i Sacramento. Her 21 year-old daughter, Va nessa Vadim, still baby when Fonda end ed her first marriage, t director Roger Vadim had fallen between th cracks of her mother' divergent lives and was in full-scale rebellion a Brown University.

To deal with the emotional turmoil, Fonda ha admitted, she saw a psychiatrist for the first tim in nearly 25 years, and tried to work on herself She also had the requisite ego-boosting cosmeti surgery and breast implants. "I've never felt thi kind of pain. It leaves you raw and vulnerable," she told *Ladies' Home Journal* in the fall of 1989 "Now, when you're faced with something tha painful, you have two choices. You can go down go under—just cave in out of the fear of what i means to be single again. Or you can say this i to open a door that I've never even thought o opening."

Fonda rebound ed with a brief af fair with a blon Hollwood hair dresser name Barry Matalon and then jumpe to a strapping Italian soccer jock named Lorenzo Caccialanza who was in his mid-30s. Fonda was so smitten with her new beau that she paid virtually no attention to the overtures being made by Turner, who upon reading about her split from Hay den told his assistant Dee Woods, "I'd like to have dinner with her." Turner and Fonda had crossed paths before, and she was amused by his interest, but she took off on an extended holiday with Caccialanza to St. Barts and Europe. "He was like this wounded puppy," says a former Turner executive, recalling how upset the boss had been at seeing pictures in the newspapers of Fonda and her muscular lover. "He waited it out."

Turner was just emerging from several years of emotiona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upheaval which had followed the 1988 end of his 24-year marriage to his second wife, Jane Smith, the mother of his children Rhett, Beau, and Jennie. (Turner has two other children, Robert E. "Teddy" Turner IV and Laura Lee, by his first wife, Judy Nye.) During this period he was diagnosed as a mild manic-depressive, and started taking lithium to help control his wildly erratic moods.

Turner had always cut a wide swath through the attractive talent at CNN, and it was no secret that he had more than one girlfriend at a time. One former executive recalls walking down the hall once and seeing Turner's ex-wife Jane, Barbara Pyle (a photographer), Liz Wickersham (a *Playboy* cover girl turned announcer at CNN), and J. J. Ebaugh (Turner's pilot and a longtime companion) all talking, and realizing with amusement that "they had all slept with Ted. I couldn't help wondering if they were comparing notes."

When Fonda returned from her Italian adventure, she finalized her divorce from Hayden, reaching a $10 million settlement. She also started seeing Turner, who wooed her relentlessly, inviting her to his Montana ranch, to the CNN 10th-anniversary celebration, and on dates to the White House and then the Kremlin, where they dined with Mikhail Gorbachev. In turn, Fonda took Turner as her date to the 1990 Academy Awards, looking uncannily like one of the old promotional stills for *Barbarella* in a low-cut, blue sequined Versace dress. The chance to show Hollywood, where youth is prized, that Turner would choose to be with her, a woman 11 months his senior, must have been sweet revenge.

Their public courtship was documented in more detail than any September romance in recent memory. If some of Fonda's liberal set disapproved, Turner's close-knit circle of southern good ol' boys were downright appalled. "They were pretty shocked when he married 'Hanoi Jane,'" recalls one Turner intimate. "There was a real undercurrent of betrayal. How could he do this? Ted, the great embodiment of the American capitalist system, how could he marry her?"

Turner told his friends to give Fonda a chance, calling her "the right woman at last." He even went on the record supporting Fonda's anti-war activities, declaring, "Jane Fonda was right about Vietnam. I was wrong." In 1990, he appeared on *Larry King Live,* which is carried by his own CNN, and told the world he was in love. He and Jane sat side by side, holding hands. "She shares herself so much with others that are in need," he later said. "To be able to love and nurture her is probably certainly one, if not the greatest, honor and pleasant experience I've had in my life."

"It still looks like a teenage romance," says Porter Bibb, author of *Ted Turner's Amazing Story: It Ain't As Easy as It Looks.* "These are not the most warmhearted, lovable people, but I can't imagine two who are better suited to each other."

"She's his equal, and he's never had that before," says a close friend of Turner's. "She also had a track record of her own, and her own money, so he didn't have to suspect her motives. He is also a movie fanatic, and Henry Fonda is an idol. And Jane holds her own with him. You can see people making their way over to their table at parties to meet her. He gets a big kick out of that. . . . They can share the spotlight, which must come as a relief to both of them."

By contrast, there are those who do not think Turner is such a radical departure from the men in Fonda's past. "She's once again found a very powerful, controlling, opinionated

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ON SALE AT ALL

guy to run things," says a friend from her Hollywood days. "She had a really rough start, and there are emotional gaps there that nothing outside can fill. That's why she has always needed a man in her life as an anchor."

After such a public romance, Fonda is now at pains to protect their privacy. It is hard to live in a fishbowl, and she knows the cost of not closely guarding a relationship. It is the reason she always cleaves to his side. (She once said that she takes her laptop into the deer stand when Turner is hunting, just so they can be together. She tapped out her cookbook while he waited for deer.) Her main priority, she explained, was always "showing up, being physically present."

The good ol' boys were "shocked when Ted married 'Hanoi Jane.' There was a real undercurrent of betrayal."

Fonda says she has no regrets about retiring from the screen, and finds Hollywood to be a cynical place. She doesn't believe she could get the kind of serious films made today that she did during the 70s and 80s with her partner Bruce Gilbert. (These include *The China Syndrome, Coming Home,* and *On Golden Pond.*) "I am so grateful that I'm not there and I don't have to do that," she says with deep feeling.

To all appearances, she is content, and her fondness and admiration for Turner are obvious. He crops up in every other sentence. In many ways, he seems to have been good for her. After years of burning the candle at both ends, she says she is slowing down and has learned to take life a little easier and laugh more. This, after all, is a woman who is so intense that when she married Hayden they dropped the "to love and obey" clause in the wedding vows and substituted a commandment "to keep a sense of humor."

"It's like this machine my father found that you put rocks in," Fonda says, "and if you choose the rocks right, when they get tumbled after a period of time, they become round and shiny. When two people, especially two big egos like us, come together after 50, it's a little bit like putting two jagged rocks into this machine. And I think it takes two to three years for the corners to get rounded.

"I always marvel at people who are no longer young who can change," she continues. "My dad being one of them. It's not easy. Change is the hardest thing in the world, and it's the first thing I look for in people."

By all accounts, Fonda has helped mellow Turner a little, too. Friends say Turner is healthier and more sober than he has ever been, which is saying a lot for a man whose idea of how to celebrate a sailing victory was to hoist bottles of booze on deck. Despite rumors that he is no longer taking the lithium for his mood swings, he appears to be on the most even keel of his life. When the two started dating, Fonda made him clean up his act and begin exercising. Turner has bragged to everyone about how much weight he has dropped doing Jane Fonda's Workout. They both went on a strict nutritional diet—the origins of her cookbook—and cut back on their alcohol consumption. As Fonda explained to a reporter at the time, "I didn't want to become some old lady with slurred speech at parties. I didn't want my friends to say, 'What are we going to do about Jane?' so I decided to nip it in the bud. Ted joined me."

They try to spend the bulk of May to October at the Flying D Ranch, the largest private homestead in Yellowstone, where they built a spacious log cabin with a spectacular view of a 17-acre man-made lake Turner stocks with trout. Off in the distance they can see the snowcapped Spanish Peaks. Turner and Fonda often rise early for a three-hour ride around the property, checking out the herd of 3,500 bison they are raising as an environmentally sound business. Turner spends most afternoons fly-fishing, and then, after dinner, the couple and their frequent guests usually head out for a drive to spot wildlife. "We have a competition, and he saw 13 bear last year and I saw 12," she says, adding with frank admiration, "He knows so much about the intricacies of the environment. It's just amazing, with everything else he has to put in his head."

Turner certainly treats Fonda better than he did his previous wives. Employees who remember the bad old days when Turner would upbraid Janie Smith in front of others are struck by his chivalrous manner toward his third wife. He and Fonda have been known to argue, though. One man recalls the couple getting off the elevator and stepping into the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel a few months ago, their loud voices immediately causing the crowd to fall silent. Turner stepped onto the podium and, apologizing that he didn't have much to say, noted, "As you can see, my wife and I are having a discussion, and I want to go finish it." That said, the honored couple beat a hasty retreat. "There's never a dull moment," concedes a former Turner executive. "But they really seem to be having a great time together." After a meeting of board members at the Flying D, the story came back that as Turner showed them around the place, he boasted about his prowess with Fonda. "We did it on this rock here, and under that tree, and over there . . . "

Turner is not an easy man to be with in the best of times. He has little capacity for small talk, no patience, and the kind of restless energy that is draining to be around. He can still be one tough customer, even with those closest to him. When, as the new vice-chairman of Time Warner, he was looking for ways to trim budgets, he abruptly fired his son Teddy over dinner, saying, "You're toast." (Teddy, a committed sailor, apparently did not have his heart in his job.)

Neither Fonda nor Turner was the best of parents, and in recent years she has encouraged him to try to make amends. She has inspired Turner to hold big family reunions on the holidays, and his children credit her with bringing them all closer together.

Fonda is also trying to patch up her always difficult relationship with her daughter, Vanessa, 28, a defiant feminist who co-founded MayDay Media in Washington, D.C. Vanessa is clearly cut from the same cloth as her liberal mother, and counts as one of her closest friends Rory Kennedy, the youngest of Robert Kennedy's brood. (Sargent Shriver, who is married to Eunice Kennedy, is her godfather.) Fonda's son, Troy, 23, who is very close to his father, is an actor, and sometimes introduces his father at campaign events the way his mother once did. These days, Fonda is on good terms with Hayden, a state senator who is running for mayor of Los Angeles.

On Troy's 21st birthday, there was even a family reunion of sorts, at his request, at Fonda's scenic Laurel Springs Ranch

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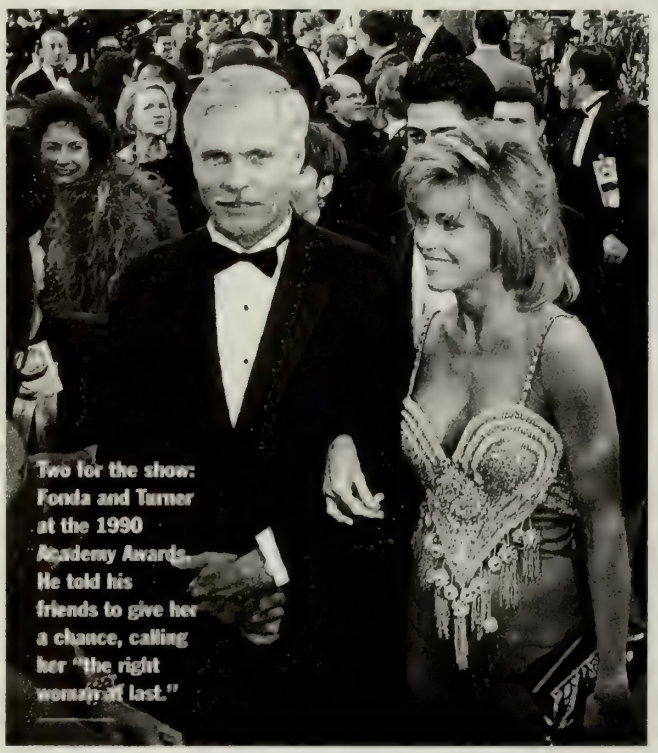
in Santa Barbara. Fonda and Turner were there, along with Hayden and his new wife, Barbara Williams. "It was very weird," recalls an old family friend. "There's this saying, 'You care about everyone in the world, but no one in particular.' I think Jane found someone in Ted who is just like her."

Actually, Fonda and Turner share a far more profound bond, one that goes a long way toward explaining why they were able to connect. Both have parents who took their own lives, leaving their children full of guilt and fury. Turner's father, the owner of a successful billboard company who had been plagued by alcoholism and depression, shot himself in the head with a .38 revolver when Ted was 24 years old. Adding to the pain, Ed Turner had made arrangements to sell his business, keeping it out of the hands of his carousing, skirt-chasing son. Young Ted, "sad, pissed, and determined," as he would later put it, raised $200,000 and bought back the business that would become the first building block of Turner Broadcasting System.

Fonda's mother, a lovely New York socialite named Frances Seymour Brokaw, slit her own throat with a razor when Jane was 12 years old. (Months earlier, Frances had been hospitalized for depression at Craig House, a private sanatorium in New York.) Henry Fonda told his children that his wife had died of a heart attack. Jane learned the truth through Brooke Hayward, a childhood friend, whose mother, the actress Margaret Sullavan, had been Henry Fonda's first wife. Jane has said that she developed bulimia the year her mother died, and it remained a problem for the next 23 years. She finally brought it under control when she was pregnant with Troy.

"Jane had a hard upbringing," says society bandleader Peter Duchin, who has known Fonda for more than 40 years and is married to Hayward. "Hank was hard to be intimate with, and was aloof and intimidating. Jane has a side that is very courageous. She's had to wrestle with a lot of demons, and she's done very well. She's survived, and that's saying a lot."



Two for the show: Fonda and Turner at the 1990 Academy Awards. He told his friends to give her a chance, calling her "the right woman at last."

"She's figured Ted out pretty well. He never could be alone, he couldn't stand it.... Jane never leaves him alone."

Those who have known Fonda since her youth at Tigertail, the gorgeous nine-acre knoll overlooking the ocean in Santa Monica where Henry and Frances Fonda built their dream house, and where Jane grew up roaming the canyons and foothills of the Pacific Palisades on horseback, do not think her current life with Turner is much of a stretch. As Jane recalls rather poignantly in her cookbook, at Tigertail her father played farmer, and during the Second World War he planted an extensive Victory garden. It was the happiest time of the Fonda family's life, and her brother, Peter, would later say that leaving Tigertail was like being expelled from paradise.

A tomboy who was happiest in pigtails and jeans, Jane was the toughest of the group of girls who grew up in the small Hollywood enclave that included Brooke Hayward, whose father, Leland Hayward, was Henry's agent; Maria Cooper, actor Gary Cooper's daughter; and Johanna Mankiewicz, niece of director Joseph. "Jane was a leader, really cute and strong. . . . We always thought she'd grow up to be a rancher or a sheriff," says Jill Robinson, who was also part of that crowd. "She always wanted to be like her father, the strong characters he projected in his films. She didn't have a mother, so she used this mythic image of her father, and made up a role model, and became that. She invented herself, really."

Turner has given Fonda back the land, the horses—the luxurious days of her childhood. As a man, he is something of an outsize legend himself, a self-made character Henry Fonda could easily have played. "Oh, he's very much like my father," Fonda says, adding with a laugh, "with none of the bad parts. He's like my father, and sometimes he even sounds like him, and sometimes he looks like him. He loves fishing—my dad was a fisherman . . . " Her voice trails off for a minute. "One big difference. I never know how to say it in English, but *bien dans sa peau.* Ted is well within his skin. Ted is not afraid of expressing need, and he loves women, and he is not threatened by them."

For both Fonda and Turner, this is stolen time, and they are trying to make the most of it. Turner's friends say that he never thought he'd live this long, and for years was dogged by fears that he would be assassinated or take his own life. "A lot of people keep wondering when Ted is going to take the Wite-Out and get rid of the word 'vice' in front of 'chairman' on his business card," says a former Turner executive, referring to rumors that have Turner preparing to oust Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin. "But Time Warner is the nastiest, most backbiting of companies. It is not inconceivable that he does not want to hang out in New York four days a week, and that he would much rather be in Montana with Jane."

The idea that Turner and Fonda will ride into the sunset in a blaze of romantic bliss strikes many as a Murdoch-manufactured fable. For two remorseless workaholics, nothing would be worse than being retired with nothing to do. "Turner can't exist without a challenge," says Porter Bibb. Neither can Fonda. If Turner is on his way to taking over Time Warner, she will be right there beside him. Though it seems an odd part for her to play at this stage of her life, Fonda never holds back. She puts her whole heart into every role. □

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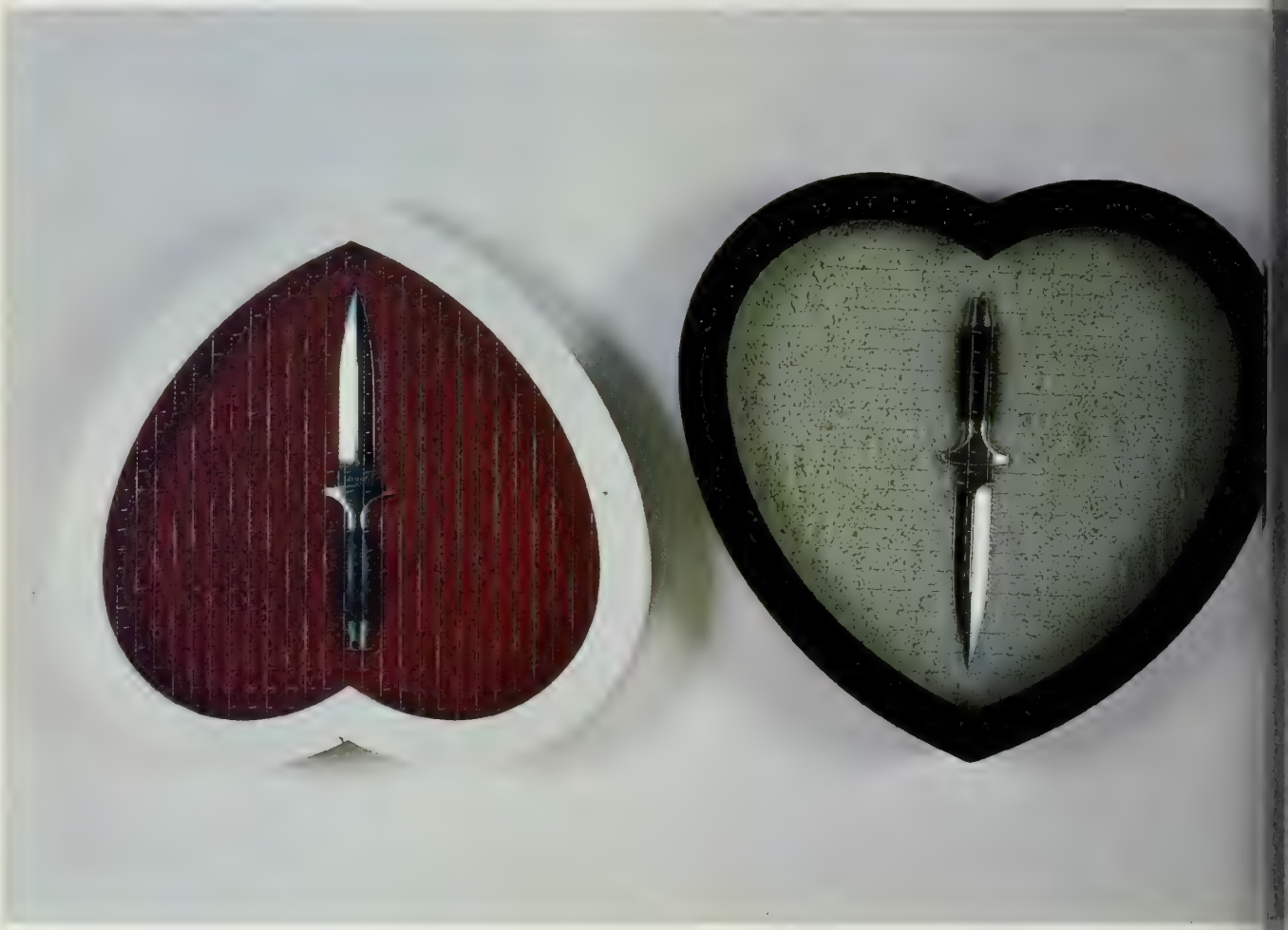

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HOLLYWOOD ON TRIAL

A crusading lawyer for the Hollywood 10, Bartley Crum went head-to-head with the House Un-American Activities Committee during its notorious Communist witch-hunting hearings in 1947. After his suicide, his daughter began to learn about his life-shattering struggle, including his secret dealings with the F.B.I.

BY PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Danny Kaye, June Havoc, Humphrey Bogart, and Lauren Bacall (seated) were among the movie stars who flew to Washington in October 1947 to support the Hollywood 10 and their lawyers, including Bartley Crum.

The night before my father committed suicide, my mother gave a dinner party. Of course, the party wasn't mentioned in subsequent accounts of his death. A *New York Times* headline dated December 11, 1959, read:

BARTLEY C. CRUM, LAWYER, 59, DIES
Acted in Cases Involving Civil Rights—
Won Million in Rita Hayworth Divorce

The obituary went on to say he'd bought the New York newspaper *PM* from Marshall Field and was a liberal Republican who had been an aide on both of Wendell Willkie's campaigns for the presidency.

The fact that he'd killed himself by swallowing an entire bottle of Seconal, which he washed down with whiskey, wasn't mentioned, either, but then, we'd kept it a deep dark secret. Actually, Mama had called some mysterious person at United Press International to hush it up—the same person my father had telephoned years before, when a fraternity brother of his had walked into the East River and the family wanted it kept quiet.

My father could do that sort of thing. He knew a lot of people—Earl Warren, Robert Kennedy, Cardinal Spellman, Henry Luce. In his New York law office were photographs of him with President Truman as well as with Chaim Weizmann, the first president of Israel.

His association with Israel was referred to in only one eulogy, in *The American Zionist,* which called him "a fighter for justice"—a man who spent his prime years fighting for a homeland in Palestine for uprooted European Jews. During the winter of 1945, President Truman had appointed him to the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry into Palestine. Daddy helped persuade the committee to agree to a policy (supported by Truman) that would issue 100,000 immediate-entry certificates to Palestine for Jewish refugees. Later, when the

Excerpted from *Anything Your Little Heart Desires: An American Family Story,* by Patricia Bosworth, to be published this month by Simon & Schuster; © 1997 by the author.

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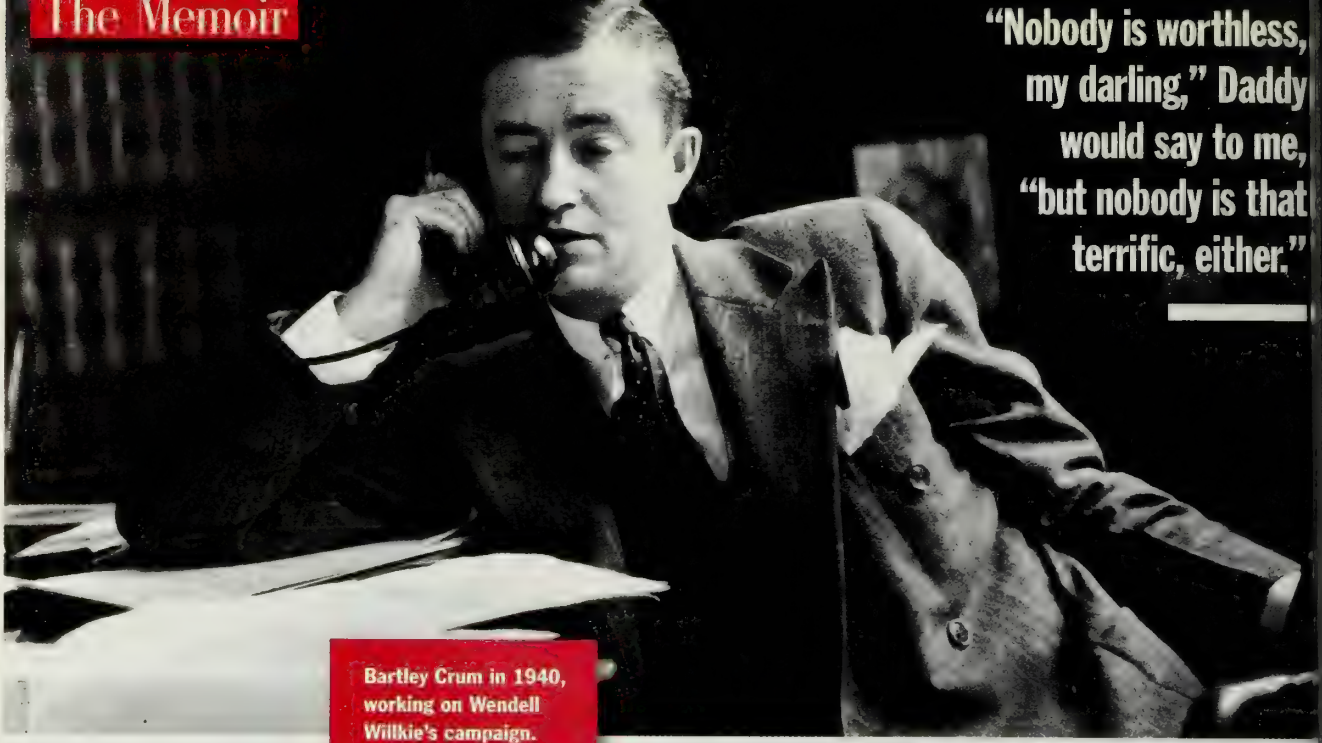


"Nobody is worthless, my darling," Daddy would say to me, "but nobody is that terrific, either."

Bartley Crum in 1940, working on Wendell Willkie's campaign. "Bart had the classic liberal mentality," Waldo Salt said.

committee's recommendations were ignored, he ended any chance of a government career by publicly pointing to what he considered the double-dealing of our State Department and the British foreign office. They both, he said, wanted to protect their oil interests in the Middle East, so they secretly supported the Arab campaign to keep the Jews out.

For a long time he approached life with supreme self-confidence and an attitude of entitlement. In his law practice, he juggled corporate accounts such as Crown Zellerbach paper and Borden's milk along with pro bono cases: Chinese immigrants, unwed mothers, teachers unjustly fired for refusing to sign loyalty oaths. My mother used to call him her "high-wire artist." Then, at the start of the Cold War in 1947—when fear of Communism let loose a wave of political oppression in this country that seems almost incomprehensible today—my father became one of six lawyers defending the Hollywood 10, that group of screenwriters and directors accused of larding their films with anti-American propaganda.

My parents were party people. They loved the ritual of collecting groups of friends and acquaintances and mixing them—priests with labor leaders, fashion designers with journalists. Mama, who was a novelist and former crime reporter for the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin,* produced the parties, while Daddy consumed them. I can still see him standing in the center of our living room in San Francisco, a slight, natty figure in a pin-striped suit, greeting an unending stream of people. There was a dash about him, a lean elegance. He had large, dreamy gray eyes and slick black hair cut short on his neck.

I would be at the entranceway, watching. I must have been eight or nine years old when I was first allowed to do that. He would catch sight of me and call out, "Hey, baby! Give your old man a kiss!" I would move hesitantly through the crowd in my black velvet dress, black velvet bows in my hair—so proud to be drawn into his enchanted circle. "Have you met my daughter?" he would ask whoever might be standing next to him—it could have been the playwright William Saroyan or the novelist John Steinbeck. Then his arm would creep around my shoulders, and he would continue, "This is my daughter, Patricia. Isn't she beautiful, you guys?"

For years I thought I wanted to be like him. I remember that as I was climbing the stairs to my parents' brownstone in Manhattan for the dinner party on that last night in 1959, I still imagined I could be at least as glamorous as he was. At 25 I'd already been married and divorced and was earning my living as an actress on Broadway and in the movies. I had just finished making *The Nun's Story* with Audrey Hepburn.

I found my father in his usual place, standing in the center of the living room. He was talking with New York senator Jacob Javits and his wife, Marian, while fashion designer Pauline Trigère hovered nearby. Mama had invited them over for cocktails to toast Daddy's birthda

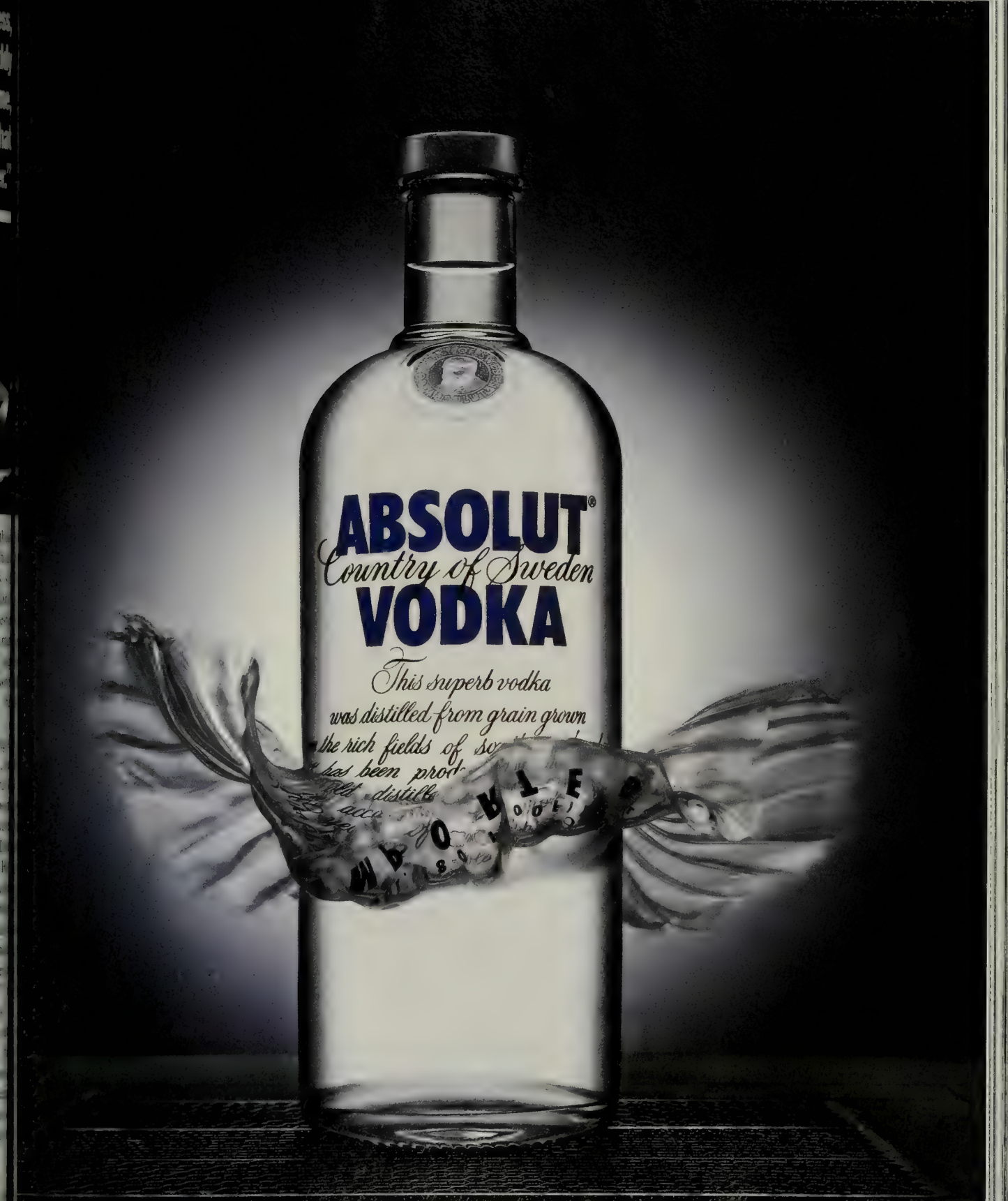
Daddy didn't look 59. Oh, he had slight paunch, but his grin was sti boyish. I watched him light Pauline cigarette and then rush over to freshe her drink. He was famous for his ma ners, and I never heard him pass jud ment on anybody. "Nobody is wortl less, my darling," he'd say to me, "bu nobody is that terrific, either."

As I arrived, he was introducing A Steele, the chairman of Pepsi-Cola, an his wife, movie star Joan Crawford, t Maître Suzanne Blum, a dumpy won an who was one of the most powerfu lawyers in France, representing the Duk and Duchess of Windsor and Rita Hay worth's European interests. My fathe used to confer with her about Rita wher ever he was in Paris. I remember that h started to cough. He smoked four pack of Pall Mall cigarettes a day. But when h saw me, he stopped. "Hey, baby!" h called out. "Give your old man a kiss!"

All of that was forgotten the nex morning when Mama summoned m back to the duplex. I lived not far away in a studio apartment off First Avenu on 66th Street, so I arrived in time t see Daddy being carried out the door i a body bag.

After my father died, I was incon solable, but I was unable to grieve It was as if no grief were big enoug to encompass the loss of the most im portant person in my life. So instead began trying to write about him.

Looking back on it, I wanted to pain him as a heroic figure. I was afraid would diminish him if I wrote about hin



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honestly. He obsessed me, this gentle, gallant, troubled man. I wanted to find out what made him tick.

My main sources of inspiration were my mother's journals and the scrapbook I'd kept on him when I was a teenager. Whenever I stared at the faded old photographs or newsclips—CRUM CALLS "COMMUNIST" CHARGE LIBEL—I was reminded of the unsettling time back in 1947 when we started having trouble with our phones.

There were a lot of them—several on each floor of our Green Street house in San Francisco—and sometimes they would all ring at once and sometimes they would all go dead. On occasion a single phone would ring, and I would answer it and nobody would be there. Instead there would be a humming. It would ring again and I'd pick up the receiver—"Hello? Hello?" Silence. The line would be dead. My little brother, Bart junior, and I used to play a game: Who can get to the phone before it stops ringing? When they all rang at once we'd scream excitedly, and Mama used to get furious at us.

We kept complaining to the phone company. The repairmen would come, but then the phones would go bad again. Daddy told us he had spoken with Dave Niles, a White House aide for both Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, who supposedly had checked with somebody high up at the F.B.I., and been assured that our phones were not tapped.

Then one morning at breakfast Daddy announced to us that he thought he was being followed regularly by a "suspicious-looking guy who hops onto the Hyde Street cable car and rides with me all the way to Market Street. He looks like an F.B.I. agent, so he obviously is an F.B.I. agent."

The year 1947 marked the start of a gigantic anti-Communist purge in America, in the course of which ultimately thousands of decent citizens like my father would be victimized simply for their beliefs and for their associations. The alliance with the Soviet Union during World War II was long gone; now Russia was seen as "the Red Menace," and American Communism was transformed, in part by F.B.I. chief J. Edgar Hoover, from a matter of political opinion to a matter of national security.

On March 21, 1947, President Truman inaugurated his Federal Employees Loyalty and Security Program. Along with it came the attorney general's list of subversives. More than two million federal employees had to answer loyalty questionnaires and have their fingerprints taken. Helped by the F.B.I. and the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), the search was for "derogatory information" which dealt with the question of "reasonable doubt" as to loyalty. All affiliations with "suspect" organizations were recorded.

"The loyalty programs made the American public think that political dissidents were criminals," my father used to say.

Ronald Reagan had been an F.B.I. informant since 1943, but this wouldn't be revealed until after he became president of the United States.

At the start of the Cold War, loyalty cases consumed him. He would work pro bono, charging only for expenses. In contrast, his corporate clients would be billed up to $65 an hour for his time, a substantial amount in 1947.

Also in March, Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach proposed outlawing the Communist Party in America. On behalf of the National Lawyers Guild, a progressive association dating from the time of the New Deal, my father immediately declared in print that the proposal was not only "unconstitutional, but utterly stupid." "There is nothing intrinsically illegal about what Communists *do,*" he added. He went out of his way to suggest that American Communists prove their loyalty to the United States by denying that they were controlled by the Soviet Union. Those comments, I would learn much later, were duly recorded in his F.B.I. file, along with notes: "Subject is most certainly a Communist or a hidden Communist" and "He emphasized something more: 'I happen to be a Republican. I happen to be a Roman Catholic.' Thus he tried to give himself a double alibi."

Now his overnight trips to Hollywood were surveilled, and undercover agents mingled in the audiences that heard him speak before the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee (J.A.F.R.C.). Because of his participation in the Lawyers Guild, J.A.F.R.C., and Progressive Citizens of America (P.C.A.), which were all openly fighting the purge, Daddy's name was on the list of subversives. He refus to resign from any of the organizatio on the list, even J.A.F.R.C., which w then having its records subpoenaed HUAC.

J.A.F.R.C. was considered a leadi "front group" for Communists and "f low travelers." Daddy (who had nev been a Communist) was often describ as a fellow traveler or a bleeding-heart l eral because he lent his name to so ma left-wing groups. As the personal attac on him grew, Daddy continued to li his life as he alwa had. He helped le the Lawyers Guild various actions agair the F.B.I., and joined the Californ Committee for Rad Freedom, formed protest the discharge six news analysts ar commentators from Los Angeles radio st tion because they were supposed spreading "Red slander and propaganda

In order to keep up his frantic pac Daddy fueled himself with pills ar liquor, but he never looked drugge or drunk. He had a gorgeous façade. H was in and out of Hollywood a lot; h had attracted some new clients in L Angeles, so he rented a small office ne the Brown Derby. In the meantime, h and Robert Kenny, a former attorne general of California, recruited ne members for P.C.A. and sponsored a s ries of seminars to air opposition t Truman's loyalty programs. They we alarmed at the outcome of the close hearings HUAC had organized at th Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles in Ma to investigate charges that Communis were infiltrating Hollywood.

The committee's chairman, J. Parne Thomas, and committee member Ric ard Nixon had been interviewing "frien ly witnesses," such as Screen Acto Guild president Ronald Reagan an Lela Rogers, Ginger Rogers's mothe a script reader at RKO, who had ob jected to her daughter's having to sa the line "Share and share alike, that democracy" in a movie called *Tend Comrade,* by the screenwriter Dalto Trumbo. Reagan and Rogers denounce dozens of their colleagues, and thei testimony was leaked to the pres There was a growing fear among libe als like my father and Kenny tha HUAC's aim was sinister, that its "no ing around," as Daddy put it, could b

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Nine of the Hollywood 10 await fingerprinting in Los Angeles in December 1947 after being cited for contempt of Congress; from left, Adrian Scott, Edward Dmytryk, Samuel Ornitz, Lester Cole, Herbert Biberman, Albert Maltz, Alvah Bessie, John Howard Lawson, and Ring Lardner Jr. (Missing is Dalton Trumbo.)

the beginning of both thought control and censorship.

In September, HUAC subpoenaed 45 people to appear at a public hearing in Washington and testify as to their political beliefs. The first group—made up of friendly witnesses, among them Ronald Reagan and Walt Disney—were more than willing to repeat what they had said to the committee in May.

The second group was a loose coalition of liberals and leftist screenwriters, directors, and producers, later dubbed "the Unfriendly 19." They were: producer-director Herbert Biberman (*Salt of the Earth*); directors Edward Dmytryk, Lewis Milestone (*All Quiet on the Western Front*), Irving Pichel (*Life Begins at Eight-Thirty*), and Robert Rossen (*All the King's Men*); producer-writer Adrian Scott; German playwright Bertolt Brecht (who had escaped from Germany in 1933); actor Larry Parks (who played Al Jolson in the film biography); and screenwriters Alvah Bessie (*The Very Thought of You*), Lester Cole (*Objective Burma!*), Richard Collins (co-wrote *Song of Russia*), Gordon Kahn, Howard Koch (co-wrote *Casablanca*), Ring Lardner Jr. (co-wrote *Woman of the Year*), John Howard Lawson (*Smash-Up*), Albert Maltz (co-wrote *The Naked City*), Samuel Ornitz (*Circumstantial Evidence*), Waldo Salt, and Dalton Trumbo. Most of them were or had been members of the Communist Party, as HUAC well knew, since the Hollywood secretary of the party was an F.B.I. informer. With the exception of Brecht, they all denounced the subpoenas and vowed they would never cooperate with J. Parnell Thomas's inquisition.

When 2 of the 19—Eddie Dmytryk and Adrian Scott—asked Daddy to be their personal attorney, he agreed immediately. They told him right off that they had been Communists but were no longer. He answered, So what? It's not against the law in America to be a Communist, but it is against the Constitution to ask citizens to reveal their political affiliations.

Dmytryk and Scott had made the recent movie *Crossfire,* one of the first American movies about anti-Semitism. It tells the story of a deranged G.I., played by Robert Ryan, who senselessly murders a Jew (Sam Levene) after having a casual drink with him in a bar. *Crossfire* was instantly labeled subversive by anti-Communist witch-hunters on the ground that the American soldier was the villain.

Dmytryk and Scott talked only briefly with my father; theirs was just one of many different kinds of cases he was handling. He was so busy with other matters that he didn't even attend all the meetings for the 19 that were being held in Los Angeles that September. But he did attend the one at director Lewis Milestone's house to discuss strategy with the other lawyers: Charlie Katz, Martin Popper, and Ben Margolis—all militant members of the Lawyers Guild—as well as Robert Kenny, who was then the guild's president.

Daddy had worked with Popper and Margolis over the years on guild projects. He had differed with them in the past, often over questions of courtroom style. He assumed that they were Communists but, like most rank-and-file members of the party, hid their affiliation. My father felt uncomfortable with the party's secrecy; he had a different way of dealing with issues. He had a sense of humor, so he would joke and flatter to make a point, tactics the Communists didn't appreciate. "He had the classic liberal mentality," Waldo Salt told me years afterward. "Bart Crum had no axes to grind, and he was open and flexible, something the other lawyers—with the exception of Robert Kenny—were not."

The atmosphere at the meetings my father attended was intense. Everybody was on good behavior; they all agreed to work together and share costs. They thought they would win eventually; they might lose in front of the committee and even at the trials and in the lower appellate court, but not in front of the Supreme Court. It had remained a liberal bastion with justices such as Hugo Black and Felix Frankfurter. They would surely support the Hollywood 19 and uphold the First Amendment.

Choosing a legal strategy was crucial. They all wanted to denounce HUAC—deny its right to exist by attacking it constitutionally. They could do that by refus-

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ing to answer questions. But that would prevent them from presenting their case to the public. Equally extreme would be an acknowledgment that most of them had been Communists, and in many cases still were. The Smith Act of 1940 made it possible to prosecute Communists for advocating the overthrow of the government.

At one point my father suggested that everybody simply tell the truth. His point: If you're completely open about your beliefs and your political past, there's less chance you'll ever be accused of either conspiracy or subversion. He added that such a strategy promised to raise genuine political and moral issues.

Alvah Bessie supported this tactic. He had served in the Spanish Civil War, supporting the Loyalists; he was a Communist and proud of it. Robert Rossen also went along with my father's idea. He later told his wife, "I just want to say I'm a member of the Communist Party, and fuck you!"

Daddy and the two defendants were argued down by the other lawyers, led by Ben Margolis, who saw himself as an "adversary of political repression," and by Ring Lardner Jr. and Dalton Trumbo, who maintained that to answer questions about political and union affiliations would acknowledge the committee's right to ask them. They thought the wisest decision would be to invoke the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech and belief, as a right that was being violated by HUAC. By challenging HUAC's right to ask questions about political affiliations, they expected to draw contempt citations, but they planned to fight them in the courts as a constitutional issue.

After the group had decided to rely solely on the First Amendment for its defense, Larry Parks requested that all decisions be made unanimously among them and that they all adopt a policy of declining to answer the question "Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" except indirectly. The group voted yes to Parks's request.

Later my father would write, "It was decided, I believe in retrospect erroneously, that the writers, directors and producers should be represented as a unit. I say erroneously because I learned in that representation that it was not possible for a non-Communist to work with Communists."

What really bothered him was that most of the 19 seemed willing to surrender their individuality. He had gone to the meetings unprepared for the need the Communists had to recast every subject, no matter how complex or ambiguous, into simplistic party ideology. He had assumed that the 19 were close and trusting friends, but he soon discovered that even his clients Eddie Dmytryk and Adrian Scott hadn't spent so much as an evening together, although they had collaborated on two movies.

The 19 were, in fact, a disparate bunch, ranging from the bombastic John Howard Lawson, head of the Hollywood branch of the Communist Party, to the mild-mannered non-Communist writer Howard Koch, who had been subpoenaed to appear in front of HUAC because his movie *Mission to Moscow*, based on Ambassador Joseph Davies's experiences in Russia, was considered "Red propaganda."

"Lucille Ball says she'll read the Bill of Rights on the radio. Nixon fled to California before John Huston could meet him."

Throughout September and into October 1947, my father and the other lawyers involved themselves in the legal aspects of the case. They knew they needed public support, so they helped Hollywood screenwriter Philip Dunne and actor Alexander Knox establish the Committee for the First Amendment (C.F.A.), organized to oppose HUAC and its inquisition. "We wanted to mount as broad a defense as possible," Dunne said, "to enlist moderates and conservatives who would not only support these men and their positions but support their constitutional rights. A constitutional defense was the only total defense; it appealed equally to all who were being slandered, Communists or not."

The first meeting of the C.F.A., at Ira Gershwin's home in Hollywood, attracted the industry's biggest celebrities, from Frank Sinatra to Judy Garland. Everyone showed up, irrespective of their beliefs; this was a fight for the Constitution. According to producer Jules Buck, then John Huston's assistant, my father made a big impact the moment he entered the room. "Bart Crum was considered an important liberal—a Willkie man. He was accompanied by Katharine Hepburn."

More names followed him to a boisterous rally at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, staged by director Joseph Losey. Five thousand people jammed together to cheer the 19 and their attorneys, and money was raised for their defense. "We were all so optimistic," Ring Lardner Jr. recalled decades later. "We didn't dream our careers were about to be ruined."

Gene Kelly, who was master of ceremonies at the event, introduced my father and Robert Kenny, who had been chosen to act as spokesmen for the other lawyers. According to an interviewer, years later Ben Margolis said that "Crum and Kenny had been hired for public-appearance purposes as well as legal expertise . . . They would make a wonderful voice for the press—and because, though liberals, they were not Communists, and had charming personalities . . . [which would be very beneficial when addressing the media."

One week before the hearings, the 19 boarded a train bound for Washington. On the five-day ride across the United States, Margolis, with the help of my father and Kenny, conducted mock examinations and cross-examinations, and the lawyers went over the written statements each of the 19 had prepared. They drilled them up to 12 hours a day.

"You gotta remember," says Eddie Dmytryk, "our goal was to destroy those sons of bitches!"

In Washington, meetings of the 19 and their lawyers began in a spirit of camaraderie, in a big suite at the Shoreham. "Great food, expensive booze, delivered on the hour every hour," Daddy said, "rolled in on silver carts." Everybody was sure the suite was bugged; in order to be able to argue and discuss strategy, they snapped their fingers so that the F.B.I. devices couldn't pick up what they were saying. Once, the actress Uta Hagen dropped by the suite to say hello to my father and wish the 19 good luck, and she found "Larry Parks, Jack Lawson, and Howard Koch snapping their fingers like lunatics. They looked as if they'd been taken over by some affliction."

Shortly after arriving in Washington, my father joined Robert Kenny, Charlie Katz, and Ben Margolis for a special meeting with Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America (M.P.A.A.), and the association's attorneys. "Bob Kenny was chief counsel,"

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From left: "friendly witnesses" Robert Taylor, Adolphe Menjou, and Gary Cooper; Bertolt Brecht; Dalton Trumbo, with Bartley Crum and Robert Kenny, cries, "This is the beginning of an American concentration camp!"

"Brecht became very emotional," Lester Co recalled. "He wondered if any of us could understand what he'd done and forgive him

Daddy wrote later. "He explained our views. That for the good of the country as well as the industry they must resist the pressure to start a blacklist. . . . We had to have that reassurance. If the 19 were blacklisted, hundreds of other writers and directors would be intimidated. The result would be censorship of an entire mass medium without any piece of legislation to back it up."

Daddy believed, with the other lawyers, that they could win the constitutional question before the Supreme Court, but that it might take years. They wanted to make sure that the 19 weren't going to be kicked out of the industry before the case was appealed. At the close of the meeting, Kenny referred to a press release from HUAC that J. Parnell Thomas had had handed out to reporters which claimed that Eric Johnston had already agreed to a cleaning of Hollywood's own house—a self-imposed purge.

"The report is nonsense," Johnston insisted angrily. "As long as I live, I will never be party to anything as un-American as a blacklist."

My father jumped to his feet, wrung Johnston's hand, and exclaimed, "Eric, I knew you were being misquoted."

The 19 were relieved but not completely convinced. Waldo Salt told me years later, "We weren't that naïve. There had been blacklists before, but we did think the producers were behind us—that they would have to support us and fight against suppression."

Unfortunately, there was good reason to be skeptical. When Johnston later appeared before the committee, J. Parnell Thomas inadvertently revealed that Johnston had secretly promised the "full cooperation" of the M.P.A.A.

On October 20, 1947, in the old House office building, the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings on Hollywood began. More than a thousand women pushed and shoved, trying to see movie stars such as Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper appear to testify. Hundreds more lined the halls.

Inside the caucus room, extra-strong bulbs had replaced the dim ones in the huge chandelier that hung from the ceiling, blazing down on whirring newsreel cameras and approximately 100 members of the press. All of the major radio networks were present, as well as news photographers facing the witness table. Minutes before 10 A.M., committee chair J. Parnell Thomas, so small he was perched on a telephone book and a red pillow, gaveled the meeting to order. Three committee members, including Richard Vail from Illinois and Richard M. Nixon, the freshman congressman from California, had already taken their seats. Their chief investigator was Robert E. Stripling.

Before the witnesses came on, my father and Robert Kenny addressed Thomas, informing him that they were prepared to argue a motion to quash the subpoenas issued to the Hollywood 19 on the ground that the committee and the investigation were unconstitutional and illegal.

Thomas silenced both lawyers with repeated bangs of his gavel, but not before my father had remarked, "This is certainly an un-American procedure."

"This committee," Kenny began, "is without constitutional authority to—"

Thomas interrupted him. "What is your name, please?"

After Kenny identified himself, Thomas told him his clients would not be questioned until the following week; he could submit his petition then.

My father stepped forward. "May I ask, do we have the right to cross-examine?"

Thomas glared at him. "You may not ask one more thing at this time. Please be seated."

After some prompting from Stripling, the proceedings began with Jack L. Warner, the co-head of Warner Bros. He named more than a dozen people with "un-American leanings"—among them screenwriter Clifford Odets and novelist Irwin Shaw. All were members of the Screenwriters Guild (the clear implication being that this officially nonpolitical union was somehow connected with the Communist Party). Warner admitted that what he said was based on hearsay.

He was followed by director Sam Wood, former president of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. Asked if there was any doubt in his mind that John Howard Lawson was a Communist, he replied, "If there is, then I haven't any mind."

As soon as Russian-born novelist Ayn Rand (author of *The Fountainhead*) was sworn in, she testified that showing her countrymen smiling in such Hollywood films as *Song of Russia* was "clearly propaganda." So grim was their lot, she maintained, that Russians only smiled "privately and accidentally."

Most of the friendly witnesses felt confident about labeling various writers as Communists even though they had no proof. When asked if Lester Cole, one of the 19, was a Communist, writer Morris Ryskind answered, "If he isn't a Communist, I don't think Mahatma Gandhi is an Indian." Other "friendlies" moved on and off the stand, including movie stars George Murphy, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, and Robert Taylor. Each was permitted to read a statement and hurl accusations into the record without any documentation.

Then came Ronald Reagan, president of the Screen Actors Guild. He gave

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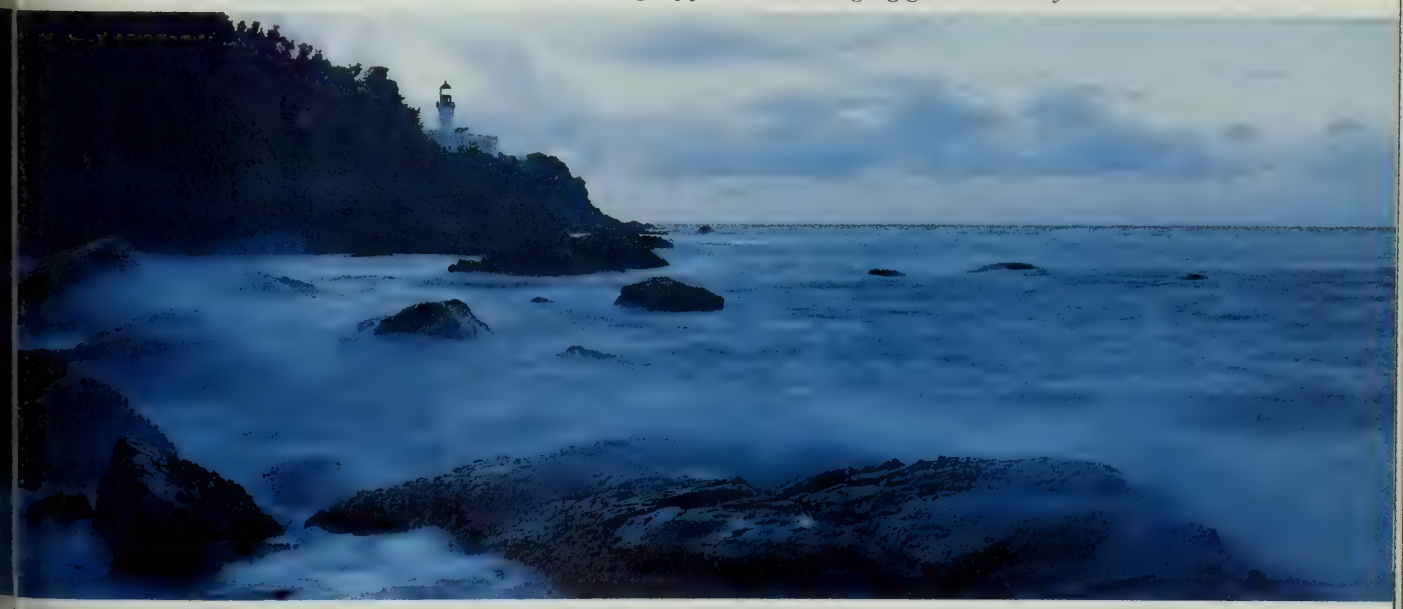

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO ONLY THE FINEST

Family and friends see Dalton Trumbo (third from left) off to jail, 1950. Herbert Biberman is second from right.

HUAC numerous examples of how he had fought off Communist infiltration in his union. He confirmed what had been known for years, that Communists had participated in numerous uprisings within the craft unions. What Reagan did not say was that Robert Stripling had rehearsed him the night before right down to giving him the Thomas Jefferson quote he was about to use. Reagan had been an F.B.I. informant since 1943, but this wouldn't be revealed until after he became president of the United States.

At the end of his testimony, he quoted Jefferson to the effect that "if the American people know all of the facts, they will never make a mistake," which was Chairman Thomas's cue to declare, "That's just why this Committee was created, to acquaint the American people with the facts, to keep America as pure as we can possibly make it."

"It was enough to make you puke," Waldo Salt recalled years later.

Away from the hearings, everybody got on the bugged phones to Hollywood, trying to persuade as many movie stars as possible to come to Washington and give the 19 moral support. It was also important, Daddy felt, to get Congress involved, so he spent much of his free time that first week in Washington lobbying support from senators and congressmen. He was surprised to find it was a losing battle—most of the politicians were afraid to come forward.

That wasn't the only thing that disturbed him. Ben Margolis had started to call meetings in the evenings after the hearings, and my father wasn't invited to some of them, nor were Dmytryk and Scott. There had been a crucial one with Howard Koch which Daddy learned about after the fact. Apparently, Koch had suddenly decided—as a non-Communist—that he no longer wanted to risk his career for the defense of the others. He had decided to testify openly to HUAC.

His decision was of great concern to the Communist lawyers, who wanted unity above all; they were afraid that if Koch acted independently Scott and Dmytryk might be swayed. Arguments went on for hours. Koch wouldn't budge, until his wife or girlfriend (no one can remember which) convinced him that he must remain loyal to the 19 or she would leave him. Koch agreed to keep quiet.

Now Dmytryk and Scott discussed the possibility that they should testify as to their past membership in the party while making it clear that they were no longer Communists. Daddy agreed to discuss it with the other lawyers. The answer came back: an emphatic *no*. Dmytryk and Scott were asked to adhere to their pledges of unanimity, which they reluctantly agreed to do.

Back in San Francisco, I pasted into Daddy's scrapbook a *Variety* quote describing the committee's carryings-on as a "Commie carnival." Next to it I pasted reporter Quentin Reynolds's assessment from a column in *PM:* "The accusers function as judge, jury, executors. . . . This is something new to men like Crum and Kenny. . . . They are completely bewildered by it. . . . It shakes them to their legal souls."

On October 27, Mama joined Daddy in Washington. Her journal notes:

> Arrived here almost simultaneously with the Committee for the First Amendment: Danny Kaye, Groucho Marx, Frank Sinatra, John Huston, Evelyn Keyes, June Havoc . . . all outraged by what is going on. Lucille Ball says she'll read the Bill of Rights on the radio. . . . Nixon fled to California before [Philip] Dunne and Huston could meet him. . . . Cocktails with Betty Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, who's awfully grumpy. . . . Later Bart and I had dinner with Adrian Scott at a place called Harvey's in downtown Washington. J. Edgar Hoover was there. We both noticed him because he has that familiar pugdog face, wary eyes and squashed-in nose we've seen so often in the newsreels. His look of supreme

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confidence—can confidence be evil?—was absolutely frightening. Oh, and he stank of perfume!

At the start of the second week of testimony, my brother and I hid out in the newsreel theater on Market Street in San Francisco, watching Daddy being gaveled down time and time again as he requested the right to cross-examine "friendly" witnesses. We watched other newsreels showing our father smoking, frowning. He would take off his glasses, put them back on, light another cigarette. His expression was implacable, especially during John Howard Lawson's angry shouting match with J. Parnell Thomas. Lawson was the first of the "unfriendly witnesses," and he was dragged off the stand by police when he wouldn't answer any questions as to his political beliefs. "You are using the old technique that was used in Hitler Germany!" he screamed. He was cited for contempt of Congress.

Like Lawson, Dalton Trumbo tried to read his prepared statement, comparing Washington to Berlin before the Reichstag fire. When Stripling insisted that he confine his answers to a simple yes or no and then asked, "Have you ever been a Communist?" Trumbo replied, "I shall answer in my own words. Very many questions can be answered yes or no only by a moron or a slave."

As he was dragged from the hearing, he cried out, "This is the beginning of an American concentration camp!" J. Parnell Thomas yelled back, "Typical Communist tactic!"

The hearings continued for four more raucous days. The unfriendly witnesses continued to insult and equivocate, their voices swelled and distorted by the bad P.A. system and mixed in with hisses and boos from onlookers. Occasionally there would be a spatter of applause. Later my father would tell me that he "could literally feel the people in the hearing room lose sympathy with each shout from our group. Thomas had made a ludicrous showing by yelling and pounding on his gavel, but the 19 matched him shout for shout and insult for insult. If only they had been more dignified, they would have been much more effective."

Only Albert Maltz was allowed to deliver his entire statement (in which he accused the committee of supporting the Ku Klux Klan). Alvah Bessie managed to get out four paragraphs of his statement, in which he charged that HUAC was going to abolish every democratic element in American society. Herbert Biberman and Samuel Ornitz were denied permission to read their personal statements or to introduce scripts from their films as evidence that their work was not subversive. All four men were cited for contempt for refusing to answer the now all-too-familiar question "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"

During one break, Bertolt Brecht asked to see the entire group and their lawyers. He wanted to explain why he was going to cooperate with the committee. He had no record, he was not a Communist, and he wanted to go home to East Germany, but couldn't do that with a contempt charge hanging over his head. And then he launched into a melodramatic account of his flight from the Nazis after Hitler labeled his writings "treasonable." He had been on the run for years, he said, and he had never been apprehended. And then, upon landing in the United States, "*here I was caught.*"

Daddy began receiving obscene phone calls in the night and hate mail. Mama divided it into two categories: "Jew-lover" mail and "Commie-lover" mail.

"Even the most hardened party-liners choked up," Daddy recalled later. They agreed unanimously to allow Brecht to testify as he saw fit.

Just before Eddie Dmytryk took the stand, he and Adrian Scott met hastily with my father. "It had gotten so crazy by then," Dmytryk remembered. "It was out of control—the hearings, the committee. . . . I was disillusioned. I couldn't support it. I told Bart, 'I just want to stand up there and tell the truth, and so does Adrian.' And Bart said, 'That is wonderful!' He met with the other lawyers once more and argued passionately about how our silence was going to prolong the anguish. He tried to convince Margolis and the others that we be allowed to break rank, but he was argued down again."

In the hearing, Dmytryk attempted to explain the constitutional issues involved that kept him from answering questions about his politics. He, too, was cited for contempt, as was Adrian Scott. They were on and off the stand in a matter of minutes.

Ring Lardner Jr. was the only one of the 19 to inject humor into the proceedings. When asked about his Communist affiliations, he said, "I could answer that question, but if I did I'd hate myself in the morning." Cited for contempt, he was half dragged, half carried out of the hearings, murmuring, "I think I am being made to leave by force."

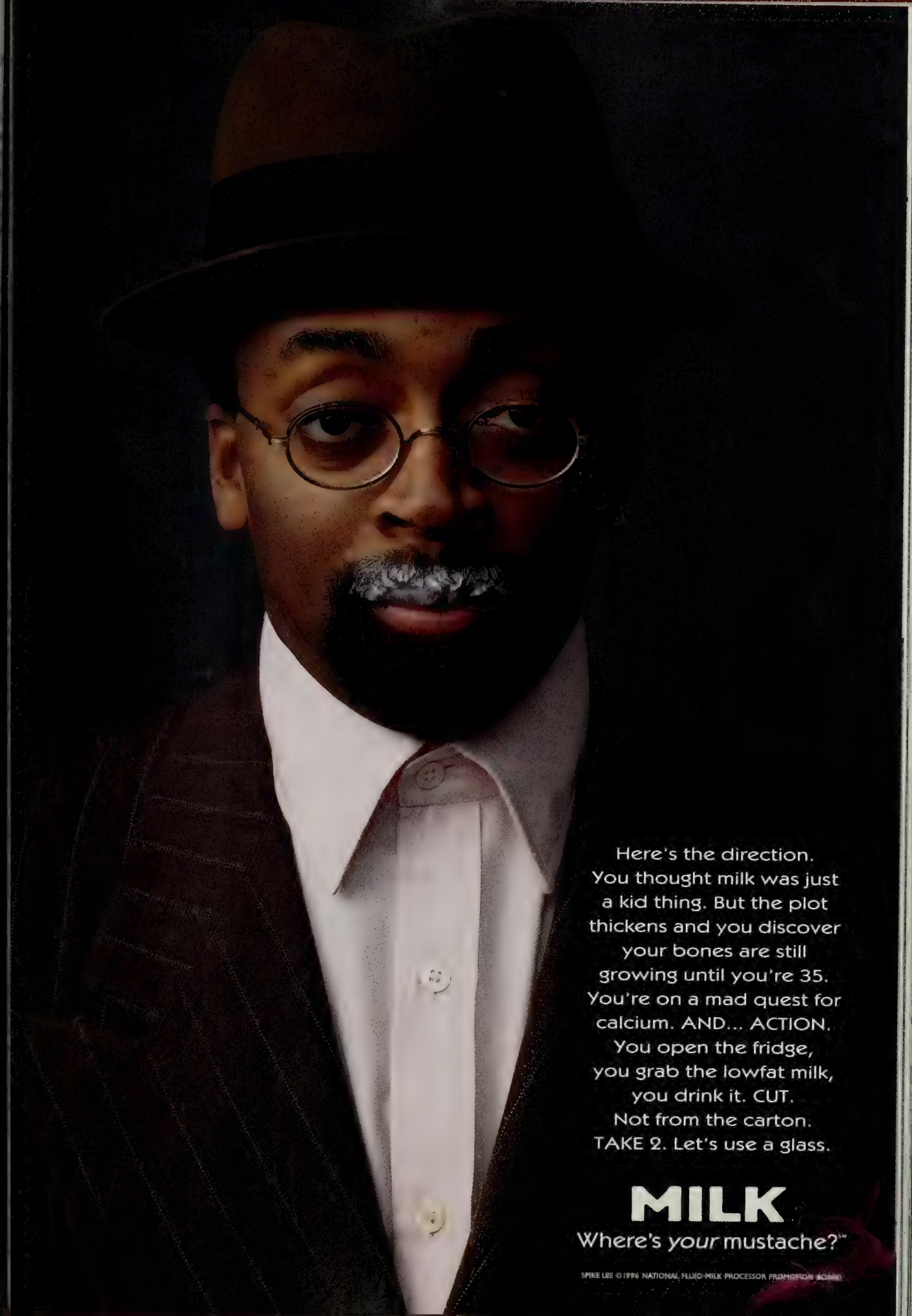
Philip Dunne and the other members of the C.F.A.—Lauren Bacall, John Huston, John Garfield, Humphrey Bogart, Danny Kaye, Lucille Ball—left the caucus room en masse after Lardner was carried from the hearing, and went back to Hollywood on their chartered plane.

So they weren't present to witness the performance of Bertolt Brecht. He was the last witness to testify in front of HUAC, and the day before he took the stand, my father, alternating with Ben Margolis, coached the playwright. Brecht's testimony before the committee was once described as "a polite exercise in cunning and duplicity." He was asked three times if he had ever been or was now a member of the Communist Party, and he answered, "No, no, no, no, no, never. I have heard my colleagues when they considered this question as not proper, but I am a guest in this country and do not want to enter into any legal arguments, so I will answer your question as fully and as well as I can. I was not a member or am not a member of the Communist Party."

Chairman Thomas seemed entranced. "Thank you very much, Mr. Brecht. You are a good example to the witnesses of Mr. Kenny and Mr. Crum."

Immediately afterward, Brecht, sweaty and white-faced, escaped into a cab with Lester Cole. "He became very emotional," Cole recalled. "He wondered if any of us could understand what he'd done and forgive him." He knew he had been dishonest and cowardly like so many of the characters in his plays, but he couldn't help himself. He had a passport and a plane ticket in his pocket, and he left for Paris the following evening.

The HUAC hearings ended abruptly after Brecht's testimony. Only 10 of the 19 had testified: Bessie, Biberman, Cole, Dmytryk, Lardner, Lawson, Maltz, Ornitz, Scott, and Trumbo. (Brecht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a kid thing. But the plot
thickens and you discover
your bones are still
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You're on a mad quest for
calcium. AND... ACTION.
You open the fridge,
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you drink it. CUT.
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Chairman J. Parnell Thomas (standing, far right) administers the oath to actor Robert Taylor at the 1947 HUAC hearings. Richard Nixon is beside Thomas.

was number 11, but he was not counted.)

Right after the hearings, my father went on the radio—the only lawyer to do so—to speak for the men who would henceforth be known as the Hollywood 10. Ed Hart of CBS asked him, "What is the end result of this investigation?" Daddy replied, "A lot of confusion. More intolerance. . . . Chaos and confusion, and that's what HUAC wants. HUAC means to frighten the public with the lie that Communism is infiltrating every facet of American life."

On November 24, 1947, the House of Representatives voted contempt indictments for all of the 10. It was a great victory for HUAC.

That same day, Eric Johnston presided at a Waldorf-Astoria meeting of all the major studio heads—MGM chief Louis B. Mayer and Sam Goldwyn; Joe Schenck, founder of Twentieth Century Fox; Paramount president Barney Balaban; Harry Cohn, head of Columbia—along with their East Coast financiers. They met in closed conference.

At first everyone seemed outraged by HUAC's tactics, but by the end of the meeting there was a complete about-face, and it was decided that the only way to prevent HUAC's encroaching even more on Hollywood was to sacrifice the 10. The studios decreed that five of them, who had been working under contract, were to be discharged "without compensation"; none of them would be allowed to work again unless they purged themselves of contempt and swore under oath that they were not Communists.

The blacklist had begun.

Dalton Trumbo was suspended by MGM, and the studio refused to pay him the $60,000 it owed him. Ring Lardner Jr. was let go from Twentieth Century Fox. After Dmytryk and Scott were fired from RKO, they took the train to San Francisco to see my father, who agreed to continue representing them.

The three of them went to the exclusive Bohemian Club for drinks. When they walked into the bar, nobody would speak to Daddy; it was as if he were a pariah. Some men even turned their backs. Dmytryk told him he was sorry he had gotten him into this mess, but my father would have none of it. "Forget it, Eddie," he said. "It'll be O.K."

But it wasn't O.K.—not for him or for Eddie Dmytryk or for Adrian Scott.

Daddy began receiving obscene phone calls in the night and hate mail. Mama divided it into two categories: "Jew-lover" mail and "Commie-lover" mail.

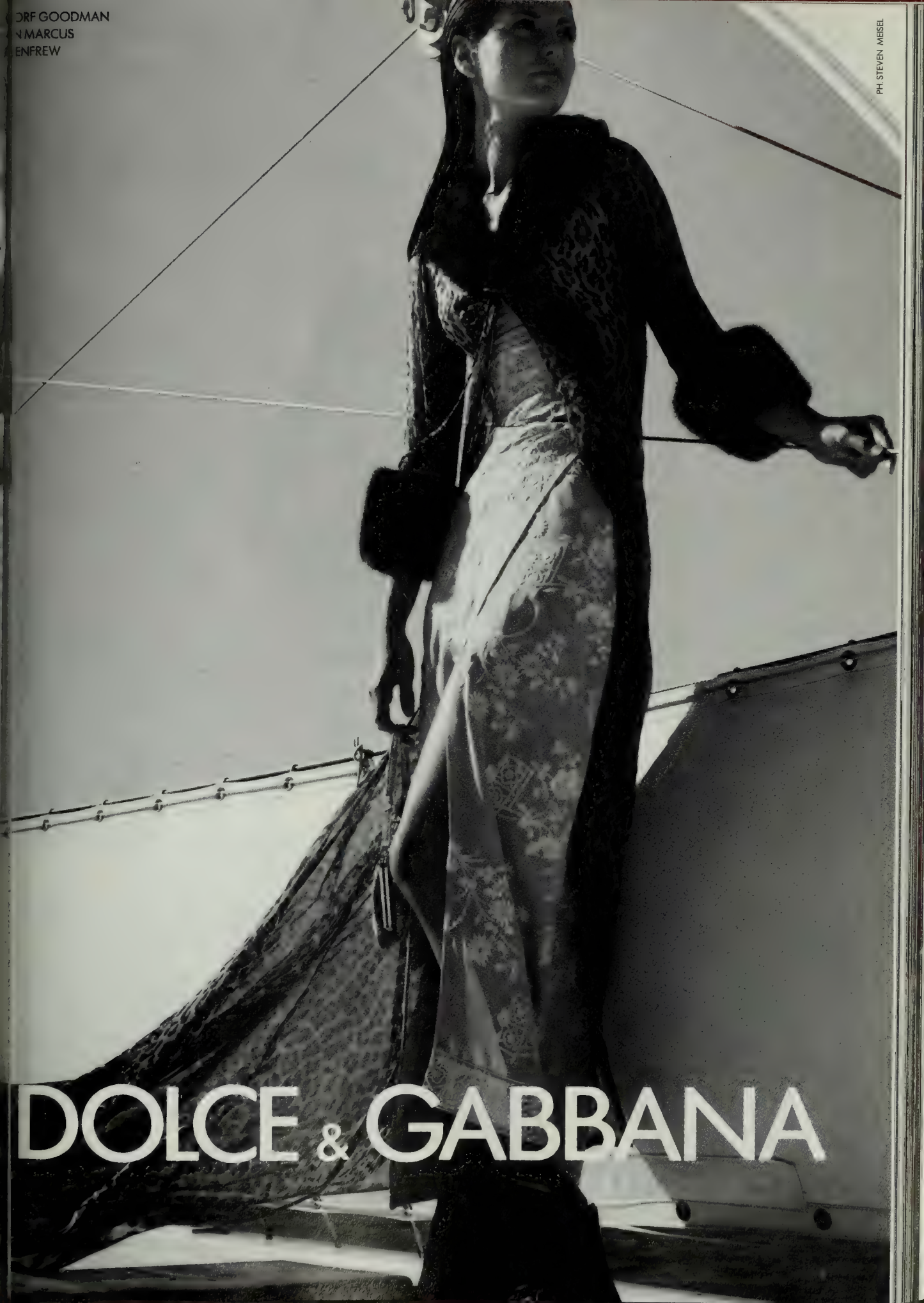
In her journal she noted:

> A sorry time—a dark time. Little Bart snubbed by some of his classmates. Many of Patti's friends refusing to come over for her birthday party. . . . The other evening, Bart and I stepped into an elevator with a couple we've known for years—they wouldn't speak to us! And they aren't the only ones—there are others—at least a dozen, maybe more, friends we used to lunch or dine with once a month or spend weekends at their country places in Los Gatos or Aptos. They are cutting us dead. And all because Bart is supposedly "a dangerous radical"—"a Commie lover"—"a pinko." . . .

He is very worried about the witch hunting—he said the attorney general's lists are getting longer. Anybody the least bit liberal is called "subversive"—every Roosevelt-associated, progressive organization is labeled a "Commie front." It is a Republican device, he said, for vote catching in the 1948 elections. New Deal politics are being destroyed. . . . There's a real power shift in the making with conservative Republicans emerging as a force. Richard Nixon is going to come to power, he predicted; so are George Murphy and maybe even Ronald Reagan.

For refusing to name names and for using the First Amendment to conceal their political affiliations, the Hollywood 10 all served prison terms of six months to one year. In 1950, when Ring Lardner Jr. and Lester Cole were serving time in the federal correctional institution at Danbury, Connecticut, they were joined, to their surprise, by J. Parnell Thomas. The HUAC chairman, who had repeatedly gaveled them to silence, had been convicted of taking kickbacks from federal employees. He was assigned to be caretaker of the prison chicken yard.

The start of the Korean War in 1950 raised the specter of Communism even more, and Wisconsin senator Joseph McCarthy began his witch-hunts by announcing that there were 205 Communists in the U.S. State Department. A new HUAC investigation, led by John S. Wood, was formed to uncover Communists in Hollywood. Seventy-three witnesses were called to testify, and in the next


ORF GOODMAN
N MARCUS
ENFREW
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Remembering Jackie

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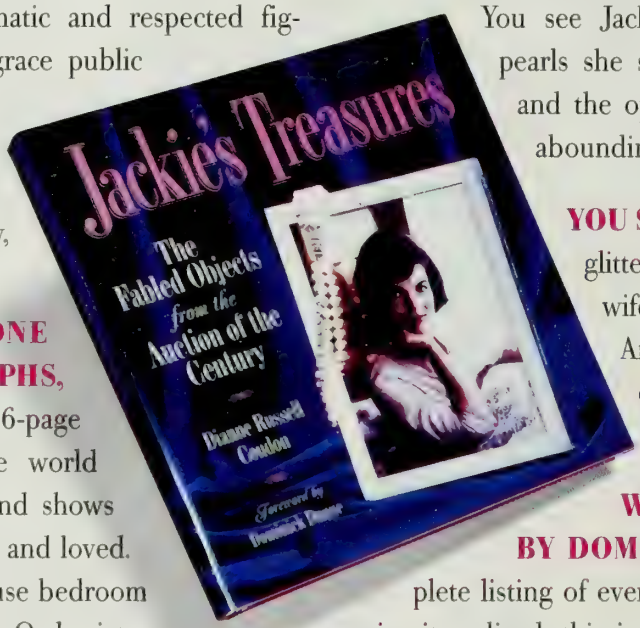

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three years they would identify almost 200 individuals—including, very often, one another. Major personalities who named names included Elia Kazan, Sterling Hayden, Lee J. Cobb, Jerome Robbins, Budd Schulberg, Clifford Odets, and Lloyd Bridges (who named only himself). Four of the Hollywood 19—Richard Collins, Edward Dmytryk, Larry Parks, and Robert Rossen—returned at this time as friendly witnesses and named names.

Most of the Hollywood 19 virtually retired from the entertainment industry. But a few came back. Lester Cole wrote *Operation Eichmann* (1961) under the pseudonym Lewis Copley. Edward Dmytryk directed, among other films, *The Caine Mutiny* (1954) and *The Young Lions* (1958). Robert Rossen directed *Alexander the Great* (1956) and *The Hustler* (1961). Ring Lardner Jr. wrote *M*A*S*H** (1970), for which he won an Academy Award. Waldo Salt won an Academy Award for writing *Midnight Cowboy* (1969) and shared another for *Coming Home* (1978). Dalton Trumbo wrote 18 screenplays under various pseudonyms and won an Oscar as "Robert Rich" for *The Brave One* (1956). In 1960, Otto Preminger and Stanley Kubrick insisted that Trumbo's real name be on the credits of, respectively, *Exodus* and *Spartacus*.

Only 2 of the 19 are still living. Edward Dmytryk, 88, lives in California. Ring Lardner Jr., 82, lives in New York City.

After defending the Hollywood 10, my father lost most of his corporate clients. So in 1948 he impulsively bought the revolutionary New York tabloid *PM*, which had been founded by Ralph Ingersoll. He hoped to make it profitable by turning it into a liberal newspaper. That proved impossible, given the Cold War climate. The paper folded in January 1949, and Daddy attempted suicide for the first time.

By 1953 he had rallied and was with a new law firm. He had taken on Rita Hayworth among his clients, and the fees he earned obtaining her million-dollar divorce from Aly Khan supported us during those years. But tragedy kept dogging him. In December of that year, my brother, Bart junior, a sophomore at Reed College, committed suicide. And the F.B.I. never left Daddy alone. Once, J. Edgar Hoover called him at P. J. Clarke's, where we were eating hamburgers, and told him that his passport was being taken away, and that he would have to come to Washington and take a loyalty oath if he wanted it back.

Daddy testified at the State Department and resigned from all his left-wing organizations, abandoning politics forever. He was in despair. He never told us what had actually happened in Washington, and I never asked questions. I didn't learn the complete story until 1977, when a seedy press agent whom I'll call Dave, who had been one of my father's hangers-on, phoned and said he had to see me immediately.

We met at Daddy's favorite haunt, the King Cole Bar at the St. Regis Hotel. "You're old enough to take what I'm about to impart to you," Dave said.

In 1953, according to Dave, my father had given information to the F.B.I. about the Lawyers Guild and two colleagues in the hopes that Hoover would finally leave him alone. "The two guys he informed on were Communists—known Communists—and Bart didn't see anything wrong in naming them; they had been named time and time again."

"Bart and I stepped into an elevator with a couple we've known for years—they wouldn't speak to us! And they aren't the only ones."

I had no idea my father had cooperated with the F.B.I. Or maybe I had blocked it. Still, I thought it was uncharacteristic of him to betray two colleagues even in order to save himself. The two lawyers he named—Ben Margolis and Martin Popper—had never had much use for my father even as they used him and he fronted for them during the HUAC hearings.

But why had he felt it so essential to inform? To get the F.B.I. off his back? To prove his patriotism? Perhaps it was simply that he did not believe it was so terrible to inform and that he thought of it as telling the truth. Stating that someone was a Communist was merely a fact as far as he was concerned—it was not meant as a term of abuse.

However, for a long time after that I was ashamed of my father. I'd wanted him to be as publicly brave as Arthur Miller, who refused to name names and risked going to prison and is now an icon. It wasn't until recently that I realized I felt that Daddy had betrayed me and my impossible fantasies of him.

Still, I mentioned his informing to no one. I never even told my mother. I was uncomfortable when I met other children of the blacklist, who had also been kept in the dark about their parents. Tony Kahn (son of Gordon Kahn) said he lived in fear always. Carol Rossen (Robert Rossen's daughter) was trying to piece together her father's story (he named names—a lot of names). I did not tell Carol my father had also informed—albeit to a lesser degree.

Many people believe that those who resisted HUAC were heroes, and that those who informed are to be despised. What happened to my father can't be so easily explained. He was a decent man caught up in a nightmare. "Communists often bring out the worst in people," he once said.

Just before I left Dave that evening, he handed me a tattered envelope. I opened it and pulled out a carbon copy of my father's statement to the State Department. I had never seen it before.

"Your dad gave this to me as a souvenir," he said. "I was to keep it for you. I thought maybe you could sell it. We could share in the profits."

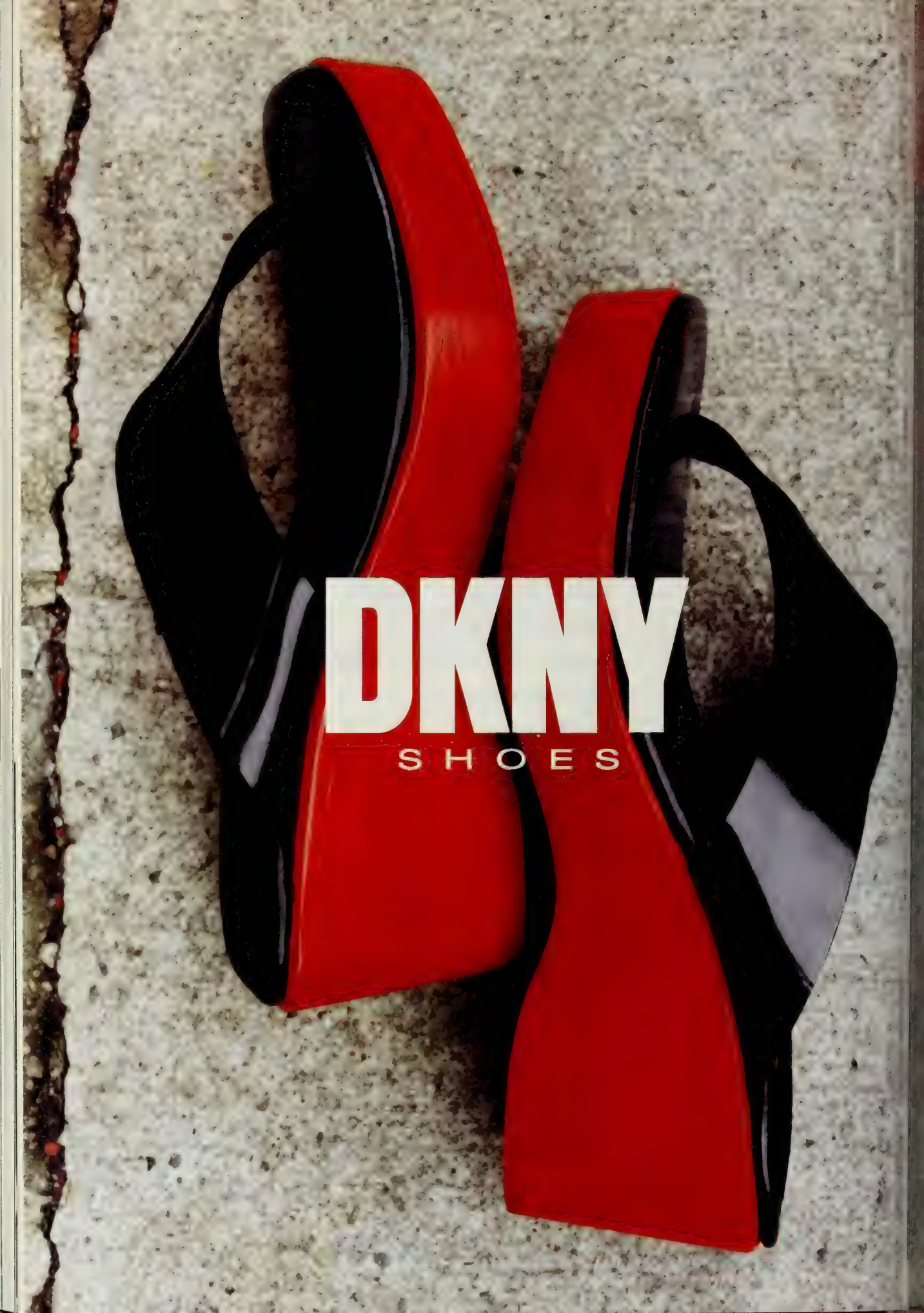
"How much do you think we could get?" My voice rose sarcastically, and I hugged the tattered statement to my breast. "Don't you realize this belongs to *me?* I'm Bart Crum's daughter."

"I was kidding," Dave said weakly. "I just thought it might be valuable."

"Only to me." I hugged the statement tighter.

It took another 13 years for me to discover the extent of my father's private agonies. I learned about some of them by reading between the lines of his F.B.I. files, 2,000 pages of which I finally obtained in 1988. Surveillance continued long after he testified to the State Department as to his loyalties and long after he gave his paltry bits of information to the F.B.I. I am still trying to get the remaining 5,000 pages of his files, but I've been told they are "top security." After 40 years.

In 1958, Daddy did undercover work for Robert Kennedy and the Senate McClellan Committee, and as a gesture of appreciation Kennedy gave him one of his F.B.I. files to peruse—an early one, circa 1948. All the file contained were transcripts of idiotic phone conversations between me and my boyfriends back in San Francisco. □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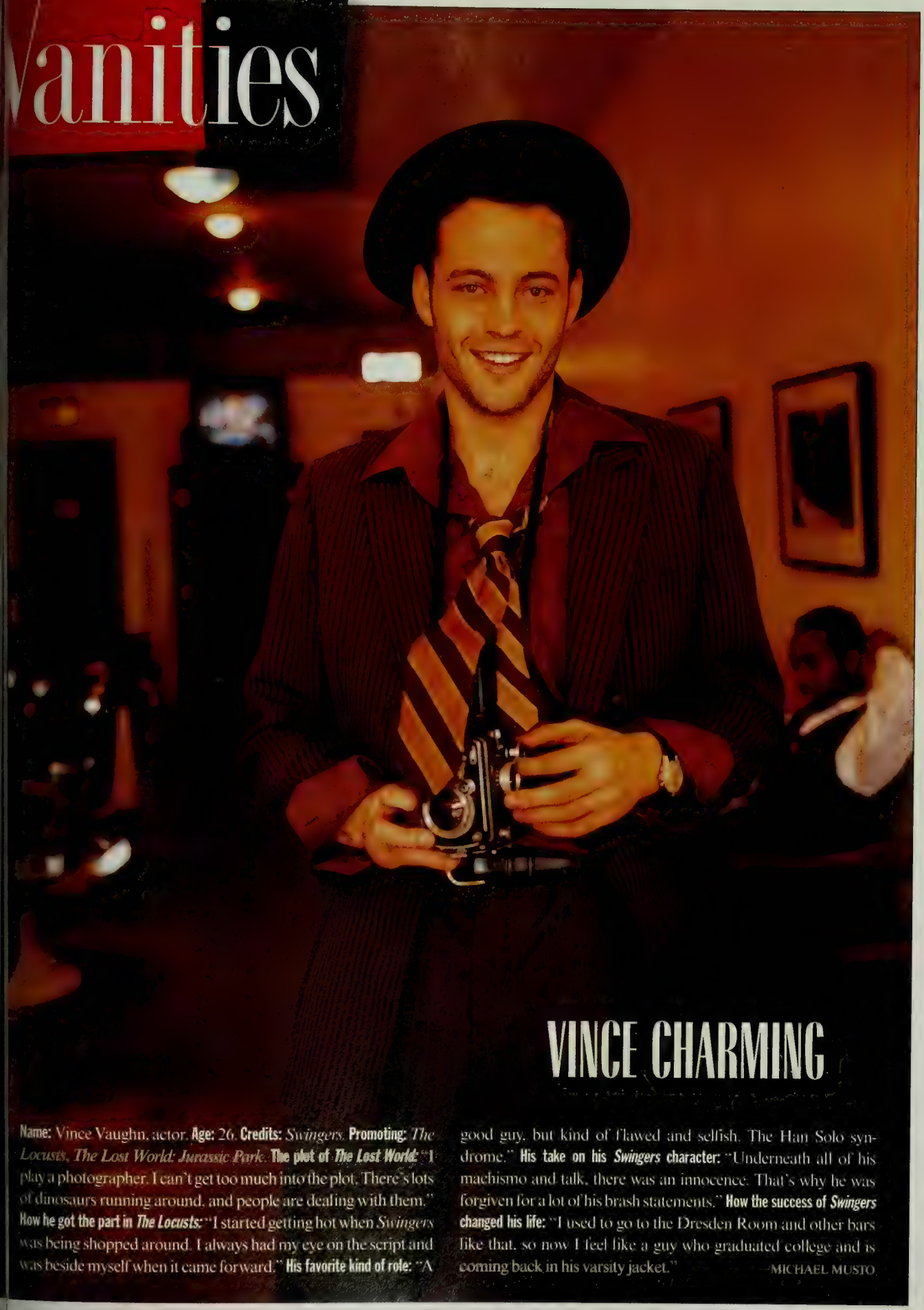

VINCE CHARMING

Name: Vince Vaughn, actor. **Age:** 26. **Credits:** *Swingers*. **Promoting:** *The Locusts*, *The Lost World: Jurassic Park*. **The plot of *The Lost World*:** "I play a photographer. I can't get too much into the plot. There's lots of dinosaurs running around, and people are dealing with them." **How he got the part in *The Locusts*:** "I started getting hot when *Swingers* was being shopped around. I always had my eye on the script and was beside myself when it came forward." **His favorite kind of role:** "A good guy, but kind of flawed and selfish. The Han Solo syndrome." **His take on his *Swingers* character:** "Underneath all of his machismo and talk, there was an innocence. That's why he was forgiven for a lot of his brash statements." **How the success of *Swingers* changed his life:** "I used to go to the Dresden Room and other bars like that, so now I feel like a guy who graduated college and is coming back in his varsity jacket."

—MICHAEL MUSTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

Holly Daniel L-O-V-E-S her Saturn.

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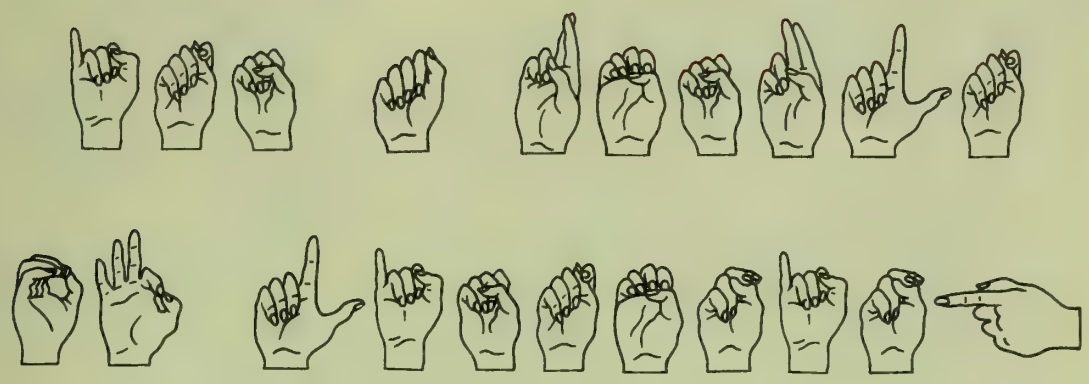

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When folks ask Holly what kind of car she has, spelling out S-A-T-U-R-N takes too long. So she made up her own sign language symbol for it. (Not to be confused with the symbol for a U-turn.)

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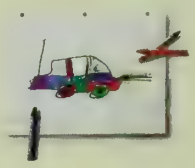

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Vanities

From top: *Grace Kelly on the set of* To Catch a Thief, *1954; performance artist John Sex (right) and Ringling Bros.' "unicorn" at Area in New York; Robert Benchley,* Vanity Fair *editor Frank Crowninshield, and Dorothy Parker, 1919; Joan Crawford in* Letty Lynton, *1932.*

Hot Type

Master of the Wasp nuclear-family meltdown, **RICK MOODY** astonishes in *Purple America* (Little, Brown), a piercingly beautiful look at a day in the life of a detonated suburban family.

I'm ready for my close-up! **MARK A. VIERIA'S** *Hurrell's Hollywood Portraits* (Abrams) showcases the glamorous publicity shots of George Hurrell, the man responsible for such timeless images as the pinup of chesty "Outlaw" Jane Russell in a hayloft. Snap-happy Irishman **EDWARD QUINN** captures actresses of the 50s and 60s at the peak of their powers in *Stars, Stars, Stars* (Scalo). Hollywood lionesses such as Garbo, Harlow, and Swanson roar in **CARI BEAUCHAMP'S** *Without Lying Down* (Scribner), a history of the women of Tinseltown. **LAUREN GREENFIELD'S** riveting photo-essay *Fast Forward* (Knopf) documents how the dueling evils of the show-business and gang cultures fight for the souls of L.A.'s children. And **BILLY ALTMAN** conjures the viciously funny humorist and leading man who held court at the Algonquin's legendary Round Table (and made more than 50 films) in *Laughter's Gentle Soul: The Life of Robert Benchley* (Norton).

Also this month: Photographer **SNOWDON** shares his deeply personal view of five decades of British theater in *Snowdon on Stage* (Rizzoli); many of the images first appeared in *Vanity Fair. A Time for War* (Oxford) is **ROBERT D. SCHULZINGER'S** landmark history of the U.S.'s 30-year involvement in Vietnam. *Tropical Classical* (Knopf) is a collection of travel writer **PICO IYER'S** essays, which burn and satisfy like a cache of tiny airplane bottles. *Singular Voices* (Abrams) sumptuously documents **BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN'S** coffee klatches with remarkable citizens from Larry Kramer to Elie Wiesel. **ROGER KAHN** fell for baseball when Babe, Willie, and Mickey had the skills to pay the bills; *Memories of Summer* (Hyperion) recalls his years of tireless adoration. A director finds himself out of a job, and quite nearly turned out of his own life, in **DAME MURIEL SPARK'S** elegant comic novel *Reality and Dreams* (Houghton Mifflin). An eccentric widower must wait for his beloved teenage charge to ripen before the bodice ripping can begin in **MARY WESLEY'S** *Part of the Furniture* (Viking). Speaking of furniture, what's one to do with a dead editor of a stylish design mag? That's the dilemma facing *Architectural Digest* editor in chief **PAIGE RENSE** in her first novel, *Manor House* (Doubleday). And, finally, irresistible memoirs from two Brits who have sunk their teeth into the Big Apple: Liza, Bianca, and Halston, oh my! Party rascal **ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST** discoed till it hurt at 70s superscene Studio 54 and lived to tell all in *The Last Party* (Morrow). **QUENTIN CRISP,** the unflaggingly witty, lilac-locked writer, actor, mentor, and raconteur, kisses and tells about his love affair with the city that never sleeps in *Resident Alien: The New York Diaries* (Alyson). April *is* cruel! —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

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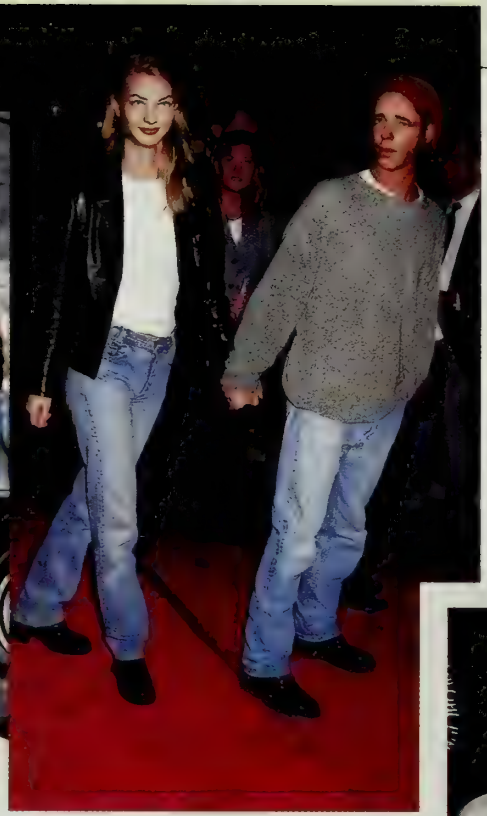

Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall adopt the Brad Pitt and Gwyneth Paltrow look. Strolling in New York, she wears hip flared pants and 90s-style pea coat, while he shows off his trim physique in a cable-knit sweater and black jeans. At an L.A. premiere, Hollywood's golden couple wears casual denim (Bogie forsakes his signature fedora for a "homey" cap).

Updating the Classics

Golden Age stars, New Age looks

Burt Lancaster adopts the Mel Gibson look. Making handprints in cement at Mann's Chinese Theater is a messy business, so here the athletic star of Elmer Gantry *is dressed down in an unconstructed sport coat with a T-shirt and fetching lizardskin boots.*

Jean Harlow adopts the Drew Barrymore look. Appearing slightly unkempt at a Westwood premiere, Harlow restrains her trademark platinum locks with a daisy barrette, but her glamorous figure is barely contained by two layered slip dresses, one blue, the other pink.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

1968

1997

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Like we said, some things never change.

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Updating the Classics

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 266)

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh adopt the Bruce Willis and Demi Moore look, center left. *In a two-tone Planet Hollywood jacket, Leigh does a quick body-fat-percentage check of Larry's ab region; Olivier wears a Polarfleece fez. At a press conference for Planet Hollywood, he substitutes flip-flops for wing tips, while Leigh, looking buff in a plunging leotard dress, accents the calves with strappy stilettos.*

Barbara Stanwyck adopts the Jodie Foster look. Personification of the modern woman: there is nothing she can't do in a cool sheer linen blouse and a practical scoop-necked T. The hairdo has been vastly simplified, but a return to Final Net and curlers might be necessary.

Cary Grant adopts the George Clooney look. Grant wears a roomy unpressed jacket—a stark contrast to his usual Savile Row look. He forgoes a tie, lest it obscure the logo on his T-shirt. Due perhaps to a Brylcreem dry-up, the trademark zigzag hairline has been dramatically rethought.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard adopt the Johnny Depp and Kate Moss look. Lombard and Gable, in black leather jackets—cropped for her, car-coat-length for him—appear to be headed straight for Hogs & Heifers. (However, a pit stop at Kenneth might be advised.) Left: *looking virile in clam diggers and a peekaboo chambray shirt, the king of Hollywood has no qualms about sharing his opinions of the stalkarazzi on a Mustique beach.*

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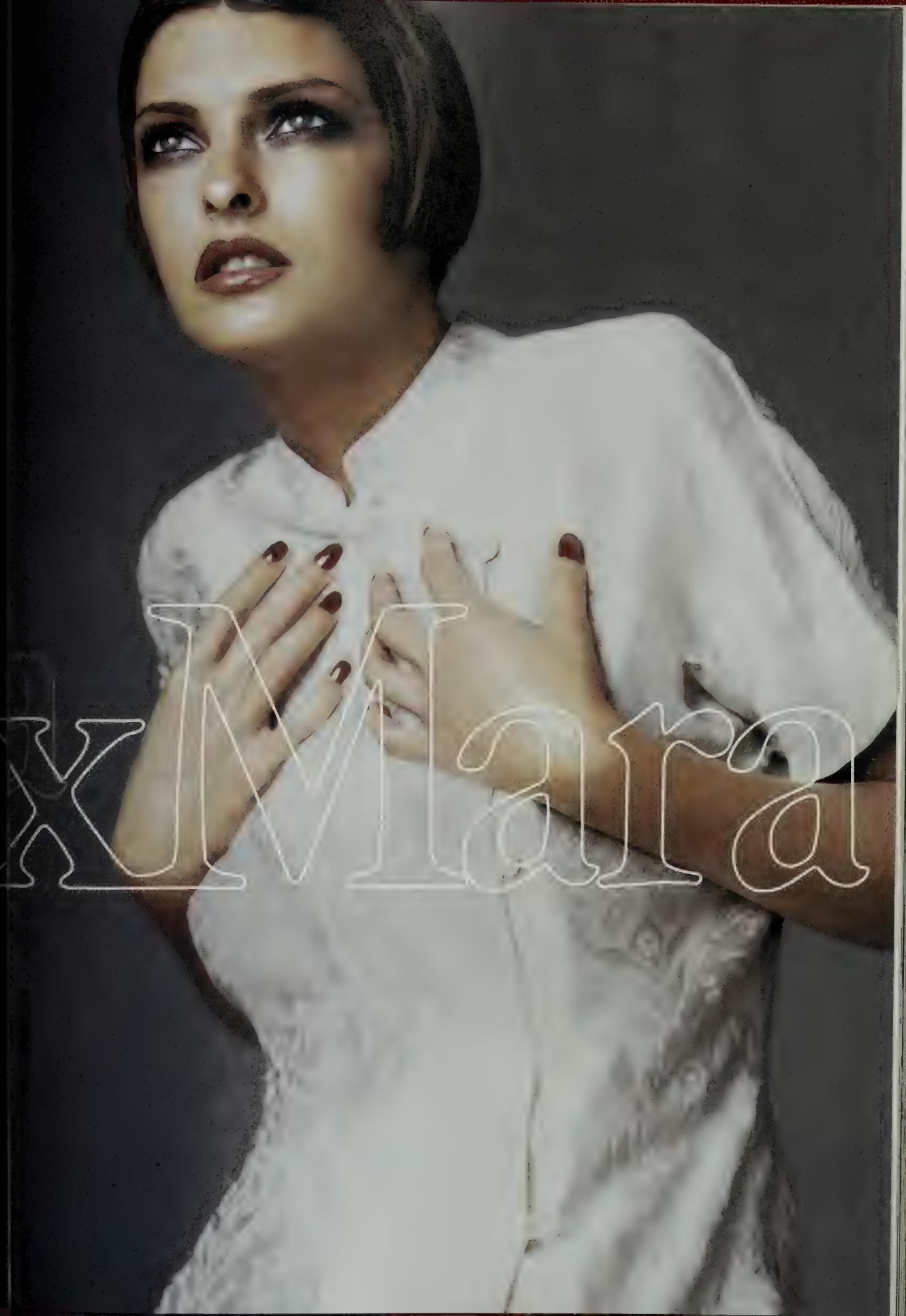
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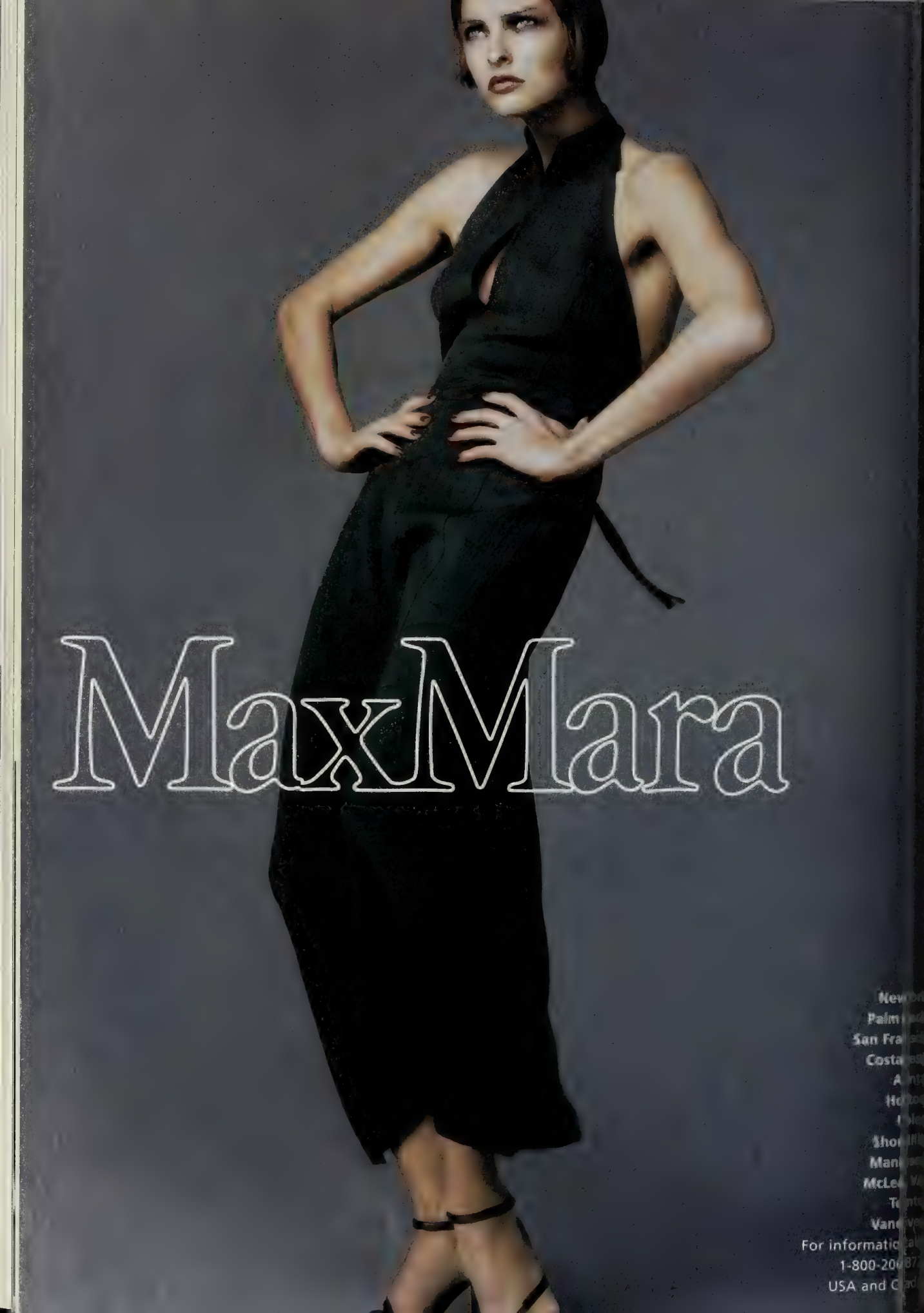
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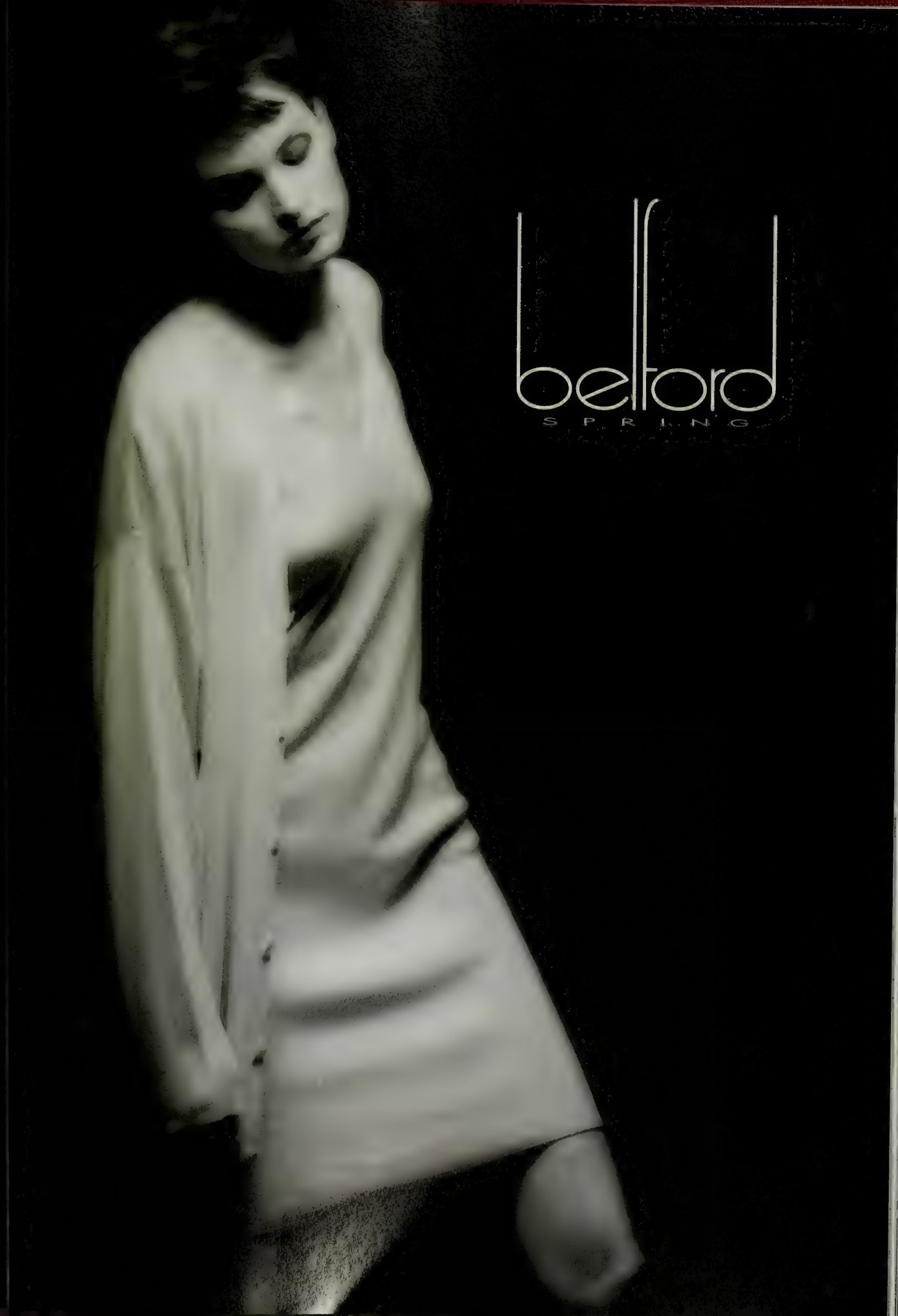
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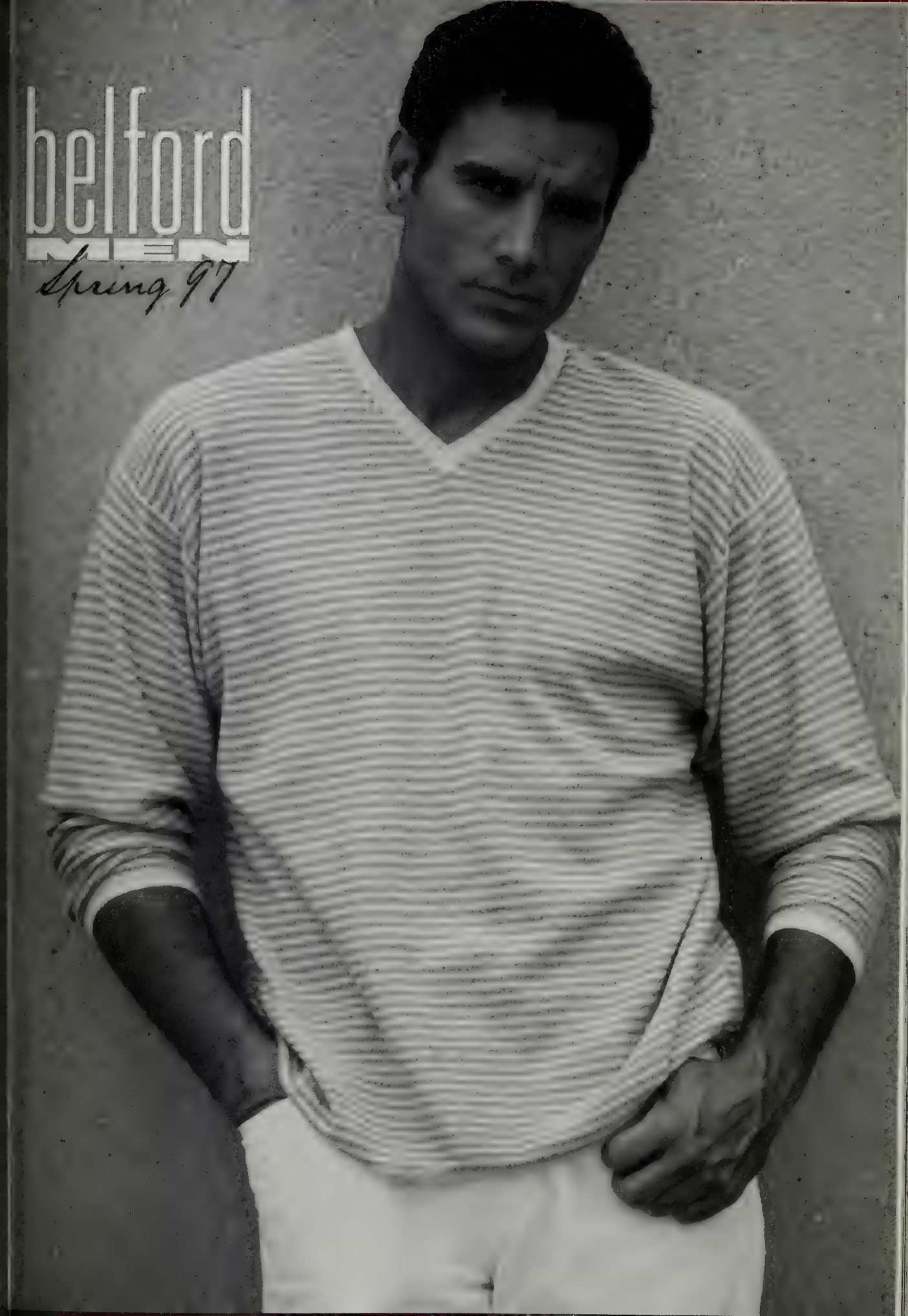


From far left: *Helen Chandler and Bela Lugosi in a poster for the 1951 re-release of* Dracula; *Max Schreck as the count in the 1922 silent film* Nosferatu.

Down for the Count

Dracula will live forever, but this year marks his 100th birthday—that is to say, the centenary of Bram Stoker's novel—and the Museum of Modern Art in New York is saluting the occasion with a retrospective of more than 25 vampire films from 12 countries.

At last count, more than 400 vampire movies existed, so MoMA curators cannot even begin to contemplate running through their projectors every yard of celluloid on which blood is sucked, but the centerpieces of the series are well chosen: F. W. Murnau's *Nosferatu* (1922), Tod Browning's standard 1931 version, starring Bela Lugosi, Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1932), and Francis Ford Coppola's 1992 release, with Gary Oldman. (Fans of Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt will have to head for the video stores.)

The less well-known titles included on the museum's program are, in some instances, better movies than the ones in the Lugosi, cape-twitching tradition. *Martin* (1978), by George Romero, swings the genre out of Transylvania and into the realm of the teen movie. As with most Romero movies, Pittsburgh is the setting, and because the teenage vampire, Martin Cuda, has no fangs, he uses razor blades to draw blood.

Dracula's tale makes a remarkably good and durable novel, play (Lugosi performed in the stage version until 1950), and movie, and it remains great fodder for moviemakers because the story has a double fascination: the count is the sexiest—certainly the most conventionally handsome—of all the standard horror protagonists, and he possesses the gift of eternal life. The trappings of the Dracula genre are also irrefutably filmworthy: the castle, the torchlight posse, coffin-as-bed, and, of course, his screams as the cruel stake is hammered through his heart. There can be little doubt that 400 more versions of the count's story will be on film in time for his bicentennial in 2097.

—JOSEPH REED

Night-Table Reading

Bob Hope, *Oscars host, 1940, 1942–43, 1945–46, 1953, 1955, 1958–62, 1965–68, 1975, and 1978: "Actually, I'm writing a foreword for Howard Ziehm's humor book,* Golf in the Comic Strips*" (General Publishing Group).*

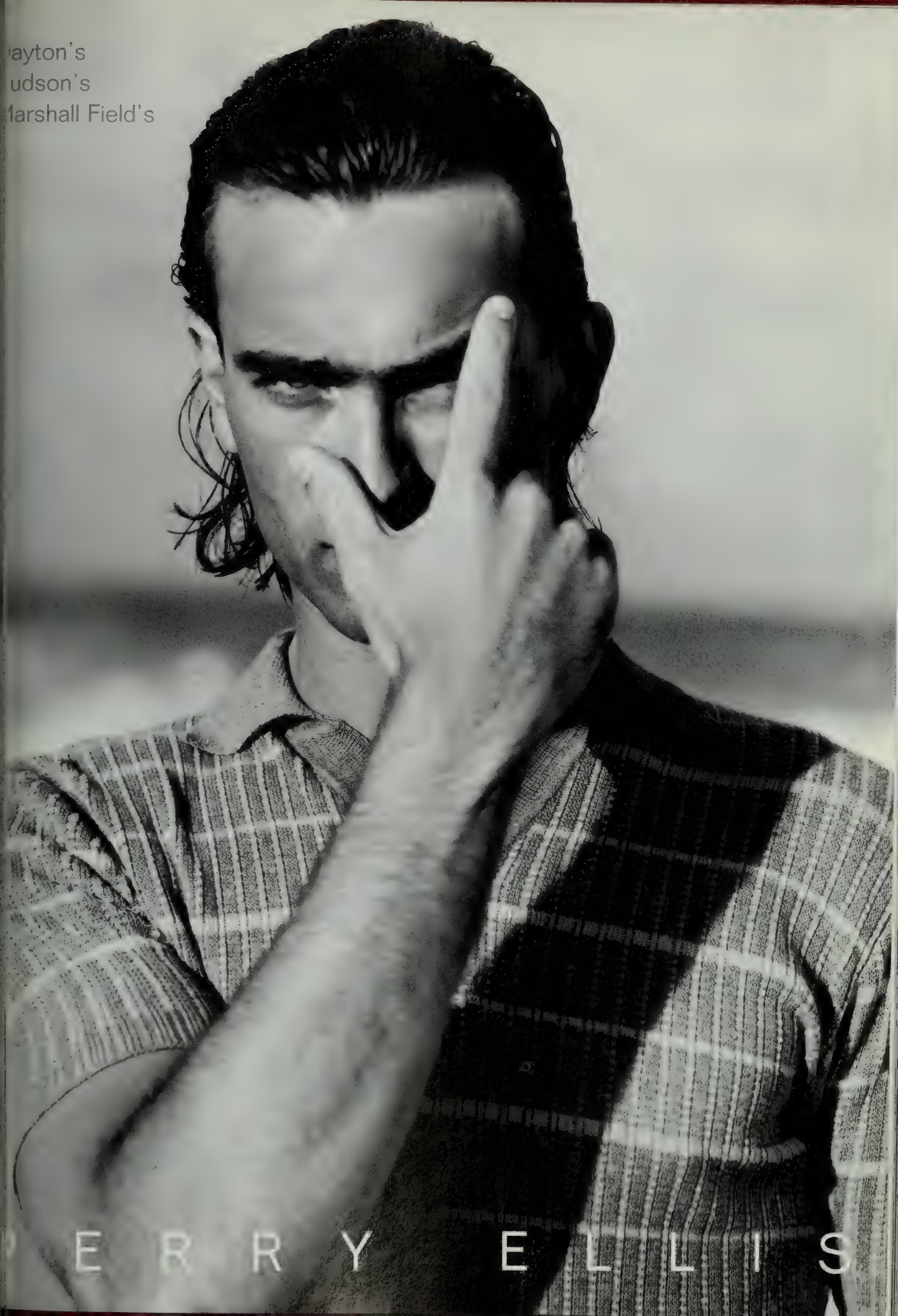
Johnny Carson, *Oscars host, 1979–82 and 1984:* The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark, *by Carl Sagan (Random House). "He was a dear friend of mine, and I admired his work."*

Chevy Chase, *Oscars host, 1987 and 1988:* Doctor Dolittle and the Green Canary, *by Hugh Lofting (Dell Yearling). "Dr. Dolittle says a lot about our social and political climate. Most people think he just talks to animals."*

Billy Crystal, *Oscars host, 1990–93 and 1997: The Bible. "I keep the Bible on my night table at home, because it's always sexier to think you're sleeping in a hotel."*

Whoopi Goldberg, *Oscars host, 1994 and 1996:* The Blackstone Chronicles, *by John Saul (Ballantine). "It's an amazing, scary series of interwoven novels."*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER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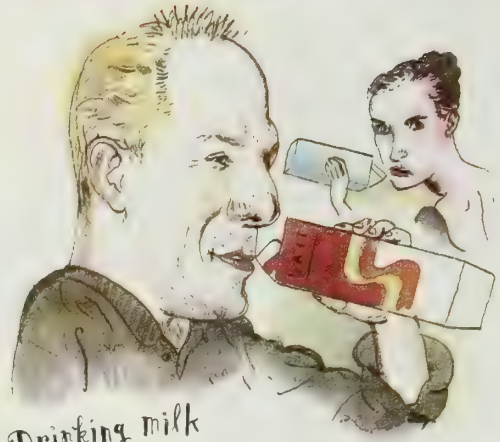
ERRY ELLIS



Drinking milk directly from the carton

Spitting

Beef jerky

Cracking one's knuckles

FORGET THOSE DARN CIGARS

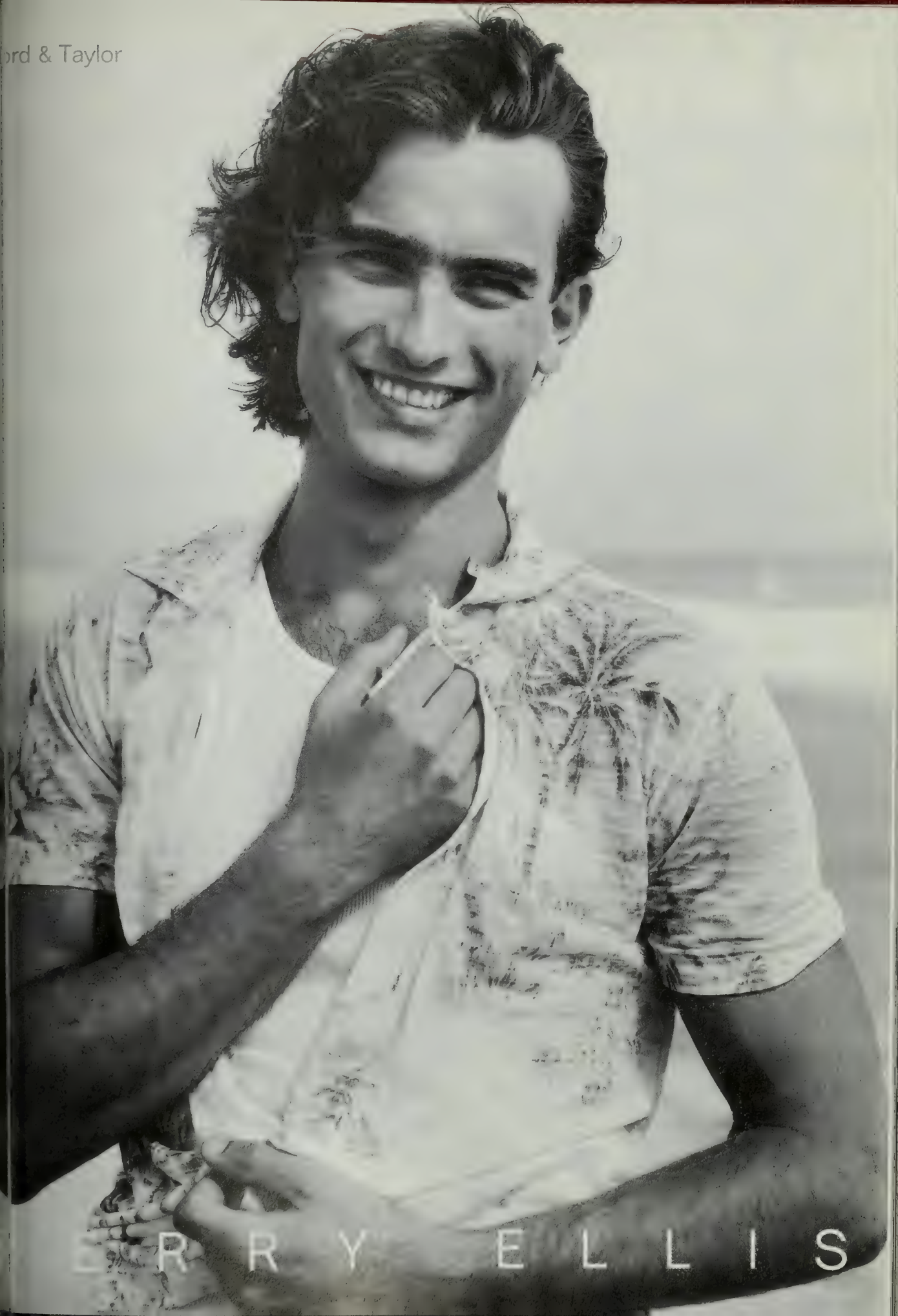
Pondering Hollywood's next bad habit du jour

Q-Tips

Flossing in public

Back scratchers

CARTOON BY BARRY BLITT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The Hollywood Universe*

Booster Rockets

Character actors
See photograph in portfolio

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William Hickey
Dennis Hopper
Samuel Jackson
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Diane Ladd
Cathy Moriarty
Viggo Mortensen
Estelle Parsons
Stan Shaw
Wallace Shawn
Tom Sizemore
Harry Dean Stanton
David Strathairn
Donald Sutherland
Rip Torn
Gwen Verdon
Christopher Walken

Cassiopeia: The Galactic Queen

Edie Wasserman

Andromeda: The Galactic Princess

Hollywood wives

Ruth Bloom
Clarissa Bronfman
Shakira Caine
Kate Capshaw
Victoria Duffy
Jane Eisner
Wendy Goldberg
Dani Janssen
Marilyn Katzenberg
Anne Kopelson
Fiona Lewis
Carol Matthau
Kelly Meyer
Judy Ovitz
Joanna Poitier
Donna Roth
Jane Semel
Maria Shriver
Candy Spelling
Alana Stewart
Lilly Tartikoff
Rita Wilson

Star Cruisers

Going very strong, but not at warp speed

Actors
Joan Allen
Annette Bening
Jeff Bridges
Pierce Brosnan
Cher
Glenn Close
Richard Dreyfuss
Sally Field
Laurence Fishburne
Morgan Freeman
Peter Gallagher
Jeff Goldblum
Woody Harrelson
Ed Harris
Helen Hunt
Holly Hunter
William Hurt
Anjelica Huston
Tommy Lee Jones
Michael Keaton
Val Kilmer
Jennifer Jason Leigh
Liam Neeson
Sean Penn
Joe Pesci
Bill Pullman
Dennis Quaid
Isabella Rossellini
Meg Ryan
Jean-Claude Van Damme
James Woods

Libra

The lawyers

Jake Bloom
Harry "Skip" Brittenham
Henry Bushkin
Melanie Cook
Bert Fields
Allen Grubman
Alan Hergott
Barry Hirsch
Peter Nichols
Bruce Ramer
Barry Tyerman
Kenneth Ziffren

Extraterrestrial

Michael Jackson

Planet Gen X

Atmosphere similar to that of Earth's Pacific Northwest

Actors
The Arquettes
Billy Baldwin
Stephen Baldwin
Drew Barrymore
Jennifer Connelly
Stephen Dorff
Jon Favreau
Brendan Fraser
Janeane Garofalo
Ethan Hawke
Ashley Judd
Robert Sean Leonard
Samantha Mathis
Chris O'Donnell
Christian Slater
Mira Sorvino

Directors
Spike Jonze
Richard Linklater
Ben Stiller

Places and things
Red
Vida
Viper Room

Moon: Gen Y

Kirsten Dunst
Gaby Hoffman
Natalie Portman
Christina Ricci
Mara Wilson

Boötes: The Herdsman

The mentors

Robert Altman
Francis Ford Coppola
Roger Corman
Freddy DeMann
Barry Diller
Leonard Goldberg
Larry Gordon
Brian Grazer
Quincy Jones
Pauline Kael
George Lucas
Robert Redford
Liz Rosenberg
Sid Sheinberg
Aaron Spelling
Steven Spielberg

Also: certain agents
certain publicists
certain managers

Venus

The love goddesses—and gods

Antonio Banderas
Angela Bassett
George Clooney
Johnny Depp
Cameron Diaz
Leonardo DiCaprio
Matt Dillon
Linda Fiorentino
Salma Hayek
Natasha Henstridge
Whitney Houston
Nicole Kidman
Jennifer Lopez
Kelly Lynch
Andie MacDowell
Matthew McConaughey
Gwyneth Paltrow
Jason Patric
Rene Russo
Johnathon Schaech
Elisabeth Shue
Alicia Silverstone
Sharon Stone
Charlize Theron
Uma Thurman
Liv Tyler
Robin Wright

Space Camp

The festivals:
Berlin
Cannes
New York
Seattle
Slamdance
Sundance
Telluride
Toronto
Venice
Also: ShoWest

Exploring the Galaxy

Mark Canton,
the three Michaels: Fuchs, Ovitz, and Schulhof

ASTEROID BELT: THE AGENCIES

Big planet-like rocks orbiting the sun, perpetually threatening collision

CAA

Martin Baum
Jane Berliner
Robert Bookman
Lee Gabler
Robert Goldman
Rand Holston
Kevin Huvane
Rick Kurtzman
Byrdie Lifson-Pompan
Bryan Lourd
Richard Lovett
Tony Metzger
Rick Nicita
David O'Connor
Jack Rapke
Jane Sindell
David Smith
Fred Specktor
Beth Swofford
CAA/Intel Media Lab

ICM

Chris Andrews
Jeff Berg
Alan Berger
Michael Black
Bill Block
Sam Cohn
Patty Detroit
Andrea Eastman
Jack Gilardi
Elaine Goldsmith-Thomas
Toni Howard
Marvin Josephson
Nancy Josephson
Ed Limato
Martha Luttrell
Robert Newman
Lou Pitt
Steve Rabineau
Risa Shapiro
Rosalie Swedlin
Jim Wiatt

WILLIAM MORRIS

Norman Brokaw
John Burnham
Rob Carlson
James Crabbe
James Cushing
Nicole David
Alan Gasmer
Michael Gruber
Jerry Katzman
Ron Mardigian
Johnnie Planco
Hylda Queally
Arnold Rifkin
Mike Simpson

UTA

Marty Ba
Peter Be
James
Gary
J. J.
Dav
Nic
Jere

Heavenly Muses

Star writers

Jeffrey Abrams
Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski
Paul Attanasio
Ron Bass
Barbara Benedek
Shane Black
Jeffrey Boam
Jim Cash and Jack Epps Jr.
Frank Darabont
Steven E. de Souza
Dean Devlin
Nora Ephron
Carrie Fisher
Scott Frank
Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel
Larry Gelbart
William Goldman
Akiva Goldsman
Sam Hamm
Christopher Hampton
Robert Harling
Kevin Jarre
Ruth Prawer Jhabvala
Mark Steven Johnson
Nicholas Kazan
David Koepp
Richard LaGravenese
Michael Leeson
David Mamet
Elaine May
Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer
John Milius
Steve Oedekerk
David Webb Peoples
Frank Pierson
Nicholas Pileggi
Richard Price
Eric Roth
Paul Rudnick
Alvin Sargent
Paul Schrader
John Patrick Shanley
Ron Shelton
Aaron Sorkin
Donald Stewart
Jeb Stuart
Caroline Thompson
Michael Tolkin
Robert Towne
Randall Wallace
Joss Whedon
Steven Zaillian

Fox 2000 Moon

Laura Ziskin

Deals with:
Meg Ryan

Kenneth "Babyface" and Tracey Edmonds
Marshall Herskovitz and Edward Zwick
Lynda Obst
Richard and Lili Fini Zanuck

Fox Searchlight Moon

Lindsay Law

Deals with:
Harvey Keitel
Julia Ormond

Planet Planet Hollywood

Revolves around heavy merchandising

Dan Aykroyd (House of Blues)
Peter Morton

Planet Hollywood:
Keith Barish
Robert Earl
Demi Moore
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Sylvester Stallone
Bruce Willis

Batman
Disney and Warner Bros. studio stores
Mighty Ducks hockey team
Star Trek
Star Wars
Toy Story
Studio theme parks
Times Square

Fox F Produ

Tom R
Dea
Tom
Denzel Was
Sigourney

James C
Chris Co
Joh
Jan
Arnold K
Ar
Baz Lu
Jo

LEO:

The lion
toni

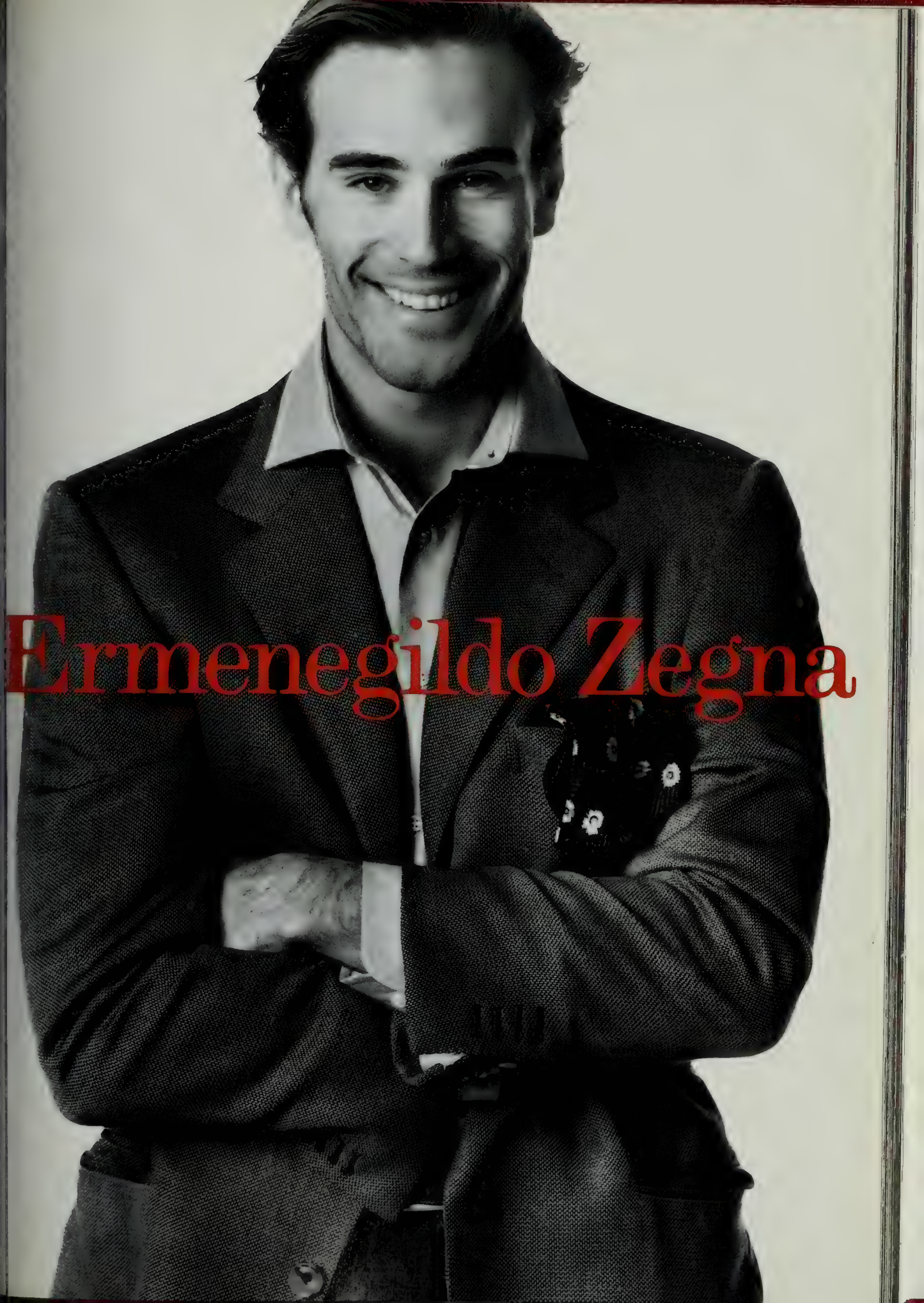
Kirk Ke
Kerry
Frank M
Michael Nat
United A
Lindsa
James Bo

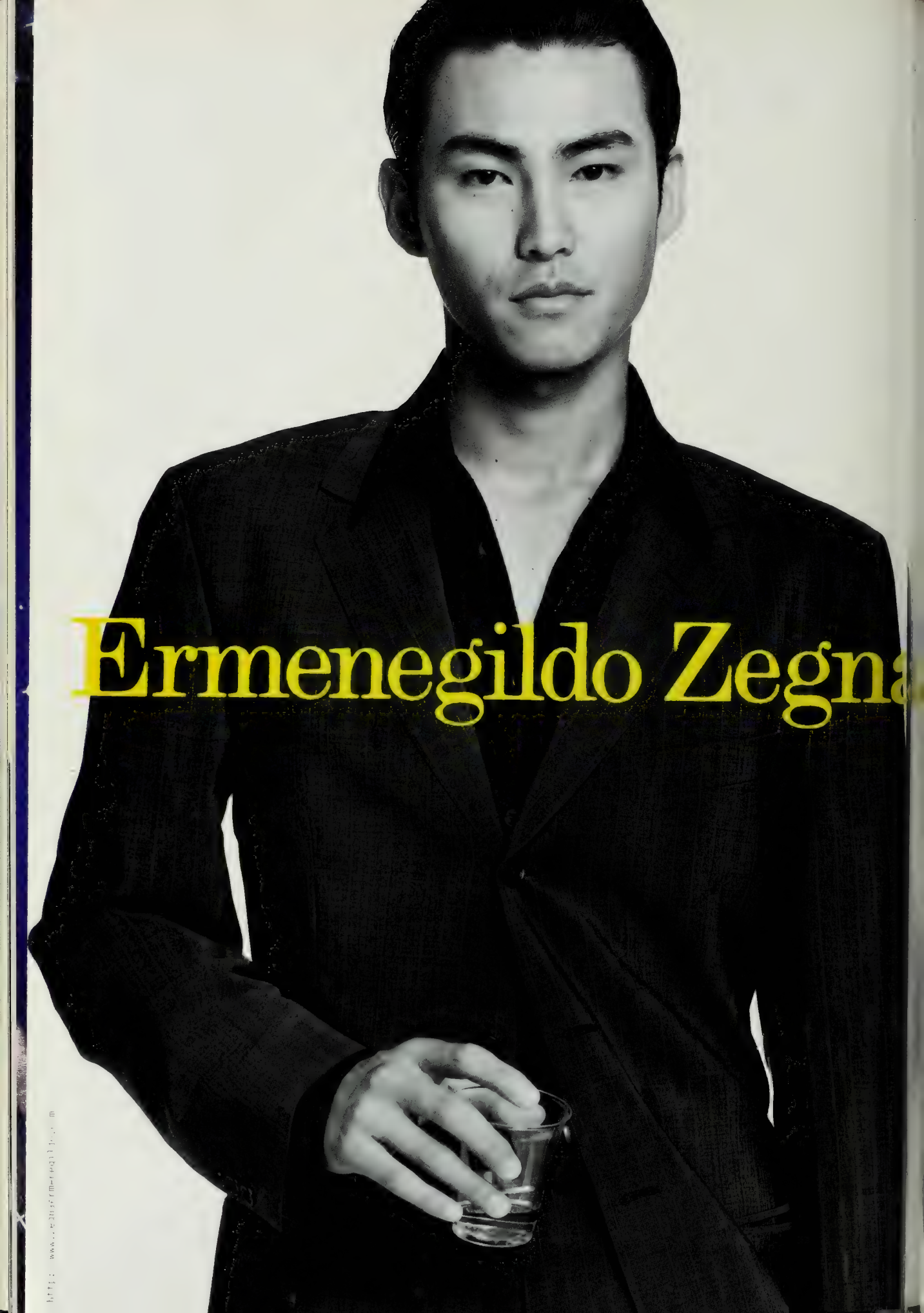
The Art a Architect World

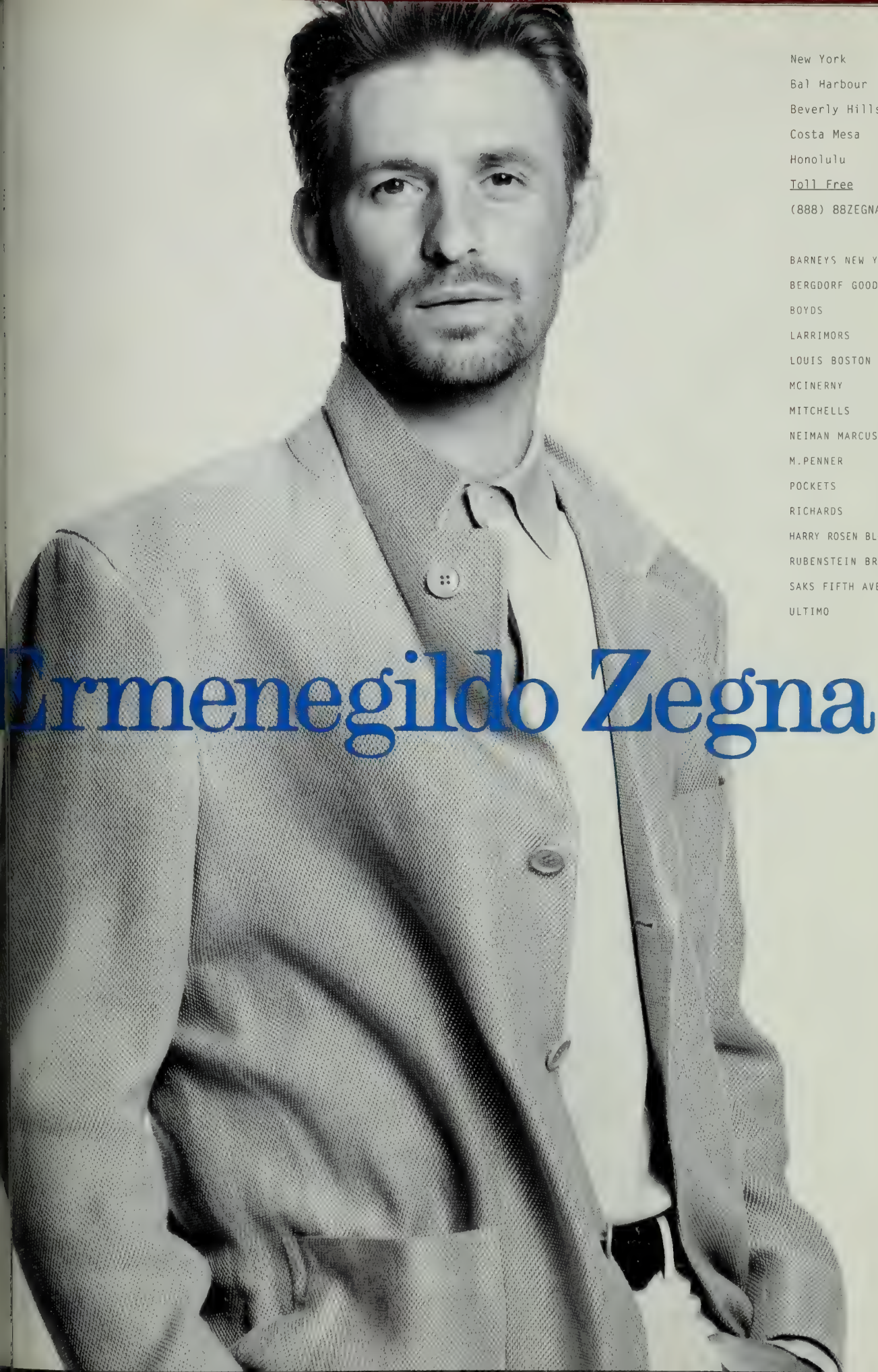
Larry Gagosi
Frank Gehry
Arne Glimche
Charles Gwat
David Hockn
Richard Kosh
Roy Lichtens
Richard Meie
Andrea Rich
Ed Ruscha
John Walsh

Rising Stars **Actors** Jackie Chan, Don Cheadle, Billy Crudup, Claire Danes, Benicio Del Toro, Minnie Driver, David Duchovny, Christopher Eccleston, Alison Elliott, Cuba Gooding Jr., Jared Leto, Delroy Lindo, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Frances McDormand, Ewan McGregor, Viggo Mortensen, Patrick Muldoon, Edward Norton, Joaquin Phoenix, Jada Pinkett, Natalie Portman, Ving Rhames, Campbell Scott, Will Smith, Billy Bob Thornton, Stanley Tucci, Skeet Ulrich, Vince Vaughn, Kate Winslet, Renée Zellweger **Directors, writers, and producers** Danny Boyle, Cameron Crowe, Griffin Dunne, Bruce Feirstein, Mitch Glazer, Scott Hicks, Henry James, Andrew Licht, Baz Luhrmann, Douglas McGrath, Robert Rodriguez, David O. Russell, Julian Schnabel, William Shakespeare, Russell Simmons, Forest Whitaker **Places and things** Audi A4, Brentwood, Golden Globes, Los Feliz, Mondrian, October Films, Pacific Palisades, Silverlake, Sushi Nozawa, Toronto International Film Festival

*As of 1997. (With apologies to Esquire's "Who's Who in the Cosmos." Augu


Ermenegildo Zegna


Ermenegildo Zegna



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ULTIMO

A Hollywood Aviary

How to spot some of the most prominent species in show business. (Ornithological descriptions are real)

N° 1 *Katzenbergis jeffrius*

[JEFFREY KATZENBERG]

HUMMINGBIRD: Small and aggressive, it has the highest energy output in terms of body weight of any warm-blooded animal. Its wings beat 50 to 80 times a second; its heart beats more than 1,000 times a minute. The hummingbird must consume half its body weight in sugar every day, and thus may appear particularly proprietary and fierce in the presence of food. It never actually sleeps, but, rather, goes into a state of suspended animation that allows it to pass the night without literally dying for a snack.[1]

N° 2 *Sarkisiana chera*

[CHER]

GREAT BLACK COCKATOO: During times of stress, it sports a magnificent crest erection.[2]

N° 3 *Wassermanis edia, lewis*

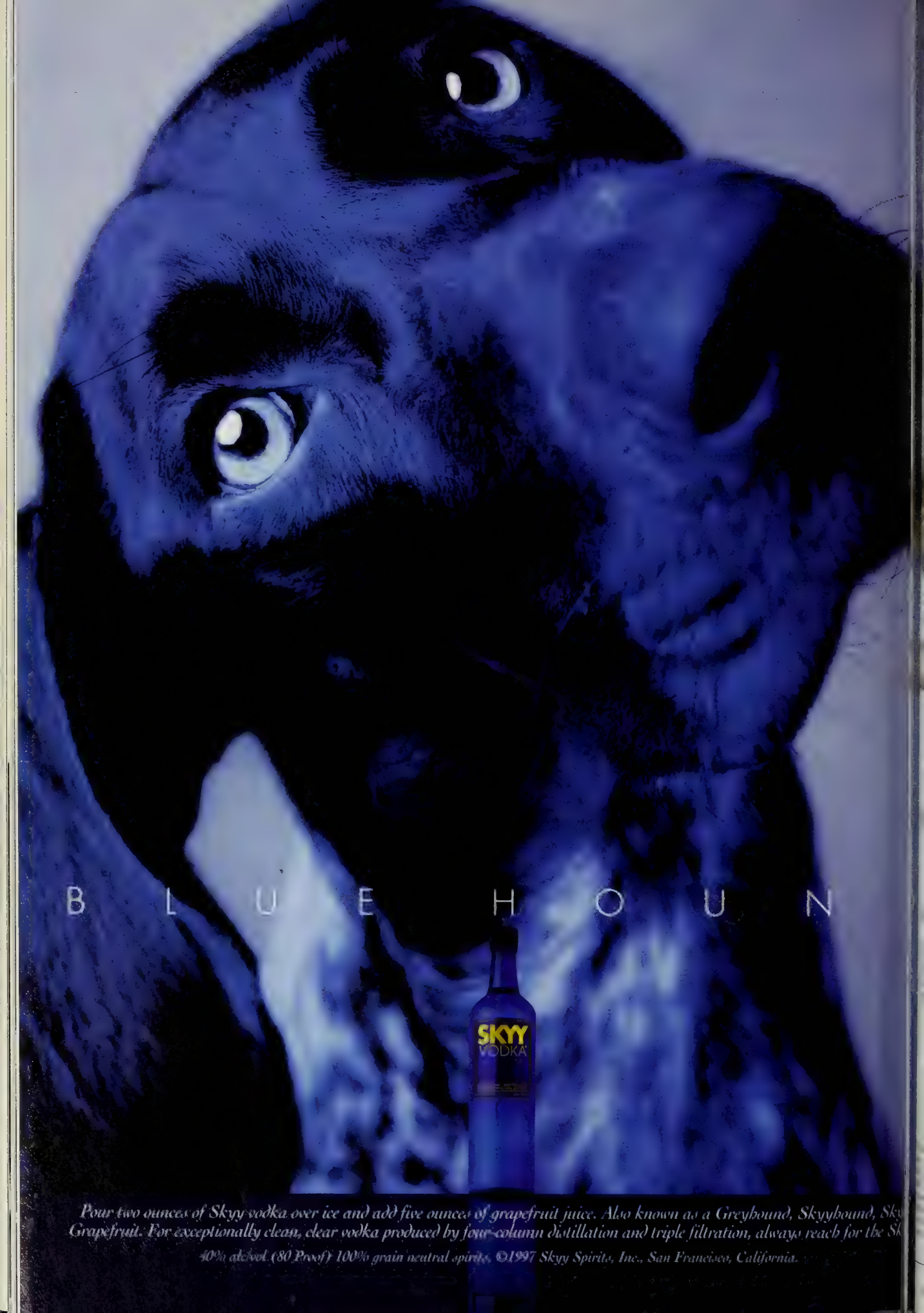
[EDIE AND LEW WASSERMAN]

GOLDEN EAGLES: A symbol of nobility and strength, golden eagles pair for life and live in "splendid detachment from the remainder of their species."[3]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 291)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL ADEL

GUCCI
timepieces
GUCCI
28
macy's



Pour two ounces of Skyy vodka over ice and add five ounces of grapefruit juice. Also known as a Greyhound, Skyyhound, Sky Grapefruit. For exceptionally clean, clear vodka produced by four-column distillation and triple filtration, always reach for the Sk

40% alc/vol (80 Proof) 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1997 Skyy Spirits, Inc., San Francisco, California.

A Hollywood Aviary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 288)

N° 4 Beattsius warrenus

[WARREN BEATTY]

WANDERING ALBATROSS: Perhaps uneasy about intimacy,[4] this large and majestic bird takes a long time to grow up.[5] Its courtship displays are highly elaborate, and may involve clappering, billing, sky-pointing, groaning, even mooing. It is an inveterate wanderer, and comes ashore solely to breed.[6] It produces only one huge egg. It is strangely silent.[7]

N° 5 Farliorum chrisium

[CHRIS FARLEY]

RED-BILLED QUELEA: A prodigious eater—indeed, an agricultural pest rivaled only by locusts.[8] It appears in bulk and trees have collapsed under its collective weight. While poisons, flamethrowers, electronic devices, pathogens, and napalm have shown little success in curtailing its spread, dynamiting its habitat may achieve local control.[9]

N° 6 Coenus joelis, ethanis

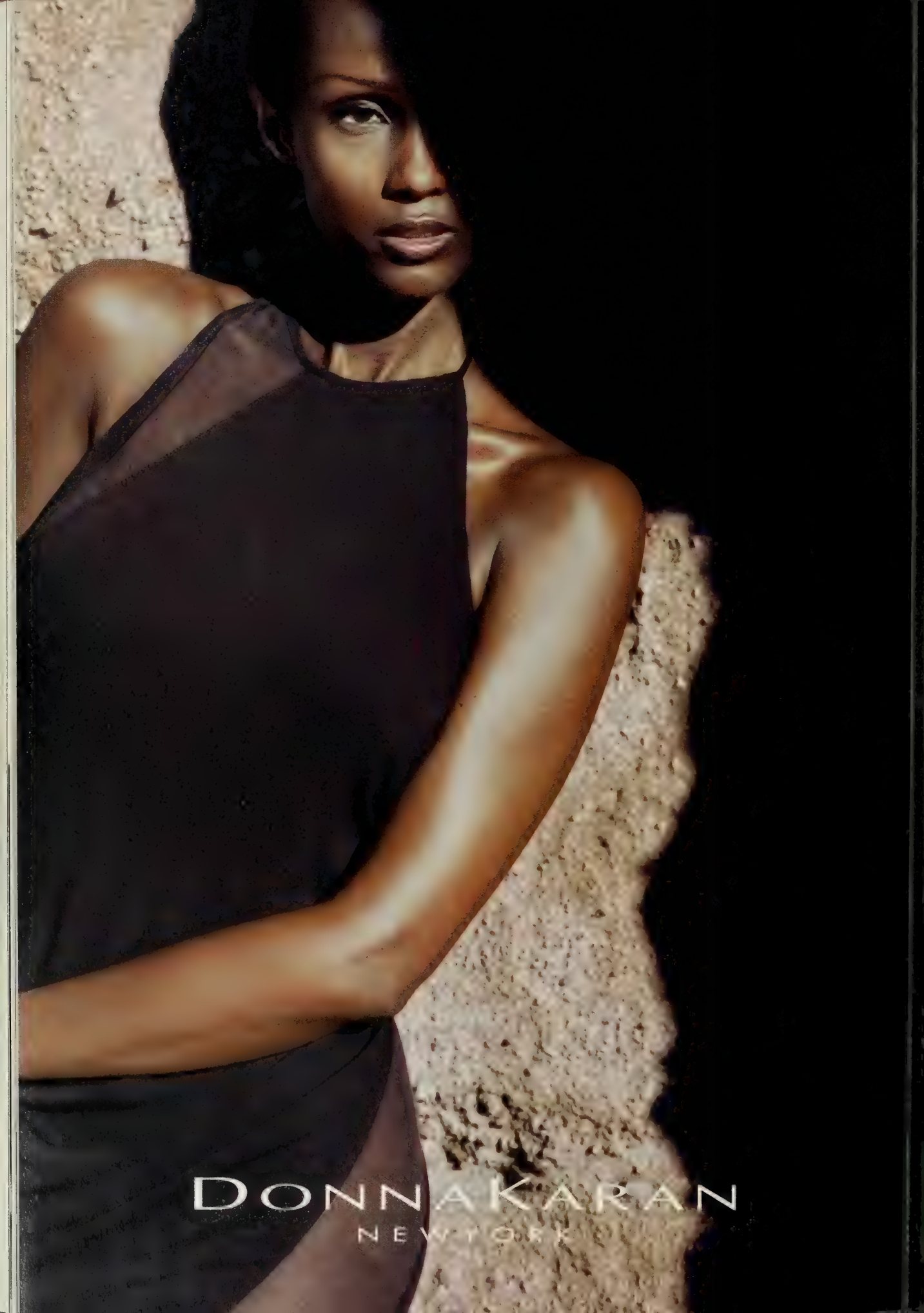
[JOEL AND ETHAN COEN]

BOUBOU SHRIKES: Pairs of this species remain together season after season, if not for life. They sing duets which are so seamless that it is impossible o tell that the sound comes from two birds unless you are looking directly at them.[10] They exhibit an ease with gore; they are sometimes called butcher-birds.[11] Plain-colored, with curved beaks,[12] they are not excessively sociable. Little information exists on their bathing methods.[13]

[1] Desmond Morris. *Animalwatching.* New York, N.Y.: Crown, 1990.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] *Encyclopedia Americana.* Danbury, Conn.: Grolier, 1994.
[6] *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* Chicago, Ill.: University of Chicago, 1992.
[7] Dr. H. C. Bernhard Grzimek. *Grzimek's Animal Life Encyclopedia.* New York, N.Y.: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1972.
[8] Morris, op. cit
[9] *Britannica,* op cit.
[10] David Attenborough. *The Trials of Life.* Boston, Mass.: Little, Brown, 1990.
[11] *Britannica,* op cit.
[12] Grzimek, op. cit.
[13] *Handbook of the Birds of Europe, the Middle East and North Africa: The Birds of the Western Palearctic,* Volume VII: "Flycatchers to Shrikes." New York: Oxford University Press, 1993.

—HENRY ALFORD

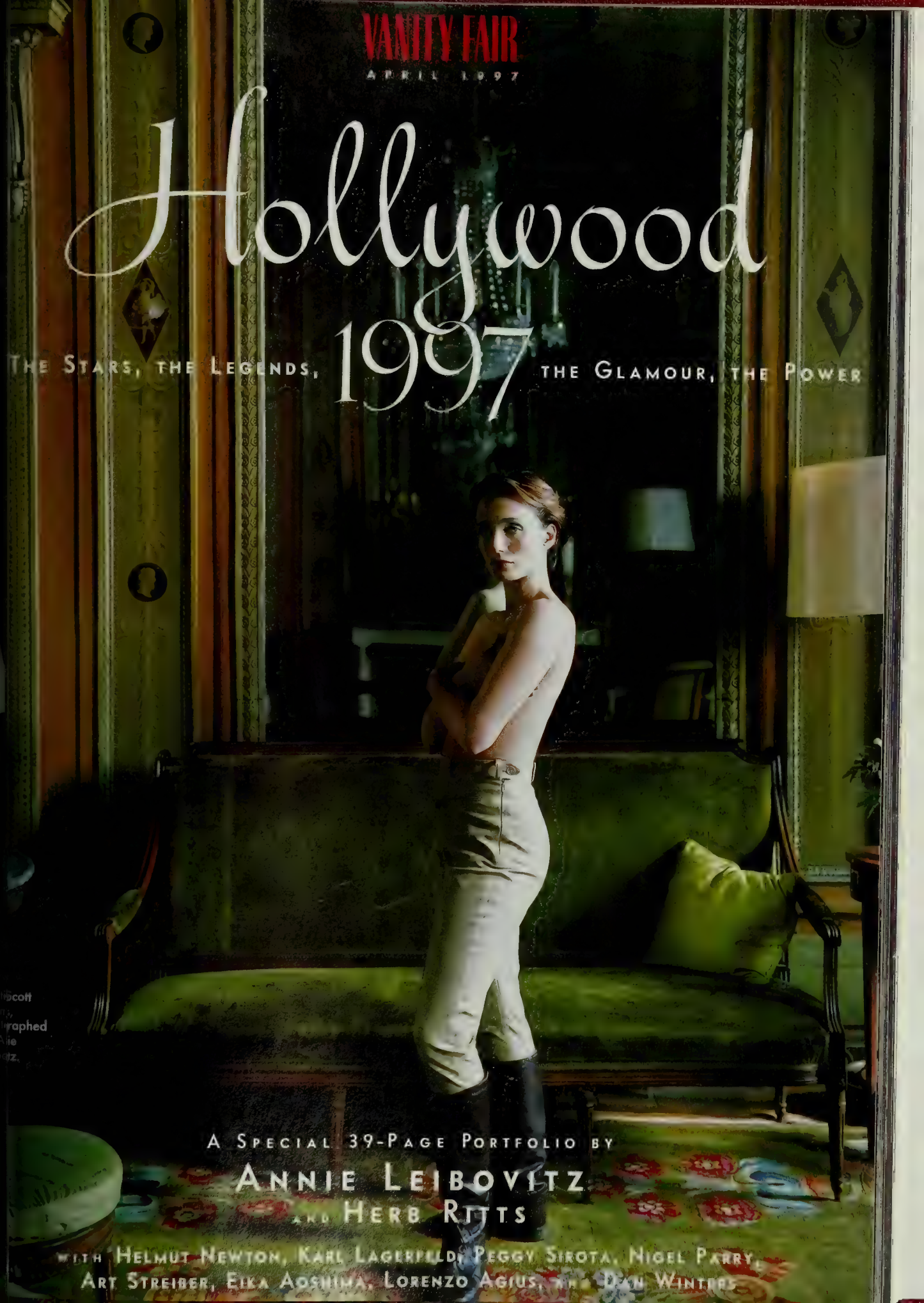
DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK


DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
APRIL 1997

Hollywood 1997

THE STARS, THE LEGENDS, THE GLAMOUR, THE POWER



A SPECIAL 39-PAGE PORTFOLIO BY

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
AND HERB RITTS

WITH HELMUT NEWTON, KARL LAGERFELD, PEGGY SIROTA, NIGEL PARRY, ART STREIBER, EIKA AOSHIMA, LORENZO AGIUS, AND DEAN WINTERS

The KINGS OF COMEDY

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Actor

Thirty-two films,
ing *Hook* (1991); *Aladdin* (1992);
rs. *Doubtfire* (1993), where he
stin's Tootsie look like Cameron Diaz;
and *The Birdcage* (1996).

Three Oscar nominations:
Good Morning, Vietnam (1987);
ead Poets Society (1989); and
The Fisher King (1991).

ted total domestic box-office gross:
$1,456,362,157.

Upcoming projects:
her's Day, with Billy Crystal and
Julia Louis-Dreyfus; *Flubber*,
make of the 1961 Disney classic
he Absent-Minded Professor.

EDDIE MURPHY
Actor

Seventeen films,
ding his debut in *48 Hrs.* (1982),
Trading Places (1983),
everly Hills Cop (1984), and
The Nutty Professor (1996).

ted total domestic box-office gross:
$1,310,030,066.

Upcoming projects:
Holy Man, in which Murphy
plays a wandering
an of the cloth turned home-
shopping-channel host;
a *Doctor Dolittle* remake.

JIM CARREY
Actor

Seventeen films, including
Ace Ventura: Pet Detective (1994);
Dumb & Dumber (1994);
The Mask (1994); *Batman Forever* (1995);
The Cable Guy (1996); and the
current *Liar, Liar*.

Estimated total domestic box-office gross:
$778,441,774.

Upcoming projects:
The Truman Show, in which Carrey's
character finds that his life is
actually a TV show;
The Revenge of the Mask.

The ICON

MADONNA
Actress, singer, diarist, *madre*

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on January 31, 1997.

Sixteen films. Madonna sprang forth in *Desperately Seeking Susan* (1985) and fell back—as a missionary—in *Shanghai Surprise* (1986), in which she read psalms with now ex-husband Sean Penn. In *Dick Tracy* (1990), she sang Sondheim and flared her nostrils. In *Truth or Dare* (1991), she always chose the latter. In *A League of Their Own* (1992), she jitterbugged while those around her merely pitched. In *Body of Evidence* (1993), she made you wish you were doing the spanking. In *Evita* (1996), she made the world her balcony.

I'll never be an angel
I'll never be a saint, it's true
I'm too busy surviving
Whether it's heaven or hell
I'm gonna be living to tell.

—From "Survival," written by Madonna and Dallas Austin.

"Character role: A role in a motion picture requiring a mature performance on the part of an actor or actress in an attempt to represent a distinctive character type rather than a standard romantic lead, ingenue, or juvenile part."

—*The Film Encyclopedia*

Top row, left to right: **ROD STEIGER** (a best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination for *On the Waterfront; The Pawnbroker;* a best-actor Oscar for *In the Heat of the Night*); **FRANK VINCENT** (*Raging Bull, GoodFellas, Casino, She's the One*); **RONNY COX** (*Deliverance, Beverly Hills Cop, RoboCop, Total Recall*); **JEROEN KRABBÉ** (*The Fourth Man, The Fugitive, Immortal Beloved*); **CHRIS COOPER** (*Matewan, A Time to Kill, Lone Star*); **R. LEE ERMEY** (*Mississippi Burning, Seven, Leaving Las Vegas, Dead Man Walking*); **JOHN ASHTON** (*Breaking Away, Beverly Hills Cop, Midnight Run*).

Middle row: **LOIS SMITH** (*Five Easy Pieces, Dead Man Walking, Twister*); **J. T. WALSH** (*The Grifters, Outbreak, Executive Decision, Sling Blade*); **JOE DON BAKER** (*Walking Tall, Fletch, Congo*); **LORETTA DEVINE** (*Waiting to Exhale, The Preacher's Wife*); **MICHAEL LERNER** (*The Candidate; The Postman Always Rings Twice;* a best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination for *Barbarella*); **ROBERT LOGGIA** (*Scarface;* a best-supporting- actor Oscar nomination for *Jagged Edge; Big; Independence Day*); **DAVID PAYMER** (a best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination for *Saturday Night; Quiz Show; Get Shorty; American President*).

Bottom row, left to right: **ED LAUTER** (*Born on the Fourth of July, Leaving Las Vegas, Crash, Mulholland Falls*); **EILEEN BRENNAN** (*The Last Picture Show;* a best-supporting-actress Oscar nomination for *Private Benjamin; Stella*); **AUSTIN PENDLETON** (*Catch-22, The Front Page, Guarding Tess, Days in the Valley*); **LOUISE FLETCHER** (*Thieves Like Us;* a best-actress Oscar for *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest; 2 Days in the Valley*).

The CHARACTERS

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Los Angeles on January 24, 1997.

Top row, left to right: **VINCENT SCHIAVELLI** (*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest, Amadeus, The People vs. Larry Flynt*); **JOHN C. McGINLEY** (*Platoon, Born on the Fourth of July, Seven, Johns*); **JEFFREY JONES** (*The Hunt for Red October, Ed Wood, The Crucible*); **DELROY LINDO** (*Get Shorty, Clockers, Ransom, Broken Arrow*); **WILLIAM FORSYTHE** (*Once upon a Time in America, Dick Tracy, The Rock, Palookaville*); **JAMES GAMMON** (*Cool Hand Luke, Urban Cowboy, Wyatt Earp, Natural Born Killers*); **PIPER LAURIE** (best-actress Oscar nomination for *The Hustler;* best-supporting-actress Oscar nominations for *Carrie* and *Children of a Lesser God; The Crossing Guard*); **ROMA MAFFIA** (*Married to the Mob, The Paper, Disclosure, Eraser*); **DIANA SCARWID** (a best-supporting-actress Oscar nomination for *Inside Moves; Mommie Dearest; Silkwood*); **OLIVER PLATT** (*Working Girl, Indecent Proposal, A Time to Kill, Executive Decision*).

Bottom row: **JUDITH IVEY** (*Brighton Beach Memoirs, Miles from Home, In Country*); **JOE PANTOLIANO** (*Risky Business, The Fugitive, Bound*); **M. EMMET WALSH** (*Blade Runn Blood Simple, A Time to Kill, Albino Alligat* **LINDA HUNT** (a best-supporting-actress Os for *The Year of Living Dangerously; The Bost ans; Ready to Wear*); **KATHY BATES** (a b actress Oscar for *Misery; Fried Green Tom toes; Dolores Claiborne*); **WILLIAM H. MA** (*Searching for Bobby Fischer; Mr. Hollan Opus;* a best-supporting-actor Oscar nomi tion for *Fargo*); **HOLLAND TAYLOR** (*To L For, How to Make an American Quilt, One F Day*); **JOE GRIFASI** (*The Deer Hunter, Natu Born Killers, Batman Forever, One Fine Day*).

The CHARACTERS

The DAME

LAUREN BACALL
Actress, author

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on January 23, 1997.

Thirty-five films, two books (*Lauren Bacall: By Myself* and *Now*), two husbands (Humphrey Bogart and Jason Robards), three children.

Roles include: Slim in *To Have and Have Not* (1944); Nora in *Key Largo* (1948); couturier turned sports fan in *Designing Woman* (1957); the spur in John Wayne's saddle in *The Shootist* (1976); the monster who brought up Barbra in *The Mirror Has Two Faces* (1996), for which she has received a best-supporting-actress Oscar nomination.

"When I cut school I would sit all day in a movie house sobbing through *Dark Victory* or *Jezebel* or *The Old Maid*, smoking in the balcony (I paid for the whole package, so I had to finish it)."

The SENSATION

EDWARD NORTON
Actor

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on January 25, 1997.

Roles in three films, all released in 1996: doe-eyed priest killer in *Primal Fear*, for which Norton has received a best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination; Drew Barrymore's blueblood beau in Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You*; and the anti-hustler who made us wish *The People vs. Larry Flynt* had focused exclusively on the life of Norton's character, the pornographer's legal counsel.

Upcoming project: the skinhead coming-of-age movie *American History X*, with Edward Furlong.

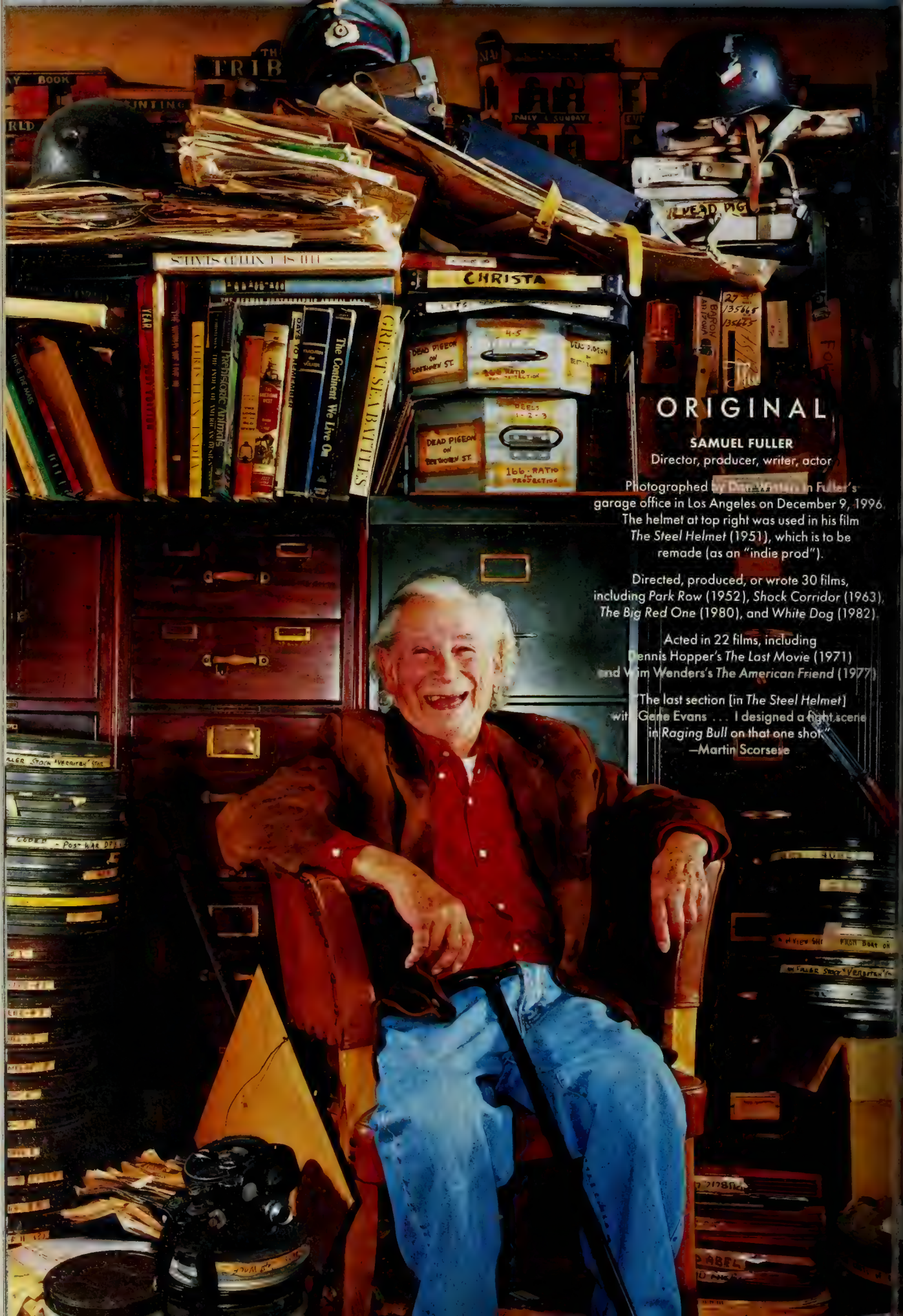
The ECCENTRIC

DIANE KEATON
Actress, director

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
on Will Rogers State Beach in Santa Monica
on February 3, 1997.

Twenty-nine films. Memorable roles include *The Godfather*'s Kay Corleone in 1972; Annie Hall in *Annie Hall* (1977), for which she won an Oscar; sexually compulsive bar cruiser/committed teacher in 1977's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar;* writer who trades Oregon for babushkas in *Reds* (1981); wife who sings "If I Fell" in bathtub in *Shoot the Moon;* foster mother/baby-food tycoon in *Baby Boom* (1987); third wheel in *First Wives Club* (1996); Bessie, who gives all for love (and gets her hair styled by Meryl Streep) in *Marvin's Room* (1996), for which she has received a best-actress Oscar nomination.

Keaton directed the documentary *Heaven* (1987) and the acclaimed feature *Unstrung Heroes* (1995). She recently adopted a daughter, Dexter.



ORIGINAL

SAMUEL FULLER
Director, producer, writer, actor

Photographed by Dan Winters in Fuller's garage office in Los Angeles on December 9, 1996. The helmet at top right was used in his film *The Steel Helmet* (1951), which is to be remade (as an "indie prod").

Directed, produced, or wrote 30 films, including *Park Row* (1952), *Shock Corridor* (1963), *The Big Red One* (1980), and *White Dog* (1982).

Acted in 22 films, including Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie* (1971) and Wim Wenders's *The American Friend* (1977).

"The last section [in *The Steel Helmet*] with Gene Evans . . . I designed a fight scene in *Raging Bull* on that one shot."
—Martin Scorsese

The OBSERVER

BUDD SCHULBERG
Writer

Photographed by Nigel Parry
at the Hoboken Terminal in Hoboken, New Jersey,
on January 30, 1997.

Author of *What Makes Sammy Run?* (1941),
the quintessential Hollywood novel;
the boxing novel *The Harder They Fall* (1947);
and *The Disenchanted* (1950),
a thinly veiled account of his failed screenwriting
collaboration with F. Scott Fitzgerald.
Screenplays include *On the Waterfront* (1954)
and *A Face in the Crowd* (1957).

His father, B. P. Schulberg,
in Paramount production in the 20s and
a producer on *The Last Command* (1927),
which tied for the first best-picture Oscar.

"I've got a hunch
[illegible]ood is my meat."—Sammy Glick,
What Makes Sammy Run?

The THOROUGHBRED

NICOLE KIDMAN
Actress

Photographed by Karl Lagerfeld
in Paris on January 27, 1997.

[illegible] Film, Mr. [illegible] [illegible] *Dead Calm* (1989); the boarding-school proctor in *Flirting* (1990); the weather girl whose parade nobody's gonna rain on in *To Die For* (1995); Isabel Archer in *The Portrait of a Lady* (1996), in which—as the immortal Henry James heroine—she proved that you don't have to be a Jane Austen girl to eat lunch in this town.

In 1990, Kidman married *Days of Thunder* co-star [illegible] Cruise, with [illegible] she also [illegible] *Far and Away*; and [illegible] from whom she [illegible] children.

Upcoming projects: *The Peacemaker*, with George Clooney; *Eyes Wide Shut*, Stanley Kubrick's extremely secret new film about sexual obsession, in which she co-stars with the husband; *In the Cut*, based on Susanna Moore's novel.

"Nicole's quite shy, but when she's angry she's very direct. . . . This put us on a strong footing."
—Jane Campion, director of *The Portrait of a Lady*.

The PARTNERS

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on the Warner Bros. lot in Burbank, California, on January 16, 1997.

ROBERT DALY and TERRY SEMEL
Chairmen/co-chief executive officers of Warner Bros. since March 1994, chairmen/co-chief executive officers of the Warner Music Group since November 1995.

Since January 1981, when Daly was named chairman at Warner's and Semel was named vice-chairman, approximately 380 films have been acquired, developed, produced, distributed, and marketed. The top 10 highest grossing films produced during "The Bob and Terry Show," as Time Warner chief Gerald Levin has dubbed it, are: *Batman* ($251,188,924); *Twister* ($241,717,524); *Batman Forever* ($183,899,520); *The Fugitive* ($183,752,965); *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* ($165,493,908); *Batman Returns* ($162,831,698); *Gremlins* ($148,168,459); *Lethal Weapon 2* ($147,253,986); *Lethal Weapon 3* ($144,731,527); *Clear and Present Danger* ($121,985,472). Say when.
Bob Daly's wife is songwriter Carole Bayer Sager; Semel's wife, Jane, is a photographer.

Daly and Semel on what makes a movie great: "It's a question of stimulating the emotions to the extreme."

The BEST FRIENDS

MERYL STREEP, PENNY MARSHALL, and CARRIE FISHER

Photographed by Art Streiber at the Four Seasons Hotel in Los Angeles on December 2, 1996.

Friendship is the recess from the graduate school of life. My friendship with Penny and Meryl has the sense of a secret handshake of shared sensibility, of shared history. Penny is disgruntled, courageous, and funny. Meryl is maternal, grounded, funny, and so loyal it's impossible for you to hate her for her talent, her long marriage, her many children, or her beauty, which seems unlikely to diminish anytime soon.

We three are in the same business in three different ways, though we originally started out in the same union. Penny and I changed careers in midstream around the same time and branched off into work behind the camera; Meryl remains luminous and astonishing before the lens. Penny and I are suspicious party throwers, exhausted workaholics who understand each other through various overlapping idiosyncrasies; we finish, if not anticipate, each other's sentences. Meryl's empathy runs rampant; she never loses faith in her friends' ability to bend back into shape. Or her ability to speak in shorthand and silence. I have been sustained by these women through adverse times and personal difficulties. We play for fun and for keeps till the bell rings.

My friend Ed Moses said years ago that there were tribes who roamed the earth and each one had a magic person. Well, now they have been dispersed, but every so often you run into someone from your tribe, a magic person, even in as unlikely a place as show business, the capital of opportunism, ulterior motives, what someone can do for you instead of with you. These are people who give without keeping lists and receive with gratitude. My friends, my close friends, are my family, my kin. We worry when we feel that one of us is not doing well; we revel in one another's successes. Both these broads wear my ring, share a mutual masseuse and, yes, even a tendency to gossip. These chicks are born stars. And their aim is true.

—Carrie Fisher

The MISUNDERSTOOD

VAL KILMER
Actor

Photographed by Lorenzo Agius
in London, England, on January 8, 1997.

Kilmer entered the Juilliard School
at age 17, the youngest student ever accepted to
the drama division.

Seventeen movies. Roles include:
Top Gun's number-two hunk (1986); wild warrior/
space cadet in *Willow* (1988); Jim Morrison
in *The Doors* (1991); F.B.I. agent who
gets genealogical surprise in *Thunderheart* (1992);
Elvis hallucination in *True Romance* (1993);
Doc Holliday in *Tombstone* (1993);
mighty winged one in *Batman Forever* (1995);
Ashley Judd's robber bridegroom in *Heat* (1995).
Upcoming role: Simon Templar in *The Saint*.

Kilmer is divorced from actress Joanne Whalley-Kilmer,
with whom he has two children.

"Lions are fun to work with.
They're a lot like actresses—they're obsessed
with their hair, they don't want to come out of their trailers."
—Kilmer on his co-stars in
The Ghost and the Darkness (1996).

The OLD HANDS

Photographed by Peggy Sirota in Los Angeles on January 15, 1997.

EDDIE BRACKEN
Actor

Thirty-two films. As a child actor, he appeared in four "Our Gang" shorts. His adult roles include: the mistaken war hero in Preston Sturges's *Hail the Conquering Hero* (1944), and the befuddled 4-F in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* (1944). Recently seen in *Oscar* (1991); *Home Alone 2: Lost in New York* (1992); and *Rookie of the Year* (1993).

DONALD O'CONNOR
Actor, dancer, singer

Fifty-four films. O'Connor, one of the last film stars to have trained in vaudeville, tap-danced with Gene Kelly in *Singin' in the Rain* (1952), sang with Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam* (1953), and befriended Marilyn Monroe in *There's No Business Like Show Business* (1954). He played Robin Williams's father in *Toys* (1992).

The ROMANTIC

ANTHONY MINGHELLA
Director, writer

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
at the Imperial Sand Dunes, in Imperial County, California,
on January 22, 1997.

Director of three films: *Truly, Madly, Deeply* (1991), in which Alan Rickman comes back (think Swayze) from the Great Beyond to comfort his lover, Juliet Stevenson; *Mr. Wonderful* (1993), in which, to free himself of alimony, Matt Dillon does his damnedest to marry off the ex-wife he really still loves; *The English Patient* (1996), in which Ralph Fiennes, last seen in the arms of Angela Bassett, reads hieroglyphics, compares cheekbones, and rocks the Casbah with Kristin Scott Thomas (think David Lean).

The English Patient has received 12 Oscar nominations, including those for best picture and, for Minghella, best director.

Minghella was raised on Britain's Isle of Wight by Italian parents. He began his career as a playwright in 1981, and debuted in the West End with the well-regarded drama *Made in Bangkok*. Later he worked for several years with the late Jim Henson (think the Muppet Man) on the TV series *The Storyteller*.

"This movie was a pilgrimage for all of us, almost a spiritual one. Every day, we all felt like anvils were falling on our heads. And if it was up to Ralph, we'd still be in the desert, filming!"

The BEST-KEPT SECRET

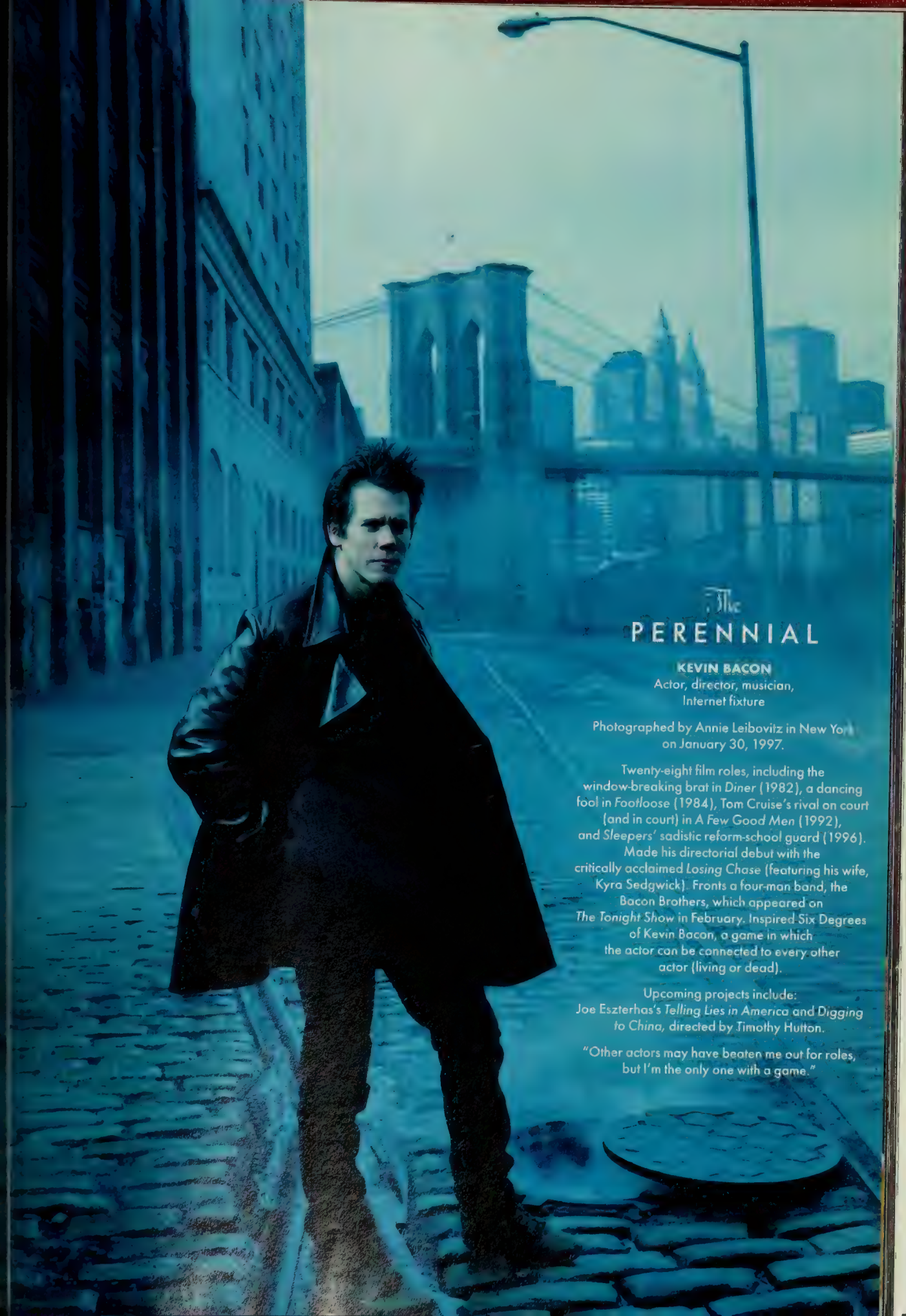
FRANCES McDORMAND
Actress

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York on November 18, 1996.

Sixteen films. McDormand received a 1988 best-supporting-actress Oscar nomination for playing a hairstylist wed unwittingly to a murderous Klansman in *Mississippi Burning*. She is married to filmmaker Joel Coen, who directed her in *Blood Simple* (1984), her film debut; as Dot, Holly Hunter's trailer-park sibling, in *Raising Arizona* (1987); and in her Oscar-nominated role as Marge Gunderson, the pregnant, Arby's-loving Minnesota police chief in *Fargo* (1996).

Other 1996 films include: John Sayles's *Lone Star*, and *Primal Fear*, in which she plays a neuropsychologist who studies the psychotic personalities of Edward Norton.

Upcoming: *Paradise Road*, with Glenn Close and Julianna Margulies.



The PERENNIAL

KEVIN BACON
Actor, director, musician,
Internet fixture

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York
on January 30, 1997.

Twenty-eight film roles, including the window-breaking brat in *Diner* (1982), a dancing fool in *Footloose* (1984), Tom Cruise's rival on court (and in court) in *A Few Good Men* (1992), and *Sleepers'* sadistic reform-school guard (1996). Made his directorial debut with the critically acclaimed *Losing Chase* (featuring his wife, Kyra Sedgwick). Fronts a four-man band, the Bacon Brothers, which appeared on *The Tonight Show* in February. Inspired Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon, a game in which the actor can be connected to every other actor (living or dead).

Upcoming projects include:
Joe Eszterhas's *Telling Lies in America* and *Digging to China*, directed by Timothy Hutton.

"Other actors may have beaten me out for roles, but I'm the only one with a game."

Danny Elfman: *Pee-wee's Big Adventure, Beetlejuice, Batman, Dick Tracy* (scored Madonna's crawl across desk to Warren Beatty), *Edward Scissorhands, Mission: Impossible, To Die For.*

James Horner: *48 Hrs.* (music for Eddie Murphy to mug and crash cars by), *Cocoon, Field of Dreams, Glory, Clear and Present Danger, Legends of the Fall, Apollo 13, Braveheart, Ransom.*

Elmer Bernstein: *The Ten Commandments, Sweet Smell of Success, The Magnificent Seven, Hud, To Kill a Mockingbird, The Great Escape, Thoroughly Modern Millie* (1967 best-score Oscar), *True Grit, Ghostbusters, My Left Foot.* Once known as "Bernstein West" to composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein's "Bernstein East."

Mark Isham: *Mrs. Soffel, Reversal of Fortune* (no, not "I Wanna Be Sedated"), *A River Runs Through It, Quiz Show, Nell, The Net.*

Hans Zimmer: *Driving Miss Daisy, Thelma & Louise, A League of Their Own, The Lion King, Crimson Tide, The Rock, The Preacher's Wife* (1996 best-score Oscar nomination).

Lalo Schifrin: *Cool Hand Luke, Dirty Harry, Voyage of the Damned, The Dead Pool.* Also wrote the classic *Mission: Impossible* TV theme.

John Williams: *Fiddler on the Roof* (1971 best-orchestration Oscar), *Jaws* (1975 best-score Oscar), all three *Star Wars* films (1977 best-score Oscar), all four *Superman* films, all three *Indiana Jones* films, *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial, Home Alone, Jurassic Park, Schindler's List, Sleepers* (1996 best-score Oscar nomination).

John Barry: and stirred with scores 007 films as *Russia with Goldfinger, Only Live Tw* best-score C *Born Free* (1 *Lion in Win Out of Afric* and Dances Wolves (19

The COMPOSERS

Photographed by Art Streiber in Los Angeles on January 7 and 20, 1997.

"No one knows why films need music, but no film is complete without it."
—The late Bernard Herrmann, composer for *Citizen Kane, Psycho,* and *Taxi Driver.*

cy Jones: Pawnbroker, e Heat of the t, In Cold Blood, us Flower, Out-of-Towners, Color Purple. ived the Hersholt anitarian d at the 1995 lemy Awards.

Jerry Goldsmith: His 168 film scores include those for *A Patch of Blue*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Papillon*, *Chinatown*, *The Omen* (1976 best-score Oscar), *Alien*, all three *Rambo* films, *Total Recall*, *Basic Instinct*, *Congo*, and *Executive Decision*.

Alan Menken: Gets extra-special Mouse ears from Michael Eisner for *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1996 best-score Oscar nomination).

Elliot Goldenthal: *Interview with the Vampire*, *Heat*, *Batman Forever*, *A Time to Kill*, *Michael Collins* (1996 best-score Oscar nomination).

Marc Shaiman: *When Harry Met Sally...*, *City Slickers*, *A Few Good Men*, *The First Wives Club* (1996 best-score Oscar nomination).

Marvin Hamlisch: *The Way We Were* (1973 best-score and best-song Oscars), *The Sting* (1973 best-adapted-score Oscar), *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *The Mirror Has Two Faces* (co-wrote with Babs the 1996 best-song-Oscar-nominated "I Finally Found Someone").

Bill Conti: *Rocky I, II, III, IV, V*; *An Unmarried Woman*; *For Your Eyes Only*; *The Right Stuff* (1983 best-score Oscar); *Broadcast News*; *Lean on Me*.

Maurice Jarre: Best-score Oscars for *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Doctor Zhivago*, and *A Passage to India*. Influenced the synthesizer music of his son, composer Jean-Michel Jarre.

James Newton Howard: *Pretty Woman*, *The Prince of Tides* (scored with and for Streisand), *The Fugitive*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Outbreak*, *One Fine Day* (1996 best-song Oscar nomination for "For the First Time").

Michael Kamen: Dirges and marches for the apocalyptic *Brazil*; *Lethal Weapon*; *Die Hard 1, 2, 3*; *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*; *Mr. Holland's Opus*; *101 Dalmatians*.

The SALVAGE CREW

ROBERT A. HARRIS (seated) **and JAMES C. KATZ**
Film restorers

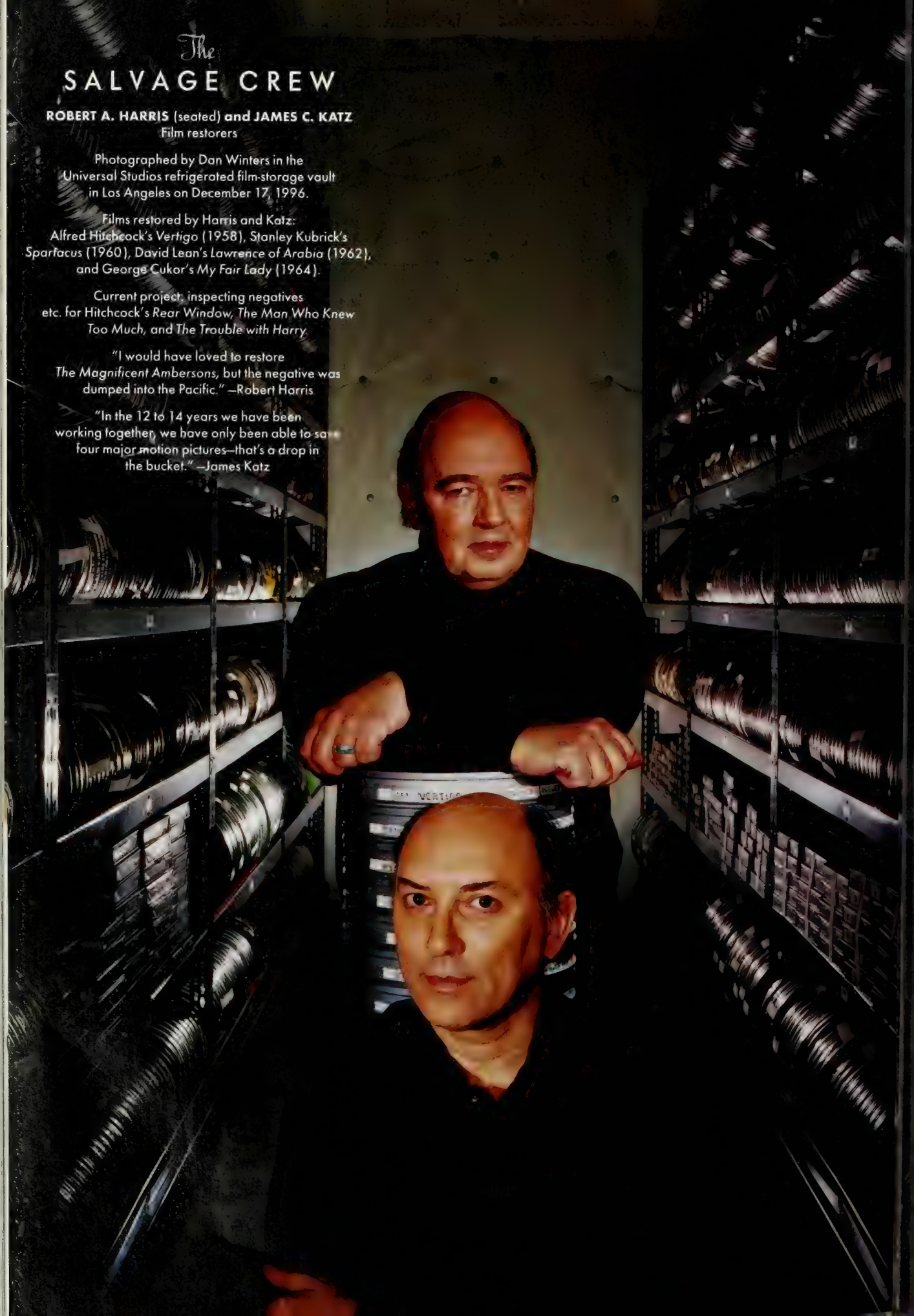
Photographed by Dan Winters in the Universal Studios refrigerated film-storage vault in Los Angeles on December 17, 1996.

Films restored by Harris and Katz: Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958), Stanley Kubrick's *Spartacus* (1960), David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962), and George Cukor's *My Fair Lady* (1964).

Current project: inspecting negatives etc. for Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and *The Trouble with Harry*.

"I would have loved to restore *The Magnificent Ambersons*, but the negative was dumped into the Pacific." —Robert Harris

"In the 12 to 14 years we have been working together, we have only been able to save four major motion pictures—that's a drop in the bucket." —James Katz



The NEXT BIG THING

CUBA GOODING JR.
Actor

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on January 30, 1997.

Twelve film roles, including the anti-gangsta in *Boyz N the Hood* (1991), a pretty good guy in *A Few Good Men* (1992), a germ warrior in *Outbreak* (1995), and Tom Cruise's "Show me the money" savior in *Jerry Maguire*, for which he has received an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor.

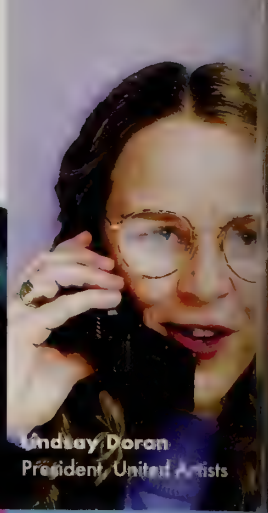
Gooding is married to Sarah Kapfer; they have two sons. His father, Cuba Gooding Sr., sang lead on the hit song "Everybody Plays the Fool." The younger Cuba was "discovered" in a high-school production of *Li'l Abner*. His first on-screen, paying gig was a 1984 episode of *Hill Street Blues*. But he sometimes refers to his break-dancing perform[illegible] at the closing of the 1984 Summer Olympics in L.A. as his debut.

Next project: James L. Brooks's *Old Friends*, opposite Jack Nicholson.

Laurie MacDonald
Co-head, DreamWorks Pictures

Bonnie Bruckheimer
Partner/producer, All Girl Productions

Paula Wagner
Partner,
Cruise-Wagner
Productions



Lindsay Doran
President, United Artists

Laura Ziskin
President, Fox 2000 Pictures

Wendy Finerman
Producer,
Wendy Finerman Productions

Meryl Poster
Executive V.P. of
production,
Miramax Films

Lisa Henson
Partner/producer,
the Manifest Film Company

Polly Ko
Produ
Carsey-Werner Moving Pictur

Stacey Sher
President,
Jersey Films

Suzanne de Passe
Chairw
de Passe

Lucy Fishe
Vice-chairm
Columbia T
Motion Pic up

Jane Rosenthal
President, Tribeca Productions

Lili Fini Zanuck
Producer/director, Zanuck Company

Denise Di Novi
Producer,
Di Novi Pictures

Anne K
Co-chair
Kopelson Entertainment

Paula Weinstein
President,
Spring Creek Productions

Sherry Lansing
Chairman/
Paramount Pi otion Pi

Lynda Obst
Produc Lynda Obs ons

Ruth Vitale
President, Fine Line Features

Dawn Steel
Producer/
partner, Atlas
Entertainment

Julie Corman
Senior executive V.P.,
Concorde–New Horizons

Kate Anne H
ucer, Pacific W

Michelle Manning
Executive V.P. duction,
Paramount Pi

Debra Hill
President;
Debra Hill Productions

Stacey Snider
Co-president of production,
Universal Pictures

Amy Pa
mbia Pictur

Lauren Shuler Donner
Producer,
Shuler Donn Donner Productions

K Rosenfelt
ecutive V. of production,
Paramount Pictures

Janet Yang
Partner/produce
the Manifest
Film Company

The SISTERHOOD

Photographed by Eika Aoshima in Los Angeles and New York.

"Lynda Obst's 10 Commandments for Chix in Flix," from her book *Hello, He Lied—and Other Truths from the Hollywood Trenches*

1. Thou shalt not cry at work.
2. Thou shalt not have an affair with thy boss.
3. Thou shalt subdue thy sexuality.
4. Thou shalt not dish other women.
5. Thou shalt understand thine own personal style.
6. Thou shalt entertain.
7. Thou shalt keep thy mind and body well-tuned.
8. Thou shalt return all thy phone calls.
9. Thou shalt not appear tough.
10. Thou shalt be a pro at all times.

The GOOD LISTENER

CAMERON CROWE
Screenwriter, director, journalist

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Los Angeles on January 21, 1997.

Six films. Crowe played a delivery boy in *American Hot Wax* (1978); went undercover to research his book and, later, his screenplay for *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (1982); wrote and helped direct an unfunny film, *The Wild Life* (1984), a first-love film, *Say Anything* (1989), and the yuppie grunge film *Singles* (1992); scored big with *Jerry Maguire* (1996), for which he received an Oscar nomination for best original screenplay, and for which his wife, Heart guitarist Nancy Wilson, wrote the score.

"Columbia College had a sex-education course when I was there. . . . We talked a lot about traffic problems, treatment of minor cuts and bruises, and the importance of personal hygiene."
—From "How I Learned About Sex," by Crowe, aged 18, in *Rolling Stone*, October 9, 1975.

The ENCHANTRESS

KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS
Actress

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Paris on January 16, 1997.

Twenty-six films. Roles include: Prince's main squeeze in *Under the Cherry Moon* (1986); James Wilby's errant, beautiful wife in *A Handful of Dust* (1988); Hugh Grant's seasick spouse in *Bitter Moon* (1992); Grant's secret admirer in *Four Weddings and a Funeral* (1994); governess who uses ant farms to woo lover in *Angels & Insects* (1995); spy fried in *Mission: Impossible* (1996); Herodotus-quoting adulteress in *The English Patient* (1996), for which she has received an Oscar nomination for best actress.

She went into a convent at 16, then shed the veil for a career as an actress. She lives in Paris with husband Francois Olivennes and their two children.

"People just seem terrified that I'm going to go off and make some film with a cartoon animal."

MEIER'S

If museums are the cathedrals of modern architecture, Richard Meier is completing his Chartres, the largest arts commission of this century. Fourteen years and a billion dollars in the making, the Getty Center opens in Los Angeles this December as the world's richest museum, housing such purchases as van Gogh's $53.5 million *Irises*. With the city, the museum, and the architect all betting huge stakes on a masterpiece, BOB COLACELLO gets the first look

RADIANT SPACE

The East Building of the Getty Center contains the Conservation Institute, the Education Institute for the Arts, and the Grant Program. *Opposite*, the south façade of the East Building, with a view of the San Gabriel Mountains.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE

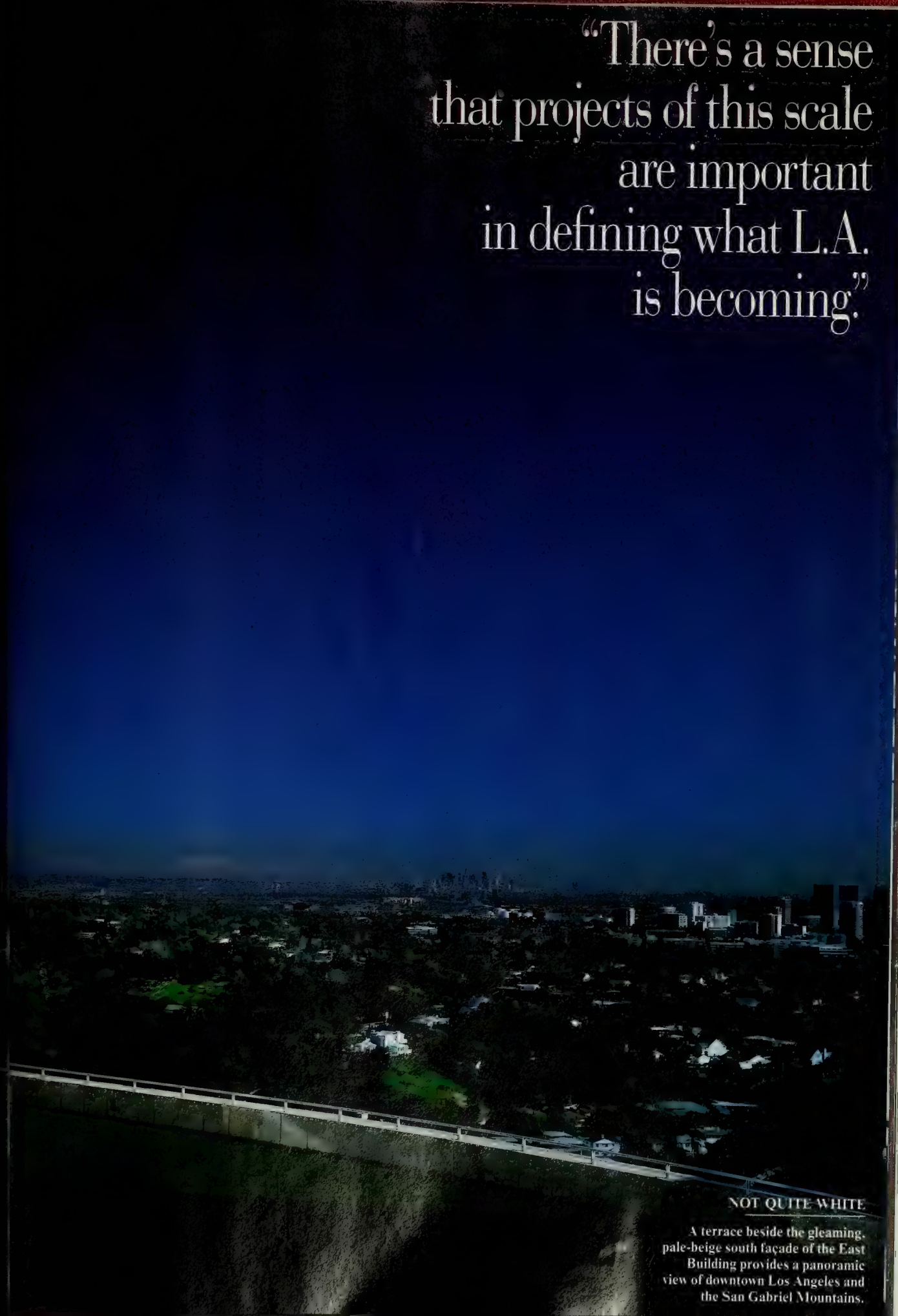
MOMENT

This December, on a hilltop overlooking the Sepulveda Pass in Los Angeles—where Spanish explorers made their way through the Santa Monica Mountains into the San Fernando Valley 230 years ago—the president of the United States, the governor of California, the entertainment-industry elite, and the stars of international art and architecture are expected to attend an event so long in the coming that it has taken on almost transcendental proportions: the opening of the Getty Center, the biggest and most expensive American cultural project since the building of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York in the 1870s.

Everything about the Getty Center, which includes the world's richest museum and five related art institutions, is big. Its billion-dollar cost. Its $4 billion endowment. Its million square feet. The 750,000 volumes in its research library. The 60,000 images in its photograph collection. The 3,000 oaks planted in perfect rows on the slopes of its 710-acre site. The 14,000 tons of travertine shipped from Italy. The crew of 900 construction workers and craftsmen, working day and night. Even the 39-foot-long architectural model, which had to be transported on a flatbed truck and only with special permission from the California Department of Transportation. Is it any wonder that the sprawling six-building complex of travertine, aluminum, and glass has already been compared to the Acropolis in Athens, Rome's Palatine Hill, and a Crusader's castle?

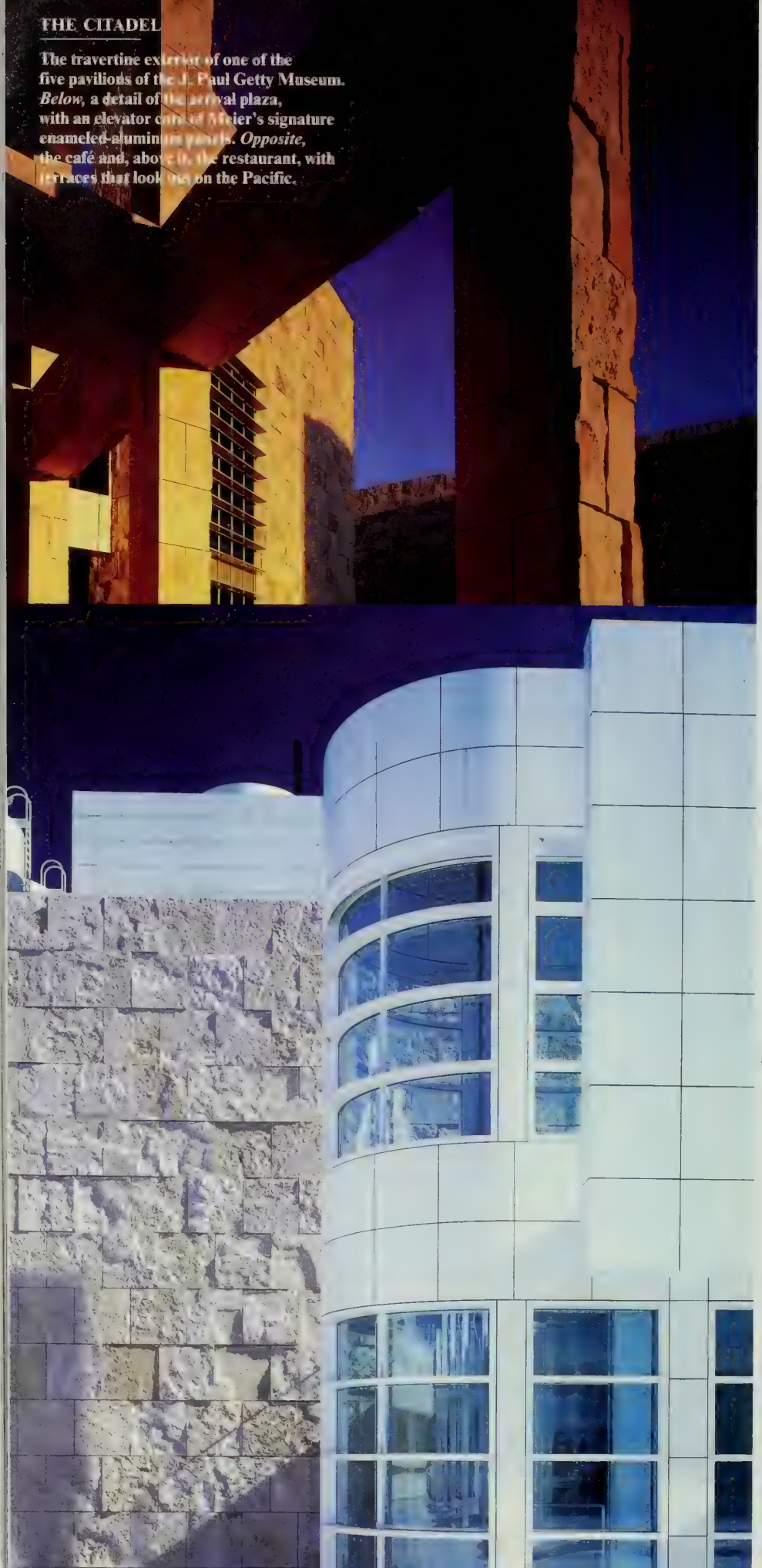
"I've never directed a film or conducted an orchestra, but it must be a similar feeling," says the center's architect, Richard Meier, standing at the top of the sweeping arrival plaza with all of Los Angeles, from the Pacific Ocean to the San Gabriel Mountains,

"There's a sense that projects of this scale are important in defining what L.A. is becoming."



NOT QUITE WHITE

A terrace beside the gleaming, pale-beige south façade of the East Building provides a panoramic view of downtown Los Angeles and the San Gabriel Mountains.



THE CITADEL

The travertine exterior of one of the five pavilions of the J. Paul Getty Museum. *Below,* a detail of the arrival plaza, with an elevator cube of Meier's signature enameled-aluminum panels. *Opposite,* the café and, above it, the restaurant, with terraces that look out on the Pacific.

beneath him. "I think it's going to spectacular in every way. It's very isfying to have made such an imp tant place."

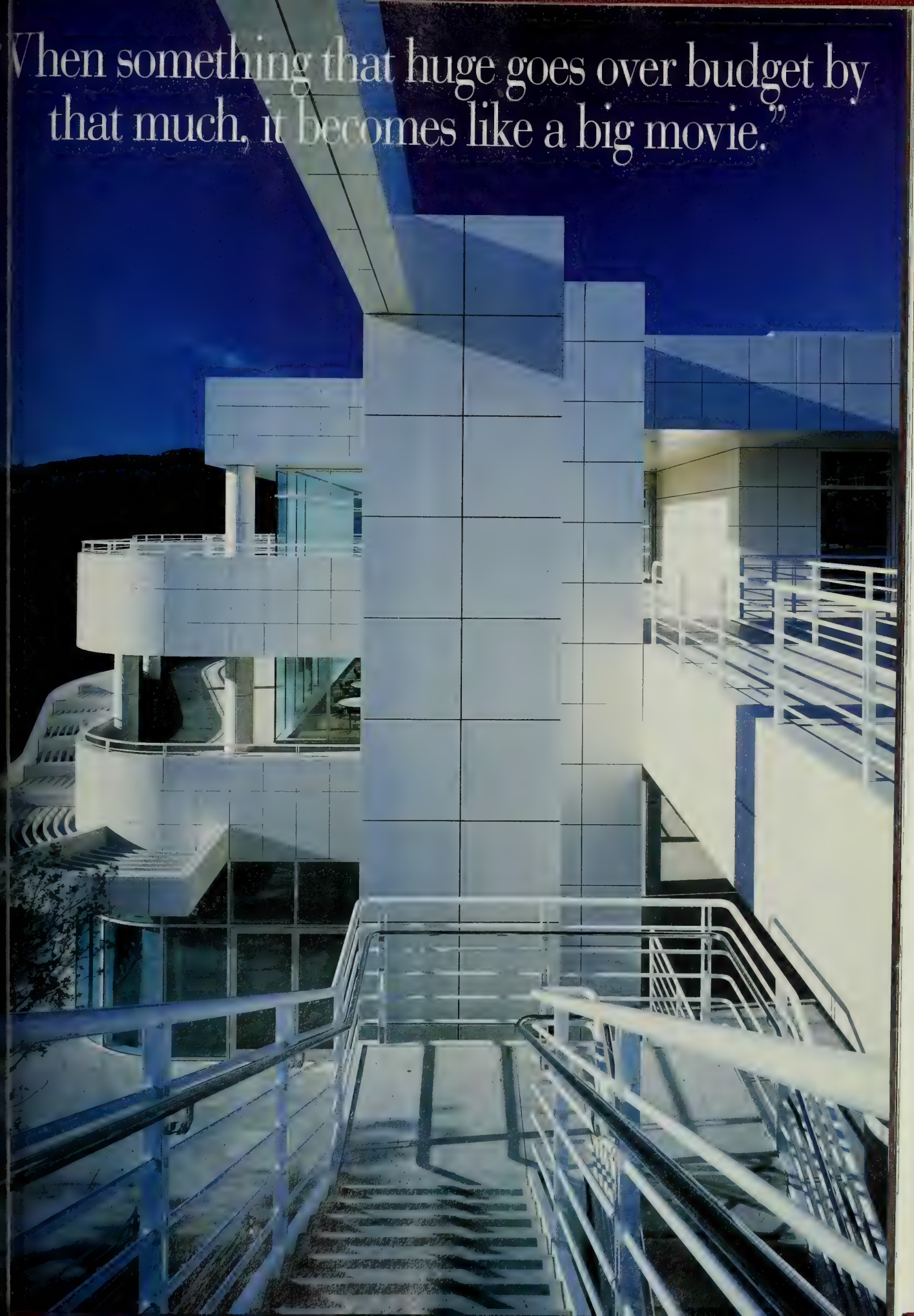
The 62-year-old, six-foot-tall, wh maned Meier is the high priest late-20th-century modernism and, in era of museum-building mania, the p eminent museum builder in Amer and Europe—a restless, relentless, a imposing figure who favors a unifo of black suit, white shirt, and dark "He is Howard Roark," says Debo Dietsch, editor of *Architecture* magazi referring to the monomaniacal h of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead.*

The New York–based Meier was consumed by the Getty project t he moved into a small ranch house the site and spent two weeks of ev month of the last 10 years in Los A geles, where he opened a second fice, which grew to 75 employees.

The press called the Getty the co mission of the century, and Me won it in 1984, after an 18-mon competition pitting him against most every other world-class arc tect—Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Ce Pelli, Luis Barragán, Charles Gwa mey, Michael Graves, Robert Vent Arata Isozaki, Renzo Piano, Rem Ko haas, and L.A.'s own Frank Geh Gehry's biggest project to date—the $ million, 256,000-square-foot Gugg heim Museum Bilbao in Spain—is sch uled to open three months before Getty, heightening the stakes for Me and the Getty, as well as for Los A geles and contemporary architectu

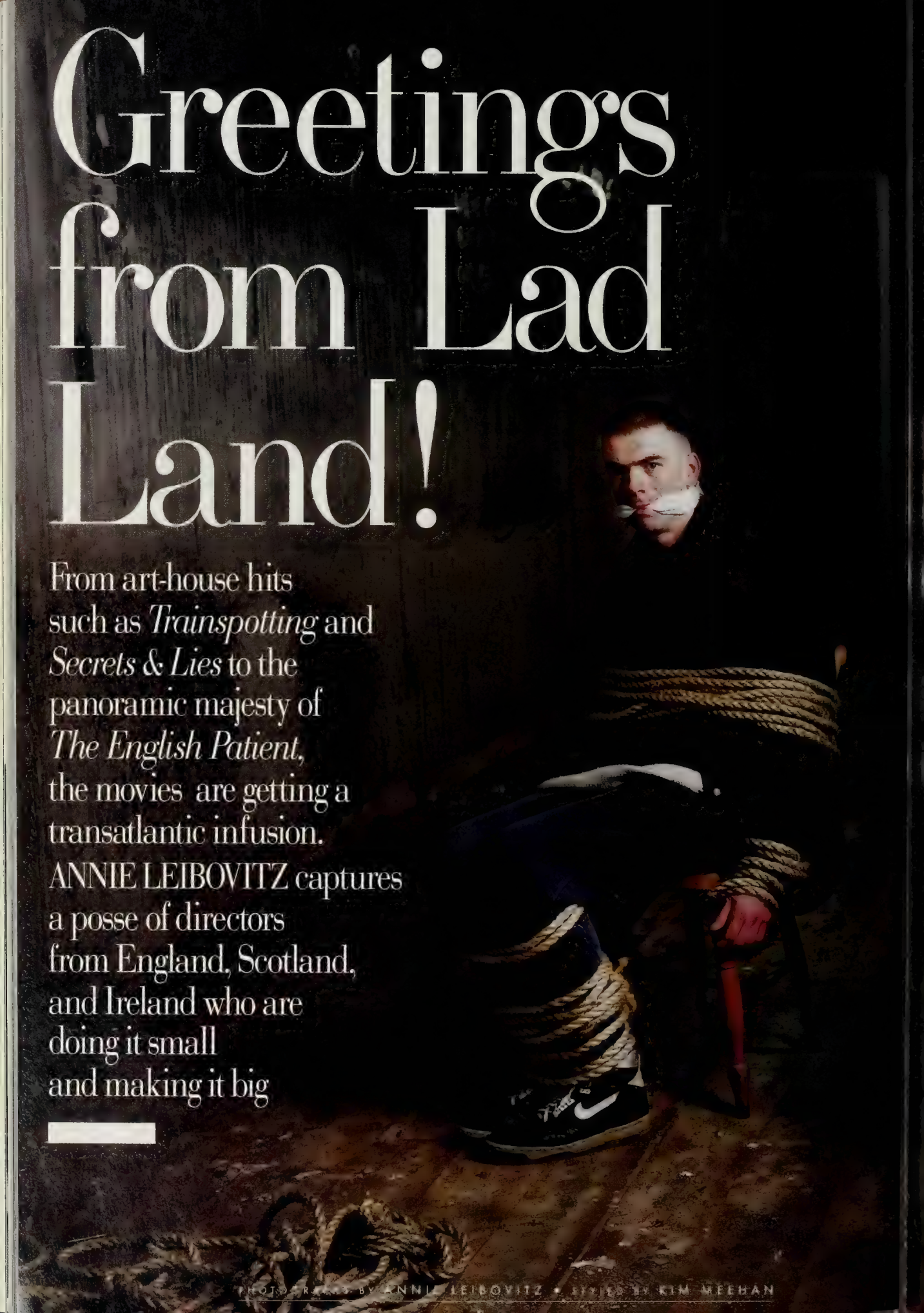
"The Getty has come in conversation every Bel Air dinn party for a deca now," says televis producer and art c lector Douglas C mer. "When you ha something that hu and it goes over budget by that muc I can remember when they said it w going to cost a little over $100 millio it becomes like a big movie. Half town says it's going to be a bomb, a indeed, they're rooting for it to f The other half is praying for a hit.

For L.A., the Getty Center is latest attempt to transcend Hol wood, to prove that America's seco largest metropolis is not just ab


"When something that huge goes over budget by
that much, it becomes like a big movie."

Greetings from Lad Land!

From art-house hits such as *Trainspotting* and *Secrets & Lies* to the panoramic majesty of *The English Patient*, the movies are getting a transatlantic infusion. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ captures a posse of directors from England, Scotland, and Ireland who are doing it small and making it big



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN

John Hodge, Danny Boyle, and Andrew Macdonald

Photographed at the former Friern Barnet Hospital for the mentally disturbed in North London on January 12, 1997.

Hodge: Screenwriter of *Shallow Grave* (1995), in which roommates scheme to cheat a dead man, and *Trainspotting* (1996), a visually innovative look at Scottish yobs on smack, for which he has received an Oscar nomination for best screenplay adapted from previously published material. Upcoming projects include *A Life Less Ordinary*, a love story between a Scottish immigrant and an American girl who encounter gangsters—and angels. Boyle: Director of *Shallow Grave* and *Trainspotting*. Turned down directing *Alien Resurrection* (formerly known as *Alien 4*), with Sigourney Weaver and Winona Ryder. Upcoming: *A Life Less Ordinary*. Macdonald: Co-producer of *Shallow Grave*, *Trainspotting*, and the forthcoming *A Life Less Ordinary* and *Alien Resurrection*. His late grandfather, Emeric Pressburger, and British director Michael Powell were partners in a production company that made such films as *The Red Shoes* (1948).

"Success in America has never mattered to us. And it still doesn't." —Andrew Macdonald

Mike Newell

Director.
Photographed in London on January 13, 1997, with his wife, Bernice, daughter, Lizzie, and son, Billy.

Eleven features: *The Awakening* (1980), in which the newborn child of Charlton Heston is invaded by the spirit of an Egyptian queen; *Bad Blood* (1981), W.W. II in New Zealand; *Dance with a Stranger* (1985), in which Miranda Richardson hangs loose and gets the noose; *The Good Father* (1986), with Anthony Hopkins; *Amazing Grace and Chuck* (1987), in which an audacious—yet perhaps overzealous—Little Leaguer leads a worldwide protest against nuclear war; *Soursweet* (1988), an action adventure in which a Chinese couple start a restaurant; *Enchanted April* (1991), *Waiting to Exhale* with tweeds, in which a group of English "gels" finds camaraderie and epiphany *sensibly; Into the West* (1993), another action picture—Irish brothers run off with a horse; *Four Weddings and a Funeral* (1994), the comedy which proved Brits could make hits and launched Elizabeth Hurley's career; *An Awfully Big Adventure* (1995), the travails (erotic and otherwise) of a postwar theatrical troupe in Liverpool. In theaters now: *Donnie Brasco,* starring Johnny Depp and Al Pacino.

Jim Sheridan and Neil Jordan

Photographed at the pub Docker's in Dublin, Ireland, in May 1994.

Sheridan: Director and co-screenwriter of *My Left Foot* (1989), the unflinching family drama that focused on writer-painter Christy Brown and earned its director an Oscar nomination; *The Field* (1990), a tale of pigheadedness and a piece of land; *In the Name of the Father* (1993), in which Irish slackers are mistaken for bomb-totin' I.R.A. men and which won Sheridan Oscar nomination II. Sheridan also wrote the screenplay for Mike Newell's *Into the West* (1993) and co-wrote the film *Some Mother's Son* (1996), which makes you wish those Irish guys would take a look at the extraordinary women around them—and drop their bombing.

Jordan: Writer/director of 10 films—the political thriller *Traveller* (1981); *Angel* (1982); *The Company of Wolves* (1984), another darn rip-off of the classic "Little Red Riding Hood meets *Rashomon*" scenario; *Mona Lisa* (1986), in which the extraordinary Bob Hoskins gets hustled for love; *High Spirits* (1988), which is not based on a Noël Coward play; *We're No Angels* (1989), a comedy spoken of in the hushed tones which greeted its attempts at humor; *The Miracle* (1991), a little gem, as they say, in which a boy finds a mom and Beverly D'Angelo finally gets a decent scene or two; *The Crying Game* (1992), which had the Weinstein brothers dancin' a jig, but which we have all heard enough about; *Interview with the Vampire* (1994)—haircuts meet horror as bloodsucker Tom Cruise spills guts to Brad Pitt; *Michael Collins* (1996), in which Liam Neeson shows that he can protect the fighting Irish as well as Holocaust survivors. Upcoming project: *Butcher Boy*, based on the novel by Pat McCabe.

Nicholas Hytner

Director
Photographed at the Belasco Theatre in New York City on January 31, 1997.

Two films: *The Madness of King George* (1994), an adaptation of Alan Bennett's play, in which a monarch gets twisted, and *The Crucible* (1996), an adaptation of Arthur Miller's 17th-century witch-and-tell drama. Upcoming: an adaptation of Stephen McCauley's novel *The Object of My Affection*, in which a gay man and a straight girl form a friendship which endures his insecurities, her boyfriend, and the introduction of a relatively endearing baby.

Hytner, an associate director at London's Royal National Theatre and New York's Lincoln Center Theater, has staged more than two dozen plays and operas.

CLUB MAGNETO, 1939

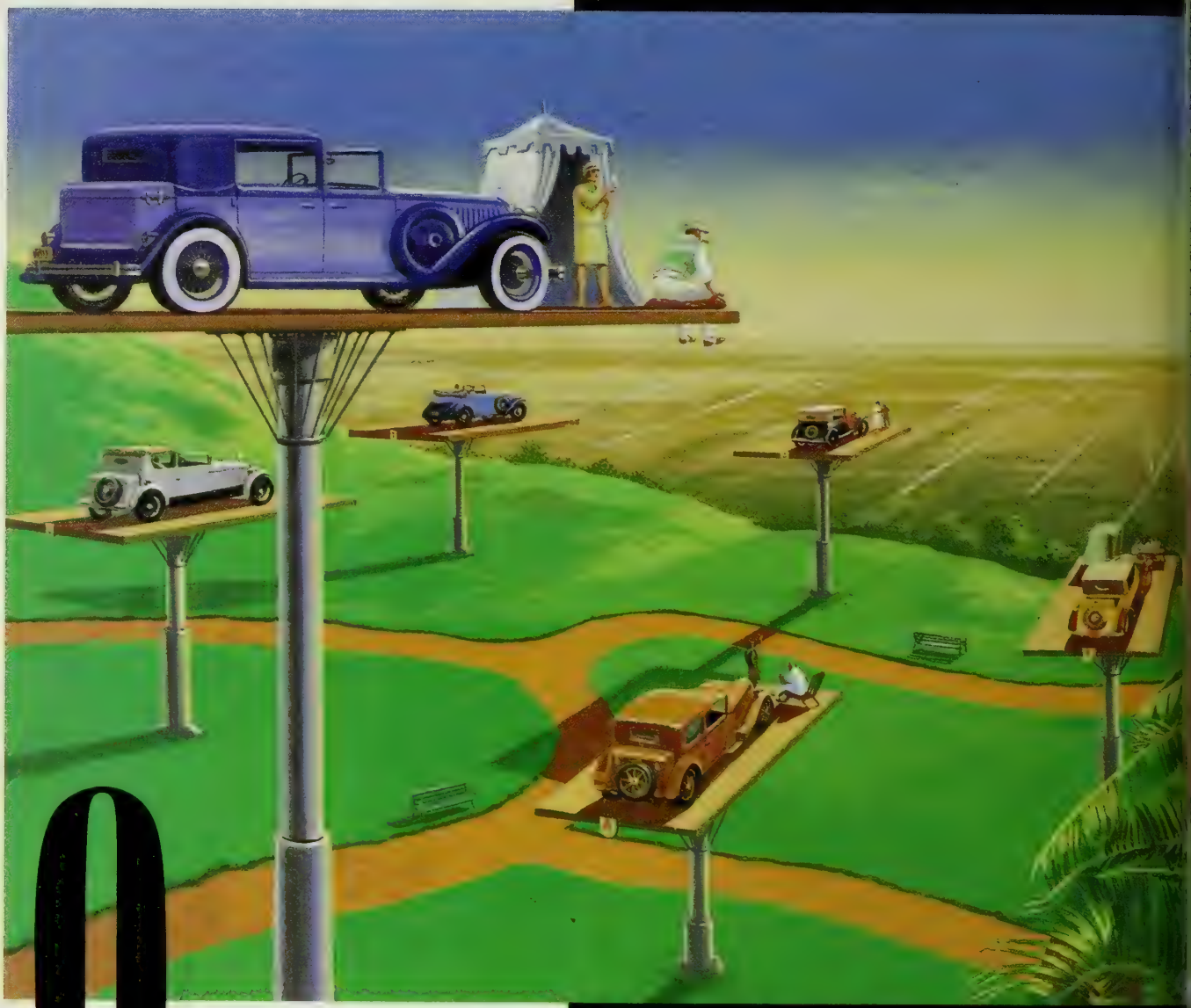
You entered Club Magneto in first gear, to give you a boost up the stairway. Spencer Tracy kept blowing the clutch on his boattail Auburn and sliding back down every time. But if you achieved the foyer, so to say, *caramba!* The path, or road, or route, to your table snaked around and through the whole vast dining room, past everybody. Hi, David O.! Hello, Louis B.! It was a style parade, maybe more of a gauntlet, because your car and your presentation were being judged, mercilessly, by a cruelly unforgiving clientele.

Yet the consensus was that Zanuck tried too hard. He'd arrive with a fleet of matching cream-colored Cords: the scout car, his car, his flunkies' car bringing up the rear. Lupe Velez would roll in and then sit in the car for half an hour, an hour, while the wait staff cooled its heels and the margaritas got warm, whereupon, naturally, Lupe would throw a hissy fit and vamoose. Club Magneto was such an in inn, for a while, that you put up with the gridlock (except if you were Errol Flynn, who punched out poor Claudette Colbert once when their bumpers got entangled), and the lack of valet parking, and cutups like Bogart, who did things like hot-wire Harry Cohn's Packard and roar around the room. Then Club Magneto went the way of all fads, which is pffffft!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE McCALL

WHEN BOGIE HOT-WIRED HARRY COHN'S PACKARD

The food at Hollywood drive-inns such as Club Magneto or Hydraulica was nothing to write home about, BRUCE McCALL remembers fancifully. The thrill was seeing and being seen in your custom-bodied Pierce-Arrow, sneering at Zanuck's fleet of cream-colored Cords, or watching an Errol Flynn–Claudette Colbert fender bender



Old Carl Laemmle used to say he was surprised the automobile hadn't been invented in Hollywood, because nothing radiates power and sex and style like a big, expensive, custom-bodied car, and power and sex and style ruled the town.

And once you'd had Don Lee in L.A. or one of the coachbuilders back East run up something as indelibly *you* as your handprint in front of Grauman's, how could you *not* flaunt it? What would be the point of such potency in your hands if it weren't publicly wielded? That's why the Hollywood drive-inn happened, and happened so big, so fast. The drive-inn had to have a decent kitchen—Hollywood folk did not exactly eat with their fingers—but it was only incidentally a place for fine dining. It was a place to show off your car, the venue for a ritual display of plumage and antlers before your fellow studs and alpha males. All so blatant that it now seems almost innocent, childlike. But all so integral to Hollywood social life in its day that Mary Pickford, for instance, didn't even purchase her famous Pierce-Arrow until she'd made sure her next year's brunch reservations were confirmed. The Hollywood drive-inn. Like so much else in that madcap, magic place, *sui generis*. □

▲ HYDRAULICA, 1928

There was something about Sunday brunch way up in the air that elevated the human spirit. People couldn't table-hop, you see. Western Union messengers just had to chill till you came down. No telephones. Heaven! And, of course, sitting up there on its literal and metaphorical pedestal, your car was the star. Nobody just ate and ran at Hydraulica. You lingered. Dusk became magical as the shadows lengthened and the blue of the night met the gold of the day and the Japanese gardeners' glee clubs filed in and wandered about below, singing Hawaiian songs of farewell and strumming their plinky little ukuleles. Maybe you were half woozy with mimosas by then, drifty-minded, and maybe some unexpected party invitation, or the sense that a romance was about to bloom, had you feeling that flushed, validated, so very Hollywood feeling. Nobody ever wrote a poem about the magic of hydraulics. Maybe someday somebody will.

EL PLAZA DEL PUSHBUTTON ►

All the food—even escargots—came "laser-fried," whatever the hell that meant. There was no human staff; the maître d' and the waiters were robots with tape-recorded spiels—and the whole place was underwater. Your car moved along a kind of assembly line and you watched on a TV screen as your food moved along another kind of assembly line in the All-Automated Atomic Kitchen, and when it was ready, it came served up on TV-dinner trays on a Formica table that shot out of a slot in the floor. Stupid, stupid, stupid! There was no social component whatsoever to El Plaza del Pushbutton; it was that nightmare of impersonality and technology that the 50s called a dream. A smattering of tourists, car salesmen, television people came. No motion-picture people came. No cachet accrued. Pretty soon nobody came. The whale died in '56. El Plaza del Pushbutton followed six months later.

EL PLAZA DEL
PUSHBUTTON
NAB A COMMIE
WIN A WHALE

Walk slowly and make a big clank: Arnold Schwarzenegger's Mr. Freeze vows to turn the insignificant extras of Gotham City into ice sculptures.

Not so fast, dry-ice breath: *ER*'s George Clooney intends to prove—with the help of Chris O'Donnell's Boy Wonder—he's worthy to wear the Bat Ears and stop supervillains whenever they start to overact.

CAPED FEAR

A new Batman, George Clooney, and a returning Robin, Chris O'Donnell, will confront the coldhearted villainy of Arnold Schwarzenegger's Mr. Freeze in *Batman & Robin* this June. HERB RITTS finds the duo's dynamics enhanced by Alicia Silverstone as Batgirl and Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy

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Alicia Silve
as Batgirl:
schmask, that
nose is
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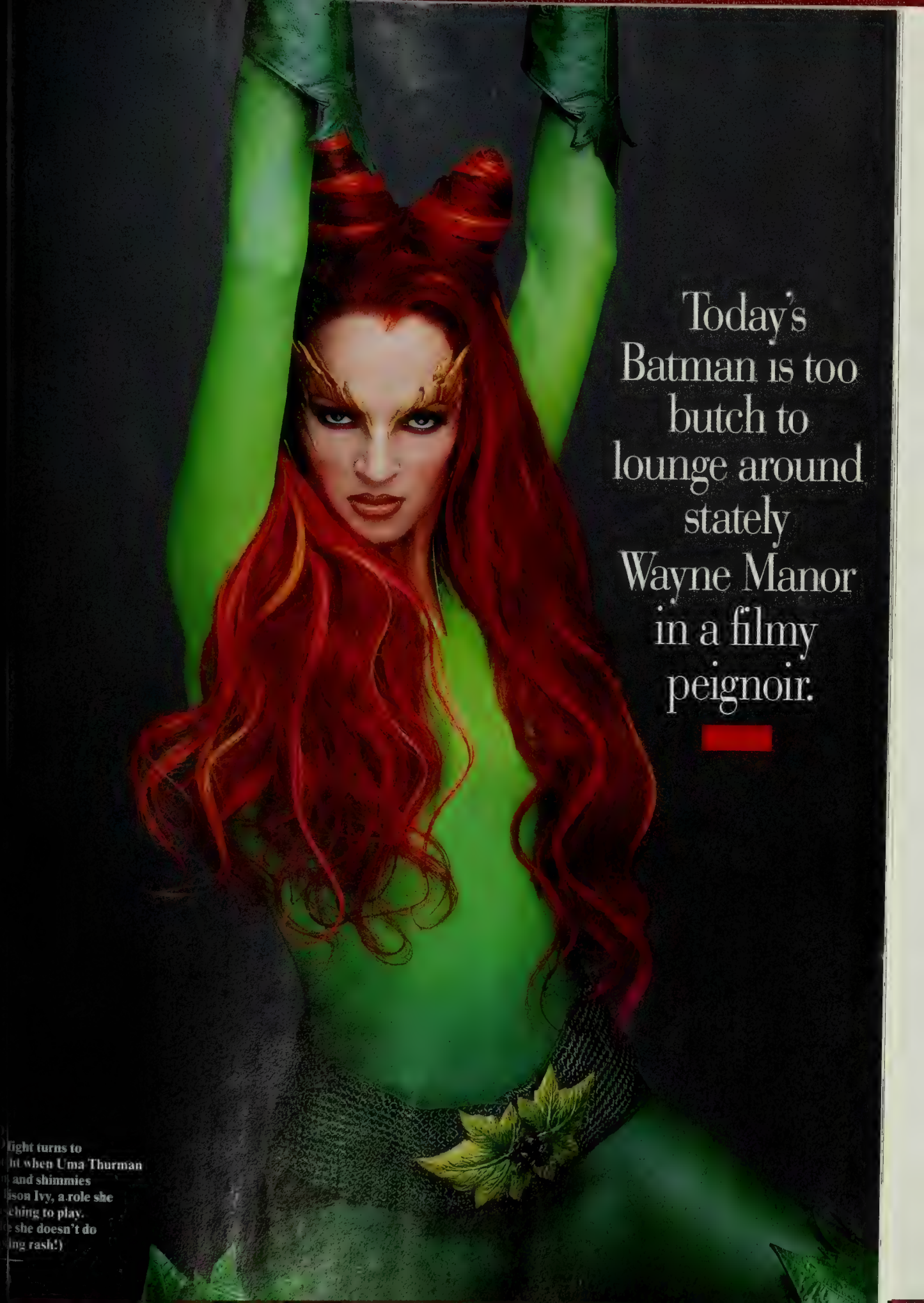
The relationship between Batman and Robin—so pure, yet so strange—has long provoked innuendo. In the 50s, one author deplored the Dynamic Duo's "subtle atmosphere of homoeroticism," noting that Batman sometimes wore "a dressing gown." Today's Batman is too butch to lounge around stately Wayne Manor in a filmy peignoir. Joel Schumacher's *Batman & Robin,* like his *Batman Forever,* bulges like a bodybuilder pose-down. *ER*'s George Clooney now wears the cowl; Chris O'Donnell returns as Robin. As they pit their chiseled abs against evil, Elle Macpherson, Uma Thurman, and Alicia Silverstone (trying to find wiggle room in her Batgirl costume) supply plush contours. The movie's arch-villain: Arnold Schwarzenegger's Mr. Freeze. No girly-men in his Gotham City! —JAMES WOLCOTT



Today's Batman is too butch to lounge around stately Wayne Manor in a filmy peignoir.

ight turns to
ht when Uma Thurman
and shimmies
ison Ivy, a role she
ching to play.
e she doesn't do
ing rash!)

WICKED WITS OF THE WEST
Gossip's grande dames: Hedda Hopper, in one of her trademark flamboyant hats, late 1950s. *Opposite,* her arch-rival, Louella Parsons, photographed in 1934 for her *Hollywood Hotel* radio show, sponsored by Campbell's Soup.

IDOL GOSSIPS

ween them, dueling gossip columnists
ella Parsons and Hedda Hopper at mid-century
mmanded a readership of roughly
million—half the country. They challenged
control of the studios who helped
ate them and wielded devastating power
r the careers of stars such
Orson Welles, Mary Pickford,
rlie Chaplin, Grace Kelly,
Ingrid Bergman.
Y FINE COLLINS reveals
strange symbiosis
ind Hollywood's most
orious rivalry

On a rainy Tuesday afternoon during the spring of 1948 a roomful of Hollywood power lunchers were treated to a spectacle that equaled in sheer outrageousness the fantasies they confected in their studio dream factories. The movie industry's two gorgons of gossip, buxom columnist Louella O. Parsons and her behatted counterpart, Hedda Hopper—the town's most feared women and most notorious rivals—were sitting down together to a civilized meal of cracked crab at the No. 1 booth of the posh Rodeo Drive restaurant Romanoff's. The establishment's customers, who probably wouldn't have blinked if Harry Truman himself had walked in on the elbow of Stalin, stampeded for the telephones to broadcast the news to the outside world. These calls, Hedda said, "brought in a mob of patrons who stood six deep at the bar to witness our version of the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty." Press agents, *Collier's* magazine later reported, scurried "from washroom to washroom tearing hair, gnashing teeth, and awaiting the end of the world." For this *entente cordiale* between these two Weird Sisters—who together commanded a loyal audience of around 75 million newspaper readers and radio listeners (roughly half the country)—signaled more than just a bit of stagy fence-mending. It also ominously harbingered the collapse of the crisscrossing, double-dealing structure that for years had supported the entire Hollywood publicity machine. In their quest for column mentions, a commodity worth its space in gold, studio heads, publicists, and stars had long been playing the dangerous game of pitting one woman tooth and nail against the other.

Nobody left Romanoff's until nearly two hours later, when, their standing-room-only performance complete, the two ladies sauntered out arm in arm. "Peace," Hedda reflected in her 1952 memoir, *From Under My Hat,* "it's wonderful! But it didn't last." Besides, Louella surmised, "so many people say we do not" like one another. "Who are we to argue against such an enthusiastic majority opinion?"

Neither, of course, had actually expected or even wanted a permanent reconciliation—Louella and Hedda were wise enough to the ways of Hollywood to know feuds were good business. Louella had been covering the film industry since 1915 (she was, in her boastful words, "the first movie columnist in the world"). And Hedda, c nally a stage and film personality, had known Sa Goldwyn when he was still called Samuel Goldfish, had acted in the first movie Louis B. Mayer ever duced. Like so many sworn enemies, they were distc fun-house-mirror doubles of each other—the one fat, other thin—with more in common than either probably c to acknowledge. Born four years apart and much ea than either ever admitted (Hedda joked she was "one younger than the age Louella claims to be"), the two w en both escaped from dreary hick towns into seemi advantageous marriages, merely to wind up single m ers struggling to support only children. Prodigiously e getic and ambitious, both eventually found themselves cap of pulling in huge incomes (around $250,000 a year, c to $2 million by today's standards), yet had such extr gant tastes that they were constantly in debt. And p cally both Louella and Hedda were, in the words of contemporary, "to the right of Genghis Khan."

Crisply summing up the difference between herself her nemesis, Hedda observed that "Louella Parsons reporter trying to be a ham; Hedda Hopper is a ham ing to be a reporter!" Though Hopper was more so ticated—"worldly, lovely, beautifully groomed, with a York actressy polish," says Kitty Carlisle Hart—Pars whom John Barrymore called "that old udder" and Roddy McDowall says "resembled a sofa," may actu have been the more complicated of the two characte

As George Eells intimated in his dual biography, *Hedda and Louella,* Ld la certainly was the more mendaci In addition to fudging her birth da she gave it as 1893 rather than 18 Louella concealed the fact that she born in Freeport, Illinois, to Jev parents, the Oettingers. After grad ing from high school in Dixon, Illinois (Ronald Reag hometown), Louella worked as a reporter on a local per. Always as gooily romantic as a candy valentine believe that love is the answer to almost all the probl the world faces"), she captivated one of the area's m eligible and affluent men, John Parsons. "Louella very popular with men," says Dorothy Manners, columnist's assistant for 30 years. With "lustrous br hair and skin that a baby might envy," Louella was "m more attractive than she was ever given credit for." parently Mr. Parsons agreed with Manners's assessm he wed Louella in 1905, and a year later she gave b to their daughter, Harriet. Louella's official bio neatly poses of Parsons by having him die on board a trans ship on the way home from World War I. Though he die young, Parsons made his exit in a more commonp fashion—he was screwing his secretary and Louella divor him. She expunged this, and other significant bits of history, in order to align her life more strictly with Catholicism she began to practice fervently in middle

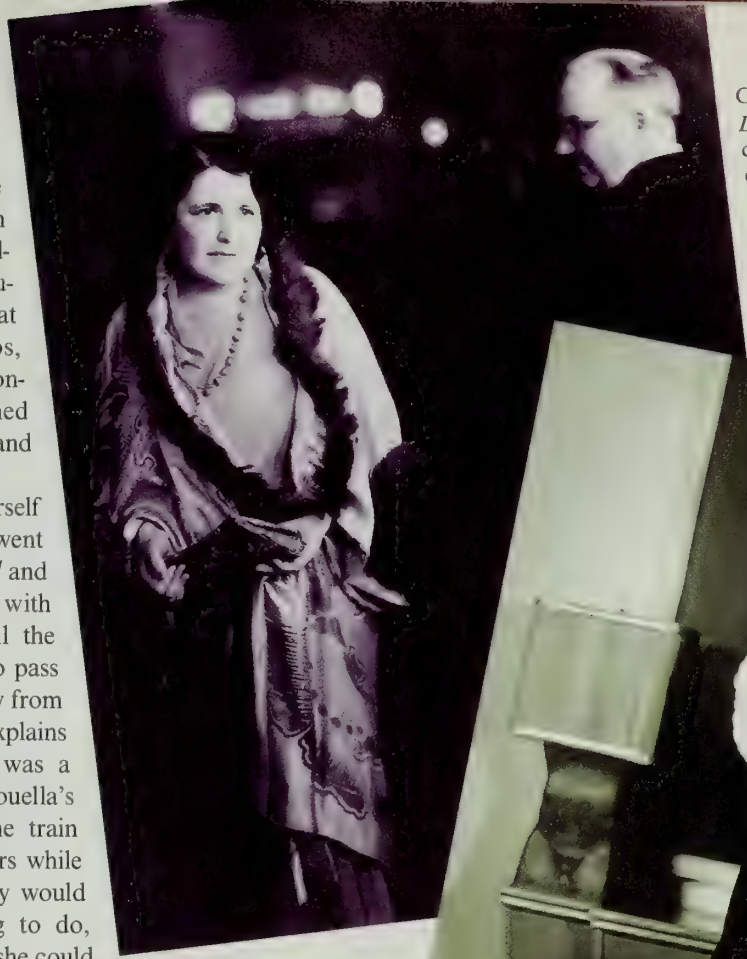
Rid of John Parsons in all but name, Louella reloc to the nearest big city, Chicago. By around 1910 she

-king for nine dollars a
-k in the syndication de-
-tment of the *Chicago Tri-*
-e and writing movie
-narios at night. Through
-usin's connections, she ad-
-ced to a much more lu-
-ive job as story editor at
-cago's Essanay Studios,
-re she came into daily con-
with such freshly coined
-nt stars as Mary Pickford and
-ria Swanson.

-Vhen Louella priced herself
of her Essanay job, she went
-he Chicago *Record-Herald* and
-dly approached the editor with
unusual proposition. "All the
-vie stars of the day had to pass
-ugh Chicago on their way from
-v York to Los Angeles," explains
-rothy Manners. "There was a
-hour wait in Chicago. Louella's
was to go down to the train
-ion and interview the stars while
waited. She figured they would
-glad to have something to do,
that from these meetings she could
together a column about their personal lives. Her edi-
told her, 'Who would be interested in reading about
?' Well, you can guess what happened."

-ouella's behind-the-scenes reports for the *Record-Herald*
-ved, but the paper folded. In 1918 the invincible re-
-ter transferred her talents to the New York *Morning*
-graph. She, daughter Harriet, and a new husband she
acquired during her Chicago years, a riverboat cap-
named Jack McCaffrey, settled into a $90-a-month
-rtment on West 116th Street. Louella's grinding work
-dule and ceaseless social maneuverings soon alienat-
McCaffrey, but their crumbling marriage was really
-shed off by Louella's obsessive affair with a married
, Peter Brady, a prominent New York labor leader—
real love of her life," says Dorothy Manners. (The
-rds of this second marriage also seem to have been
-terated in an effort to sanitize her past.)

Though Louella, by her own admission, lost her head over the married Brady, professionally she navigated a steady, upward course. Shrewdly, she began a campaign to capture the attention of the most powerful figure in newspaper publishing, William Randolph Hearst—and she aimed directly at his heart. Her column turned into a one-
instrument, tirelessly piping honeyed praise for the
-t and beauty of the sprightly blonde starlet Marion
-ies, whom Hearst had plucked from a chorus line at
age of 14 to become his mistress, and around whom
-ad built his Cosmopolitan motion-picture studio. Par-



CLOAK AND DAGGER
Left, Louella on the town, circa 1920. *Below,* in Hollywood, clotheshorse Hedda models a velvet-and-ermine evening wrap. During her waning years as an actress, the soignée Hedda sometimes served as a mannequin for MGM's costume designer Adrian.

"Louella Parsons is a reporter trying to be a ham; Hedda Hopper is a ham trying to be a reporter!"

HOLLYWOOD SHUFFLE
Hedda's office at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, where her door was always open to drop-in gossips and would-be stars.

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HEDDA HOPPER'S HOLLYWOOD

ENTRANCE

"Louella nev
dreamed that Hedda cou
ever become serio
competition. But the
neither did Hedd

ns's sugar-flecked shower of accolades (a generous nterpoint to another critic's assessment that "Miss Davies ; two dramatic expressions—joy and indigestion") inevitably to a friendship between the two ladies, and finally an of- from Hearst in 1923 to become the $250-a-week motion- ture editor of his *New York American.* The perpetual sons refrain "Marion Davies never looked lovelier" echoed vn the decades, eventually winding up as a standard on drag-queen circuit.

But Louella, whose gushing enthusiasm for the movie iness knew no limits, did not reserve her effusions for vies alone. She also made a minor pet of an actress ned Hedda Hopper, whom she lauded for her "capable" formance in the Davies vehicle *Zander the Great.* And took her plaudits even further, describing Hedda in 6 as the type of woman who could lead any man astray.

Hedda, formerly Elda Furry, Quaker butcher's daughter from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, was born in 1885 and became smitten with the theater as a teenager when she attended Ethel Barrymore's performance in *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* at the Mishler Theatre in nearby Altoona. Stagestruck, ran away to join a Pittsburgh theatrical troupe. From re, in 1908, she escaped to New York, where, accept- into the chorus of the Aborn Light Opera Company, became known for the best pair of legs on Broadway. These lovely appendages, and Elda's youth, caught the sh eye of one of the leading lights of the theater, De- lf Hopper, a Harvard-educated actor 27 years her senior married so many times his friends called him "the sband of Our Country." Hopper weakened women's s "with his voice," Hedda recalled. "It was like some at church organ"—an apparatus sonorous enough to per- de her to become his fifth wife, in 1913. When they en't on tour, the couple lived in Manhattan's Algon- n Hotel, where Mrs. Hopper found herself in the thick such elite theatrical personages as John Barrymore, glas Fairbanks, and a very young Tallulah Bankhead. Wolfie's wife I didn't hover around the fringes of a ld of celebrated people," Hedda recalled with her n-girl briskness. "I was pitchforked right in amongst ." DeWolf's greatest gifts to his young wife—whom habitually taunted, cheated on, or simply ignored— e their son, Bill, his distinctly more euphonious sur- e ("Elda" was traded in for "Hedda" on the advice numerologist), and his impeccable instruction in dic- . "In fact, I got an overdose," she wrote. "I clipped letters so short that I sounded like an inbred British ager mated to a Boston bull terrier. . . . It was that affectation . . . that got me into all the phony society- ale roles that I played on the screen."

Hedda, husband, and son landed in Hollywood in 5, where DeWolf had been lured by a lucrative con- t from the Triangle Film Company. In spite of De- f's demands that Mrs. Hopper relinquish her acting er, Hedda persuaded him to let her take the female lead in *Battle of Hearts* (1916)—her first film—at $100 a week. This was no "society-female" role, however. Playing a rough-and-ready fisherman's daughter, she won the part simply because of her sinewy build and her height. At five feet seven and 128 pounds, she was a beanstalk in a hothouse where diminutive orchids such as Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish flourished. The movie opened to respectable notices, with one critic pointing out that Hedda looked "exceedingly well in trousers."

After Triangle foundered and the Hoppers returned to New York, Hedda began working in earnest at the studios there and in Fort Lee, New Jersey. The role that set the pattern for all her future casting was that of the faithless spouse of a millionaire in L. B. Mayer's *Virtuous Wives* (1918). Determined to upstage the star, Hedda sank her entire $5,000 salary into gowns and hats from the salon Lucile—and it paid off. *Variety* observed that Mrs. DeWolf Hopper stood out "prominently," at the expense of Anita Stewart, whose self-effacement was "a remarkable exception to the general run of stars."

By 1920, Hedda's stature as a film actress had soared so high that she demanded $1,000 a week—double her previous salary. Jealous that his protégé's earnings now matched his own, DeWolf hurled himself into the dalliances that eventually brought about the 1922 collapse of their marriage, a fact Louella duly noted in her *Telegraph* column. Independent and in need of funds, in 1923 Hedda accepted L. B. Mayer's offer of a Metro (soon to become MGM) contract in Hollywood.

Frantically trying to balance a heavy social schedule, daily deadlines, a clandestine love affair, and her checkbook, Louella—who habitually slept only two or three hours a night—found herself in failing health. Though diagnosed with tuberculosis, she ignored doctor's orders and dragged herself in the fall of 1925 to a dinner party at Hearst's home. The next morning Louella's host discharged her on full salary and sent her to the California desert to recuperate.

During her desert confinement, several of Louella's Hollywood friends made the eastward pilgrimage to visit her in Palm Springs. Darryl Zanuck came bearing books, and Hedda Hopper showed up, hoping to supplement her movie income with real-estate dealings. In fact, ever since Hedda had arrived in Hollywood two years before, she and Louella had been engaged in a sort of mutually beneficial swap meet. A continent away from the main action, Louella had grown to depend on the gossipy actress's sharp ears. "When they first knew each other," says Dorothy Manners, "Hedda was an actress, a good one. They liked each other a lot. If anything happened on a set—if a star and leading man were having an affair—Hedda would give Louella a call." In return, Hedda was guaranteed a few lines of copy under Louella's increasingly powerful byline.

Hedda sorely needed these breaks, small and sporadic though they may have been. Having refused to lie down

HOLLYWOOD LIVES
Left, a 1951 Louella O. Parsons column from the *Los Angeles Examiner* featuring Janet Leigh. *Clockwise from below:* the gossip columnist with Irene Dunne; on her way to the 1955 opening of the Istanbul Hilton with Hearst columnist Bob Considine and Ann Miller; at Romanoff's in 1957, introducing Sophia Loren to Jayne Mansfield; clutching a copy of *Motion Picture* magazine in 1939; with Errol Flynn; with Ronald Reagan; and coming between Jack Benny and his wife, Mary, at the 1959 premiere of *Suddenly Last Summer*, with Jimmy McHugh to her right.

HEDDA HOPPER'S HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP REPORTER, HEDDA HOPPER, HEARS ALL, SEES ALL, SPILLS ALL IN MOTION PICTURE-HOLLYWOOD EVERY MONTH

TOP HAT

Left, Hedda's syndicated column. *Clockwise from above:* Hedda opening her jaws for Weegee, 1951; striking a pose, 1940s; on the cover of *Time,* July 1947; trading hats with Walter Winchell at the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco; stumping for Republicans in California, 1958; with Cary Grant in 1944; clowning around with John Barrymore, circa 1941; and as columnist Dolly de Peyster in 1939's *The Women,* with Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, and Joan Fontaine.

"Louella, you see, was not just a columnist. She was a corporation."

DOUBLE EXPOSURE Louella Parsons basks in the spotlight with Maurice Chevalier in Cannes. When she got her syndicated column, she laid down the law: "You had to tell it to Louella first," says director George Sidney.

on L.B.'s well-worn casting couch, she was making the bulk of her pictures on loan-out arrangements with other studios. As she worked infrequently, Hedda, distinguished by her mannequin-like ability to wear clothes and her social aplomb, was regularly called upon to model for MGM's head costume designer, Adrian, or to serve as studio cicerone for visiting V.I.P.'s.

Eventually, MGM canceled her contract, and Hedda found herself living with her son in a three-room basement apartment—a humiliatingly far remove from the gold-brocaded tower bedroom she occupied on her visits to her colleague and close friend Marion Davies at San Simeon, Hearst's palatial complex north of L.A. And her love life was in no less disarray. Just before Hedda lost all her savings in the Crash, she accompanied scenarist Frances Marion to Europe in 1928, and during the crossing fell madly in love with a handsome American painter. "But she refused to sleep with him," Marion told biographer George Eells. "I used to say to her, 'Hedda, for heaven's sake, throw your panties over the windmill.'" But Hedda prudishly held her ground, even when the painter followed her back to Hollywood. Despondent, her ardent suitor ended up committing suicide.

Fully recovered by March 1926, Louella, 45, called Hearst to announce she was ready to return to the *New York American.* The newspaper magnate replied, "Louella . . . the movies are in Hollywood—and right now I think that is where you belong." He surprised her further with the happy tidings that he wished to syndicate her column—a huge boon to her finances and her influence (eventually 372 newspapers, as far afield as Beirut and China, would carry her)—and appoint her motion-picture editor of his multi-tentacled International News Service. "At last," rejoiced Louella, "the Hollywood writer is going to Hollywood!"

For connoisseurs of Hollywood lore, the timing of Hearst's offer—and of Louella's all-expenses-paid retreat to Palm Springs before that—is an eyebrow raiser. Even Louella allowed that the tales explaining the origin of her lifelong position with Hearst were macabre enough to have sprung from the febrile imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. But, publicly at least, that was all she said.

There are two great unsolved mysteries in Hollywood: the first, the murder of director William Desmond Taylor, and the second, more pertinent to Louella's story, the sudden demise of Thomas Ince, a universally respected director-producer whom Hearst had hoped to lure to Cosmopolitan Pictures to bring cachet to his lackluster studio. "Louella knew exactly what happened in both cases," says Richard Gully, formerly Jack Warner's special assistant for publicity, and now, at 90, a writer for the paper *Beverly Hills 213.* So unsatisfying are all the explanations for Ince's 1924 death—officially reported as acute indigestion leading to heart failure—that last year Patricia Hearst, W.R.'s granddaughter, reopened the whole can of worms by publishing a fic-

tional account of the affair, *Murder at San Simeon.*

The "murder," if that indeed is what it was, did not, however, take place at Hearst's mountaintop castle, but aboard the Hearst yacht *Oneida*—later known as "William Randolph's Hearse"—in November 1924. To woo Ince, Hearst organized a shipboard party for the filmmaker, attended by Marion Davies, writer Elinor Glyn, actresses Seena Owen and Aileen Pringle, some Ince and Hearst business associates, and, according to many accounts, Charlie Chaplin and Louella Parsons. George Eells was convinced that Ince simply took sick and died after swilling too much of Hearst's bad Prohibition-era liquor. A more operatic version of what happened aboard the *Oneida* was that Chaplin had been having, as Roddy McDowall puts it, "a wingding with Marion Davies." Crazed with jealousy, Hearst hired a killer, who, mistaking Ince for Chaplin, shot Ince instead. Dismissing this rumor, Dorothy Manners states, "There's not a shred of truth to any of that. Every day after lunch at Louella's house, where she had her offices, the two of us took a long walk. During one walk I asked her about this story. She said, 'I was in New York at the time. And I've got columns datelined from New York to prove it.'"

"So many alibis," sighs one of Hollywood's most senior and best-informed insiders. "How hard would it have been for a Hearst journalist to fake a dateline? Anyway, Chaplin wasn't even on that boat. But Louella was." The real story, he insists, is that Hearst, coming up from his cabin after a postlunch nap, discovered Ince playfully embracing Davies. In the same jesting spirit, Hearst pulled a long hatpin out of Davies's hat—"a very large affair, as it was windy on the ship"—and aimed for Ince's arm. Ince suddenly turned to face Hearst, and instead of pricking the producer's arm, the hatpin "entered directly into his heart, causing an instant fatal heart attack. The key to the whole story is that Hearst then put his yacht into harbor on a Sunday and had the body cremated that day so there would be no autopsy. Listen, there's no smoke without fire. There's certain things you just can't fake. And Louella was on the boat, for God's sake."

Louella, inaugurating the first column to be syndicated from Hollywood, took to her adopted town like a thirsty dromedary to a lush oasis. Immediately, she laid down the law: "You had to tell it to Louella first," says director George Sidney. Ubiquitous on the Hollywood scene, she became notorious for assuming an air of goofy vagueness in order to snap up material on the sly, and for leaving behind a puddle of urine wherever she sat (incontinence had plagued her at least since the seventh grade). In 1934 she significantly expanded her power base and income by breaking into radio, and on her popular *Hollywood Hotel* program, sponsored by Campbell's Soup, she introduced the first "sneak previews" show. Actors appeared for free to read parts from upcoming films in exchange for cases of soup (Carole Lombard's favorite: mulligatawny). Her influence was such that in a poll moviegoers lined up at New York's Rivoli theater to a B-grade production called *Nancy Steele Is Missing* 1937, 78 percent said they were there as a result Louella's broadcast.

But Louella's reputation for grasping Hollywood fir ly by its scrotum arose less from her ability to lasso diences into movies than from her skill at performing vulturine rites of "Love's Undertaker" (one of her scurrilous nicknames). Her informants could be found studio corridors, hairdressers' salons, and lawyers' a doctors' offices (she sometimes learned of starlets' pr nancies before they did). When she received a tip Clark Gable and his second wife, Ria, were about to vorce, Louella "kidnapped" Mrs. Gable, whom she h hostage at her North Maple Drive home until she w sure the story was "speeding across the wire" ahead any other service. Her most earth-shattering scoop d ing her early years in California, however, was "t biggest divorce story in the history of Hollywood": split between the town's undisputed king and que Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Mary Pickford. Pickford, w made the crucial mistake—repeated reflexively by gene tions of stars to come—of pouring her heart out Louella, bitterly recalled that she had "counted . . . up the columnist's discretion" to safeguard her "against s sation." When the bombshell erupted across internatio al headlines, Hollywood was treated to one of its fi full-throttle media maelstroms.

In total command of Hollywood, Louella al succeeded in getting her hooks permanently in a man, urologist Harry "Docky" Martin, whc devilish Irish charm had at long last induced h to give up the married Peter Brady. Even befc their 1930 marriage (Hearst gave the bride $25,000 bauble as a wedding gift), Martin h earned a certain local reputation of his own one of the town's most florid drunks. Leonora Ho blow, widow of producer Arthur Hornblow Jr., reca that late one night at a party at L. B. Mayer's, "Docky everyone, even the parking attendant at Romanoff called him that—passed out cold under the piano. Son body shook him, trying to wake him up. But Loue shouted, 'Let Docky sleep! He has surgery at seven morrow morning!'" (An elaborated version of this sto has Martin's famously large penis popping out of pants as he slumped over, inviting the comment "Ther Louella Parsons's column!") Under Louella's aeg Docky, who had made an early specialty of cleaning V.D.-infected whores, advanced to the post of Twentie Century Fox's chief medical officer. "Basically, a stud doctor's job was to shoot stars with anything to ma them perform," explains Gavin Lambert, author of *N ma Shearer* and *On Cukor.*

Hedda, meanwhile, was still desperately laboring to su port herself and Bill, whom she ill-advisedly was nudgi into the family profession. (Ambivalent about acting, B made a few movies, sold used cars for a while, and fina

"he studios
reated both of
hem. But they
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e labs."

MEOW MIX
The hat-mad Hedda and Hearst's society editor Princess Conchita Pignatelli greet Sophia Loren and Louella Parsons in Hollywood, April 1957.

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found his showbiz niche playing Paul Drake on the *Perry Mason* TV series.) Probably the most money Hedda ever saw during this bleak phase was from the life-insurance policy she collected on DeWolf when he died in the mid-30s. Her fee for acting plummeted—and she was lucky to scrape together two or three movie parts a year. In 1932, at the urging of L. B. Mayer's powerful assistant, Ida Koverman, Hedda ran unsuccessfully on the Republican ticket for a county political seat. She failed miserably as an actor's agent and, with nothing to lose, went with Bill back East, where she briefly returned to Broadway in Bea Kaufman's *Divided by Three*. This theatrical engagement did nothing to resuscitate her career, but it did make a monumental difference to a fledgling actor she befriended in her show—Jimmy Stewart—whom Hedda dispatched to MGM to be put on contract.

Hedda's prospects had sunk so abysmally low that, back in California in 1935, she nearly signed on as manager of a male-escort service. Around 1936, Paramount hired Hedda to work in a more appropriate capacity, teaching English to its newest import, the Polish tenor Jan Kiepura. "I believe that was the last thing she did before she became a columnist," says George Sidney.

Hedda, by nature more cynical about Hollywood than Louella—who, says Roddy McDowall, "wallowed in phony sentiment"—reflected that in their town "if you have guts enough to stick it out, and even a modicum of ability, you'll wear down Hollywood's resistance." Ironically, it was while Hedda was nestled deep in the magnanimous bosom of Hearst and Davies that the obdurate "resistance" of Hollywood to Hedda Hopper began to melt away. During a visit to Wyntoon, the pseudo-Bavarian Hearst compound in Northern California, Hedda was entertaining her fellow guests—including Eleanor "Cissy" Patterson of Hearst's *Washington Herald* and Louella Parsons—with a scintillating stream of chatter about Hollywood stars. "Why don't you write that?" Patterson suggested. "Write?" Hedda protested. "I can't even spell!" Patterson proposed that she simply dictate a weekly letter over the phone, for which she would receive $50 per week. Louella, secure on her lofty throne, thought so little of this new development that she reported colorlessly in her October 5, 1935, column, "Hedda Hopper engaged to do a weekly Hollywood fashion article for Eleanor Patterson . . . "

Louella was right, at least for the moment, not to feel menaced. Hedda's Wa ington column stopped after only f months, when the novice newspap woman refused to have her pay cut by $ a week. The stint on Patterson's pap however, turned out to be a valua warm-up for her real break, which ca early in 1937. The Esquire Feature Syn cate, which had been searching for a H lywood columnist, called upon Andy H vey of MGM's publicity department fo recommendation. He suggested Hec Hopper, aged 52, with the caveat that might not be able to write, "but when want the lowdown on our stars, we ge from her." Luckily for Hedda, one of first papers to pick up "Hedda Hoppe Hollywood" was the *Los Angeles Times* morning paper like Louella's *Examin* "No matter how well syndicated a wri was, if he didn't have a local outlet, no c in the industry considered him very imp tant," explains producer A. C. Lyles.

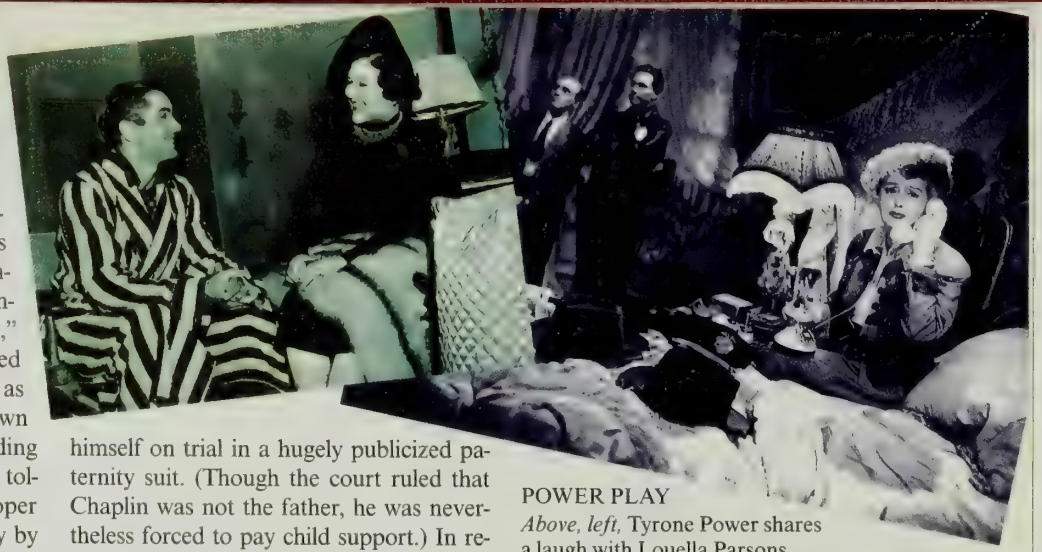
In order to place Hedda emphatic on the map, her old MGM ally Ida Kov man threw a hen party in her honor, which all the town's most accomplish journalists, publicists, and actresses (Jo Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Norma She er) were invited. One guest, Louella Parsons, swept in, turned on her heel, a exited in a huff. "Louella never rea dreamed at first that Hedda could ever come serious competition," says Doro Manners. "But then, neither did Hedda

Manners feels that MGM's reasons r handing Hedda her poison pen w perfectly honorable. "She was past the a of a leading lady, and they wanted to g her a job. It made sense—she had a gr entrée into the world of the studios." I others (including Louella) took a dimm view, saying that L. B. Mayer, with blessing of other studio chiefs, cagily Hedda up as a columnist to offset Lou la's monopolistic power. Observes gos columnist Liz Smith, "The studios crea both of them. And they thought th could control both of them. But they came Frankenstein monsters escap from the labs."

If Louella at first felt that by ignoring her new competition would go away, soon came in for a rude awakening. 1939, Hedda buried "Love's Undertak with a world-class scoop, the divorce of president's son Jimmy Roosevelt (a Go wyn employee), who was involved wit Mayo Clinic nurse, from his wife, Bets This was no mere column item, but a c eted "cityside" story splashed across country on front pages. Hedda had fer ed out the story by employing what wo

:ome a time-honored method—
›pping in on her victim unan-
ınced in the middle of the night.
The feud between the two women
s composed in equal parts of cha-
.e, sport, and vitriol. "Hedda was
re inclined to see the battle as fun-
-as a great publicity builder. She un-
stood that it was good for business,"
nners says. "But Louella really hated
whole thing. And she saw Hedda as
val in every possible way, even down
he clothes she wore." But, according
Richard Gully, Louella might have tol-
ed the flamboyantly hatted interloper
er animosity had been fueled solely by
fessional jealousy. "The true story of
famous feud is that it started for per-
al reasons," he says. "Hedda always
rred to Doc Martin as 'that goddamn
doctor,' and that's what really infuri-
t Louella."

edda's and Louella's power derived
as much from the stories they with-
as from those they ran in their papers
broadcast on their radio shows. "They
r ratted on Katharine Hepburn and
ncer Tracy," says Gavin Lambert.
d they never mentioned a word about
ma Shearer's affair with Mickey Roo-
Mayer put a stop to that—and then
ed her to take the 'nice' part of Mrs.
hen Haines in *The Women.*" Perhaps
coincidentally, MGM gave Hedda the
ll but juicy part of society reporter
y de Peyster in the same movie.
ecause of the "moral turpitude" clause
l the stars' contracts, which called for
matic cancellation if an actor misbe-
d, "the studio bosses used Louella and
da as a weapon of intimidation to
their employees in line," Lambert
inues. "But if there was a real problem
a star, they could almost always buy
women off"—either through an ex-
ge of information, or indirectly with
as when Twentieth Century Fox pur-
ed the rights to Louella's 1943 memoir,
Gay Illiterate, for $75,000. (The pic-
needless to say, was never produced.)
hat remain deeply seared in the col-
e Hollywood memory, however, are
vindictive, destructive stories that
wo women elected, for whatever rea-
to publish. In 1943, a high-strung
ad named Joan Barry burst into
la's offices in the Guaranty Bank
ing on Hollywood Boulevard, sob-
that she had been impregnated and
discarded by Charlie Chaplin. The
nist, who fancied herself a guardian
nale virtue, went gunning for the pri-
comedian, who consequently found



POWER PLAY
Above, left, Tyrone Power shares a laugh with Louella Parsons.
Above, Hedda Hopper in her *Sunset Boulevard* cameo (1950), making herself at home on Norma Desmond's bed while police detectives stand by.

himself on trial in a hugely publicized paternity suit. (Though the court ruled that Chaplin was not the father, he was nevertheless forced to pay child support.) In retaliation, Chaplin presented Louella with the scoop of his marriage to 18-year-old Oona O'Neill later that year. Hedda, defending her role in the Barry-Chaplin debacle, insisted that her intention had been to issue "a warning to others involved in dubious relationships." This admonition was so effective, Hedda maintained, that at a cocktail party she had only to wag her finger at one producer for him to terminate an extramarital fling.

Simply disapproving of a romance, even if there was nothing murky about it, was sufficient grounds for Hedda to attempt to torpedo it. When erstwhile costumer Oleg Cassini was dating Grace Kelly, Hedda ran an item which, Cassini recalls, "basically said, 'Of all the handsome men in Hollywood, why is she seeing Cassini? It must be his mustache.' Hedda hated Europeans. She was a real America Firster. Well, I responded with a letter which said, 'I give up. I'll shave my mustache if you shave yours.'"

Louella also ran interference with Grace Kelly when the actress began an affair with the married Ray Milland while they were shooting *Dial M for Murder* in 1953. Since her marriage to Docky, Louella had grown more Catholic than the Pope. Every Sunday she showed up for 9:45 Mass at the Church of the Good Shepherd, often still drunk from the night before, and she was godmother to a whole brood of Hollywood offspring, including Mia Farrow and John Clark Gable. Outraged that Kelly, a well-brought-up Catholic, could be so flagrantly compromising her honor, "Louella broke the story," Richard Gully says. "And Grace backed away from Milland, but it nearly ruined her career."

In an even more potentially dangerous move, Hedda tattled on Joseph Cotten for trysting with juvenile star Deanna Durbin while they were working together on *Hers to Hold* (1943). "Cotten was never going to leave his wife," says Leonora Hornblow. "They were just having a little fun." Hedda's exposé was "extremely painful to Lenore Cotten, Joe's long-suffering wife," but her husband got revenge for both of them. "There was some huge event going on in the Beverly Wilshire ballroom. Joe saw Hedda across the room and came toward her, saying, 'I've got something for you.' He kicked right through the gold party chair she was sitting on, and its legs buckled. The next day Joe's house was full of flowers and telegrams from all the people who would have liked to kick Hedda in the backside but didn't have the courage. Joe pasted the telegrams on his bathroom wall."

Probably the most devastating character assault ever to blaze over the newswires was Louella's immolation of Ingrid Bergman after she left her husband, neurologist Peter Lindstrom, in 1949 to live in Italy with director Roberto Rossellini. This information alone, innocuous as it may seem today, caused a worldwide uproar. In 1945, Bergman—thanks to Hedda's crusade on her behalf—had been cast as the angelic Sister Benedict in *The Bells of St. Mary's.* Her holiness thus established before the public, Bergman in 1948 stepped into the title role of Victor Fleming's *Joan of Arc.* Shocked to find that their saint had turned sinner, the press denounced Bergman in editorials, and audiences boycotted theaters showing her pictures. But the *coup de grâce* came when Louella detonated the most explosive ammunition of all. Early in 1950, the *Los Angeles Examiner* ran on its front page, above Louella O. Parsons's byline: INGRID BERGMAN BABY DUE IN THREE MONTHS AT ROME. This story of the gestating Bergman-Rossellini love child created, Louella estimated, "the greatest [sensa-

tion] ever, I believe, in relation to a story about a movie personality." So unexpected was this electrifying *Examiner* headline that other reporters, including Hedda, castigated Louella and Hearst for printing what they presumed to be an already disproved canard. That evening, Louella found her husband in his bedroom, bent piously over his rosary beads. The doctor explained, "I'm . . . praying your story is right."

Louella was right, of course—as Roberto junior's birth incontrovertibly proved—because she had been informed of Bergman's pregnancy by an unimpeachable source, whose identity she never revealed. She referred to him in her 1961 memoir, *Tell It to Louella,* as "a man of great importance not only in Hollywood, but throughout the United States." Dorothy Manners sighs deeply and then releases the long-held secret. "Howard Hughes tipped her off. And here's why. Hughes was producing films at RKO, and he had bought some play or book for Ingrid that he desperately wanted to make into a movie for her. At that moment she was the hottest thing in pictures. Ingrid was so crazy about Rossellini that she agreed to a contract with Hughes—but only if he would produce Rossellini's movie *Stromboli.* Hughes accepted these terms, and *Stromboli* was a huge bomb. Hughes then asked her to come back to America immediately to work on his movie. She told him, 'Honestly I can't—I'm pregnant.' And he was incensed. It meant it would take at least a year to recoup his losses from *Stromboli.* He then called Marion Davies and told her to tell Louella, who at first didn't print the news. When Hughes asked Marion why not, she said, 'My God, Ingrid's married to another man. This could bring about the biggest lawsuit against Hearst.' So Hughes himself verified the story of the pregnancy with Louella. He was so furious during that telephone call, I could overhear him shouting into Louella's phone. After that call, the story ran."

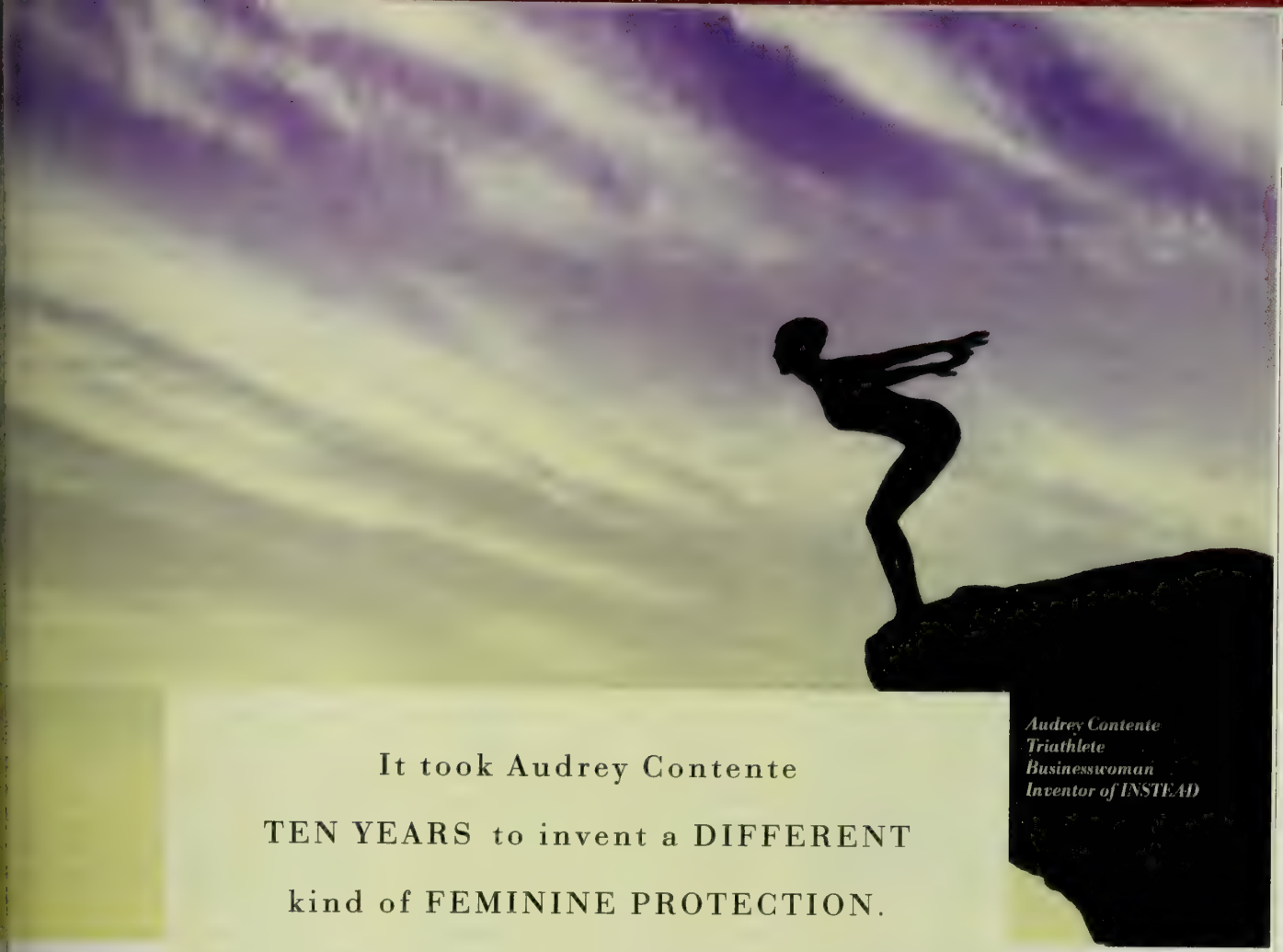
Most of the time, Tony Curtis maintains, Louella and Hedda "couldn't touch the major players. It was the young people coming up who suffered the most. I'll never forget a call I received one day from Hedda, on the studio phone." Like an inquisitor before an auto-da-fé, she grilled Curtis: "God help you if you lie to me, but are you going out with a teenager?" Curtis says, "The way she invoked God—it was as if she were speaking morally for Him. It was frightening. I didn't know what the consequences would be. With Hedda you knew pretty much where you stood. But there was something uncomfortable about Louella—as if deep down something was grinding away, some secrets, maybe, from her past. And I was sure everybody was a spy. We all felt that Hedda's son, Bill, was a spy. No one wanted to be his friend."

It was not just individuals who provoked the wrath of these two harpies—they preyed on pictures and whole studios too. When MGM gave the lead in its 1934 costume drama *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to Norma Shearer instead of Marion Davies, "on Hearst's instructions, there was no mention of the movie or of Norma Shearer for a year in Louella's column," says Gavin Lambert.

Louella inflicted more serious and lasting damage on Orson Welles and *Citizen Kane*—and in the process nearly derailed one of the greatest masterpieces ever to emerge from Hollywood. Upon hearing the rumor that Welles's first production with RKO was to be a *film à clef* about her boss, Louella lunched with the "boy genius" and listened to his litany of evasions and denials—all of which she believed. Soon after, Hedda, who had been offered a small part in the picture, managed to talk her way into its first screening. Instantly recognizing that the film was inspired by her friend Marion Davies's millionaire lover, Hedda passed on the information to Hearst, twisting the knife by adding that she couldn't comprehend why Louella hadn't already alerted him. Enraged, Hearst ordered Louella to attend a screening with two lawyers. Horrified by what she saw, Louella rushed out of the studio screening room to cable Hearst, who telegraphed back the terse message STOP CITIZEN KANE. Springing into action, Louella warned RKO that she would expose long-suppressed tales of "rape by executives, drunkenness, miscegenation and allied sports." Further, it was hinted, the American public would be informed that "the proportion of Jews in the industry was a bit high." Refusing to capitulate to Hearst's pressure, RKO chief George Schaefer—who had also been threatened by Hearst with legal action—announced that *Citizen Kane* would open in February 1941 at Radio City Music Hall. Louella hastened to call Radio City's manager, Van Shmus, advising him that exhibiting the film would result in a total press blackout. The premiere was then canceled. Louis B. Mayer, siding with Hearst (whose Cosmopolitan Pictures had been affiliated with MGM), next made Schaefer an u usual offer: he would pay the rival stuc $805,000 in exchange for burning the m ter print and all copies of the film. Sch fer stood firm and refused to coopera Finally, after the Hearst press launched savage attack on Welles, falsely accusi him of Communism, the tide turned a Welles and the movie began attracti sympathy, especially from such Hearst a versaries as Henry Luce, founder of *Ti* and *Life.* Taking advantage of the gene turmoil, which had turned into a public bonanza, RKO at last released the pictu in May 1941. And though the movie was critical triumph, Welles, branded a troub maker, never quite recovered his positi at RKO or in Hollywood again.

If RKO failed to make it up to Ors Welles, the studio did its best to a pease Louella. In 1943, her daught Harriet, who had been toiling as a pr ducer at Republic Studios since 1940, w awarded a long-term contract with RK Curiously, Louella and Hedda had an u spoken truce regarding their childre When the mannish Harriet married J feminate publicist King Kennedy at M sons Farm, Louella's San Fernando V ley estate, in 1940 ("Truly a marriage Louella's convenience," one wag say Hedda was among the guests. Bill Ho per received glowing commendations n Louella's column. And it was Hedd raves for Harriet's *I Remember Ma* (1948) that brought about the celebrat reconciliation at Romanoff's that ye Baffled observers theorized that Loue and Hedda had reached an understandi that, with mothers like themselves, the kids needed all the help they could get.

The two women, of course, extend help to many people outside their fam circles; flaunting their power meant int spersing malevolent behavior with flas displays of benevolence. In the early 4 when Joan Crawford had been label box-office poison by the Theatre Distrib tors of America, "MGM dropped her," calls publicist Warren Cowan, co-founc of Rogers & Cowan and now chairman Warren Cowan Associates. Undaunt producer Jerry Wald tapped her to appe in *Mildred Pierce* (1945)—and hired Rog & Cowan to promote the tarnished star. a press release, Cowan says, he wrote t following item: "The front office of Wa er Brothers is jumping with glee over t first two weeks' rushes of Joan Crawfc in *Mildred Pierce.* They're predicting sh be a strong contender for the Oscar." Cowan's extreme surprise, Hedda ran item verbatim, turning the story into



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"exclusive." (Explaining her indulgence toward Crawford, Hedda said, "I knew what being out of a job meant.") Then, Cowan says, "various versions of it spread around. Just before the Academy Awards, we took out an ad in the trades, reproducing that item from Hedda's column. It was the first time an ad was run directed to the Academy. That one item became the foundation for the Academy Awards campaigns which now companies spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on each year." Cowan speculates that as a result Joan Crawford won the Oscar. "And that was the power of one columnist and how it mushroomed," Cowan concludes.

For a Hollywood unknown, a summons from Louella or Hedda was tantamount to a wave of Glenda the Good Witch's wand. When Warner's child actor Jack Larson was 17, "Hedda decided to do a piece just about me," Larson recalls. "Bob Reilly, head of publicity at Warner's, told me, 'Your career is made!' I was strictly rehearsed until it made me crazy. I was told not to mention anything about how I was studying drama with Michael Chekhov, a Russian, because Hedda was so anti-Communist she'd turn on me. But she ended up being very nice to me. If Louella or Hedda liked you and plugged you, it really could help."

Their column mentions "became a sort of currency of the time," Roddy McDowall explains. "Agents would use them as contract-negotiating tools. To prove your value you could show the studio books of clippings." Adds Tony Curtis, "You only knew how good you were doing by your appearances in their columns. There was no other measure."

So closely scrutinized were the two women's daily write-ups that lyricist Alan Jay Lerner tracked down, met, and married starlet Nancy Olson after Hedda ran a "little item with a picture of me at the end of her column," she recalls. At the time, Olson was working on Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* (1950), in which Hedda played a cameo role. "The original plan," Wilder says, "was to have Hedda and Louella, after Joe Gillis's murder, try to telephone their papers at the same time from Norma Desmond's house. One would be on the phone upstairs, trying to file her report, while the other cut in downstairs on the same line. There'd be a wild, crazy fight between the two of them, with lots of foul language. It would have been a very dramatic moment, a lot of fun. But it turned out to be one of my very few defeats in the movie. Louella declined to appear, because Hedda was a very good actress and Louella knew she would steal the scene."

As the studio system began to break down, and actors, abetted by a new breed of agent demanding huge fees and greater independence for clients, began wresting control of their lives away from studio bosses, the Parsons-Hopper hegemony over Hollywood might have toppled. But in fact both women adjusted and adapted as necessary, branching out to the new medium of television. Hedda even dared to go up against Ed Sullivan on Sunday night with an NBC program, *Hedda Hopper's Hollywood.* They published more books of memoirs, all commercial successes. No up-and-coming younger columnist even brushed the hem of their garments—in Louella's case often an Orry-Kelly, Adrian, or Jean-Louis design, and in Hedda's a Mainbocher, perhaps, with a hat from John Frederick's or one made by a fan.

They lived as well as or better than the stars they wrote about. Hedda spent a tax-deductible $5,000 a year on her signature headgear alone. In addition to clothes, Hedda had a weakness for Bristol which she displayed abundantly, along her millinery, in the eight-room hous had bought in 1941 on Beverly Hills' ical Avenue. "This is the house that built," she would announce to visitors

Financially somewhat better off Hedda, Louella kept two houses, the at 619 North Maple Drive, where worked, and her Valley residence (w peach-and-blue bathroom paid for and orated by neighbor Carole Lombard, patchy lawn sometimes filled in with grass from a studio prop department). even after Docky's death Louella ha other comfort unavailable to Hed man in her life, in the person of song Jimmy McHugh. A fellow Catholic gave his constant companion a gift tha literally idolized: an illuminated 10-foo gin Mary which Louella enshrined i backyard. The couple was a fixture at ties, premieres, and such nightspo Dino's Lodge on Sunset Strip, w Louella could be seen "drunk and p on the floor" while the house picke the check, says impresario Allan Car

The most conspicuous proof of L la's and Hedda's ongoing sovere occurred every year at Christmas "Your car had to get in line at houses to deliver presents," recalls ducer A. C. Lyles. Inside, their h were so glutted with gifts, they "lo like giant cornucopias, with presents bling out of closets, walls, and floors members Tony Curtis.

Dorothy Manners reflects, "I imagine why people were so scare Louella. But they certainly kowtowe her. Louella, you see, was not ju columnist. She was a corporation. T were seven columns a week—Sunday whole section with a rotogravure. She the radio show *Hollywood Hotel.* And she had the Sunday-night East and Coast gossip show with Winchell—p didn't move when they were on the There were her articles for *Modern S* magazine, which I ghosted—she spli $1,000 she received monthly with me. every year and a half we'd do a fiv six-week tour of *Louella Parsons's Sta Tomorrow,* playing all the country's glamorous movie houses. Just to giv idea, one year we had on tour with u san Hayward, Robert Stack—and Ro Reagan and Jane Wyman, when they beginning their romance." (Accordin George Sidney, Stack recently said th joined the journalist's vaudeville troup cause Louella cautioned, "If you don it you'll never work again.")

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in an effort to stay up-to-date, both women raced to cultivate new protégés. Jimmy McHugh made a point of introducing Louella to all the newly minted teen musical heartthrobs—Fabian, Bobby Darin, and her personal favorite, Elvis Presley. To tap into the same rock 'n' roll youth culture, Hedda enlisted the help of George Christy, then hosting his ABC radio show *Teen Town*. She developed a particular affection for Steve McQueen, who won her over by "treating her like a glorious girl." Hedda also fussed over Ann-Margret, says Allan Carr, who managed the actress in the early 60s. "She gave her motherly advice, but Hedda probably got more out of it than Ann-Margret did. Times were changing, the country was changing, and so were the movies. Hedda and Louella just didn't have the influence over the new young audiences that they had had 10 or 20 years before."

Louella, who had already begun to show signs of severe physical deterioration, suffered a cruel blow when the *Los Angeles Examiner* folded in 1962. Though her column was switched to the Hearst afternoon paper, the *Herald-Express*, she thereby lost her edge to Hedda's morning *Los Angeles Times*. Still, Louella carried on going out every night bejeweled and bewildered, like a dowager empress whose country had overthrown her rule, tottering unsteadily on the arm of Jimmy McHugh. And despite rumors of her imminent retirement, by day she put together her column with more than a little help from Dorothy Manners and other assistants.

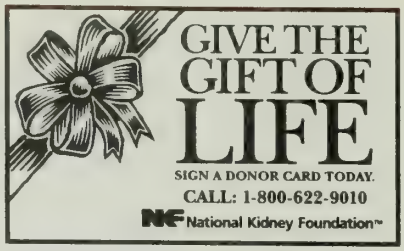
Finally, in 1965, blighted by further medical problems, Louella retired. Dorothy Manners took over the column and gradually substituted her byline for that of the great Louella. At 84, this living fossil of Hollywood's golden age was installed in a Santa Monica rest home. There she was attended by a private nurse, paid for by the Hearst corporation. Hedda—once described by *Time* magazine as "blessed with eternal middle age"—carried on in perfect health straight into the mid-60s. But—estranged from Bill and Jon, her granddaughter—Hedda, warding off loneliness, insinuated herself into the daily family life of her neighbors, filmmaker Bob Enders and his wife, Estelle. At Christmas the four Enders children helped her dig into her mountain of presents. One year a gift came from Kirk Douglas, whom she had refused to speak to for a long time. Hedda called to thank the actor, but before she did she turned to Bob and Estelle and admitted, "I've been a bitch."

Hedda had one last crack at the movies—a minor part in the sudsy melodrama *The Oscar*. Regally elegant at 80 in a jeweled gown and the kind of towering Dairy Queen hairdo that she used to preserve overnight with rolls of toilet paper, Hedda made a brief but memorable appearance. The last word she uttered onscreen was "Bye." On a Friday night early in 1966, producer Bill Frye and Rosalind Russell stopped by Hedda's house on Tropical Avenue for a cocktail. "[Photographer] Jerome Zerbe had invited us all to dinner at Chasen's," Frye says. "Hedda had on a hat and suit and she looked marvelous. Then I looked down and saw she was wearing bedroom slippers. Hedda explained, 'I don't feel up to it. If you go out, you should give. If you can't give, you shouldn't go out.' It was a kind of motto."

Hedda, who never overstayed her welcome at parties, had another motto: "Go before the glow fades"—and so she did. The following Monday, before the release of *The Oscar* and two months after Louella's official retirement, she died of complications from double pneumonia. Harriet, feeling it her duty to inform Louella of Hedda's death, visited her ailing mother at the Santa Monica rest home. "Mother, I have something to tell you," Harriet said. "Hedda died today." This announcement was followed by a long silence, then a look of confusion, and then another long silence—finally broken by the exclamation "GOOD!" And that, says Roddy McDowall, "was her last cogent word."

Louella lingered on for six more years, a decrepit, mute relic who most of the world assumed was dead. During her incarceration, "she went into a complete silence," says Dorothy Manners. "She just lay there, with no reaction, utterly expressionless." Another person close to Louella's circle says that "in her room she watched TV a great deal—sort of. Her mind was so gone, she'd sit transfixed, watching *snow* on television. It was the Twilight of the Gods."

"At the end," says Gavin Lambert, "Louella and Hedda looked more and more like bizarre dinosaurs." As with these extinct behemoths, no other creatures ever rose up from the swamp to replace them. Dorothy Manners retired in 1977, Aileen Mehle turned down offers to continue both columns, and Joyce Haber had a run at the *Los Angeles Times*, but was dropped. Liz Smith reflects, "L.A. is now a town with no gossip column. No one wants to let these demons loose again." And to all those fearful of demon columnists, past or future, Hedda had this to say: "They should know what I *haven't* written!" □



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Getty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 338 Meier, the pressure to transcend—his previous museums, the Getty's essentially conservative character, his own high-modernist dogma—has been enormous. Only a masterpiece will do. For an architect at the peak of his profession—Meier received the American Institute of Architects' gold medal, its highest honor, earlier this year—the unveiling of a project of this magnitude is comparable to a major retrospective for a star artist. It can make us realize that he's even more brilliant than we had thought all along, as was the case with Cy Twombly at New York's Museum of Modern Art two years ago. Or leave us with the uneasy sensation of watching someone we consider a genius working himself into a corner, as with Jasper Johns at the same museum last fall. Will the Getty be seen as the last gasp of modernism? Or is it, as Museum of Modern Art curator of architecture and design Terry Riley suggests, "Richard's Baroque moment. If the Acropolis has been seen as a model for the rationalism of the Enlightenment, it also was a laboratory of the picturesque and romantic. And, curiously, I think that's what happened at the Getty."

"The buzz is that the Getty is an overblown, overdesigned fortress of culture," says *Architecture* editor Dietsch. "I haven't been up there lately, so I hesitate to criticize it as a building, but people say Meier has had too much time and too much money, and it hasn't benefited the project. He's just repeating himself. He's just Meiering Meier."

Meier's presumed rival Frank Gehry is kinder: "I went up to see it the other day and I was impressed. I know how hard it is to do *a* building with a demanding client, and here is a whole *complex* of buildings, a *citadel* with landscapes and plazas and public spaces. To pull it off with that degree of consistency and quality is an amazing accomplishment. I'm just talking about the sheer organization and ability to birth something as big as that. As architecture, I think there are some exquisite parts to it. I think the galleries are the best I've ever seen. Nothing's perfect. There are mistakes. But there are more moments of sheer brilliance."

"The result is beyond even what I expected," says Harold Williams, the president of the Getty Trust, which administers the center. "There is a timelessness to it that conveys a very important message about the Getty, about art, and about our commitment to the city of Los Angeles. Richard is an artist. His ability to orchestrate light and shadows, materials and volumes, views and human movements, is powerful. He can do things that are almost spiritual."

"I believe that the museum's purpose is to pursue a cultural enlightenment," Richard Meier declared in a lecture on museum architecture in Dallas last fall. "And, to my mind, this mission could also be used to inform the architectural conception: the museum can be both literally and metaphysically radiant."

The Getty is not white. Almost every other important building Richard Meier has ever built *is*—from his breakthrough white wood-and-glass Smith House of 1965–67 in Darien, Connecticut, to the white enameled-aluminum-and-glass City Hall and Central Library in the Hague in the Netherlands, which he completed in 1995. "They possess a presence that seems highly aware of its own intense visual appeal," *New York Times* critic Paul Goldberger has written of Meier's buildings. "They know how beautiful they are."

Meier's "whiteness" harks back to the roots of modernism, to the 1917 call of the Dutch de Stijl movement, whose most famous member was painter Piet Mondrian, for a new "white world" of "clarity, certainty, and order." Many of Meier's buildings are evocative of the sleek, white ocean liners of the 1920s extolled by Le Corbusier, the Swiss genius who wrote the modernist canon, defining architecture as "the masterly, correct and magnificent play of mass brought together in light." In fact, Meier built his reputation as Le Corbusier's most dedicated, innovative, and celebrated disciple.

But there has always been something else going on in Meier's work. For all his European formalist airs, Meier has always had an attraction to America's most revered architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, the guru of organic architecture. In a 1986 Michael Blackwood film about Meier, the architect told writer Suzanne Stephens, "Buildings are not organic, in that they don't grow, they don't change, they don't [turn] green every spring.... That which is man-made is different from that which is natural.... And I think architecture should reflect that." Nonetheless, critics have long noted Wright's subtle influence in Meier's work, particularly in his houses. And as one waggish observer says, "Meier has Wright's hair, Corb's eyeglasses, Philip Johnson's clothes—and Stanford White's social life. If you th that isn't all a very well-thought-out age, you don't know how archite minds work."

"I've learned a lot from the worl Le Corbusier," Meier tells me on a fl to Dallas for the housewarming of most recently completed residential c mission, a house for investor and art lector Howard Rachofsky, 10,000 squ feet of whiteness, inside and out. think that Le Corbusier's manipula of space is extraordinary. But so Frank Lloyd Wright's. The thing whi think they have in common is their tial organization, which is related to man scale. And it's the human scal both of their works that is so impor to me."

Interestingly, one of the few M buildings that is *not* white is his f (Unless you count the 1962 prefab be house he put up in Lonelyville, Fire land, for $11,000 in nine days. A te ment to the quality of his workmanshi is still standing, and is currently owne Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.) M got his first real commission from parents. And the beige brick house built for them in Essex Fells, New sey, between 1963 and 1965, was aln an homage to Wright's most fam house, Fallingwater. "While I was signing my parents' house," Meier plains, "I went to Bear Run, Pennsy nia, and spent the weekend there as guest of the Kaufmanns, who had c missioned it in the 30s. Fallingwate one of the great works of architectur America—the way it opens to the la scape is amazing."

At the Rachofsky party, after a co of scotches, Meier averts his glance fi the vividly colored contemporary pa ings hanging on every wall and s "There's too much art.... But that's hardest part—to accept that now theirs, the clients'. It's so hard to let Then he tells me a story about his ents' house: "Shortly after they had tled in, I remember going out there dinner. One of their friends had gi them an ashtray. It was the ugliest cer ic thing that you could ever imag And it was sitting on one of the ta that I had designed. Everything was fectly in place except for this thin picked it up and said, 'Who would w something like this?' And I dropped i the slate floor. It broke into dozen pieces. My father said, 'You have right.' I said, 'But it's ugly. It ruins house.' 'It's *our* house now,' my fa

1. And I realized that I was wrong, that this work to try to make it perfect . . . a certain point you have to stop."

Meier was born in Newark, New Jersey, on October 12, 1934, the son of an trical engineer. He grew up in suburban plewood and received a bachelor-of-ar- ecture degree from Cornell University 957. After an apprenticeship with the nhattan firm of Davis, Brody and Wis- vski, he took off for Europe, where he le unsuccessful attempts to get jobs n Le Corbusier in Paris and Alvar Aal- he Scandinavian modernist, in Finland. rom 1960 to 1963, Meier worked in New York office of Marcel Breuer, known for his design of the Whitney seum of American Art. He also started ting in the studio of his best friend, k Stella, and then shared a studio with hael Graves. One day Willem de ning wandered in. "And here I am do- these big Expressionist canvases," er recalls. "He took a look around and ed out without saying a word. So I ped painting." (Meier still makes ex- lingly orderly collages on planes when ravels.)

1963, Meier started his own practice is two-room apartment on East 91st et. During the 60s and early 70s, he ed almost exclusively in America, ly on residential commissions. His large project, started in 1967, was beth, in Manhattan's West Village, h involved the conversion of vacated Telephone Laboratories space into artists' lofts. It was followed by the x Developmental Center (1970–77), a York State mental institution; the neum (1975–79), a visitors' center for restored utopian community of New nony, Indiana; and the Hartford Sem- (1978–81) in Hartford, Connecticut. ut it was with the Museum for Deco- e Arts (1979–85) in Frankfurt, Ger- y, and the High Museum of Art 0–83) in Atlanta that Meier emerged he master builder of gleaming white les of art. In the High Museum, "all nown parts of the Meier repertory are mbled," says writer Suzanne Stephens ackwood's documentary. "Ramps slic- rough space; a filigree of framing ele- s; windows and vistas framed within s; flat planes alternating with smooth- rved surfaces; and skylights creating a g play of light and shadow."

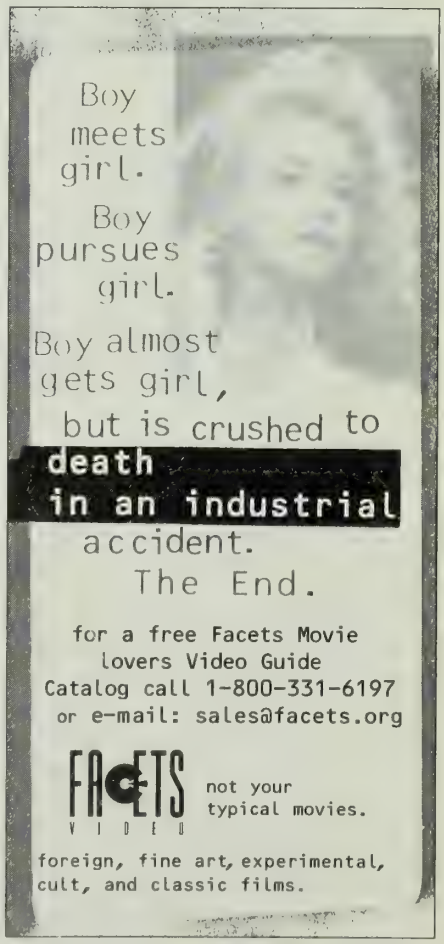
The High was also what Meier refers o as his "straightening out" of Frank d Wright's Guggenheim Museum in hattan, which opened in 1959 and launched both the current trend of commissioning famous architects to design art museums and the ongoing debate over whether their architecture overwhelms the art. Then came the perfect little gem that all museum architects aspire to, Louis Kahn's Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, in 1972, followed five years later by the big, ugly crowd pleaser that every mayor dreams of, the Pompidou Center in Paris, designed by Richard Rogers and Renzo Piano. In 1978, I. M. Pei's East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., opened. But the museum boom really exploded in the 80s and 90s with Gehry's Temporary Contemporary (now the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA) and Isozaki's Museum of Contemporary Art in L.A., Piano's much-admired Menil Collection in Houston, Mario Botta's San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Josef Paul Kleihues's Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, and Jean Nouvel's Fondation Cartier in Paris.

No other architect, however, has built as many museums as Meier—the Des Moines Arts Center Addition, completed in 1985, the Ulm Exhibition and Assembly Building in Germany in 1993, the Barcelona Museum of Contemporary Art in 1995, and the Museum of Television & Radio in Beverly Hills last year. Two more Meiers are on the way: the Arp Museum in Rolandswerth, Germany, and the Museum of the Ara Pacis in Rome.

"Museums have taken the place of cathedrals," notes Barbara Jakobson, a MoMA trustee. "They have become a galvanizing civic experience. Every city wants a museum by a great architect to put it on the cultural map. And every architect wants to build a museum. The system of competitions is ruthless—only one person can get the job. They've got to kill each other."

J. Paul Getty changed his will 21 times before he died on June 6, 1976, at his English stately home, Sutton Place, where he had lived as a tax exile for his last 16 years. Known as "the richest man in the world," he had been born in Minneapolis in 1892 and made his money in the oil fields of Oklahoma, California, and the neutral zone between Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. He began collecting seriously in 1938, starting off with a Savonnerie carpet that had belonged to Louis XIV, Gainsborough's portrait of the founder of Christie's auction house, and an early Rembrandt. In 1968 he asked British architect Stephen Garrett to re-create the Villa dei Papyrii—located at Herculaneum, near Pompeii, and thought to have belonged to Julius Caesar's father-in-law—in a canyon facing the Pacific in Malibu to house his collection, then valued at $200 million. The museum cost $17 million, and was opened in 1974. Getty never visited it, but at his request he is buried there.

In his last will, dated March 11, 1976, which included small bequests to various women friends and retainers, Getty left four million shares of the Getty Oil Company, worth $661,943,577.50, to the J. Paul Getty Museum—making it three times as well endowed as the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His three surviving sons—Gordon, a San Francisco composer of conceptual music; J. Paul junior, an ex-heroin addict turned British arts patron; and Ronald, a businessman, whose son, Christopher, is married to Pia Miller, one of the three daughters of duty-free-shops billionaire Robert Miller—were taken care of by his mother's Sarah Getty Trust, which held $1.3 billion in Getty Oil shares. In January 1984, after nearly eight years of litigation and boardroom wrangling, Gordon Getty, as sole trustee of the Sarah Getty



Trust, forced the sale of Getty Oil to Texaco for $10 billion. His father's vanity museum in Malibu suddenly had $2.2 billion to play with.

Meanwhile, in 1981, the J. Paul Getty Trust had hired Harold Williams as president. Williams had been chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission under President Carter, as well as dean of the Graduate School of Management at U.C.L.A. His brief was to propose a master plan for the Getty's future.

In the late 60s, Williams had been chairman of Norton Simon, Inc., and he maintained close relations with the reclusive conglomerateur, whose art collection rivaled those of the Rockefellers and Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza. When Simon's second wife, retired movie star Jennifer Jones, joined the Getty board, some said the "master plan" was a merger with Simon's museum in Pasadena. Speculation was heightened when the two museums jointly purchased a Poussin and a Degas in the early 80s. Semi-secret negotiations reportedly continued until Simon's death four years ago. "The Getty wanted the paintings, and Norton wanted the Getty," says an inside source. "But they could never agree on the billing. Was it the Getty Norton Simon, or the Norton Simon Getty?"

In 1983, the Getty board hired John Walsh from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to head the J. Paul Getty Museum, and announced the creation of four new curatorial departments: drawings, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, and European sculpture. The museum, however, would not attempt to form an encyclopedic collection such as that of the Louvre or the Metropolitan. ("It would take $500 billion to put together what the Met has today," notes one museum expert.)

Instead, the board established five major new programs to complement the museum: the Getty Grant Program, for the visual arts; the Getty Research Institute for the History of Art and the Humanities, for scholarly research; the Getty Conservation Institute, which has since helped restore sites ranging from Nefertari's tomb in Egypt to Brancusi's *Endless Column* in Romania; the Getty Information Institute, which is computerizing the entire history of art; and the Getty Education Institute for the Arts, which has funded programs for more than a million students in 450 public school districts across the country.

In September 1983, the Getty purchased its 110-acre hilltop from Thomas Jones, chairman of the Northrop Aviation Corporation, and an adjacent 600-acre property, which it will keep undeveloped, for a total of about $20 million. Some felt that the Getty should have picked a site closer to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art on Wilshire Boulevard and the Museum of Contemporary Art in downtown Los Angeles. There was also political criticism of the site's location on the border between affluent Brentwood and Bel Air, far from the city's multicultural heart. "I think they've got it absolutely backwards," says Harold Williams. "This is a very accessible location, near two major thruways, the 405 Freeway and Sunset Boulevard. The Getty Center will be a cultural attraction unequaled in Los Angeles."

In the fall of 1983, Williams and the Getty's director of program planning and analysis, Nancy Englander—a former girlfriend of Meier's and now the wife of Williams—put together an architect-selection committee. It was headed by Cooper Union president Bill Lacy and included *New York Times* architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable and Philadelphia Museum of Art director Anne d'Harnoncourt. An initial list of more than 100 architectural firms was narrowed down to 33, and seven semifinalists were named that November. The committee spent the following year visiting buildings the semifinalists had designed around the world before announcing their three final choices—Britain's late James Stirling, Japan's Fumihiko Maki, and Meier. In October 1984, the Getty Trust's board, one of whose members is Gordon Getty, selected Meier.

"I remember I was having dinner with my children in New York," says Meier. "And I got a telephone call from Harold Williams. I couldn't believe it. I was ecstatic, because the process took so long. At one point I had said, 'Let's get together or forget it.'"

It was Meier's year: That April he had won the $100,000 Pritzker Prize, the Nobel of architecture. And soon after he got the Getty, he began a two-year affair with Lee Radziwill, the princess sister of Jacqueline Onassis. Meier also had high-profile walk-outs in the 80s with New York socialite Amanda Burden and Hollywood executive Sherry Lansing. "Richard is an incorrigible womanizer," says a lady friend who is still very fond of him. "But he is a nice man. These guys are all alike under the skin, the great ones—Jim Stirling, Michael Graves, Frank Gehry, Rem Koolhaas. They're like politicians. There's never eno adulation, never enough commissions you're a builder, you want to build world. You want to put your stamp everything."

Meier was married once, in 1978, architect Kate Gormley, whom he met when she was a student and he teaching a course at Harvard. They h a son and a daughter in their teens, their marriage lasted only a few ye "She was almost 20 years younger t Richard," says a friend. "She moved i the apartment he'd had for years on E 72nd Street, with the Frank Stella pa ings and the Marcel Breuer chair don't think there was a room she co call her own."

Meier also owns a white shingled ho on five acres in East Hampton, which has barely furnished since he bough four years ago, although he is said to h spent $1 million "sculpting" the lawn "editing" the woods. For the last e years, Meier has been seeing Rose Tarl a Los Angeles furniture designer and orator to the stars—the $47.5 million mer Warner estate David Geffen bou seven years ago is her Getty. Tarlc cozy style is not quite Meier's; her Bel version of an English cottage has creeping up even its interior walls. Ev thing else in her living room, howe even the bookbindings, is antique whit

Richard and I were walking up a ra at the High Museum," says Har Williams, "and I said, 'If we give you job, do we have to have white porce panels and pipe rails?' And he said, you don't.' One of the areas of conc was how the reflection of the light white panels would affect our neighb There are actually two samples of m panels—we have one and the Brentw Homeowners Association has one, sig by them and by us. The agreement that they could be no lighter than color—a light beige."

"They put it in my contract," Meier. "I didn't take it personally." years of program planning, architect design, and site preparation—inclu earthquake proofing—passed before struction began. The first things built the parking garage at the center's trance on Sepulveda Boulevard and stations for the electric trams that speed visitors the three-quarters of a to the arrival plaza at the top of the Ground for the main, six-building com was not broken until the summer of 1

"We must have dealt with literally dreds of people in this process,"

HOWARD ROARK
"Meier has Wright's hair, Corb's eyeglasses, Philip Johnson's clothes—and Stanford White's social life."

er, "groups of people from each of Getty's entities or programs." In ef- the Getty Center was seven clients— trust, the museum, and the five recent- eated programs, each with its own di- or, staff, and constituency. John sh, the director of the museum, ex- s, "It was like trying to get a tailor to e a jacket for a 13-year-old that would hen he was 18. You had to guess how e was going to be. We made a lot of l guesses, as it turned out."

he two largest buildings are not yet completed: the 360,000-square-foot J. Getty Museum, with its five pavil- of galleries arranged around an n courtyard—only the classical antiq- s will stay in the Malibu villa—and 201,000-square-foot Getty Research tute for the History of Art and the anities, with its state-of-the-art li- y and research facilities. Four hun- Getty employees are already at in sun-drenched white offices (with -in maple furniture designed by r) in the two buildings which house onservation, education, information, grant programs as well as the Trust administration. A 450-seat auditorium and a 650-seat restaurant-café are also already in operation. In every building, at every turn, there are small, unexpected gardens, terraces, courtyards, atriums, reflecting pools, balconies, even outdoor elevators and fire stairs enclosed in glass. "It's a very human-scale experience," says Meier. "There are intimate spaces throughout the whole complex."

It's almost as if Meier has finally found a way to bring Le Corbusier's cool grid and Wright's natural warmth into harmony. Most of the two-story exteriors are clad in Meier's signature enameled-aluminum panels. But the museum and all of the buildings' bases, which in the rear stretch three stories down the sloping site, are covered in "cleft," or rough, travertine slabs.

Two decisions made by the Getty infuriated Meier. The first was the hiring of Thierry Despont, the New York–based, French-born designer, who is currently decorating Microsoft chairman Bill Gates's $40 million cyber-palazzo near Seattle. Despont was brought in to do 14 period rooms for the museum's unsurpassed collection of French decorative arts. On our tour of the site, Meier at first didn't want to show these rooms to me and later referred to them as "Williamsburg." He was also upset when the Getty commissioned conceptual artist Robert Irwin to design the three-acre Central Garden, with its 500 varieties of plants surrounding a circular maze of "floating" azaleas.

"There are things that one would wish might have been different," Meier says as we leave the site. "Certain things get away from you. You try not to let that happen, but on such a big and complex project it's bound to happen. I think that the basic structure, the basic organization, the basic sense of place, the basic relationship of buildings to one another or to spaces within, is strong enough."

In other words, the Getty may not be white, but as the afternoon sun turns the tawny travertine to gold and the extremely pale beige aluminum flares into pure light, it is radiant.

As for its creator, Richard Meier is now off to Rome to build the Church of the Year 2000, a small white chapel in a working-class suburb, commissioned by the Pope. □

Fashion

Cover: Cameron Diaz's Vivienne Westwood Gold Label dress by special order from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Manolo Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. **Kate Winslet's** Richard Tyler dress from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Gianni Versace shoes from Gianni Versace Boutiques nationwide. **Claire Danes's** Chanel dress from the Chanel boutique, N.Y.C.; Martine Sitbon for Stephane Kélian shoes from the Stephane Kélian boutiques, N.Y.C. and Los Angeles; Jennifer Bartlett freshwater-pearl bracelet from Troy, N.Y.C. **Renée Zellweger's** Richard Tyler dress from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Manolo Blahnik shoes from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills. **Minnie Driver's** Chanel dress from the Chanel boutique, N.Y.C. **Alison Elliott's** Lanvin by Ocimar Versolato dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **Jada Pinkett's** Eric Gaskins dress from Hugo Nicholson, Toronto and Montreal. **Jennifer Lopez's** Eric Gaskins dress by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **Charlize Theron's** Arte Cerruti 1881 dress and Marc Jacobs shoes from Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. **Fairuza Balk's** Romeo Gigli dress from Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.; Manolo Blahnik shoes from selected Barneys New York stores nationwide.

Page 26: See credits for page 295.

Page 82: Patricia Bosworth styled by Elizabeth Loomis; sweater by Michael Kors, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; faux-sable throw by Slatkin & Co., from Slatkin & Co., N.Y.C.

Pages 86–96: See credits for cover.

Page 261: Vince Vaughn's Heuer Carrera Tag Heuer watch from Tourneau, N.Y.C.

Page 293: See credits for page 331.

Page 294: Robin Williams's Giorgio Armani tuxedo shirt and pants from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. **Eddie Murphy's** Thierry Mugler tuxedo from Metropolis, Bal Harbor, Florida; for Rolex watch, call 212-758-7700.

Page 295: Jim Carrey's John Hardy watch from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; left shoe by Giorgio Brutini, from Giorgio Brutini, N.Y.C.; right shoe by Ralph Lauren Footwear, from Polo/Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.

Pages 296–97: Madonna's John Galliano bustier corset and headpiece by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Wolford fishnet tights from Wolford Boutiques; Lori Goldstein for Art & Commerce.

Pages 298–99: Lois Smith's and **Louise Fletcher's** sweaters from the Forgotten Woman stores nationwide.

Pages 302–3: Lauren Bacall's Giorgio Armani sweater from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly.

Pages 304–5: Diane Keaton's Giorgio Armani shirt from the Giorgio Armani boutique, N.Y.C.; Product leatherette pants from Product, N.Y.C.

Page 306: Samuel Fuller styled by Julie Hill for Célestine.

Page 307: Sean McGee for J. Butler, Inc.

Pages 308–9: Nicole Kidman's Christian Dior Haute Couture dress and Manolo Blahnik for Christian Dior Haute Couture shoes from Christian Dior, Paris.

Page 311: Samuel L. Jackson's Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt from Macy's stores nationwide

Page 312: Robert Daly's Donna Karan Collection Mens shirt from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide.

Page 316: Val Kilmer's Prada shirt and pants from Prada, N.Y.C.; Helmut Lang coat from Browns, London; Haidée Findlay-Levin for Marina Jones.

Page 317: Eddie Bracken's and **Donald O'Connor's** Ermenegildo Zegna shirts, Barneys Private Label vests and cuff links, Piattelli ties, Trafalgar suspenders, and J. Fenestrier shoes, all from selected Barneys New York stores nationwide.

Page 318: Anthony Minghella's Giorgio Armani coat from the Giorgio Armani boutique, Beverly Hills.

Page 320: Frances McDormand's vintage slip from Kaufman's Army & Navy, N.Y.C.

Page 321: Kevin Bacon's Patrick Cox coat from Patrick Cox, N.Y.C.; Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt from Macy's stores nationwide.

Pages 322–23: Linda Medvene for Cloutier.

Page 324: Robert A. Harris's and **James C. Katz's** Emporio Armani clothing from Emporio Armani, Beverly Hills; Calvin Jon Haugen for Célestine.

Page 325: L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly.

Page 331: Kristin Scott Thomas's Hermès riding pants from Hermès stores nationwide.

Pages 344–45: Haidée Findlay-Levin for Marina Jones.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Cameron Diaz's, Kate Winslet's, and **Claire Danes's** hair styled with Redken products. Cameron Diaz's hair by Chris McMillan for Profile; makeup by Carol Shaw for Lorac-Cloutier. On her lips, Lancôme Rouge Idole Indelibly Divine LipColour in Amitié. Kate Winslet's hair by Jimmy Paul for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; makeup by Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier-Stila. On her cheeks, Estée Lauder Blushing Natural CheekColor in Petal Desire. Claire Danes's hair by Chris McMillan for Profile; makeup by Carol Shaw for Lorac-Cloutier. On her lips, Chanel Hydracaresse Super Hydrating Lipstick in Pink Flash. **Renée Zellweger's, Minnie Driver's, Alison Elliott's,** and **Jada Pinkett's** hair styled with Paul Mitchell products. Renée Zellweger's hair by Chris McMillan for Profile; makeup by Jeanine Lobell for Stila. On her lips, Clinique Chubby Stick in Pink Fringe. Minnie Driver's hair by Chris McMillan for Profile; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. On her eyes, Christian Dior Whites and White Effets d'Ombre Powder Eyeshadow and Eyeliner Palette. Alison Elliott's hair by Jimmy Paul for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; makeup by Jeanine Lobell for Stila. On her face, Elizabeth Arden Flawless Finish Everyday Makeup (S.P.F. 10) in Ivory. Jada Pinkett's hair by Oscar Blandi for Oscar Blandi at the Plaza hotel; makeup by Jeanine Lobell for Stila. On her lips, Stila Taupe Shine Lip Gloss. **Jennifer Lopez's, Charlize Theron's,** and **Fairuza Balk's** hair styled with Aveda products. Jennifer Lopez's hair by Oscar Blandi for Oscar Blandi at the Plaza hotel; makeup by Jillian Fink for Smashbox Beauty. On her lips, Estée Lauder True Lipstick in Monaco Pink. Charlize Theron's hair by Chris McMillan for Profile; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. On her eyes, Clinique Stay the Day Eye Shadow in Pink Beige and Spiced Mocha. Fairuza Balk's hair by Jimmy Paul for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; makeup by Jillian Fink for Smashbox Beauty. On her lips, Shiseido Advanced Performance Lipstick in Boreal Brown. All manicures by Deborah Lippmann for Hard Candy.

Page 26: See credits for page 295.

Page 80: Susan Kittenplan's hair and makeup by Dana Ferri.

Page 82: Jill Robinson's hair and makeup by Stephanie Spyrakis; Patricia Bosworth's hair and makeup by Genevieve for Sally Harlor.

Pages 86–96: See credits for cover.

Page 261: Vince Vaughn's grooming by Gucci Westman for Shu Uemura–Visages Style; grooming products from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren.

Page 293: See credits for page 331.

Page 294: Robin Williams's grooming by Catherine Furniss for Célestine. **Eddie Murphy's** hair by Leland Sharp; grooming by Toy Van Lierop.

Page 295: Jim Carrey's grooming by Colleen Creighton for Kramer & Kramer.

Pages 296–97: All makeup from Guerlain. On **Madonna's** eyes, Powder Eyeshadow in Noir No. 1; on her lips, Kisskiss Long-Lasting Lipstick in Rouge Diabolique No. 28. Peter Savic for Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare; Stéphane Marais for Marie-France Thavonekham.

Pages 298–301: Hair, makeup, and grooming by Barbara Farman, Edward St. George, Mitch Stone, and Lori Jean Swanson for Cloutier; Jeannia Robinette for Célestine; Fredericke, Brigette Jackson, and Kara Yoshimoto for Profile; and Barbara Augustus.

Page 302: Judy Crown for Nancee Borgnine.

Page 303: Edward Norton's grooming by Mitch Stone for the Agency.

Page 306: Samuel Fuller's grooming by Patty Wheelock for the Zenobia Agency.

Page 307: Budd Schulberg's grooming by Racine Christensen for Sarah Laird.

Pages 308–9: Nicole Kidman's hair styled with Aveda Pure-Fume Brilliant Forming Gel. All makeup from Christian Dior. On her eyes, Fascination Mascara in Spellbinding Black; on her lips, Lipstick in Shimmering Wine. Tracey Gray for Calliste.

Pages 311–13: Grooming by Catherine Furniss for Célestine.

Pages 314–15: Josée Le Duc for Célestine.

Page 316: Val Kilmer's grooming by Alan Boyle and by Mira for Aveda at Camilla Arthur; grooming products from Calvin Klein Cosmetics.

Page 317: Eddie Bracken's and **Donald O'Connor's** grooming by Kim Carrillo for Heller Artists Management and by Katharina Ehrhardt for Cloutier.

Page 318: Anthony Minghella's grooming by Catherine Furniss for Célestine.

Page 320: Jimmy Paul for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; Mark Hayles for Marek.

Page 321: Kevin Bacon's grooming by Jacqueline Colligan for Kramer & Kramer.

Pages 322–23: Grooming by Natalie Miller for Cloutier–Trish McEvoy and by Sylvia Viau for Cloutier.

Page 324: Robert A. Harris's and **James C. Katz's** grooming by Lisa VanHecke for Célestine.

Page 325: Cuba Gooding Jr.'s grooming by Stacye Branche; grooming products from Aramis.

Pages 326–27: Hair by Syd Curry for Profile; makeup by Wendy Ann Rosen for Cloutier; hair and makeup by Susan Houser for Cloutier.
Page 331: Madeleine Cofano for Corps et Ame; Tracey Gray for Calliste.
Pages 340–41: Grooming by Mira for Aveda at Camilla Arthur.
Page 342: Grooming by Nicole Jaritz for Aveda at Premier.
Pages 344–45: Gary Halliday for Premier; hair styled with Sam McKnight Definitive Styling Range. Sharon Dowsett for Aveda at Premier.
Page 348: Grooming by Maria Verel.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 118: From Gamma Liaison.
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Page 128: Top, by Chris Carroll; bottom, by Penni Gladstone; both from Outline.
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Page 136: From Sygma.
Page 149: From A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 150: Top, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; bottom, from Hulton Getty.
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Page 174: From U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann.
Page 180: Top, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; others from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 182: Top, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; bottom, from Marc Wanamaker/Bison Archives; others from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 184: Both from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann.
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Page 197: Top and center, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; bottom, from NYT Pictures.
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Page 210: From Sygma.
Page 212: Top, from Archive Photos; bottom, from *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.
Page 218: Top and center left, from Magnum Photos; center right, from Camera Press/Globe Photos; bottom, from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 224: Top to bottom, from Magnum Photos, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann, from A.P./Wide World Photos, from Globe Photos.
Page 230: From the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive.
Page 236: From *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.
Page 238: From the collection of Patricia Bosworth.
Page 246: From Shooting Star.
Page 250: Far right, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann; others from *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.
Page 252: From the Kobal Collection.
Page 256: From Globe Photos.
Page 264: Second from top, by Wolfgang Wesener.
Page 266: Clockwise from top left: Bodies by Bill Davila/Retna; Bacall's head from the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive; Bogart's head from the Everett Collection. Bodies by Vinnie Zuffonte/Star File; Bacall's and Bogart's heads from the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive. From the Everett Collection. From the Everett Collection. Body by Steve Granitz/Retna; Harlow's head from Photofest. Body from Gamma Liaison; Lancaster's head from the Everett Collection. From the Everett Collection.
Page 268: Clockwise from top left: From Photofest. Bodies by Peter Borsari; Olivier's and Leigh's heads from Photofest. Body by Janet Gough/Celebrity Photo; Stanwyck's head from Photofest. From the Everett Collection. Bodies by Peter Borsari; Lombard's and Gable's heads from Photofest. From the Everett Collection. Body by Charlie Varley/Sipa Press; Gable's head from Photofest. Body by Steve Granitz/Retna; Grant's head from Photofest. From the Everett Collection. Bodies by Dominick Conde/Star File; Leigh's and Olivier's heads from Photofest.
Page 276: Top left, from the Everett Collection; right, from Photofest. Bottom, © by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (Crystal), by Gary Hershorn/Reuters/Archive Photos (Goldberg), from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann (Carson).
Page 278: By Joet Arbraityte/Sygma (Schwarzenegger); courtesy of Axel Bang (cigars); from Corbis-Bettmann (Medici, bridge); by Ed Goldstein/Courtesy of the Center for Yoga (exerciser); Janet Gough/Celebrity Photo (Robbins); Michael Grecco/Sygma (Chopra); courtesy of Gulfstream (jet), by David Kelley (cigarettes, Gummi Bears); courtesy of the Koo Koo Roo restaurant (sticker); by Mirek Towski/DMI (Diaz); by Stephen Trupp/Celebrity Photo (Clinton); courtesy of the Toscana restaurant (menu).
Pages 282–84: By Dina Alfano/Shooting Star (Rourke); A. Berliner/Gamma Liaison (Milius); Peter Borsari (Spelling Manor); from Camera Press/Globe Photos (Kubrick); by Bill Davila/Retna (Geffen); Ron Davis/Shooting Star (Close); Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo (Cannon); from the Everett Collection (Star 80); from Globe Photos (Oscar); courtesy of Gulfstream (G V plane); by J. M. Jimenez/Keystone/Shooting Star (Peck); Yoram Kahana/Shooting Star (Redgrave); Dave Lewis/Rex USA (Spielberg); Henry McGee/Globe Photos (Spelling); Ralph Merlino/Shooting Star (Dickinson); Aaron Montgomery/Celebrity Photo (Duvall); Lisa O'Connor/Celebrity Photo (Ephron, Sharon Stone); Lisa O'Connor/Shooting Star (Jones); Erik Pendzich/Rex USA (Foster); from Retna (Goldberg); by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos (Edie Wasserman); Adam Scull/Globe Photos (Lew Wasserman); from Sipa Press (Humvee); by Bob Strong/Sipa Press (Gibson); Charles Sykes/Rex USA (Newman); Stephen Trupp/Celebrity Photo (Nichols); Dianna Whitley/Shooting Star (Glenn, Oliver Stone).
Page 321: Smoke/special effects by Drew Jiritano.
Page 358: From the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive.
Page 361: Top, courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; bottom, from Underwood & Underwood/Corbis-Bettmann.
Page 362: From Globe Photos.
Page 364: Clockwise from top left, no credit, from Globe Photos, by Archie Lieberman/Black Star, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann, from Culver Pictures, courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, by Madison Lacy/Courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, David Sutton/The Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive.
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Pages 366–67: Courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.
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Planetarium

Michael Lutin sees the Aries escape artist trying to get out

ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Even if nobody else is hip to your struggles, astrologers can see in a minute how hard you're trying to stay clear, sober, focused, and upbeat despite a two-ton bowling ball that seems to be suspended over your head. The ball may be invisible, but you know it's there. And one thing is certain: it's not a piñata. It's a south-node solar eclipse in your 12th house, and it's hardly surprising that you are considering indulging in some of your old escapist antics just to get away from it. Religion is a much nicer alternative.

TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

Blame it on the 11th-house solar eclipse, if you like, but whatever the cause, it's no fun finding yourself in a sticky situation with friends and/or trying to strengthen ties with old associates. You really have to limit the amount of time you fantasize about their saving you or your saving them. By the way, in their quest for fame and recognition, some Taureans who were stupidly trying to control the universe have ended up behind the eight ball instead. Make sure you are one of the smart ones who have learned about patience and flexibility.

GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

The fact that the society we live in is rife with torchbearing hypocrites should come as no shock to you. If you feel you have been the victim of dirty politics or unfair treatment, you're probably right. With a solar eclipse in your 10th house, though, there may not be much you can do. Since the first revolution or hostile takeover occurred, corporate heads have been affectionately kissed just before the guillotine blade sent them rolling into the bucket. So what do you do—wait for the storm to pass or get out with your head still on?

CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

Travel to the Holy Land for inspiration if you must. For no matter how hard the wisest sages might try to convince you that there are no ultimate answers, that absolute truth is not out there, and that the best thing you could do for your mind would be to empty it, with a solar eclipse in your 9th house you could not give up your little quest right now. Exposing fraud in the clergy, the courts, or the universities can be a rush. Be careful, though. It can go too far. You could end up becoming as dogmatic and puffed up as the fakes you expose.

LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

Under normal circumstances, there is nothing wrong with passion or desire. *However,* right now there are certain Leos who, out of desperation, will be going to all sorts of extremes—sheep-placenta injections, video cameras, God only knows what else—just to pump up their potency and enhance their desirability. That's what 8th-house eclipses can do to some members of your sign. Romance and fantasy are in your genes, and for that, more power to you. But come now, are all the paraphernalia and contrivances really necessary?

VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

The myth linking Virgo and stainless purity is getting tired, and had better be exposed for the joke it is. Despite the wide-eyed country-bumpkin act you've got down pat, members of your sign are not a bunch of medieval monks and nuns, so innocent and unspoiled that they truly believe pregnancy can occur from riding on a crowded bus. Sorry. No sale. There's a solar eclipse in your 7th house, which in the coming months should prove nicely that you're just as seducible as the rest of us sinners. Probably even more so.

LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Though Libras are quite positive and chipper most of the time, y could conceivably spend the next year and a half sitting around t kitchen table discussing herniated disks, hip replacements, and even le appetizing subjects. Special efforts need to be exerted now to make su that the solar eclipse in your 6th house does not affect you in any u necessarily dark or negative way. If a tire on your car were to blow o on the highway, you wouldn't dwell on the dark fantasy that the oth three were about to go all at once, would you? Well, would you?

SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Although Scorpios love to view life from high above the stage, whe they are out of sight and can pull the strings of those down below li so many unknowing marionettes, the term "Scorpio exhibitionist" not an oxymoron. When you do appear in public, you get off on sho ing just enough chest or shoulder to get noticed. With a total eclip of the sun currently in your solar 5th house, it seems that Scorpi have picked up the bacillus narcissisticus, otherwise known as the He baby-won't-you-love-me-just-a-little bug. Beware of old lovers.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

It would do absolutely no good to try to pry you out of the hou now, when you're buried under a blanket of baby-blue fantasies a pretty pink notions about security. Cling all you want to. With t south node entering your 4th house, you're probably madly and fer ciously determined to assuage your emotional hunger, acquire at la your longed-for safety, and run away and hide. It shouldn't be too lo before it finally dawns on you that the only totally perfect family w the Waltons, and eventually even their series was canceled.

CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Something deep within in you is stirring you to movement and urgi you to speak out and communicate. It may be hard to listen to t advice of shrinks and teachers right now, or to that of anyone el and no wonder. You have a solar eclipse in your 3rd house. No m ter what the excuse, you've got to get more out of it than a thousa pointless little trips that have you zinging back and forth, and as ma empty conversations that lead nowhere. No disrespect to your co munication abilities intended.

AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

If people accuse you of being cheap and it infuriates you, relax. there is one thing you do not like to have to fret about, it's mon Oddly, though, you may find yourself in a hoarding mood. It's n ural to feel a little fiscally insecure when there's an eclipse in yo 2nd house, but if you start getting really crazy and find yourself u willing to throw out even the empty cottage-cheese containers, you know that you've gone off the deep end, and that the only solut will be to get rid of everything.

PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Pisceans have one great quality: despite your wicked reputation f self-indulgence, you can be remarkably stoic. Critics say you're not much stoic as oblivious, but you're not in a stupor and you know It's your ability to blur the lines between pleasure and pain that se you apart from the members of every other sign. The south node the moon is transiting Pisces until the fall of 1998, and that will i still in you all sorts of fantasies and desires to escape the pain of e istence. Never again will your unique trait come in handier. Lucky yo

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Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

You'll look at it and
see flashes of its fire.
Touch it, learn to know
its facets, every one, by heart.

To take it off would be like leaving
a small part of yourself behind.

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Walter Matthau

After struggling for years in supporting roles, Walter Matthau shot to fame in the 1965 Broadway version of *The Odd Couple* opposite Art Carney. Since then, his trademark slouch and growl—and his successful collaboration with Jack Lemmon on nine films—have made him Hollywood's character actor nonpareil. This month he begins production on his 10th film with Lemmon, *Grumpiest Old Men*, and pauses here to grumble on Madonna, Jack the Ripper—and filling out questionnaires

What is your most marked characteristic?
My decency.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Decency.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Decency.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Sweaters.

What is your favorite journey?
To the kitchen.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My ties.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Honesty.

On what occasion do you lie?
On any occasion.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"You know."

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My posture.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Getting out of high school.

Where would you like to live?
Near the ocean.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Honesty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Deception.

What is it that you most dislike?
Honesty.

What do you most value in your friends?
Their ability to pay their debts.

How would you like to die?
I wouldn't like it.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A good book.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A Siberian tiger.

What is your motto?
Fuck you.

What is your greatest fear?
Filling out questionnaires.

What is your current state of mind?
Excellent.

What is your favorite occupation?
Acting.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Jack the Ripper.

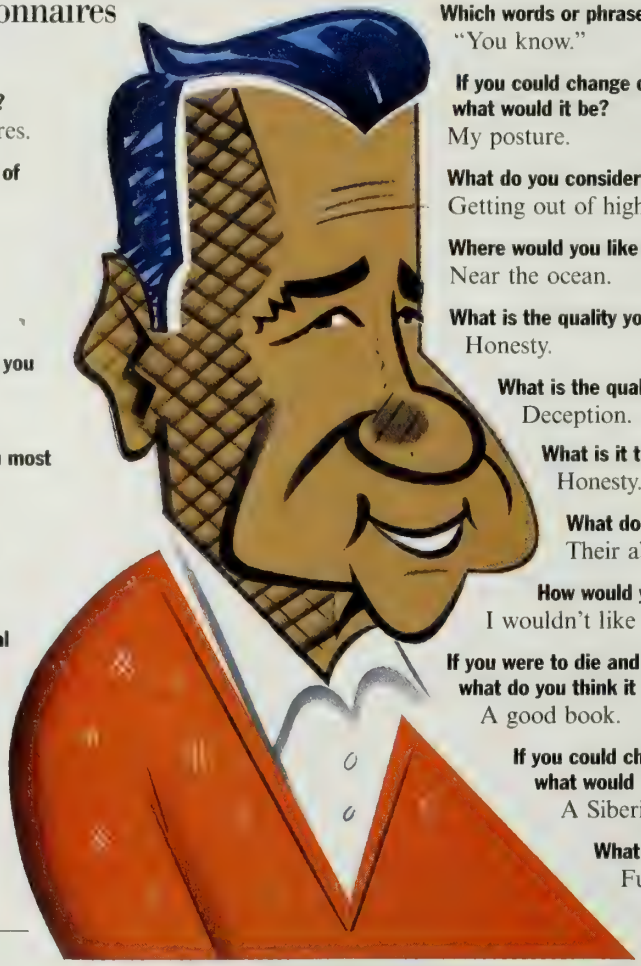
Which living person do you most admire?
Madonna.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Tarzan.

Who are your heroes in real life?
My wife.

What is your most treasured possession?
My wife.

When and where were you happiest?
In bed with my wife.



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Shouldn't the family chauffeur have some fun?

900 SE Turbo 5-door

Find your own road.*

The Saab 900 proves having kids and having fun aren't mutually exclusive. It can get your juices going 60 mph in 6.9 seconds.* coddle a family of five in the most combined passenger/cargo space in its class.** And shelter them in a patented seat construction and available integrated child seat. Is there any downside to this *Consumers* est "Best Buy" for the last four years?† Possibly. Family chauffeurs could squabble over whose turn it is.

For more information about Saab, call **1-800-582-SAAB. Ext. 232.** **www.saabusa.com**

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BLOOMINGDALE'S

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